

The Great War

By: Mathew D. Miles

Written from the perspective of:

The survivors of the Great War

These are the accounts of the Great War and the events that followed, as I, Priest Nero, have been tasked with assembling the collection of papers that High-Priestesses Andromeda gave to me before her passing, so that a volume could be cast. I have scribed these accounts into a book that was found on High-Priest Alexandros, recovered by Priest Damos during the time of the Great War.

This book was believed to be created by the Old Ones and was safe-guarded by the High-Council of Lemuria for generations, yet I was disheartened to find no words inside of this book when I opened it. I have taken upon myself to fill this book with the accounts of the Great War and by doing so I hope to establish, through these documents and my work, a new beginning. Also, when the person known as the Lion of Lemuria returns, they could hold in their hands something that belonged to their people, which those people, who were bound by the spirit, once found this volume to be so important to them.

The few of us that remain have decided to abandon the tradition of appointing a High-Council leader, so that we could instead dedicate ourselves to individual research, as our numbers are so few. We have created a small library out of the medical center, but we have little hope to restore the knowledge that was lost when Lemuria fell, as a millennium of understandings were wiped away in a single day.

Our people were quite famous for our spirits and there is much hope that some of these findings could be rediscovered and cataloged for future generations. Priest Damos has traveled the land to bring back a nice collection of plants and berries, so as to study the nature of them. His brother, priest Sethos has taken it upon himself to plant a vineyard outside of the wall and he has even picked a name for the first spirit that he hopes to create from the first harvest. He is going to call this wine, "Sprit of Compassion".

This collection was created by the High-Council of Lemuria, here in this new place, that we now call home. We are the last known survivors of our Kingdom, during this first age. Additional contributions, in this tome are from the Captain of the Guards of the Kingdom of Atlantis, Petronius, as his perspectives are crucial to those events. The surviving few have come together in this corner of the world, near a tribe of the of Kumari Nadu people, who call themselves the Heart of the New Woods. We have found sanctuary here, building a new home and we call this place the Empath Abbey.

To understand the Great War and why it was waged, knowledge of how we began must be remembered. So too is a memory that is may be used as a reference point, as is also with that of history, so we can find our way forward. As we understand this notion, we must also pass on the very first events that set our paths into conflict, so that we may not repeat any mistakes made, nor forget them either.

The Ancient Dragons created the First Plane of Existence and within them are the 13 realms of mankind. 12 of the realms were handed over to the humans of this world, while the last one was reserved for the Old Ones, because this was the teaching of our people, the Lemurians.

Within each realm the Ancient Dragons created 4 kingdoms, set at each corner of the world. There are 7 Ancient Dragons, the first being Typhon the Great, the father of all Dragons. The other 6 are siblings, created in the lake of Mana in the Second Plane of Existence.

The beginning of this realm started at the southern-most portion of a mountain range in the middle of the main continent of Sosaria. There ancient magic can still be found today in a cave inhabited by dragons. Many of these dragons that still exist there are direct descendants of the Ancient Dragon Sirius.

The Ancient Dragon Lemuria oversees the Kingdom of Lemuria, the Ancient Dragon Kumara oversees the Kingdom of Kumari Nadu, the Ancient Dragon Sirius oversees the Kingdom of Hespera and the Ancient Dragon Ladon oversees the Kingdom of Atlantis.

Each Dragon has created a signet of power for the rulers of these kingdoms to govern and oversee their people and they are called The Twisted Embers of Fate, created by Sirius, The Skull of the Innate Will, created by Lemuria, the Lever of Righteousness, created by Ladon and the Seal of the Justice Bringer, created by Kumara.

Together as one, they are known as the signet of mankind, but it should be known that this sigil has yet to be assembled as The Seal of the Justice Bringer has never been found.

When Kumara created the Seal of the Justice Bringer he cast this into the Eternal Void, so its whereabouts are unknown, lost in-time and so without a royal symbol of the line of kings, the people of Kumari Nadu wandered apart. Eventually over-time these people developed their own regional powers, yet not nearly as mighty as the other three Kingdoms though. As of writing this account there are several tribes throughout the land, that are separate and independent from each other, but each one of these tribes will develop their own disciplines unique unto them, as this is the course that they have selected.

