

Legends of Khampiohn: The Genesis Era

Chapter 3: The Hunters Rede

CAST

Thomas Avinger as the Old Archivist and Infernos

TJ Crovo as Young Archivist and Vypus

Ghostwaffles as Ahtreyu

ActAsh as Ckegdromas

Starlessness standing in as Fthora

Sarah Rosina Winkler as Addah

Frederik Verhagen as Renegade Titan Warrior 1

Melissa Kersh as Renegade Titan Warrior 2

Ryan van de Kamp as Renegade Titan Warrior 3

Chris Highwell as Renegade Leader and Alvairn Hunter 2

Raven Anderson as Alvairn Hunter 1

Brad J. Taylor as Fell Titan

Jaylinn Dunn as Dyani

D. T. Prater as the Dark Whispers

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We begin this episode on the outskirts of Galhart where a group of renegades are keeping watch by the light of a bonfire.

Renegade Titan Warrior 1: (laughing) *the weaklings didn't even see us coming....*

Renegade Titan Warrior 2: (with a mouthful of food) *too busy with their prayers.....(swallows food) which is ironic considering that the creator couldn't care less about them....*

Renegade Titan Warrior 3 (slightly tipsy) *Well, he might have done, if they'd even got through the first paragraph before they snuffed it*

All renegades laughing

Renegade leader: (grim) *Oi, show some respect.*

These were our kin once.....

The familiar voice of Fthora carries on an ominous breeze that causes the fire to sputter

Fthora: (ominously) *and they, like many others, were fools...willingly blind to the true nature of the one who they prayed to.....*

Renegade Titan Warrior 2 : (startled) *L.....lady Fthora....we weren't expecting you....*

Fthora (chuckles menacingly) *Clearly.....some guards you are, I could have killed you all by now and you wouldn't have even known it*

Renegade Titan Warrior 1: (fearfully) *Forgive us m'lady, we were simply.....*

Fthora (authoritative- interrupting sharply) *Boasting.....I heard.*

Those you are so eager to boast about killing were merely low-caste titans.

Perhaps if you and your.....master.....had been at the gate of creation when you were summoned, you could have had a real fight....

Renegade Leader (respectful but stalwart) *With respect lady Fthora, we had.....*

Fthora: (interrupting again) *What?*

What did you 'have' that was more important than the greatest chance of victory our mighty Infernos had given us....hmmmm....?

Renegade Leader: (intimidated) Orders to claim this place (**Gaks as they are gripped by the throat**)

Fthora: (sinister/ seething) and.....who.....pray tell....gives scum like you orders that surpass our leaders word?

(Laughs menacingly) Surely that deranged idiot Vypus should know better?

A raspy, hissing voice comes from the dark

Enter Vypus

Vypus: (laughing) you discredit me Fthora, Deranged I may seem but an idiot I am not.

Sound of the leader being thrown to the ground

Fthora (mockingly) You believe yourself to be above our leaders rule?

Vypus (laughs menacingly) Not at all but you seem to think that I owe him

Fthora (Aggravated/seething) were it not for Infernos, you would still be in exile.
You OWE him your service...

Vypus (scoffs) I serve only MY will, and lest we forget that your beloved only has an army of such power because of MY creations.

(Becoming sarcastic) But if you think your beloved has a chance without me.....well then I'll just take what I gave him.

Fthora (Growls) You would do well to know your place....

Vypus (Snapping anger) And YOU would do well to remember who put you and your love in yours.....

Need I remind you that your "glorious purpose" would amount to nothing more than ash were it not for me.....(becomes calm) and to that end.....I have something to share with you, since you're here.....However annoying your unannounced arrival is.

(Turns to the warriors, seething) Do a better job or I'll have you for my next experiments.

All Renegades; (fearful) Yes lord.

We return to the Young Archivist who is writing

Young Archivist: (muttering as he writes) Thonor.....the Storm Warden.....Vassal of storms and War..... Ahnbiir, vassal of life and death.....**(Turns a page in a separate, heavier book and continues writing)**.... Jahrett..... Ahtreyu the Hunter.....

