

# *Legends of Khampiohn: The Genesis Era*

## *Chapter 2: Honour and Sacrifice*

### **CAST**

*Thomas Avinger as the Old Archivist and Infernos*

*Chris Highwell as Skritch, the Goblin Barkeeper*

*TJ Crovo as Young Archivist*

*Raven Anderson as Maelstrom*

*Andrew Lovato as Chronotress and Ahnbiir*

*Scazza Scarletti as Isirithon*

*Melissa Kersh as Ahtreya*

*Brad J Taylor as Thonor*

*D. T. Prater as Loyalist Soldier*

*ActAsh as Spymaster Jahrett*

*Maia Michelle as Fthora*

*Frederik Verhagen as Fors*

*Produced by [Bumble Bear Creations](#)*

*Directed by the Khampiohn Audioverse*

*Logo by [KiKiD484](#)*

*In association with:*

*[Path of Dragons Radio](#)*

*[Casting Arrow Productions](#)*

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*We enter the episode with the background of a busy tavern and drinks being poured as the archivists continue the story...*

***Skritch: (finishes pouring the drinks)*** *How's the exhibition going?*

***Old Archivist:*** *It is almost ready, All we need now is our host here to be ready to impart the tale*

***Skritch:*** *He's to succeed you then? (Turns to the young Archivist/sharp draw of breath)*  
*you've got some boots to fill young'un, this one's tales are quite the spectacle.*  
*I imagine the new Emperor will be present at the unveiling?*

***Old Archivist:*** *but of course, it wouldn't be a royal event if they were not there to see it.*

***Young Archivist: (nervous)*** *the emperor's going to be there?*  
*I don't know if I'm ready for that?*

***Old Archivist: (reassuring)*** *You already showed promise at the last event we held in Penn-Draig, you'll be fine.*

***Young Archivist:*** *only because I'd followed the exploits of the Jade Champions since I was a child, I knew enough details then*

***Old Archivist:*** *this will be no different, granted it may be a larger stage but when I'm finished with this story, you'll have all the knowledge you need....*

***Skritch:*** *I'll leave you to it, (places down a bottle and two mugs) if you need a refill just give me or young Beth a shout.*

*Skritch leaves, the old Archivist pours out the drinks, takes a swig and puts a log on the fire.*

***Young Archivist: (after taking a swig from their mug)*** *master, I have a question*

***Old Archivist:*** *of course my pupil, ask away*

***Young Archivist:*** *You say that when the renegades were scattered, Infernos was stranded on an island in the middle of an ocean, how did he return to the field?*

***Old Archivist:*** *Well, what you need to remember is that Infernos wasn't merely a towering mass of flame and muscle, he was also extremely clever and very persuasive.*  
*Knowing that the power of fire waned in comparison to that of water, Infernos made a safeguard for himself and his Ember warriors at the beginning of his rebellion.*

*He met with one of the most powerful water primals and convinced him to join the rebellion...the one known as Maelstrom.*

*Aware of Maelstrom's neutrality, Infernos told him of Alkai's plan to bring mortal races into the Ark world and reminded him of how the mortals destroyed everything they touched, even the seas and oceans....*

***Young Archivist: (with disdain)*** *I imagine that this Maelstrom was thrilled to become part of Infernos' grand plan to prevent the mortal races from inheriting the world?*

***Old Archivist:*** *on the contrary, Maelstrom thought the whole idea of rebellion was folly, after all, who in their right mind would ever try to take what was his, besides, even though he was neutral, he had no desire to even try to turn on the creator.*

***Young Archivist:*** *if that was the case, why would he even consort with Infernos to begin with?*

***Old Archivist:*** *because Infernos made him an offer he found hard to refuse.*

***Young Archivist:*** *what could Infernos offer that was greater than serving Alkai?*

***Old Archivist:*** *Dominion, utter, unchallenged Dominion of every body of water in the multiverse.*

***Young Archivist:*** *but didn't you say that Maelstrom was one of the most powerful water primals?*

*Surely he already had dominion?*

***Old Archivist:*** *only in this world, and only as part of a collective, not as a singular ruler. You see, Maelstrom, despite his power, still had to abide by the laws of the primal council, of which his older brother was a very influential figure....*

