

Volume 01
Issue 01

Can someone give me a

REZ

a Ryzom E-Zine



RYZOM



May 2009

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Ryzom E - Zine

www.ryzom.com

Welcome to REZ, a Ryzom E-Zine. This is a tribute and contribution to a digital landscape I like to think of as a virtual home; a world called Atys, the world of Ryzom.

“Can someone give me a rez?” It is a common callout from players who have been defeated in battle and are hoping to be revived to continue on the fight and eventually become victorious. I figured REZ was a fitting moniker for a zine about a world that has been resurrected several times; pulled from the clenching maw of death itself. Supported by an amazing community, I'm very happy I can still call this place a home.

Ryzom is a gorgeous and vibrant MMO whose creatures and weather have a life of their own. Most players have probably spent at least some time, if not extended periods, just watching the environment at play. Ryzom also has an open, unique and intelligent skill system that lets a player tailor their character with almost limitless options.

Along with the remarkable environment, Ryzom has also been home to many extremely talented creative individuals. With this zine I hope to gather those creative forces, help foster new ones, and catalogue the continual evolution of the living planet and her people.

So please, enjoy this issue, join me on Atys, post your stories, pictures and artwork for future additions to this zine, and be part of this marvelous fabric.

You can post your stories and links to your images on the Ryzom forums at:

<http://forums.ryzom.com/>

Peace,
- Suibom
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NOTE: The stories and artwork found in these pages may be modified slightly from their original form to better fit the format of this zine. These changes are meant to be kept minimal and are not meant to change the meaning piece. The changes can include such things as spelling corrections, paragraph modification, color levels, cropping, etc.

Editor for this issue:
Suibom



Friends Forever

By Drakfot

Posted May 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14231>)

"Come on Chimiee, you can do this, its not hard"
Saerven said.

"But it is soo high, what if I fall down and hurt myself?"

"You won't fall my friend, I am here, I will hold your hand and see to it that you get up here safely. Do you trust me?"

Hearing these words Chimiee made up her mind and took the first steps towards the big tree which Saerven had climbed with such ease. Grappling for the first branch and finding support with her feet she slowly and gently went upwards towards him. As she got higher up she could see the yubos and messab growing smaller and smaller, she could see the lands of Fairhaven growing larger and larger. It was wonderful, the beauty of Atys astounded her. The lakes reaching out into the distance, the windmills standing there proudly gathering energy for them. The never ending lands stretching out into the endless. The roots reaching far over the lands reaching towards the sky. This was so fine, she had never seen Atys like this before, the moment was as made of wonders. Then she fell...

During a few seconds all she could see was the sky swirling around quickly and a rush that went through her body. Was it the end, what would happen, as she thought this it seemed as time almost stood still..

"Didn't I tell you that you could trust me Chimiee" The voice, she knew that voice. As she opened her eyes she could see that gentle and smiling face of Saerven. Then she felt a pressure on her hand, it was his hand that had it in a firm grip. He had saved her from falling.

"yes, I know that I can trust you, even more now," She replied.

As he pulled her up onto the branch, close to him, she looked at him. What she saw was a gentle boy, but yet a strong fighter. she saw a boy that was a man at the

same time. Saerven was known to be a good swordsman, always being remarkable in battle though it just be in training. There had been no battled yet for him to fight in. For this she was happy. He was so remarkable that the old men in the village had mentioned that he perhaps one day would master the art of crafting a Living Sword.

"Are you alright, it was a nasty fall there" Saerven asked.

"Yes I am fine, I thought that it was the end" Chimiee replied knowing that she exaggerated a bit.

"Nah it wasent, youd hurt yourself a bit, but not lethal. You always makes things bigger than they are Chimiee," Saerven said with a smile on his face.

"Now lets just sit here and enjoy the view and the wind, who knows it might be last chance we get to do it."

So they both sat down side by side on the branch looking around, breathing deeply and relaxed. The people in Fairhaven attended to their ordinary chores, some trained just outside the stables. some was working on their crafting. It was an ordinary day in Fairhaven.