-Priest Nero

The Kingdom of Lemuria was attacked by a legion of Hesperans without any notice and this caught all of our people off guard. Several citizens were taken prisoner and interrogated during this time. Our Queen, Jehanne of Aquitaine was one of them, but before the enemy could lay hands on our nation's mighty sigil, The Skull of the Innate Will, our Queen entrusted myself, Priest Sethos and my brother, Priest Damos to hide the sigil of our people away from capture.

Sirius, the Ancient Dragon of Fire and the guardian of Hespera, wages war against the Lemurians for our Signet of Air, because he must have hoped to combine all 4 powerful relics, to create the signet of mankind. It was unknown why he would attempt such a thing, since no one knows the location of the Signet of Earth, The Seal of The Justice Bringer, yet Sirius waged his war regardless.

My brother and I traveled, with the skull, to a remote island to speak with Helios, the Helmsmen of the Sea, for he oversees the spirit of the ocean and is very wise and mighty. We sought to recruit his assistance in this matter, as Helios is a disciple of the Ancient Dragon Kumara and it was assumed he could be trusted with this matter.

When we arrived to speak with him, he mentioned that he was expecting us and instructed my brother and I to head to a portion of our world that has yet been discovered. We were to travel to a location known to him as Doom, then speak with the Helmsmen of the Deep named Chyloth, once there. He then showed me and my brother a way to get to this place, then warned us both to never share this path with another living person. Before we left on our new journey, Helios took the skull from our possession and told us to retrieve the sword at the end of his ritual, which would present itself once he was finished.

Helios took the skull from my brother Damos, who was holding it and peered into the ruby gems that made up the eyes. Suddenly the eyes on the skull went dark and Helios turned to stone, while still holding the skull. The statue now knelt before us and he put his right hand on his scabbard and forced this outward towards our direction. As he did this, Helios extended his left-hand to us as well, which was holding the skull. The sword in the scabbard turned a bright-golden color and was free to be removed, so we did so. Once we took the skull from his left hand, Helios stood back up, but remained a statue and then, the scabbard he held was transformed into that of a lance. I was not sure what the point of this ritual was, but I document my witness, in the event that it is required to retrieve the skull in the future.

The skull had also changed color through this ritual, as it was no longer pure-white with brightly colored rubies for eyes, for now it was golden like the sword and the eyes had gone dark, as if falling silent or made to be blind. When we left this remote island, we decided to name it the island of Oculus for this is the place that The Skull of the Innate Will, lost its ability to see and that is where its sight remains today.

Eventually we found the place called Doom, that Helios sent us to find and waiting for us at the entrance, inside, was the Helmsmen of the Deep, Chyloth, another disciple of Kumara. Once we greeted the Helmsmen, Chyloth then drew his sword, which was silver in-color and had 5 markings on both sides. These markings looked to be that of star-constellations. He also removed his shield from his back and presented both items to my brother and I, then he said, "I exchange these weapons, as a for'runn'r of things to cometh, for the death's-head in thy living, of which I shall taketh thee".

He instructed us to return the items to our Queen and he then told us that this skull would now be bound here, walking these halls as a spirit, until the day that the rightful ruler of the Kingdom of Lemuria was presented to him, to make their claim.

With both the swords and the shield in hand, we proceeded back to the Kingdom of Lemuria, but when we returned, we had learned that Sirius had murdered our beloved Queen, Jehanne of Aquitaine, out of his pure rage, because he was unsuccessful in obtaining the whereabouts of the skull.

The High-Priest Alexandros instructed our council to head to a remote part of the world, inhabited by Kumari Nadu, away from our capitol, so he could ferry our people there as refuges. My brother Priest Damos, Priest Morpheus, Priest Nero, Priestess Andromeda and myself, left for our new destination and we began construction of a small building as barracks, with a treatment center for any injured that may come, once they arrived.

A week went by, yet no one did come, as there was no word from anyone, no refugees, nothing at all. We decided to send my brother, Priest Damos, to investigate as we continue to prepare for the groups of survivors. When my brother did return though, he only brought with him three people and a small baby. The Captain of the Atlantean Guard, Petronius, one of the Arch-Magi of the Atlantean Inner-Circle named Kanos and our Queen's very own handmaiden Aakara, with a small boy named Maleki in her arms.