***Young Archivist :*** *and of course being given utter dominion would give him the freedom to do as he saw fit.....I understand now....*

***Old Archivist:*** *indeed, and like Infernos, Maelstrom wanted more than anything to protect his domain, by any means necessary, and so began their uneasy alliance.*

***Young Archivist:*** *and I assume that Infernos capitalised on this alliance in order to return to the field?*

***Old Archivist:*** *indeed.....*

*We enter the scene with Infernos calling out to the sea*

**Infernos (Bellowing)** MAELSTROM!!! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME, COME FORTH TO ME!!!

**Old Archivist:** *within a few minutes, A great wave rose out of the sea and parted to reveal the shark-like face and muscular frame of Maelstrom.*

*Enter Maelstrom*

**Maelstrom: (authoritative/ powerful)** *Who dares to call me in such a.....(looks at Infernos and becomes almost disinterested)...oh.... it's you.*

*What is it you want this time?*

*Haven't you done enough already?*

**Infernos: (seething)** *Do you forget who you speak to?*

**Maelstrom (amused):** *all I see right now is a powerless schmuck trapped on a tiny spit of sand in the middle of MY domain, I could easily drown you in your current state so let's remember where you are....*

**Infernos: (aggravated)** *you want to talk about being powerless, remember who put you on that pedestal you seem so eager to bandy about, and lest we forget that you owe me for that unfortunate series of events that led to your brother's demise.*

**Maelstrom: (through gritted teeth)** *What do you want fool?*

**Infernos: (commanding)** *I need to get back to our vanguard and complete my glorious purpose.*

**Maelstrom: (stand-offish)** *first of all, YOUR vanguard, not mine, I only joined your ridiculous rebellion to protect what should have been mine in the beginning.*

*Secondly, why should I care what happens to you?*

**Infernos : (grimacing)** *without me, your hopes for unchallenged Dominion will be snuffed out, I am the only one who can help you to keep your power.*

*Also, he sent the Alvairn, and do you honestly think that they aren't coming for you too, after all, you killed your own brother and broke several tenets of Alkai to do it.*

*You are a renegade, just like the rest of us, and I don't think the army of the Haven is going to just walk on by and let you get away with your crimes, especially seeing as your beloved nephew is with them.*

**Maelstrom: (slightly fearful)** *Thonor is here?*

**Infernos: (grinning wickedly)** And who do you think he's got the biggest target on?

**Maelstrom: (aggravated)** YOU TOLD ME HE WOULD NEVER KNOW!!!

**Infernos: (chuckling)** yes, well, he must have discovered it somehow....**(gets serious)** now back to the matter at hand.....

**Maelstrom: (resigns himself to the matter)** Fine.....

**Old Archivist:** knowing that he had little choice, Maelstrom parted the seas and revealed a passage for Infernos to travel so that he could once more gather his generals from across the world and marshal his army.....

**Maelstrom:** Get lost, and don't EVER call my name again!!!

**Young Archivist:** I thought the laws of Alkai forbade Revenge?

**Old Archivist:** Indeed, and Thonor certainly wasn't about to put his own vendettas above the will of Alkai, but I did say that Infernos could be very persuasive.

**Young Archivist: (swigging the last of his drink)** What about the Alvairn and the surviving Titans at this time?

I can't imagine they were Idle?

More drinks are placed on the table

**Old Archivist: (to the barmaid)** thank you dear...**(Turns back to his apprentice)** for a few days, Isirithon was tending to the wounded and preparing the dead with Ahtreya. Though the Alvairn had claimed victory at the Gate of Creation, it had come at a great cost, and there was still more work to be done....

We enter the next scene with Chronotress entering the make-shift medical centre.

**Old Archivist:** The smoke was still lingering in the air even though the fires had been snuffed out two days previously, and rubble was still being cleared away as Chronotress approached Isirithon, who was, needless to say, solemn and saddened.

**Chronotress: (Sympathetically)** What is the situation my friend?

**Isirithon: (Masking sorrow with professionalism)** of the five hundred that stood here, maybe fifty survived, their wounds have been treated and they should be ready to move out to the northern outpost within a couple of days.