* * *

"They are back, they are back... run!" The voice cut through Chimiee's mind as she woke up quickly. What, what happened, everything was calm when she fell asleep. And Fairhaven, it was so calm and tender..

"I had that dream again, the dream from 5 years ago" She said to herself as she put her amps on. For if he was a good fighter, she was a healer of wounds. Many things had happened since that day in her dream. many turns taken , some for good and some for bad. Yet life itself always have the ability to continue.

And so it had done even for her. Yet she could not forget the day he left her all alone in Fairhaven with the words "Its only a scouting mission, we are to seek out new areas and report them in to the maker of maps thats all. I will be back before you know it or when you least expect it". This was 3 years ago. She never heard from him since, she never heard anything from anyone that left that day.

"Swordsmen in front, casters behind and healers in the back" She had heard these orders many times before as she took her place. The attack was fierce this time, it was worse than before. The kitins must have been greatly angered when they threw them down during the last attack. And they must have been furious when they sieged their previous base. Yes the Kitins was angry, and in anger they attacked all in their vicinity.

She healed and healed until she could barely stand on her legs. She tended to wounds and helped soldiers to get to beds and rest.

"We must leave this land at once, we are not safe here, they know of our location." The Commander said.

"but many of the men are not ready for fight, the less to walk by themselves," Chimiee said.

"Yes I know this, but still I do not want to risk that my men will fall to these creatures of evil when they sleep in bed. It is better to try and relocate and perhaps buy us some time for more rest." The Commander replied. "Do you not agree to this?" he asked.

"Yes I see what you mean, I shall do what I can to get their spirit up for a walk, it might not be a fast march, but as you say we must do this to lessen the dangers we are in," Chimiee said knowing that the commander was right.

It was a hard time for her to see them like this, wounded, torn by fierce battles and mentally empty. They had fought restlessly for several days, even beyond the limits they thought they had. As she started to prepare them all for a trip she heard some of the soldiers mumble "We cannot survive another attack like this, the Kitins have numbers beyond count. we cannot take more of this.."

"Yes you can, you are all Homins of Atys. If you don't believe me, look around there are Homins here from all over Atys. Homins that have traveled long just to fight by your side. Have you not noticed that even the beliefs of Gods and the dispute among has been layed aside? Have you not noticed that Homins that are their opposite in daily life now are friends in arms," Chimiee said in a small fit of anger, for it hurt her to know that her friends felt dark inside.

"I'm sorry, its just that we have only seen battle the last few months, devastation and misery has been the only

sight of our eyes and it wears one out." the soldier said, feeling a bit ashamed over his remark.

"Yes i know of this, it has been hard times. But now the Commander has issued orders to move, we cannot stay here and the Kitins were well struck down even this time, they need time to regroup and strengthen their forces. They will not be back for long. You have done well my friend. Now come lets move, every step from here will be another step closer to home." She said, firm and gentle as she helped the soldier on his feet.



As a few days passed on their march seemed to gain speed. The further away they got from the battlefield the more strength was gained in body and in mind. Was this the doings for them getting away from the area defouled by the kitins ? Was it the spirit of Atys that helped them to reach their homes once more ?

Many question started to rise in her head as she walked.

"We shall rest here, it is not more than than a few days left until we reach Fairhaven. Take time, rest and soon we shall make the last part of this march towards our homes," The commander said, she could even notice that his voice was more gentle and there was glimpses of joy in it. He longed home too, he and everyone else did.

As she saw too that those that still needed aid got it and that the water supplies was filled she took a little stroll alone to gather her thoughts.

When she reached a cliff she sat down and just rested. It had been some hard months for her. Fierce battles, defeats and victories screams of joy and screams of pain. Yet still she knew they had done well, they had prevailed. She smiled for the first time in a while, she felt safe again.