This was it? No one else? This surely could not be all that remained, I said out-loud, when I first saw the sparse group, but any hopes I had were quickly doused when I learned this would be all that remained of our once great and mighty kingdom.

Damos informed us that everyone was deceased in Lemuria, including High-Priest Alexandros who had stayed behind to help gather the people to join us. The capitol was over-run with demons and nightmares, proclaimed my brother. The young girl Aakara told us that the High-Priest sacrificed himself to protect her and the boy-child, by using his own magics of illusion to hide them from harm. Then, she told us that this baby-boy was the child of Queen Jehanne herself, which shocked everyone who heard this.

All the priests that make up the priest-hood of the Kingdom of Lemuria cannot marry or have children and when the council selects a young woman to be our Queen, once the previous Queen's duties have expired, that young girl must also not marry and not have children. For this is the traditions of our people, as the Queen, like the priestly order, are married to the kingdom instead.

When looking for survivors, priest Damos said he stumbled upon this knight of Atlantis with his magi, who were sent by David of Cyprus, the Emperor of Atlantis to search for this very same child. Once he learned word that our queen was in-fact dead, David entrusted Petronius to search out and find this child, for it was his only son.

It appeared that our beloved Queen and the Emperor of Atlantis had an affair and this baby-boy was the fruit from that union, which was not our proper or a right custom at all, but through this small child, perhaps the Kingdom of Lemuria could find a way to rebuild somehow. Traditions did not seem as important as they were just a few weeks earlier, as there was no one left to even hold them sacred any longer.

Andromeda proclaimed that this is the very moment that traditions are to be remembered strictly, but perhaps not followed so strictly in the short-term. These traditions should be preserved for a time when order could find its way. The child was the first heir to the throne of our nation and it was not entirely sure to any of us, if this would be adhered to. Regardless, he was still the son of the Emperor of Atlantis and the last Queen of Lemuria, so it was clear this child was crucially important to our world now. We swore to protect this boy at all costs for those revelations that had come to us, but also for the reason that our people were so few now and even if the boy was a half-blood, he was still Lemurian.

There was also the matter of both the swords and the shield to consider, as well. The next order of business would be to figure out a new course and to do that we must pick our path and agree upon it. So, we set out to select a new High-Council leader for the tasks that lay ahead and to have some semblance of order to at least re-establish some sense of who we are, because without our past and some of our traditions we keep sacred, we would truly be lost.

Our group selected Andromeda as our new High-Priestess and leader of our encampment, that we still had-yet selected a name for.

-Priest Sethos

The last emperor of Atlantis, David of Cyprus was promised in marriage to a fair maiden of a noble house that his father had picked for him. Secretly though, he was in love with Jehanne of Aquitaine the young Queen of Lemuria, and she was also in love with David in return.

As a talented musician, David created many melodies and gave them to Jehanne, as many of times I, Petronius, the Captain of the Guard and my emperors' personal body guard, did travel to Lemuria to hand deliver these musical notes to his beloved.

The Queen of Lemuria entrusted with David her heart, but she also gave to him the very first piece of music ever created on Sosaria, known as "*The Flight of the White Heron*", or the song of compassion as she had so called it. David divided up this song and embedded it into pieces within a masterful work of music, then created a secret cord within this, that spelled out his love for Jehanne.

So pleased by the work of his son, David's father ordered this masterpiece to be the official song of Atlantis. Little did he know, or anyone else, other than I, that when this song was played it was also playing "*The Flight of the White Heron*" and saying with those secret cords, "Joy of my desire, my eternal love". Every-time David heard this, he smiled, which brought me great joy to watch.

Not long after David's father passed on, my liege became emperor of the Kingdom of Atlantis and he began to go to work on his plans to transform the Kingdom and eventually this entire world. David never did marry, but he also did not dare approach the Queen of Lemuria, the love of his life, for her hand in marriage either, as this was forbidden by her people.

