



# HYPERBOREAN TIMES



Edition 1: Year Many + 1, winter

Cost: 1 goat or a barbarian slave

## Gathering at the Sacred Pyramids of Dutret

By ancient tradition, the leaders of the Hyperborean tribes gather once every twenty-five earth cycles at the ancient pyramids of Dutret to pay homage to the Great God Ra-Amon-Thotep.



Artists impression of Phil-Ankh-Amon

Summoned by the Boy Pharaoh, Phil-Ankh-Amon (see full text on page 2), the leaders have gathered again, trusting to the promise of safe passage offered by the High Priests of Dutret. But this time there is tension in the air as our heroes exchange opening words.

The Boy-Pharaoh opened proceedings by calling for unity. He announced the new 'Council of Hyperborea', which would meet in the Summer. All nations were invited "to send their most able scholarly representative, accompanied by servants, pack animals and slaves to take a seat in this council, in which all issues dividing our great continent will be resolved in a peaceful and civilised manner".

Despite quips from the Libentians present that the hairy Nirryans would struggle to understand the word 'scholarly', the Nirryan leader Gumbah Skullcrusher rose to his feet (all four foot 6 inches high) and pointed out that Philology and etymology were now compulsory subjects for all Nirryan warbands. He was very interested in ideas of peace and harmony, he claimed and would send redoubtable Nirryan

longships against any who said otherwise.

The ferocious Tudiya of Lamassu seemed unimpressed. He snarled, roared, grunted and made hideous warlike noises, boasting of his latest conquests and the massacres that followed.

Poor Owain Ddantgwyn, King of the Finbroins shuddered with horror at this performance, praying to the White Dragon of Peace for Harmony and Goodwill among men. Gathering courage, he exclaimed, in that delightful sing-song accent of these hearty dragon folk "beware the wrath of Rhiannon, my people flee south from the scourge.. aie, aie, aie..."

Zhijian Zhou, inscrutable and aloof as ever, seemed interested in the proposition, which boded well for trade and prosperity.

Artichokius Nictator, surrounded by consumed flasks of wine, sneered at the announcement. The Old Gods were dead, he cried. Kemet must step aside and make room for New Gods, such as Uhuru Mazda the dark skinned Goddess of steel and speed.

Alisdaurus, clad in the navy blue of the Ichthyophagusian navy, agreed that there was indeed just One God. The question was 'which one?'

Mentius Felonius, beloved Tyrant of Libentia, had little patience for all this talk of peace. Greater Libentia was the aim of his people, not endless chat.

Alas, the King of Zabatus had fallen ill and was obliged to rest in his Great Palace. Was the illness fatal? Would Zabatus be a new battleground?

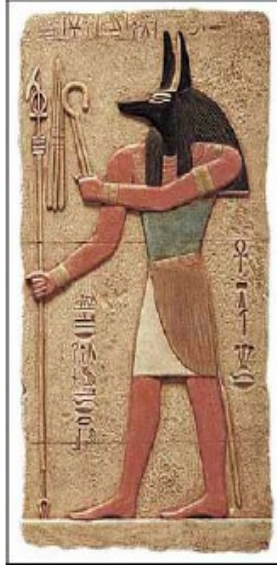
The discussion was perhaps not entirely encouraging, but the Boy Pharaoh, prompted by the ever present High Priests announced that "he had heard enough, all nations, doubters, thieves and faithful alike, were obliged to send their representatives to the Council in Summer", and with a blaze of horns, he floated out of the chamber leaving the Heroic Leaders of Hyperborea to return to their capitals and prepare for peace (?).

## Opening statement

*Phil-Ankh-Amon, Boy Pharaoh of Kemet (Phil)*

5000 Earth-cycles ago a comet appeared in the skies over Hyperborea, which was sent by the Great God Ra-Amon-Thotep. This sign founded the land of Kemet. The Gods blessed the people of this land with wisdom, and the people took it upon them to start a great civilization. Kemet has stood strong over the epochs, spreading its civilization over the continent of Hyperborea.