She lay on her back staring at the sky. Suddenly she thought that she heard something in the forest behind her and she quickly stood up not noticing the small rock on the ground. She slipped and fell backwards into the shaft..

By reaction and pure will she extended her arm and grabbed the cliff... now she was hanging there, staring down into the dark abyss of the shaft with only one hand holding her from safe death. "Now it is over, I dont have the strength to lift myself up from this mess. Now I am lost.."



As she closed her eyes to say her last goodbye she felt a pressure on her wrist.

"Do you trust me" a voice said.

What!? What was this, was she dreaming again? This could be, or could it be... him?...

As she opened her eyes she realized that she still hung from the cliff, staring down into the abyss. When she looked up towards the sky she saw a silhouette of a man.

"Now we can't have it like this now can we Chimiee," he said, "let me get you up".

"Saerven!" she screamed out in joy and in surprise. "Is it you, is it really you?" She asked, hoping with all of her heart.

"Who else could it be to save you from falling off things dear Chimiee, yes it is me. I have returned as I promised." Saerven said and the smile from times ago was on his face.

"When I least expect it" She said crying and sobbing. "Oh Saerven as I have longed to see you again," she said while falling into his arms.

"Yes it has been quite some time it seems, my heart is overjoyed to see you too dear Chimiee" he said holding her tight as before.

After a few minutes he said "Did you not get my message?"

"What message?" She asked surprised.

"Then I guess that it was either lost during travels or lost together with the messenger I am afraid," he said a bit sad. "As we headed out to scout the lands we saw some small Kitin forces that seemed to be gathering or seeking themselves. We chose to follow then to see what they were up to. As this would ruin our ordinary plan of return we sent out a messenger to deliver this to the Captain in Fairhaven. Oh fair haven how I long to see you again. But it seems as the message was lost." Saerven said.

"So it must be then, we have received no word from you since the day you left. It has been a weight in my heart not knowing where you were or if you were alive Saerven," Chimiee said while looking at him. He sure had grown plenty since the last time she saw him. He was now a proud man still she could see the little boy in him.

"Yes many things have happened since I left Fair haven. Many times I thought the end was close yet still I fought on. I was lost in the wild snared in the forest and almost dried out in the desert while trying to find my way back home. But that are stories for later times. It was just by accident as I discovered some wanderers traveling nearby. As I was a bit behind I tried to keep up and close in wanting for them to stop for rest. And as it seems to be the work of the gods I found you hanging here from a cliff as I was almost close to the wanderers," Saerven said smiling even wider than before.

"Saerven, I am glad that you walked by here at this moment. I am glad that you once more walked into my life as you did when we were small" Chimiee said with her eyes full of tears. "Come lets go to the others I am sure that you will find many of your friends among them"

The return of Saerven brought joy to the soldiers for he was dearly missed by everyone that knew him. This night there were no fears or weakness, it was a night of joy and reunion.

The next day all got up early to clear the camp, for Fair haven was close indeed.

This day all traveled with lightened minds and eased hearts.

And as they got closer and closer they could all see the well known landmarks of Fair haven, the Yubos roaming around eating, playing and staring at the newcomers. The messabs gathered in small herds as usual, often being curious.

Yes this was home indeed. As the citizens of Fairhaven saw who was approaching they all let everything go to rush and welcome the long lost friends and beloved.

"I must report my findings to the captain," Saerven said.

"Yes you should do so, they are anxious to hear what you have to say," Chimiee said knowing that this was a part of the Saerven she knew, faithful to both Homins and to his duty.

"That I will do in time but first.." Saerven said.

"But first what?" Chimiee asked him a bit astounded.

Had he changed during this time, was he not the old one in a new shape.

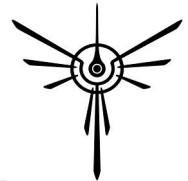
"Do you see that tree over there Chimiee?" Hes asked and pointed.

"Yes I remember that tree well, it was the tree we climbed in back when we were small, though it feels like an eternity since then, though it has only been 5 years," Chimiee answered. She had seen this tree many time since she left.

