

THE SAGA OF THE DEATH SCARAB

TO EXALTED LORD PTR A, HE WHO WALKS THE SKY AND IN WHOSE EYES THE NIGHT STARS DWELL. TO YOUR GREAT GLORY I KARITAMEN, DESPOT OF THE CONQUERED LANDS, DESTROYER OF ORCS, RULER IN JUSTICE AND MASTER IN WAR, COMMEND MYSELF. TO THE DIVINE GOD USIRIAN, HE WHOM WE ALL ADORE, I ALSO COMMEND MYSELF. BY THE RELIABLE STROKE OF THY STYLUS MAY THE ORDER FOR A LIFE OF LONG DAYS ISSUE FORTH; MAY MY FEET GROW OLD BY WALKING IN THY DIVINE PRESENCE.

I CLAIM BLOOD OF ROYAL DESCENT, SPAT FORTH FROM THY DIVINE MAMMOT MOST HIGH GOD PTR A. BY YOUR INEFFABLE WILL, I HAVE BEEN BRUSHED BY THE SILVER FEATHERS OF LEARNED TAHOTH. I WHO LEARNT WELL THE WAYS OF THE STYLUS, YEA, AND THE SCROLLS OF MY FOREFATHERS, SERVE AND SHALL EVER SERVE THE INVINCIBLE KING OF KINGS AMENEMHETUM HE WHO IS CALLED "THE GREAT."

BY HIS WILL HAVE I THIS, MY KINGDOM, CARVED RED FROM THE HANDS OF THE GREEN RACES. FOR, FROM MY FIRST STEP UPON MY LANDS, I HAVE LAID THEM LOW WITH MY OWN SWORD, WHEN ALL OTHERS FLED IN FEAR, I HAVE STEPPED FORTH TO BATTLE. FULL 10,000 I SLEW WITH MINE OWN BLADE. I WHO KNOW NO DEFEAT HAVE DRIVEN THE ORCS BEFORE MY WAR CHARIOT. I WHO HAVE FED DJAF, MASTER OF JACKALS, A FULL 250,000 EARS COUNT THIS THE LEAST OF MY WORKS; FOR DOES NOT USIRIAN, HE WHOM WE ALL ADORE, NOT GATHER UP SUCH WITH BUT ONE BREATH OF HIS DIVINE LUNGS?

WITH MY SECOND STEP, THE STRENGTH OF GEHEB'S HOUNDS, MY LEGION, LETTING FORTH A GREAT ROAR, RUSHED FORTH AND SLEW FULL 20,000 BARBARIAN MEN. I WHO FLAYED THEIR PALE SKIN EARNT THE LOVE OF AMENEMHETUM WITH THIS VICTORY, AND HE RAISED ME UP. THUS I BECAME KING, AND THE BACKS OF A FULL 100 SAVAGES WERE NOT ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE MAP OF MY HOLDINGS.

THUS WITH MY THIRD STEP, THE PEOPLES OF MY KINGDOM DID LOVE ME AND CALLED ME DELIVERANCE AND JUSTICE. YEA, AND THE SPIRIT OF YELLOW-EYED BASTH MOVED WITHIN THEM, AND THEY CALLED THAT SHOULD I REIGN FOR A FULL 1000 YEARS IT WOULD BE TOO SHORT A TIME. THEY NAMED ME KARITAMEN, THE KING THAT CAN NOT BE KILLED, HE THAT ROLLS VICTORY BEFORE HIM LIKE THE BEETLES OF THE DESERT.

Look now upon the Chronicles of the Death Scarab and know well, O Gods, how we loved our King. For by the grace of Ptra, with his first step, he slew the Orcs, and with his second, the wild peoples, and with his third, he brought great joy to his lands. Yet with his fourth, he stepped from the proper path.

He that is called the Death Scarab was filled with the poison of Sokth, the dead-eyed God of the scorpions. There was spitefulness in his heart improperly did he tamper with the rites of the Cult of Djaf, and the secret knowledge of the wise, and put down in writing the ways of he whose face is never shown, the great God Usirian, he whom we all adore. During his reign, he composed untruthful stela, insolent writings, concerning the rites of purification for the great journey, and left them to posterity. The golden eyes of the Hawk-headed Phakth, he who places his hands upon the scales of justice, moved among us.

We, the nobles of this Kingdom, whose decisions are venerable, regarded him with anger and knew his grave faults. We who numbered a full 7,000 rose upon the wings of Phakth to draw the poison from the heart of Karitamen, he whom we once loved, yea, and as the hawk spies the serpent within the precincts of the sacred places, so saw we one who slithered in the manner of Qu aph and poured poison into the king's liver. This Tetrahon may his soul forever feed the servants of Ualatp fell before our swooping blades. Yea, and though lovingly we opened Karitamen's innards to the healing light of Ptra, the evil was too great for the disc of the sun to cleanse.

Thus we end this Chronicle of the King That Once Was, he that is called the Death Scarab, he whom we call upon Asaph to clasp to her enchanting bosom. We petition you Asaph, Ptra, and great God Usirian, he whom we adore, hold him here, that he may ever be about to step fourth his seventh step, the first upon the Great Journey That We All Must Take.