Every 500 years the comet of Ra-Amon-Thotep reappeared, bringing fortunes, and heralding good times. The greatest achievements of Kemet have always been preceded by the arrival of the comet. The high-priests of Ra built great temples to honor this recurring sign of the Gods.



However, about 500 Earth-cycles ago, the comet of Ra appeared in the constellation of Anubis, God of the Dead, and which stands high above the pyramids of Dutret during each summer solstice. The appearance of the comet in this constellation had never occurred before. The highpriests were worried! Soon, rebellions broke out all over Kemet. Where before there was a united continent under the benevolent rule of Kemet, people started to break away. Zabatus, Lammasu, Sarissia, all were once proud parts of the Kemetian empire. Now Kemet is still proud, but small.



About a year ago, the Great Pharaoh Ibun-Hor passed away. The only heir of the throne was his 10-year old son, Phil-Ankh-Amon, still a boy. The people were wondering how the country would fare under the rule of the boy-Pharaoh.

They had not to wait long for an answer. Unexpected, and unforeseen by the high-priests, the comet appeared a year earlier than foreseen, in the constellation of Isis, Goddess of Life. Sure this was a good sign! High-priests and scholar, after careful study, all agreed: the empire of Kemet will rise again! Since then, the boy-Pharaoh Phil-Ankh-Amon has consulted all wise men in Kemet, and decided to send messengers to all countries in the noble continent of Hyperborea:

To all people of Hyperborea!

The comet of Ra-Amon-Thotep has appeared in the skies, blessed by the sign of Isis. I, Phil-Ankh-Amon, Pharaoh of Kemet, descendent of the Gods, and carrier of the sceptre of Thoth, want to answer this call of the Gods.

I call upon the people of Hyperborea to unite once more. The great countries of this continent of a common heritage in the great civilisation of Kemet. We worship the same Gods, speak the same language given to us by the Gods, and use the same written signs to pass our thoughts to our children.

I therefore wish to install in the great Capital of Ramasses a Council of Hyperborea, in which each of the great countries will have a representative. The first Council will take place during the next Summer Solstice. I invite all countries to send their most able scholarly representative, accompanied by servants, packing animals and slaves to take a seat in this council, in which all the issues dividing our great continent will be resolved in a peaceful and civilized manner.

Written by Phil-Ankh-Amon, inspired by Ra-Amon-Thotep, the first year of the cycle of Seth.

### *Opening statement – Lamassu (James)*

Tudiya, leader of the Lamassu, the supreme, the merciless, the destroyer of opposition, the exalted King, the shepherd, the protector of the quarters of the world, the King the word of whose mouth destroys mountains and seas, who by his lordly attack has forced mighty and merciless Kings from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same to acknowledge one supremacy.

With battle and slaughter I assaulted and took the city, 3,000 warriors I slew in battle. Their possessions I carried away. Many captives I burnt with fire, many of their soldiers I took alive, of some I cut off hands and limbs, of others the noses, ears and arms; of many soldiers I put out the eyes, I reared a column, a column of the living, and a column of heads. I hung up their heads on trees; their boys and girls I burnt: I destroyed the city, burnt it. '

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### *Opening statement – Finbroin (David S)*

King Owain Ddantgwyn sends greetings to his neighbours and hopes that they will welcome the Finbroin people as they begin their new life in exile from their homeland. We are a peaceful nation and hope to forge strong friendships with you all in the years ahead. May the breath of the White Dragon of Peace grant us all long life and happiness.

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### *Opening statement – Sarissia (Adrian)*

I am Artichokius Nictator, Great King of Sarissia. Blessed through the worship of the true religion (Zeroastrianism) single-handedly I have carved out from the rotten rump of Kemet a Kingdom worthy of my people. The Old Gods of Kemet were corrupt and withered. Our armies now march inspired by the power of Uhuru Mazda - the dark-skinned Goddess of steel and speed. We rely upon the force of our phalanx combined with the courage of our war elephants. We are rarely defeated in battle. As for the country, Sarissia is an oasis of civilization in the desert.. Our cities and towns are well-ordered and beautiful, the people are well fed and happy. And we make excellent wine. Racially, we are originally from the same stock as the Ichthyophagians and thus are sympathetic to that sea-faring nation - indeed our heavy infantry tactics evolved from theirs - but the ways of the desert have softened our edges and, we would say, improved our culture.