"Well you know what Chimiee, I'll race you to it. What do you say?" Saerven said and then started to run towards it.

And there they both ran, laughing once more as they had done when they were just kids. As they had done five years ago.

They were home again..



A Matis song of tribute.

By Drakfot

Posted May 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14237>)

For our king, this we sing.
We do all to serve, to get what we deserve.

In many battles we have shown, how mighty we have grown.
For him we to bare his crown, and to all weakness drown.

There is us, there is we. Upon our sight the enemies flee.
Evolve to be better and to prevail, at this we never fail.

For him to follow and orders to take, for greatness sake.
Stand there proud and tall and none will fall.

Harness the wild, make it your child.
Tame the beast, fold the plant. There is nothing we can't.

Make it all yours to honour him, with all battles you shall win.
For time that has been, one great man is seen.

For he has shown, he is worthy of the crown.
He rules with a great mind, firm but yet kind.

Though times were hard upon this shard.
He stood on with his beliefs, removing all griefs.

A great man indeed, for him we bleed.
For him we rise our voices loud, gather in a crowd.

For our King we sing this, to honour Yrkanis.



First Glimpse to Verdant Heights

by Riveit

Posted June 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=15511>)



Thump, thump, thump. Uuuuggghhh. Everything hurt. Slowly, Riveit rose up toward consciousness. It seemed like a bad dream, a nightmare. The first crossing of the Lagoons of Loria had gone so easily. Watryk and Waerdan racing along with an occasional shot at predators. The Heretics Hovel was empty, deserted and silent but for the buzzing of insects and songs of birds. But time had run out and they went no farther.

This second crossing of the Lagoons was far different. The party was far stronger but a swarm of kipestas hit them as soon as they walked into the lagoons. The whole party went down. Dalin respawned and revived the group with the help of a passerby, Sandie. They zigged and zagged across the landscape, avoiding predators. Finally, Arcana and Kiliane joined them, back from some mysterious conclave. The pace picked up and they started hunting the Lagoons. But the real horror began back at the Hovel. The Heretics were waiting in force. He was plastered and revived again and again and again.

At last they blasted their way through only to find a hellish maze of dense forest and predators. It was all one long blur of blazing affliction and healing spells with Magnifico hacking away at the front. At the end, Riveit was knocked unconscious and had to be carried along as so much baggage. Thump, thump ... THUMP! Magnifico had dropped him unceremoniously on the ground by the Fleeting Garden Karavan altar. Riveit's eyes popped open to see the green grasslands of Verdant Heights for the first time. Kiliane leaned over him and asked "Are you OK?"

He focused on Kiliane's lovely face looking down to him and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine", he lied and rose shakily. "Thank you all so much! Dalin, Daernan, Magnifico, Kiliane and Arcana. Thank you. At last I made it. Our Illuminati guild is the best, the very best. Sorry to pester you so much about going here and sorry to be dead weight at the end. You are all simply marvelous." After their protestations of 'no problem' faded away, Riveit looked over the hills of Fleeting Gardens and smiled. Out of the Lakelands and free to travel. It was an exciting time. Worlds were colliding. Kingdoms would fall. Dangerous times, but fortunes could be made and old scores could be settled.

Hope

By Neun

Posted June 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=15134>)

Each new day is a different day.
It brings with it memories of the past and hopes for the future.
Expect only from it what you are willing to put into it.
It will give you nothing more than you give it.
Reflect on your day as it draws to a close
As the sun sets and you start to fall asleep.
Know that when you wake in the morning you will get a second chance.

3 little Yubos. A fairy tale.

By Dalin

Posted June 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=15745>)

Once upon a time there was a yubo family. Mom Yubo, Dad Yubo, and their 3 younglings. As we meet them, Mom and Dad Yubo are very old Yubo. A whole 3 years each. In Yubo terms, they are the great great great great parents of yubo kind perhaps.