Enter the old Archivist

Old Archivist (very intrigued) You've been hitting the volumes I see.....hmmmm.....**(quotes)** The Vassals in their Domains.....Very nice

Young Archivist: (excitable) I wondered where I'd heard the names before, and then it hit me, those are the names of the Vassals of Alkai, but something is puzzling me.....

Old Archivist (intently) Go on.....

Young Archivist (puzzled) there's no mention of Isirithon, Or Chronotress....even the name Ckegdromas isn't recorded.... there's Cedragh **(Said-Rick)**, Isiris and Fortress.....I don't understand.....

Old Archivist: (hint of regret in their voice) That.... is because of the cataclysm....

Young Archivist: Cataclysm?

Old Archivist (Silent for a moment, then sighs a heavy, sorrowful sigh) That is also a part of this tale, but we'll come to that later.

Young Archivist: (concerned) are you alright master, you seem upset....

Old Archivist: (reassuring) Do not worry about that, I promised to tell you more about Ahtreyu and the justice he sought....**(pats apprentice on the back)** I think we'll go on a little Excursion today

Young Archivist (Intrigued) Where to master?

Old Archivist: (heartily) Where this particular story began....

Young Archivist: (Confused) Galhart? Where is that?

Old Archivist: it's more of a case of when is that...

Young Archivist: (stumped) I'm sorry what?

Old Archivist: (enthusiastic) Ever travel.....by portal.....?

Sound- Portal opening in he air

Young Archivist: (slightly nervous) erm.....how did you.....

Old Archivist: I've been the high clerical Archivist for a long time, I've picked up a few tricks...

Young Archivist: (In awe) I didn't realise you could do that....wait....**(nervous)** this is sanctioned magick right?

Old Archivist (winking) I'm fairly sure nobody is going to be offended by an educational use of power.

The archivists head through the portal to a vast forest.

Sound- Portal closing

Background ambience of forest life...

Young Archivist (gasping in awe) Where are we?

Penn-Draig, Cetza **(K-ET-ZA)**?

Old Archivist: (takes a deep breath) as I said before, it's more of a when....

This is, or rather was, Galhart.

We know it today as Gisembar **(G-ISS-EM-BAR)**.

In particular, we stand on what is now the Ishtarn **(ISH-TARN)** Plains.

Young Archivist: (realisation sets in) so this is....the time before time ...?

But how are we here?

Is this real?

Old Archivist: (chuckles) absolutely real, and as for how.....well....you remember that all magick is based in the raw elemental powers of the titans?

I merely tapped into that.

A nearby voice catches the attention of the archivists.

Young Archivist: (nervous) *wait, if we're in the past, won't it mess up the timelines if we get spotted...*

Old Archivist: (Reassuring) *: Don't worry, we are merely shadows here. we'll see those we've come to see, they'll see no more than an extra pair of trees*

Young Archivist: (Enchanted but nervous) *is this how you've been learning so much master?*

Old Archivist (being coy) *In....a manner of speaking...yes*

Sound-The voices become clearer as light footsteps of a small hunting party approach.

Alvairn Hunter 1: (cautiously) *My lord Ahtreyu, I don't mean to question you but....are the trees getting darker or is it just my senses playing tricks on me*

Alvairn Hunter 2: (assertively/more experienced) *this place messes with your mind, keep your wits about you*

Enter Ckegdromas

Ckegdromas: (confused) *Not one to be a pessimist here but....this place was never this foreboding before...*

Enter Ahtreyu

Ahtreyu: (cautious) *There is a great darkness here, and it's getting stronger....we must remain vigilant*

Ckegdromas: (nervous) *I still don't understand why you needed to bring me along.*

Ahtreyu: *because the completion of the hunters rede requires a witness, someone who can verify that it has been done according to the tenets of the creator.*

Ckegdromas: *could have just brought your father*

Sound- heavy twig snap

Ahtreyu: *(turning to Ckegdromas/quietly)* I'm starting to think I should have....I thought you were lighter on your feet?