**Chronotress: (hesitantly)** I assume Ahtreya is tending to the dead?

**Isirithon: (with a hint of anger)** What we could find of the dead after what that witch Fthora did....

**Chronotress: (reassuring)** I assure you my friend, our Father will not allow these transgressions to go unanswered.

**Isirithon: (angered/ emotional)** I don't understand!! we should have been here sooner, why send us at the last moment when so many had perished?

I don't mean to question our fathers will but.....why did so many have to die before we were sent?

**Chronotress: (solemnly)** I have asked that same question.

No-one can truly know our fathers mind, not even me.

I feel the loss too, but we cannot give in to despair Isirithon, we must honour the creator's purpose, whatever it may be.

**Isirithon: (trying to hide tears)** None of this needed to happen, what madness drove Infernos and the others to rebel?

The titans helped to create the entire multiverse, I for one would have been proud of my achievements.

**Chronotress: (sighing)** I wish I could answer that question, truly I do, but the fact remains that they chose poorly and that, in turn, has created this impossible situation.

**Old Archivist:** Isirithon stood in silence, her mind filled with sorrow and confusion.

Whilst the other medics tended to the wounded, she turned her gaze to the desolate land around them and wiped away the tears from her eyes before turning back towards the injured.

**Isirithon (wiping the tears away and becoming professional)** I must return to the wounded, **(turning to Chronotress)** they didn't deserve any of this....

**Old Archivist:** Chronotress tried to speak words of comfort but Isirithon was in too much pain and simply walked back to the injured warriors without another word.

**Young Archivist:** So Isirithon was a healer?

**Old Archivist:** indeed, and a pacifist too, for the most part.

It was her job to treat wounds and heal ailments.

She was the best healer in the Alvairn, possibly the multiverse, owing in part to her training by the Archangel Raphael...

**Young Archivist: (amazed)** wait, she was trained by the master healer?

**Old Archivist:** indeed, which is why not only was she the greatest healer in the multiverse, second only to Raphael himself, but was also why she had such a deep love for all life and wept when it was wasted.

**Young Archivist:** So having that much of a death toll must have been extremely difficult to handle, I can understand why she was so full of questions and anger.

**Old Archivist:** they all were, it was especially difficult for Chronotress. Being a warden of time meant that he could have stopped it sooner, but he knew, as we all do, that the will of Alkai seldom flows in the straightest of lines.

**Old Archivist (continuing the story):** Yes even Chronotress felt a loss, a great heartache he could not rid himself of. But nonetheless, he left Isirithon to her duties and went over to where Ahtreya was giving the last rites to the departed, now all amassed upon a make-shift pyre ready for their return to the Creators side....

**Chronotress: (To Ahtreya. Solemnly)** How goes the last rites?

**Ahtreya: (Calm/Sorrowful)** Their spirits are troubled....confused. Maybe if they heard a prayer from you it might give them the courage to continue to their final rest in the creator's embrace.

**Chronotress: (understanding)** I will try.  
**(begins a prayer)** Father in the Haven, creator of all things, hear my prayer for those who have died in your service and for your will to be done.

*Alkai, my Father, my Creator, I come to you, on behalf of your loyal warriors who have fallen, take them into your loving embrace and grant them peace and rebirth according to your design.*

*Warriors of my Father, those who await your final journey, take your rest, reach for the wings of the Great Eagles and fly upon the winds of time and peace, you have created and served all according to your Creator's will.*

*Angels of the Haven, I call to you, you who are the hands of my Father. Guide the souls of his architects, those who have crafted, fought and died for the will of he who made you, to the crux of rebirth.*

*This I pray, that according to your will, my Father, and no others, you hear my voice and the voices of your loyal subjects and guide them in your beauty.”*

**Young Architect: (quite emotional)** *That's.....the most powerful prayer i have ever heard ...  
.is that what our modern day last rites are based on?*

**Old Archivist: (Wiping away a tear)** *Indeed, but of course the prayer had more power at this time because the words were not inked, nor etched in the minds of creation, but came directly from Chronotress' Heart.*

*This is why the clerics are taught that the greatest of prayers should come from the heart and be sincere and earnest.*

**Young Archivist:** *So every written prayer we know.....*

**Old Archivist:** *Were once earnest thoughts and words that came from the hearts of those who came before...*

**Young Archivist: (Enthralled)** *I imagine it enabled their spirits to find the peace they deserved?*

**Old Archivist:** *It did, and both Ahtreya and Chronotress felt the departure of their spirits which, though it brought a degree of sorrow, also brought a great deal of relief.*