At there death bed of grass and polls and tiny tasty flowers they called there younglings to them. "Children," Dad Yubo softly spoke to the three, "Children, I and Mom will not live very much longer."

This news shook the three younglings of course. Mom and Dad going to die? The idea alone is laughable! Mom and Dad will live forever. They have been here always, where else would they go?

"Children," Mom Yubo spoke to the three, seeing there confusion. "Children, we are old, so very old. It is time we joined the Great Yubo in the skies." And Mom Yubo looked up to the ringed planet that circles Atys even this day.

"But Mom, Dad!" The youngest Yubo shouted out. "What would we do without you. You have always been here with us."

"See the world." Dad responded firmly to the youngest. "We know each of you can be a great Yubo. A greater Yubo then all the Yubo that ever lived. We have raised you well Children. Find yourself a place with grassy hills, and tasty flowers and other Yubos."

"But I don't.."

"We don't.."

"I won't.. "

"Children," Mom Yubo spoke again. Silencing the protests like she had done oh so many times in her life. "Follow your father bidding and make us proud."

The three younglings stood silenced for a moment.

Then looked at each other.

"Well, if that is what you want." the middle spoke.

"We will make you proud of us." the oldest spoke.

"And find many other Yubos." the youngest spoke.

"Then Mom and I can join the Great Yubo above and look down on you forever more." After saying that Mom and Dad snuggled together one last time, and closed there eyes forever after.

And the three younglings were sad.

After some hours the oldest spoke. "Well, lets go then. I'm going that way." and pointed her nose to the left.

The middle looked at the oldest with a bestranged look. "Now what's new over there? We have been there plenty of times. Besides, you know that Mom and Dad never allowed us to go down the road. There are Gingo there. They bit of my tail remember! I'm going that way." And he pointed right.

"I'm going with you for a while." said the youngest to the middle. He didn't like to be alone just yet. But the idea of facing Gingo is kinda, well, scary.

"Goodbye then, little brothers. Mom and Dad will see you're both safe," The oldest wished them farewell.

"Goodbye big sis." The middle and youngest said and the younglings parted ways.

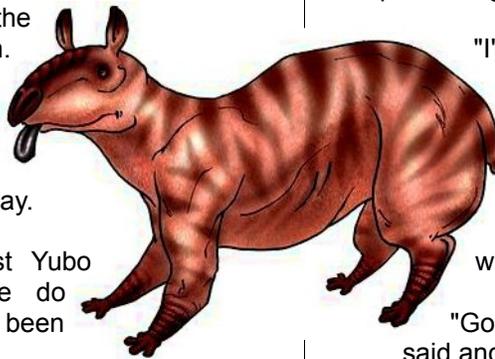
Full with courage, filled with exitement the oldest Yubo went down the road. "My my, what pretty flowers, mmm they taste goooood." she thought as she sampled flowers, grass and other tasty things along the road, not noticing the Gingo.

Now the Gingo is a fearsome creature, surpassing the Ragus in fearsomness and terror by far. And this one was a particular strong one and cunning one.

"Oh, now that is one fat tasty Yubo." The Gingo thought while stalking the oldest Yubo. So appealing the oldest Yubo looked to the Gingo that he didn't think an longer and charged her. "RAAAARGH!!"

And the fight started with the Gingo attacking with sharp fangs and teeth. Growling to the oldest Yubo and trying to sink his teeth in her meat. But!

What's this?! KABAM!! With a mighty blow of her head the oldest Yubo slapped the Gingo aside. "GRRRawrg!" The Gingo growled at her. "You are my dinner tonight fat one! I'll rip you limb from limb! RAAARGH!!!" And the Gingo charged again.



For the oldest Yubo there was but one thing worse than being attacked by a Gingo, and that was being called fat! NO-ONE called her fat!

Filled with rage she charge the Gingo.