Ckegdromas *(nervously)* I'm not a hunter, this is your shtick, I was built for entertaining and....dancing and....

Sound- nearby guttural growling.

Alvairn Hunter 1: *(slightly spooked)* that does not sound natural.....

Sound- knocking an arrow

Ahtreyu: *(sharply/professionally)* hold....keep focused...(knocks an arrow and slowly draws on the string).....there is a corruption nearby....

Sound- successive nocking and drawing of four other arrows and the slow drawing of two long knives

Young Archivist *(spooked)* master, if we are hurt or killed here...does it mean we don't exist where.....sorry.....when we're from?

Old Archivist: *(reassuring)* No need to panic, we can not be seen, heard nor harmed. We do not exist in this time, therefore we are not affected by anything here in any tangible way.

Young Archivist: *(On edge)* certainly feels like we are.....

Sound- nearby growl getting louder

Young Archivist: master.....what was that noise?

Old Archivist: *(as if chilled by a memory)* the result of a diabolical and depraved experiment.....a Fell-Titan

Sound- a horrific roar

Ckegdromas: *(reacting with shock)* WHAT IN THE MULTIVERSE IS THAT!!!?

Ahtreyu: *(Commanding)* LOOSE YOUR ARROWS.....BRING THAT ABOMINATION DOWN!!!!

Sound- volley of arrows followed by pings of a rebound as the arrows bounce off the chitin of the creature.

Young Archivist: (Horrified) That's a pit-fiend!!!!

Old Archivist: (calmly informative) what we know as demons and devils in our time were once experimental abominations created by Vypus, he called them Fell-Titans... and they were.....utterly horrifying, especially in their rawest forms.

Sound- horrific bestial roar

Sounds of battle- large swinging smashes, arrows flying bestial growls and roars and shouting warriors.

Alvairn Hunter 2: it's too powerful (death effort)

Ahtreyu (desperate) Ckegdromas!!!! Find it's weak spot!!! (Bow draw and dodge effort)

Ckegdromas: (dodge effort) You what? (Dodge effort) I'm sorry I can't hear you properly over the sound of this tower of death and.....teeth and.....arms.....(dodge and parry effort) seriously why so many damn arms!!!!?

Ahtreyu: (Dodge effort with sound of axe being drawn) It's an abomination!!! (Fighting effort) stop playing with it and cast the miracle!!!!

Ckegdromas: (Spell casting effort then melodic Chanting) Foul power standing tall, reveal to me what makes you fall!!!

Fell Titan: (laughing/sinister) Your power is nothing to me half-angel (swing attack effort connects)

Ckegdromas: (pain effort/gasps for breath) Ahtreyu.....(coughs up blood) It's not working.....that thing is immune to my miracles.....

Ahtreyu: (Angry/attack effort) looks like we're going old school then!!!!

Ckegdromas (staggers to their feet) What d'ya mean...old school!?!?

Ahtreyu: (multiple attack efforts) HIT IT 'TILL SOMETHING HURTS IT!!!

Ckegdromas: (switches to dark mode and laughs) Well then I'll just have to make EVERYTHING HURT IT!!!

Sound- ominous rumbling

Ckegdromas: (darker tone spellcasting effort/harsh gravelly chanting) Power against me, bringer of woe turn now in my favour against my FOE.

Fell-Titan: (Roars in pain) WHAT ARE YOU DOING.....**(Gaks and struggle effort)** YOU PATHETIC INSECT!!!

Ahtreyu: (bow draw effort) I need a weak point Jester!!!

Sound- loosing arrow, arrow splinters off the Fell-Titans neck

Ckegdromas: (dark/gripping and struggling effort) Really!? I thought you just wanted me to tickle it with it's own arms!!!