David respected the traditions of Lemuria in public, but in private was very zealous about spending time with his love. He left to me the arrangements of their rendezvous, somewhere far north of the mountains of wind, where they spent the days together singing songs and sharing dreams. Queen Jehanne was clearly over taken by his great wisdom and grand plans. It was clear to me that she too believed in David's dreams, for they became her dreams, as they shared them together.

David of Cyprus the last emperor of Atlantis had this dream and it was all he could ever think about. He envisioned a world more united and less separated. He often told me of his plans to create this world through his wisdom bestowed to him by the ancient dragon Ladon. To bring our 4 kingdoms together and instead of a single king, a council of knights or representatives would be established for the people, as servants of great honor for them specifically. This notion seemed rather odd to me, but the idea was for everyone to partake in their own destiny and David called these elected Knights, governors. I did wonder secretly though, how a knight could ever be elected, for that was a title earned, not given.

David was the wisest man that I had ever met, so I trusted his plans and eventually believed in them too. I often referred to my Emperor as David the Architect, for he was truly a builder of all things imaginable. He ordered magnificent buildings to be constructed by the Archmages that he, himself had designed. His

creativity and genius of skill spread to all disciplines of our culture, from great works of art and music, to great inventions and philosophies. He was admired by all that ever met him, as many great relationships and bonds of friendships he would form. David of Cyprus, the last emperor of Atlantis, was the greatest builder our Kingdom ever knew. He achieved so many things in such a short-time, to even think back now, brings me a vast sadness, as I miss my dear-friend, so very much.

It was during this time of great ambition by David, that Sirius the ancient dragon that oversees Hespera found himself rather unhappy with the current state of affairs in the realm of Sosaria and waged war against the Kingdom of Lemuria to take from them, The Skull of the Innate Will. Sirius planned to assemble the Signet of Mankind and become their supreme ruler and he personally interrogated The Queen, Jehanne of Aquitaine, but she refused to bend to his will. Out of his selfish-anger and dishonorable ways, he murdered Jehanne, burning her alive with his dragon's fire.

When David learned of this, he grieved as if he never knew joy and my heart was broken for him too, for I loved David as my own brother. There was little time to grieve however, as soon Sirius would likely be in Atlantis, of this, I had no doubt.

A heart-broken David convinced the King of Hespera, Tristan of Curtana, to give David his Signet of Fire, the Twisted Embers of Fate. This was a mighty staff that had the power to burn away all things, but only leaving behind that which was true and pure. This transaction occurred behind the back of Sirius, while the overly-ambitious dragon was looking for The Skull of the Innate Will.

Tristan had sent his daughters to Atlantis, that of Joyeuse and Durendal, but not his youngest daughter Alania. With the two girls, a small emissary was sent and Joyeuse carried with her, her father's fire signet, because the King of Hespera knew too well that Sirius went well beyond the pale, by killing the Lemurian Queen.

I remember seeing Joyeuse in the grand palace for the first time, when she arrived and she was breathtakingly beautiful, the most beautiful women in-fact, that I ever laid my eyes on. It was very difficult for me to not look upon her, but there was little time for such thoughts, as we were in a state of crisis and potential war. I knew Sirius would not let this betrayal by Tristan go unpunished, but that business was not mine to make.

David then recruited the help of the Ladon, the Ancient Dragon, who is the time-traveling guide of all of mankind and oversees Atlantis. He entrusted with Ladon both the mighty relics, his own Lever of Righteousness, that Ladon himself had made and Tristan's Staff, The Twisted Embers of Fate. David was worried that Sirius would strike the heart of Atlantis next, so he dealt away the signets of power, to someone more powerful than he.

Ladon hid the items away from the grasp of Sirius using his ability to transcend both time and space itself. He traveled, with the Lever of Righteousness to the center of the star used to create all of the realms of mankind, then placed the Lever inside of that star as it was being born. Many millions of years later, this was the very remains of the star used to create Sosaria and locked inside a [*World Gem Bit*] was the lever or righteousness. Ladon returned to David the Architect with the lever encased in this crystal, within moments after David had first given it to him. He then spoke to David the history I write down and account for, as I was in the room to witness these things unfold.