BAM! SLAP! BITE! CLAW!
SCRATCH! A short fight later the Gingo lay dead. Killed by the massive blows of the oldest Yubo. Filled with victory she let out a scream "OOOOHHHH RAAAY!!!! OOOOHHHHH RAAAYYYY!!!"



Now coincidentally a Matis Noble walked the same path way the oldest Yubo and the Gingo fought. And the Noble heard her victory call. "Now what could make such a sound," he wondered and quickly went to the fight scene. And lo and behold, the Noble was amazed. "My my, a Yubo that has beaten a Gingo. Incredible," he stated as he approached the oldest Yubo.

The oldest yubo, still filled with her victory didn't like the Homin coming closer and screamed her new victory chant at the Noble "OOOOHHH RAAAYYY!!!" To get him to back of.

"Hahaha, a feisty little Yubo you are," The Noble spoke, praising her strength. "Very well, I dub thee Ora! Defender of Yubos and Slayer of Gingos!" The Noble proclaimed, bowed to the Ora and moved on to tell the tale to his friends.

The Ora in the mean time was satisfied that she had repelled the Homin and went on with her task, finding the tastiest flower ever.

Now the middle and youngest Yubos had set out together, but soon the youngest turned out to be the most adventurous one of the two. Always wanting to move on when the other wanted to talk to an interesting other creature. Until at some time the middle became fed up with it.

"Go on then! Gogogogogo. I'm staying right here!" he shouted to the youngest.

"What?! But why, there's nothing here but stupid Capryni and Bodoc!" The youngest responded in disbelief.

"And I want to talk to them, you can go on as far as you like. But I'm not setting a step further."

"But but.." The youngest tried to find words, nearly in tears after the harsh words of his older brother.

"I'll be ok younger brother, and I know you will too. This has been coming for some time you know. I'm not really an explorer like you. I wish I was, but I'm not. Spend one more night with me here and then lets say goodbye to each other."

"But I don't want to leave you." the Youngest responded, sniffing.

"I know that. And I don't want you to go, but if we stay together like this. We're going to have fight, and I don't want that little brother. Don't be scared, there are plenty of other Yubo in the world you will come across."

"I suppose you're right.." The youngest gave in, and after a few minutes felt better again at the prospect of what he mind find and discover.

The next day the middle and youngest brother said goodbye to each other. "Farewell, have a nice long chat here big brother," the youngest wished to the middle.

"I will little brother. Have a good journey with loads of new things to see," the middle wished the youngest farewell.

And on the youngest went. Through swamps, rocks, roots, canopies and lakes. And eventually he had discovered so much he wanted another Yubo to talk about it. So he swam to the nearest island he could find and searched out another Yubo.

The conversation that followed was long and amazing, and soon more and more Yubos came to listen to the stories of the youngest Yubo.

And at some time a Tryker discovered the gathering. "Daaaamn, what's happening here?" the Tryker thought. "So many Yubos... Hmm yubo steak tonight. Oh wait now there's a big one in the middle. I bet that one can feed my family for a week."

Encouraged by the thought of some lovely yubo meat the Tryker started to make a trap. Some nice flowers and a spring and soon he was done.

During the trap building he had discovered that the youngest yubo was insanely curious. And decided to use that against him by using a bright coloured lap of cloth to lure the yubo in the trap. Unfortunately for the youngest Yubo of course, he couldn't resist such a bright and clear strange thing.

PLONG! CHOP! Pain! And the youngest Yubo was trapped. His leg in the trap, he couldn't moved as the Tryker closed in for the final kill.

"This will be quick little Yubo, Only a little pain and then it's over."

But oh scare! When the Tryker tried to kill it the youngest Yubo bit him with all his power and the Tryker yelled out in pain, "Ye-argh! That hurts! Le-go ya damned Yubo. Argghhh!"

This was heard by all the other yubo on the island, the audience of the little Yubo and they came to rescue him. All of them.

"Oh fiddlesticks" The Tryker cursed as he saw the horde coming... and ran for it.

On rainy and drunk days the Tryker still tells the same story of the Death Yubo and his horde of evil yubos.