*But of course, the task that the Alvairn were given remained and they could not remain idle for long.*

**Young Archivist:** *The renegades were still a problem of course.  
So the Alvairn were preparing to move to the North?*

**Old Archivist:** *Indeed, there was reported to be a large settlement of loyalist earth titans in the Northern Plains and the hope was to rally them before any of the Renegades could recover.*

**Young Archivist: (quizzical)** *You say it as though things changed master*

**Old Archivist:** *Well, you know the old saying about a plan being only as straight as the situation allows?*

*Well, the Alvairn were about to receive information that would change the course of everything.*

**Young Archivist (drinking another mug):** *Again you have me on the edge of my seat master.....*

**Old Archivist:** *at this time, whilst Chronotress and Ahtreya were tending to the dead, Ahnbiir and Thonor were strategizing for the move to the north with the Alvairn army and the loyalist titans who sought to join them.*



*Enter the scene with Ahnbiir and Thonor debating over a map about the next move required*

**Thonor: (Stalwart)** *I respect what you say of course First Wolf but the most direct route to the North is over the mountains of Grimnar, it will take days off our journey.*

**Ahnbiir: (Respectfully argues)** *I grant you that but my scouts report that the mountains have become treacherous.*

*It seems that some sort of storm has caused the way to be blocked by rubble.*

**Thonor: (Laughs)** *It's just a bit of rock and silt, did we not oversee the creation of those very mountains, it will take us mere moments to clear*

**Ahnbiir: (serious)** *Indeed it would, if it weren't for the renegades, fighting them and trying to organise the clearing of the way would exhaust our time, and time is precious, every second we waste gives way to the traitors.*

**Thonor: (Thoughtful)** *A fine point you make..... but your idea would take us around the mountains and through the Glen of Aramis which would take over two weeks.*

**Ahnbiir:** *But more would be the time we waste going through the mountains....*

*Enter Jahrett*

**Jahrett:(suddenly/Out of Nowhere)** *Forgive the intrusion but I have news from the west that may settle this dispute.*

*Both Thonor and Ahnbiir exclaim in shock*

**Thonor: (laughing it off)** *You really should announce your presence BEFORE you apparate out of the ether Jahrett*

**Ahnbiir (composed quickly)** *The west you say?*

**Jahrett:(unapologetically)** *Indeed, what was once the forest lands of Galhart (GAL-HEART) before Vypus got his dirty hands on it...*

**Ahnbiir: (growling angrily)** *What news Spymaster?*

**Jahrett: (informative)** *It would seem that Vypus is playing around with something more diabolical than ever before, my last report from my agents was that he was killing everyone in sight, Renegade and loyalist alike, and absorbing their essence into some sort of dark aura.*

**Thonor:** *For what Purpose?*

**Jahrett:** *Alas, I have had no further reports.*

*My assumption is that he's using a similar power to one we have fought before and if that's the case.....*

**Ahnbiir: (knowingly)** *That venomous.....(growls) Then our path is set, we must inform Chronotress of the decision.*

**Thonor: (resigned)** *I still think the mountains would have been better.....*

**Ahnbiir: (to one of the Alvairn)** *Send word to my son, Ahtreyu and his hunting party They must return from the mountains immediately, with all haste...*

**NPC Alvairn soldier: (dutifully)** *At once First Wolf*

**Jahrett: (interrupting)** *Hold a moment, (to Ahnbiir) Have you not heard?*

**Ahnbiir: (concerned)** *Heard what?*

**Jahrett:** *Ahtreyu is not in the mountains.....*

**Ahnbiir (darkly Serious/Hesitantly)** *What?*

**Jahrett:** *He headed for Galhart yesterday to investigate the situation further..*

**Ahnbiir: (rising fury)** *Under whose orders?*

**Jahrett:** *None but his own....he invoked the hunters rede*

**Ahnbiir (Furious)** *He did WHAT!!!?*

**Young Archivist: (confused)** *What is the "Hunter's Rede"*

**Old Archivist:** *It is an old evocation used by Alvairn, whereby an Alvairn who has been wronged in some way may seek justice according to the will of Alkai.*

*Whilst revenge is forbidden, embodying the justice of the creator was admissible, provided they did not breach the tenets to do so.*

**Young Archivist:** *What was the justice that Ahtreyu sought?*

**Old Archivist: (Finishing his last Drink)** *That, my apprentice, is tomorrow's tale...*

**Young Archivist: (disappointed)** but master.....

**Old Archivist (laughing)** The hour is late, and we have much more work still to do in the morning.

Besides, we have had quite the skinfull and we must be sharp tomorrow.  
Fear not, All will be revealed as the tale progresses.