Alvairn Hunter 1 (jumping and slashing effort) I'm not sure if it's a good time for sarcasm right now

Sound- Slicing through bone and sinew as the hunter takes of one of the fell titans arms

Fell Titan: (roars in pain) You insects cannot comprehend the power we wield

Ckegdromas: (spell casting effort: Fireball) comprehend this scum!!!

Sound- fireball impact as the spell strikes the creature directly in the face.

Fell Titan: (excruciating pain effort) MY EYES.....WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY EYES!!!!?

Ckegdromas: (realisation) The eyes.....**AHTREYU!!!!**
SET YOUR ARROW ABLAZE AND STRIKE IT IN ITS EYES!!!!

Ahtreyu: (fighting effort) WHICH ONES!!?
IT HAS SIX OF THEM!!!!

Fell Titan makes desperate fighting efforts

Ckegdromas: (Brash/cocky) Any of them, ALL OF THEM, JUST STABBY STABBY IN THE FACEY FACEY

Sound- rapid draw and loosing of six flaming arrows with heavy impacts

Fell Titan: (immense prolonged agony effort) AAAAAAARRRGGGHHH (**Gaks as the final arrows hits hard**)

Sound- colossal crash as Fell titan falls to death

Ckegdromas (panting/reverting from dark to normal) Well.....that.....was exhausting (**slumps to the ground**)

Alvairn Hunter 1: (alarmed) my lord wardens..... something is happening to the body.....

Sound-heavy blowing of wind

Young Archivist: (shook up) Master.....what's going on?
I thought they'd won

Old Archivist: (deeply sorrowful) This is a part of the story that I always find hard to watch....

Bgm: Emotional flutes and strings

Feminine voice (from the ash of the fell Titan/slow and laboured breath): I'd recognise that shooting anywhere.....my little fawn....

Ahtreyu (recognition/sorrow) Mother?

Young Archivist: (confused) wait did he just call that....thing.....mother?

Old Archivist: (slightly emotional) Not the thing itself, but the soul used to create it....you asked why Ahtreyu invoked the hunters rede?

Well....at one of the points in the war, when Vypus tried to take Galhart for the first time, two mighty

Alvairn [El-va-HEAR-en] stood against him and the earliest form of his.....creations.....those two were Ahnbiir and his wife Dyani (**Proun dah-YAHN-ee**), a formidable huntress and lover of the beauty of all of Khampiohns creatures.

When Vypus came, Ahnbiir and Dyani had already defeated many of his creations, using the forest as a living weapon against his corruption.

Vypus was given no choice but to quit the field with his tail between his legs.

Young Archivist and I assume Vypus took exception to this....?

Old Archivist: *he was furious...and began devising one of his insidious plans....*

It took many years...about fifteen to be exact, before his plan was set in motion.

Ahnbiir was called to assist in the banishment of a powerful agent of the Devourer, a creature you now call a Shadow Weaver.

Whilst away, Vypus made his move, slithering through the woodlands to find where Dyani had set up her home, where she had been raising her family, far from the wastelands of war.

Young Archivist: *what happened?*

Old Archivist: *Vypus made his way to Dyani believing that he could corrupt or even kill her while she was unaware of his presence and he would have succeeded, had he not underestimated her connection with the living creatures of the world.*

Young Archivist: *what is it you mean master?*

Old Archivist: *Well.....Word travels fast in the forests of the world, especially when one is attuned to the very essence of the creatures that dwell therein....*

It so happened that Vypus went less unnoticed than he would have hoped, the keen eyes of a Raven noticed the renegades presence and flew as fast as he could to Dyani's side and told her of the coming danger.

Young Archivist: *(relieved) So she had time to get away?*

Old Archivist: *(proud) oh no, quite the opposite.*

Dyani summoned two of her Giant Elk friends to carry her young twins as fast as they could to where Ahnbiir was at that time in the hope that they could be saved while she stayed behind to defend against Vypus.