The Death Yubo didn't travel alot anymore now. His leg broken and never healed. But with stories to last a lifetime, he didn't have to anymore.

What happened to the middle Yubo however? No one is actually sure. But after the middle Yubo settled in the area suddenly Frippos started to appear. Only in Fleeting Garden and nowhere else.

And from the Great Yubo in the sky Mom and Dad Yubo looked down at there children and said to each other, "You know what? We raised a fine fine bunch of children."



Tryker Explorer

By Xanavan

Posted May 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14428>)

Over the hills, across the sand.
The Tryker roams, searches, explores and
though his stature may make him impaired,
he treks on through the land not tired or scared
"Onward!" the Tryker explorers say.
"Keep persevering until that day
when the fear and the pain are swept away.
When the Kitin are vanquished and we can say
'exploring is futile, and the passion does lay
quite still, yes, it's lost, in dismay'
then we will stop and look over our land
and decide whether our actions were grand
or utterly pointless and the stories bland
telling of Trykers taking their stand.



The Tale of the Yelks

By Drakfot

Posted May 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14381>)

Dear Homins, have you heard the tale of the Yelks?

As you may have noticed the Yelks have quite an armour on their back.

It was not always that they looked like that though.

Once in the time of Atys they were covered with spikes, sharp as the beams of the sun. They had this armour to defend themselves from the Kitins.

They were not as many then as they are now.

This is a tale of how the Yelks lost their armour.

Once in the line of time there was a Homin, a man. He was the proud father of two fine kids, Galdan and Meuhime.

Now Galdan was a man of his house, always looking after his family and friends. Training to be a guard of the village and a swordsman for his tribe.

Meuhime on the other hand was his opposite. She was an adventurer and scout by heart. There was not one rock or hole close to the village that she did not know of. Her heart always longed out into the open of Atys, for there were paths waiting for her to find. Many time Galdan had to go out to find her. Many times he reached her in time.

This time he did not...

It was a fine day, Galdan was busy with helping the swordcrafter testing a new combination of materials that he had got his hands on from a wanderer.

"It is a fine and light sword indeed. not heavy yet hard as rock, cut through stone still sharp as new." He said. "Meuhime, are you going out on one of your adventures again? Don't go to far you know how that upsets mother and father"

"I know, I am not going far this day. I am to explore the small rift I found out about a few days ago. I will not be

far away, you will hear me if i scream." She said with a smile.

Knowing that to argue with her had no meaning Galdan let her go while carefully noticing where she went in case he had to run after her again.



Meuhime walked on closer to the small mountain that lied just a few hundred meters away from the village. To get there she had to climb the wall of the mountain. At the foot of the mountain there were some Yelks and Crays strolling about doing what they usually do. When Meuhime got closer two Crays sighted her and instantly ran towards her to see what this new thing was.

"Stop that you silly Crays," Meuhime said laughing for she knew the behaviour of the Crays, they were curious by nature. "I need to climb that wall now if you excuse me," She said and took hold of the wall.

The wall itself was not especially high, perhaps 10-20 meters. As Meuhime climbed about 15 meters she could see the top of the wall closing in, the sun warming her face and the wind fly by. She did not notice that the branch she held was loose, she fell...

"Gaaaldaaaann" was the last thing she said..

"What, what was that, Meuhime!?" Galdan said loud. For as she said, he would hear her if she screamed. "Something has happened to her," He thought to himself. He ran towards the wall she told him that she would be at.

When he arrived there was no trace of her. He looked around but did not see anything.. Then he noticed on of the spikes of a Yelk, it was blood. He looked at the ground and saw a trace of blood that suddenly disappeared. In a fit of rage he drew his sword against the Yelk. As he struck at it he separated the spikes of all Yelks that were close to him for he knew what Bremermen once said, "strike not to kill but to defend."

"Meuhime, Meuhime.." He screamed at the top of his lungs. "Where are you Meuhime.." And there were no answer..