David then sent me on a secret mission to Lemuria with a group of skilled Noble Knights, my own guardsman and the Archmages to retrieve his offspring, a small baby-boy. This took me by surprise at first, as he had not even told me about this child, until this very moment. I was his most trusted and loyal friend too and I knew no one else knew this secret that he kept, since he would not even tell me. I was dedicated to serve my emperor, my friend, even more now and time was of the essence, so we would leave within the hour.

When we arrived in Lemuria, I could not believe my own eyes with the level of destruction and carnage I witnessed. Upon sailing into the harbor to dock our boat in the capitol city of Lemuria, great monsters and creatures began to attack our outfit. I ordered that the skies first be cleared, so we could position ourselves on higher ground, between two towers that had been partially destroyed. The Archmages went to work eliminating those demonic things that fly above us, for Atlantean magic is the most powerful magic in the realm and I had little doubt we would be able to manage our own fate, even so outnumbered. Looking back at this decision and to my arrogance, I would have handled things a bit differently, for I had no idea the volume of creatures that waited for us.

Numbers are a thing that can work against an enemy, if you can force those numbers into small openings, so this is what we did. The fighting lasted almost an hour and we had nearly lost half of our forces, but managed to kill tens of thousands of those demons in the process. Still though, there were tens of thousands of those demons that yet remained. Only 9 knights, a handful of Archmages and roughly 50 guardsmen were left by my side and I would never be able to finish my mission trapped here fighting to the bitter end.

I ordered the remaining group out into the open, so they could draw the bulk of the demonic-legions away from my position. I ordered my brave-men to do a systematic retreat, leading the demons away from the city, in hopes to spare any further Lemurian casualties.

I kept one Archmage with me, named Kanos, to help look for this missing child, but as time grew on, all that I could find was despair and hopelessness among the recently departed. At this point, I was convinced that nothing could have survived being in this city, but I was still hopeful to find a clue, that perhaps the child was ushered off to some other location in safety. This notion I held onto, for I could not find the artifact that David instructed me to look for.

The small baby would have a bracelet that David had personally made for the child and one for his mother, the Queen, consisting of very strong magics. The Nature of the bracelet was to allow David to send words and sounds to the boy and his mother. I was to look for the Atlantean mark on this item for proof it was the right baby-boy, yet so far, no bracelet could be found among the victims.

Eventually, I stumbled upon a priest named Damos and he took me to where the High-Council chambers were located. There we found a half-starved woman and a baby in her arms. The boy had on the bracelet too. her name was Aakara and she was the Queen's own handmaiden, but before I could get the Archmage to summon a time-traveling rift back to Atlantis, Damos told me they had a sanctuary in the Deep Forest and he was sent to find refugees to bring back there.

He needed our help to get out of the city, to rejoin his people in safety and so did the women. Me and Kanos escorted the group safely from the capitol and I never was able to catch back up with my unit, so their fate was and still is a mystery to me.

Once our group found the stone building in the middle of the Deep Forest, near the ocean, I realized how bad things really were for the Lemurians. Only a handful of citizens of Lemuria had escaped the hell that I just left. At-least David's son was alive, then I thought a moment and realized that this boy would also be their Queen's son too. This child was going to be very important to them, so I knew he would be safe here, at least for short while.

I had not heard any noises come from the device on the baby's wrist the entire journey to this new place, but perhaps it was broken or never worked in the first place. Regardless, I would leave the small boy here in good-care while me and the Archmage would return home, just to make sure everything was safe there. Once I was given new instructions from David, I would make sure to return to Lemuria and look for my unit, but upon arriving in Atlantis my worst fears were realized.

My home and our Kingdom lay in ruins, so I quickly ran to the palace grounds, to only find David laying on the ground and he was dead. I ran to his side and began to cry for my friend and pity myself for failing him, for the world would never know of the greatness that they had just lost.

Instantly and next to me, Ladon appeared out of thin-air and he looked terrified himself. He quickly grabbed me, standing me up and said, "The clock is broken Petronius, Sirius broke the clock!" "Quickly gather who you can and leave this place, for no one is safe and leave David to me, as I will take his body myself, directly to my sister." I looked back to the Archmage and told him to look for survivors, then meet near the citadel in a half-hours time. He nodded and ran off to do as I commanded him.