Young Archivist: *But surely Ahnbiir wouldn't leave her to fend off that snake on her own?*

Old Archivist: *Ordinarily no, the fact that he had to go from her to deal with another matter tore him up, and then to find out that his sworn enemy was now on the prowl near his wife who was many leagues away at the time....his instant reaction was to race across the plains to her aid....*

Young Archivist: *and did he?*

Old Archivist: (with slight regret) He was facing an impossible situation, and he risked everything, even his place in the creator's heart....but he knew that Dyani's situation was growing more dire by the second and so he raced to be by her side....

Young Archivist: (feeling quite emotional) he risked everything for her.... but what about the children?

I assume they weren't left alone...?

Old Archivist: no, incidentally they were left in the care of Ckegdromas who had already taken the oath of guardianship over the twins at the moment of their birth.

Young Archivist: Ahnbiir must have had a lot of trust in Ckegdromas.

But master, I have to know....did Ahnbiir make it in time to assist his wife or.....

Old Archivist: (hesitant/sorrowful) alas, Vypus had already arrayed things against Ahnbiir and by the time he got there, she was gone, there were signs of struggle but no sign of her.

Assuming the worst, Ahnbiir did all he could do, grieve and pray for her soul.

He tried to hunt Vypus but the snake had all but vanished....

Telling the children was the hardest thing he ever faced and it was at that moment that Ahtreyu vowed justice the moment Vypus returned to the surface.

Young Archivist: So when he learned of Vypus resurfacing, Ahtreyu went hunting....

Old Archivist: indeed.

But what happened here, on this particular occasion, filled Ahtreyu with such heartbreak, and anger....

Young Archivist: believing your mother was dead and then finding what was left of her being used as an experiment.....**(angry undertones)** I can't imagine.....

Old Archivist: now you understand why I find this part of the tale so very hard to tell....and to show it is even harder.....

The story continues

Ahtreyu: (emotional) Mother..... I'm sorry...I didn't know

Dyani: (slow, laboured breath) Why are you sorry my son?

You freed me, I can finally return to the creator's side....

You have grown well little fawn....you are so much like your father.....and your sister?

Ahtreyu: (choking back tears) She is just like you mother, graceful and elegant with just a dash of sternness and fierceness.

Dyani (weak laughing) I always knew you would be great, both of you...you have made me so proud.....

Ahtreyu (anger through the tears) Vypus will die for this....I swear it....

Dyani: (weakly/comforting) no my boy, not anger.....never anger....only justice....
Tell your father.....I am sorry I couldn't be there for him when the rest of the Alvairn came, I would have loved to rejoice with him, in that and in how much you and your sister have grown.....

(Weakened breath)

Ahtreyu: (heavy emotion) Mother.....hold on.....we can patch you up, I'll call Isirithon.... she'll fix you right up....please hold on.....

Dyani: (closer to her last breath) I wish I could.....but the creator is calling me.....I have one last thing to give you....Vypus is making more of these creatures, using those he takes to create them

Fthora is bringing back the bodies of the dead...she has taken her father's power to do so while she feasts on the spirits of the departed....

They plan to take the world and cover it in shadow and corruption.....

Ahtreyu: (trying to hold back more tears) You can tell Chronotress yourself when we get you to him.....save your strength.....

Dyani: (joyful though weak) Chronotress came?

At long last.....thank you my son, for bringing me this news.....and thankyou for bringing me some comfort and joy.....at last.....I love you my little fawn..... never give up.....**(takes her last breath)**

Ahtreyu (Heartbroken/Shouting) ISIRITHON!!!! CHRONOTRESS!!!! WHERE ARE YOU!!!!?
(breaks down) Please.....please bring her back.....

Sound- footsteps approach as Ckegdromas puts their hand on Ahtreyu's shoulder....

Ckegdromas: (forlorn/sorrowful) Ahtreyu.....I....

Ahtreyu: (tearful/angry) *I don't understand.....they can travel through time itself....why couldn't they save her?*

Why couldn't I.....?