Galdan spent hours looking for her, she was nowhere to be found. He ran from place to place that he had heard her talk about. Every place was as empty as the other. When he returned to the village and told the news everyone was saddened. And Galdan just sat at the fire staring into it. How could he be a guardian of the village if he could not even protect his own sister, his family. after a little while the wind carried sounds to him "Meeuuuhhhmm, Meuuuhmmmm".

It came from where he had heard her scream. He ran back to see from where it came from. He could not believe his eyes.

There on the ground among the Yelks that no longer had any spikes, she sat laughing. She was there, she was alive. Around her leg she had a bandage.

"Meuhime, Meuhime!!" He shouted in joy. "You are alive, you are well. but where were you, and your leg?"

"Oh that, its just a small wound i got when I fell. I hit one of the Yelks by accident, It tried to move out of the way. If it hadn't I would not sit here now. And where I have been, you could not even start to imagine where I have been. It was wonderful. And yet its not for us to see now, but the time for that will come," Meuhime replied smiling.

Galdan stared at the Yelks that had become victims for his rage.

"I am so sorry, I could not hold myself by the thought of loosing my sister," he said to them loudly and bowed deep.

"Fear not my child for your actions were dampened by the wisdom of your heart. You did not hit to kill, but to prevent others from getting damage from what could harm them. They do not need their armour anymore, they shall be many and they shall honour you and your sister for this day. The day when they no longer need to embark on another battle," a voice said in his mind.

"What, who, where? " he asked and looked on Meuhime.

"I heard it to, yet ask no questions brother, let us go home now. It has been enough adventure for one day," Meuhime said while looking straight into his eyes.

And since that day, when what was thought to be lost was found again, the Yelks calls out the name of the adventurer that helped them. They shout the name of the sister that was gone yet not lost. To honour the day when they were relived from battle that had scourged them for so many years. From the armour that had caused so much pain. Until this day when you sit and listen they gather up and screams the name of Meuhime.

This dear Homins is the tale of the Yelks. *bow*





A Hero's Welcome (A shaggy dog story)

By Jyudas

Posted October 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=18664>)

As The Kitin War drew to a close, the old lands swept away in the great swarming the armies of the four peoples fought hard to hold back the Kitin while the civilians were evacuated into the Prime Roots.

Many were killed, many more were injured and those who could no longer fight were sent into the roots with the civilians to the newly established villages in the depths of the planet.

One young man fought bravely but suffered a grievous wound, the front part of both his feet having been cut from his body by a vicious kincher claw. He survived but barely and was able to walk thanks to specially stuffed boots once the flesh had healed over. Still, he could fight no longer, he was given his amber medal and sent to join his family in the roots.

Hobbling and on crutches he joined the steady stream of despondant refugees making their way into the prime roots and finally made his way to the underground village where his family had settled.

Matis, Tryker, Fyros or Zorai the whole village seemed to greet him as a hero of the Kitin war. Food was laid before him, a special place was set by the fire for him and the children brought him garlands of glowing flowers in thanks for his great sacrifice. He was overwhelmed with joy to be treated so well and despite his natural modesty pride swelled in his breast.

It was some time before he noticed that out of the whole village only one person was not treating him as a hero, avoiding him, scowling at him even. Over the next few days this grew to upset him more and more and every time someone from the village smiled at him all he could see was the scowling face of that one grumpy man.

It preyed on his mind more and more, disturbing his sleep, had he done something to upset the man? Had he fought any less bravely than he should have? Had the man been in the military himself? Could he even be such a thing as a kitin sympathiser?

Finally he could bear it no longer and he hobbled on his crutches to confront the man.

"What is the matter? Have I upset or harmed you in any way?!" He cried "Everyone here treats me as a hero and does me honour but you! Tell me how I have wronged you and I shall make it right!"

The scowling man glowered at him, hawked and spat upon the moss beside him.

"Ain't your fault lad, I'm just lack-toes intolerant." ...

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