Near were the Archmage was standing, he was looking at something strange and this caught my attention too, for this thing on the ground was some kind of demon, just like the ones in the Kingdom of Lemuria but dressed in a more regal attire that I vaguely remembered.

What was going on with all these demons, I wondered?

Then, I realized that I was looking at Joyeuse, the beautiful daughter of Tristan of Curtana. What had happened to her? I asked myself.

It was clear that half of her body was burned and melted away, while the other half was no longer human. I turned back to Ladon, as to inquire about this, to only find him and David's body already gone.

We ended up gathering roughly 500 survivors and returned to the place where David's child, Maleki was at. I interviewed every single survivor of our great Kingdom, then personally lead a party out to look for the unit that I had left to retreat.

we were unable to locate our lost fighters, their bodies, nor the rest of the demons and or their location, even though we spent weeks searching. Over-time, their disappearance become something of a haunting mystery, that was never solved and this greatly bothered me. I had ordered them to secure my exit and they did as I commanded, not because I was their captain, but because they were men of honor.

I would never dishonor my men in such a way ever again, for I come to understand what David's vision was really about. That each person is as important as the next and this idea was no clearer then right now, a time when we depended on each other more than we ever had before.

With this notion, I would be the father to this boy, for both of his parents are dead and he would never know them directly. I knew David better than anyone alive and I would make sure he knew his father too. I would share with him my memories of his mother, so he would love her and admire her courage, then I will teach him the lessons of honor and what they truly mean.

-Petronius Captain of the Atlantean Guard

Several years have been removed since the Great War and we have named our small enclave The Empath Abbey. I, Andromeda have been named High-Priestess of the High-Council of the last of our people and we have gone about building a small community with the local tribe of Kumari Nadu around the Abbey. we are still trying to figure out what to call this cobbled group of settlers, but the locals just refer to the settlements near the abbey as Heartwood.

Some of the Atlanteans have stayed here, such the Arch-Magi Kanos who has built an impressive mage tower to keep their magic alive, which they practice each day. We have folded ourselves together quite nicely and we have even recruited some of the Kumari Nadu to learn our secret arts of illusion magic, which is the bedrock of our priest-hood. They are not blood-tied to this magic, so they can never be a priest, but instead, we refer to them as monks of The Empath Abby.

The Bulk of the Atlanteans have taken the boy Maleki to a fishing village far from here called Paws and there they start the construction of an impressive walled-off city close by. Aakara the boy's adopted mother, has become their first mayor of this new place and Petronius watch over the boy like a loyal father, teaching him what he doth know. Petronius is a mighty warrior of great discipline so the boy will be in good hands and to make sure that he is, I have arranged for his spirit to be secured as well.

I have sent with the boy, Priest Morpheus and instructed him to recruit and teach the ways of our priest-hood as to also make sure the boy and his heirs have a sacred guardian of the sprit to watch over them at all times.

By common law, the boy would be the first man to be ruler of the Kingdom of Lemuria but he isn't pure-blood. This doesn't matter though and nothing should be spared to make sure he is safe. Sirius has destroyed two mighty kingdoms during the Great War and I have heard no signs out of the lands of Hespera either, so their fate is also unclear to me. This boy doth not know this now, but the fate of the entire world rests on his little shoulders, so with this notion, no degree of protection could be unwise or too much and as Petronius is indeed mighty, there are ways he is unfamiliar with, as only a Lemurian could teach.

We also collected the remains of our beloved Queen, Jehanne of Aquitaine and I cried when I saw her charred body. We took her on a sacred journey to be with the other Queens of our once mighty people in a place called Reg Volom, known as the city of the Resting Spirits. Since she was the last of our great-line of Queens, as a final act of a once powerful High-Council, we sealed the tomb and summoned a legion of angelics to guard it. The ancient dragon Lemuria herself was there for this ritual and she used her own power to seal this tomb. Only the power of The Skull of the Innate Will would have the ability to

break the seal on the tomb, she instructed to us. Lemuria's bright red ruby eyes shed many tears as we sealed Jehanne's tomb together.

we also sealed within her tomb the sword with the star constellations from the Helmsmen of the Deep, Chyloth, while the other sword and the shield we gave to Petronius to give to the boy once he became a man. The council thought it best to split up the sword and shield obtained from Chyloth, as we were unsure what any of those weapons actually mean or why we had them.