Ckegdromas: (sympathetic) *You did all you could....*

Ahtreyu: (grief-stricken) *I should have stayed with her all those years ago, I could've.....I should have.....instead I fled like a coward.....*

Young Archivist: *This is....(fighting back emotions).....I understand why you find it hard to tell this part of the story.....even though they defeated that....thingit seems like more of a loss than a victory*

Old Archivist: (hesitant/reflective) *On the contrary, though Ahtreyu was heartbroken, the fact that his mother's soul was now free would...in time ...give Ahtreyu the conviction he needed to perform his greatest feat....*

Sound- portal opening

Old Archivist: *alas.....my power is almost spent.....*

Young Archivist: *I understand master, we must get you some rest....*

The two step back through the portal to their own time.

The two slump into nearby arm chairs.

A few minutes of ambience pass, crackling of a fire and the ticking of an old clock

Young Archivist: *master...*

Old Archivist: (exhausted) *yes young one*

Young Archivist: (worried) *that creature.....were there more of them?*

Is that what caused the world to be destroyed before?

Old Archivist: *There were many of them, hundreds even...and with Fthora now able to not only compel the souls of the dead but also bring back their bodies, Vypus had a near limitless supply of 'subjects' to use in their crafting*

But no, they did not cause the destruction of the world before, though they definitely contributed heavily to the events that led to it.

A few more moments of silence pass with only the fire crackling and the clock ticking sounding.

Old Archivist: (yawning) *the hour is late my boy, feel free to pour yourself some mead, it will settle your nerves, and feel free to stay the night, we have an early start in the morning....much more left to document....*

Young Archivist: (yawning also) *Thank you master, I think I'll take that drink.*

Sounds of the old Archivist snoring, the sound of a glass being placed and liquid being poured into it.

Young Archivist: (taking a swig of drink and beginning to write in a book) *I hope I don't miss out anything.*

(Yawns heavily) *I can always write this in the morning*

(Closes book and slumps back into the armchair)

Young Archivist begins to snore as the fire Crackles and we fade into flash scene.....

Dark Whispers: Infernos....

Infernos: (agitated) *What is it you want this time?*

Dark Whispers: (mocking) *You should know by now....or do you perhaps need to be reminded*

Sound of dark energy wrapping around tightly

Infernos (painful anguish) *I need no reminders.....*

Dark Whispers: (roused anger) *Then WHY have you not dealt with our problem yet!!?*

Infernos (writhing in pain/angry) *I.....I'm working.....onit....*

Dark Whispers: (sarcasm leading to anger) *Working on it?*

It should already be DONE!!!

Infernos: (gasping for breath/choking) *There....was...a*

...setback.....the Alvairn [El-va-HEAR-en]Chronotress....

Dark Whispers: (feigned gentility) Oh really?

So the firstborn has once again stuck his snout in where it isn't wanted.....

Sound of the energy dispersing

Infernos: (laboured breaths) My brother is weak, the weakest I've ever seen.....it took all his energy just to send my army across the world.....he will not be a problem again.

Dark Whispers: (mocking laughter) oh I know he won't.

You see, I have already set things in motion....but I cannot rely on you to finish the job, given your ever-growing list of failings.....

Infernos: (certainty) I will NOT fail again.....I assure you I.....

Dark Whispers: (punchy) SILENCE FOOL!!!

(Thoughtful) no.....I think I shall need a more.....tactile approach....

Infernos (quizzically/frustrated) meaning what.....exactly?

Sound- energy weaving and forming

Dark whispers: (mocking) Who knows, she might even educate you on how to actually get something right for once....

Go forth my beautiful poisoned chalice.....my ADDAH.....take your revenge on those who cast you out.....

Sound- energy taking full form and then dispersing at it's Zenith

Enter ADDAH

Addah: (sinister/alluring) How may I please you master?

-cut to black with Addah laughing ominously

Fade to credits and shout-outs

-End of Episode 3 -