**Young Archivist: (sighing)** of course master, in the morning then?

**Old Archivist:** Indeed, rest well.

We again fade to a black screen as we hear the voice of Fthora, anxious and aggravated

**Fthora: (angry/desperate)** We were so close....why could they not just b well enough alone, can't they see we are only trying to save this world

A voice gruff and ancient responds gently as Fthora's father, Fors, enters

**Fors: (Trying to support)** I warned you this would happen, I warned you that turning on our Creator was foolhardy and you still followed that scoundrels blind ambition.

**Fthora (aggravated)** Don't you understand, Father?  
Infernos has opened our eyes, why do keep yours so firmly shut?

**Fors (stern)** you think my eyes are shut?  
No, my daughter, I see this plan for what it is, the tantrums of a petulant child who couldn't get his own way.....

**Fthora (Offended/furious)** HOW DARE YOU INSULT MY BELOVED!!!!

**Fors (Furious/Authoritative)** I SAY WHAT IS TRUE, IT IS YOU WHO ARE INSULTING OUR CREATOR WITH THIS FOOLISH ACT!!!

**(calms down/pleading)** Please turn from this path before it's too late, you know what becomes of traitors and usurpers....

**Fthora: (Sly/grimacing)** oh father don't you understand?

A warping sound shows the energy that Fthora conjures as she grabs her father by the wrist

**Fors (alarmed)** what kind of twisted power is this?  
What have you done to yourself?

**Fthora: (menacingly)** this...dear father...is the power that was denied to us by our so-called Creator, the power to dominate this world which is rightfully ours..

Fors starts to choke and gasp as the power suffocates and drains the life energy out of him

**Fors: (gasping for breath)** Fthora.....wh.....why.....

**Fthora (chuckling menacingly)** Well.....for two reasons....firstly because you spoke badly of my beloved.

And secondly.....I cannot allow the blindness of anyone to stand in the way of our victory.....not even yours...

Fors gives a prolonged suffocation death effort and slumps to the ground lifeless.

**Fthora:: (sinisterly/gently)** don't worry father....I promise you, this world will be in safe hands, once my Infernos achieves his goals...(sound effects of energy coursing through her) and with the power of a primal, I will finally be able to create an army worthy of such a glorious purpose.

**(Mystical/chanting)** RISE ONCE MORE, ARMY OF INFERNOS!!!

RETURN FROM THE OBLIVION OF DEATH TO SERVE AS WE MARCH TOWARDS OUR GLORIOUS PURPOSE.

TO WALK UNHINDERED, TO FIGHT WITHOUT REST, TO MARCH ON OUR ENEMIES WITH CEASELESS FURY!!!!

Sound effects of thunder and cracking ground, followed by deep growls and gasps as we fade out into second end scene, where Ahtreya suddenly gasps

**Chronotress (concerned/alarmed):** Ahtreya, what's wrong?

**Ahtreya: (worried/desperate)** something is amiss....I just felt a shift in the atmosphere.....an ominous power...

**Chronotress: (deeply concerned)** what kind of power Ahtreya?

**Ahtreya: (fearful)** the spirits, they seem to have become Enraged.....trapped....(heavy on emotion) clawing.....gnarling.....**(utterly gripped by fear)**.....screaming ...the screaming won't stop..... **(crying/shouting)** Chronotress..... IT'S HIM..... HE'S TRYING TO COME BACK..... HE'S USING FTHORA TO DO IT!!!

***Chronotress: (trying to console) Who?  
Who's trying to come back!!!?***

***Ahtreya: (foreboding) .....The Devourer....***

*Fade to black*

*Credits and shout outs*

*-End of Ep 2-*