The aims of Sarissia are to break the power of Kemet once and for all. We would be happy to ally ourselves with Ichthyophagus for this purpose.

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### *Opening Statement – Ichthyophagus (Alisdair)*

The Democracy rumour is a malicious piece of libel spread by our enemies. It is evident that the Ichthyophagusians are a religious based country ie based on Jewish forces, though with an obvious naval priority, who propose (no actually we know) that there is only one GOD, an obvious truth that needs to be spread

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### *Opening statement – Yuhan (Orhan)*

Yuhan has always been an insular state having little regard or use for "foreigners". However, recent incursions into Yuhan's waters by trading fleets and even warships from other nations has forced the emperor to think more internationally. Subsequently he has started to send embassies to many of the nations. His ambassadors have a reputation for being aloof and inscrutable. They are seldom liked but tend to be respected in the various kingdoms to which they are sent. Zhijian has let it be known through his ambassadors that he is willing to discuss trading and military alliances with those countries that would show an interest. He is particularly interested in new technologies and those that would share knowledge.

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### *Opening statement – Libentina (David B)*

In general, the population problems in Libentina have made the Kingdom aggressive. Yuhan to the South is looked at with suspicion as a potential rival. Barbaric Nirya is viewed as prime land for colonisation, and a handy source of potential converts to civilisation (OK, slaves really).

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## Opening statement – Nirya (Bart)

A small, weasely man dressed in what seems to be a robe made of mouse hides steps into the audience room and proclaims in a surprisingly strong voice: I bring greetings from the Exalted Head Chief Gumbah Skullcrusher, first of his name, scourge of the northeast and master of all the lands of Nirya.

Before all else, allow me to utter our profound indignance at the fallacious statement professing our only recent discovery of the formidable instrument of expression that is vocabulary. Indeed, it might seem to outsiders that the honourable people of the land of Nirya do not wield the common language with quite the same skill and aplomb as a pointy bearded trader from the port of Amosis, nor that they leave the impression of commanding the same thesaurus of colourful expressions as a Nabopolassar's fishmonger's wife, but rest assured that impressions can be false. It is not because Niryans prefer more pointed and direct ways of communication that the great sciences of philology and etymology are unknown among our people.

The people of Nirya seek no quarrel with any of the realms whose worthy ambassadors are present here today, nor do we necessarily have ill wishes towards the Yuhannite delegation. However, should any of you here today harbour ill advised thoughts of conquest and subjugation towards our honourable people, rest assured that they will be met and swept away by so many horsemen that the very land seems to have come alive and risen up against them.

Though it is true that some of our cities more closely resemble muddy, fly infested tent camps than the marvelous stone edifices of the south, do not mistake our people to be of the same character.

Whilst our army is as numerous as the stars in the sky and the flies on a Kemetian dung beetle, our navy dwarfs even this magnificent array. The sight of Niryan longships is known throughout the world, as is the famous cauliflower mead (available in both dark and blond versions, and for a limited time as triple fermented, verily the mead lovers' potion of choice).

However, our navy not only transports mead and other trade goods. With a simple command of the oarmaster, our ships are transformed into vessels of war, whose reputation strikes fear in hearts of men and loosens their bowels on mere mention only.

This navy has been instrumental in securing a solid customer base for our products amongst the people of the eastern islands, and it stands vigilantly against any foreign attempts of interference in that area. (barrels are being rolled in, bearing the stamp of 'Hertois')

Allow me to finish by presenting each of you with a barrel of Hertois cauliflower mead tripple distilled, verily the mead lovers' potion of choice.

Skoll!



*The legendary City of Oeta, an Oasis of civilisation in the North*