Lemuria told me before she left, that with the actions of Sirius, he had broken the clock of mankind and the song of the White Heron no longer plays. She said that her brother Sirius doth let loose three great acts of rage against the inhabitants of this world and the Old Ones would no longer abide by this, as they themselves have been forced to act.

She then told me a promise and instructed me to keep this close to my heart and share it with no one until the time of my death. I would need to hand select one person to carry this burden until the moment was right. I asked her when we would know when that time was in-fact right. She said:

"When Kumara walks among you as a man of justice, when men of honor follow the chalice, when the Judge has been redeemed, when this heart of virtues has been restored and when the Lion of Lemuria seeks you out, it will be time".

Her words brought on tears in my eyes, as they do now, for justice is what I seek, for justice is what all of us are seeking. I asked her what the heart of virtues was and she smiled at me and said, "all in due-time my good friend".

I have only decided to journal these memories down now, as I am leaving this world, I can feel my spirit grow tired and my days are few, which would leave Aakara as the last women of Lemuria alive in this world. I have selected Nero to be the keeper of this knowledge and it will be up to him to pass this on to the right person, at the right time, until the White Lion seeks us out.

I long to re-join my people, though-those around me are good and kind, the memories that my spirit carry, are too great of a scar for me and reliving that pain each day has taken its toll. I think of the promise made to me from Lemuria and I smile, as it brings a peace to my very soul, that one day justice will be served and all those wrongs undone.

-High-Priestess Andromeda

The Prophecy of the White Lion

The clock of mankind will start back up again through the actions of one brother. When Kumara walks this realm as a man of justice and not a commander of a mighty legion, but as the other brother. When the Judge has been redeemed and the heart of virtues has been restored, the White Lion will walk with the Atlanteans one last time. For the White Lion comes from the men of honor and it is he who

discovers the meaning of the chalice. For he will be the heir to the throne of both the spirit and the understanding through time.

This will force the forerunner into action and the Golden Knightly shall soon be crowned. The flames of truth will ignite on a familiar friend and the vision restored from a long-ago dream. The constellations will re-arrange themselves to reveal their true nature, but honor shall protect thee. The final guardian will let loose that which he protects, for compassion commands him to do so.

The third brother shall be judged according to his acts and hope shall be renewed. As anything anew, it always starts very small, for even the wisest and mightiest cannot comprehend such detail and with this notion of time and space, understand this simple truth, that love shall cure all things.

This is when the forerunner gives her all clear to the architect to send forth the White Lion. The Lion of Lemuria will bring upon justice to this world, as the great pillars stand in witness his mighty deeds. The smallest of gifts shall be received, but the mightiest of gifts it shall be. For the Song of the White Heron will once again be heard and order shall be restored. Even the mightiest of all, will be in attendance.

All shall-rise to give their ovation as the architect now claims his prize. The vision will be revealed and the clock will continue on, never to stop again.

The White Heron will take her flight, as this is the story of your realm and nothing will ever force her to land, ever again.

This is my promise to you.

-Lemuria

Sandals of Time

Author: *Mathew D. Miles*

The Great War: *Part of the 3rd series entitled: "The Golden Trio"*

About the books: Each book within each series acts as a character in a much larger play. They will tell their own story from their own perspective written by a specific avatar in a specific way. All the books of each series will develop themes and concepts unique to each series, while the 5 series of books in total will tell a much larger story. In addition, a repeating theme is on display in every way possible within all works. They are the following:

*To remember, is to find your way.

*This is the story of your realm and everyone has a part to play.

Book series: *Sandals of Time*

Series 1: *The PAWS Soulforge and the Quest for Ladon*

Series 2: *The Star of Zara and the Quest for Ladon*

Series 3: *The Golden Trio and the Quest for Ladon*

Series 4: *Toccata and Feud and the Quest for Ladon*

Series Finale: *Succubus & Valkyries and the Quest for Ladon*

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