
The Book of Ridend



Relican Enclave Collection

1st Edition

*Relics Created by Gavin Moorcroft
Artwork by Christian Schwager
Background writing by Dan Fellows*

The World of the Ridend	3
1. <i>Ridendia</i>	3
2. <i>Night Terror</i>	7
3. <i>Poor Ukld</i>	9
Forces of the Ridend	11
1. <i>Duke</i>	11
2. <i>Baron</i>	11
3. <i>Barons Retinue</i>	12
4. <i>Ridend Ladies of the Court</i>	12
5. <i>Kapolop Knights</i>	13
6. <i>Foot Knights</i>	13
7. <i>Archers</i>	14
8. <i>Peasants</i>	15
9. <i>Dragon Tower</i>	15
10. <i>Dragons Breath</i>	16
Ridend sketchbook.....	17
<i>Art, sketches and sculpture drafts</i>	17

The World of the Ridend

1. *Ridendia*

Ridendea is a paradise island that is situated approximately two hundred miles from the north east of Xanawang, where the dreaded Vaettir reside. The island is inhabited by a wide and wondrous variety of creatures but the most abundant species by far are those who call themselves the Ridend. Little is known of their history before the collapse but it is said in their legends that before the kingdom was united the feudal houses fought many great wars amongst themselves for the right to rule the various regions. It is said that many great beasts stalked the lands in those days, beasts like dragons, manticores and giants. After many long years of bloodshed, House Ether joined with House Rington and the internal conflicts of the Ridend were finally put to bed.

After most of the savage beasts had been driven from the land an age of enlightenment began and the Ridend set out to civilise and reshape the world that had been left behind by those they would call enemies. As might be expected the smartest of their kind led the way and put their utmost efforts into preserving the natural beauty of the land as much as possible, adapting and building upon it to suit their specific needs and desires. This has resulted in some rather strange and unusual architectural trends to emerge throughout Ridendea that further enhance and add to the weird and wacky vibrancy of the wild untamed landscape. Although stone castles are undoubtedly the most common buildings to be found, a great number of ancient statues of obscure Ridendean deities also still stand today but many of them have been crudely reworked and drastically altered so that they now more closely resemble only the most esteemed heroic figures from the Ridendean pantheon.

The most impressive statues are regularly maintained and decorated by the craftsmen of the houses in order to distinguish them for whatever honourable virtue they embody best, be that strength or courage or even wisdom or beauty, though Ridendean opinions on the latter subject tend to differ with the view that is more commonly held by the other free peoples of Relicia. It is this code of virtue that underlies all aspects of Ridendean life and they strive to excel in as many different virtues as they possibly can.

The peoples of Ridendea were blissfully unaware of the events that were unfolding before the Great Collapse and it is believed that they had no knowledge whatsoever of the other nations of Relicia at that time. Ridendean historians recorded an earthquake that accurately corresponds to the time of the collapse but the island and its peoples were completely unaffected by the catastrophe, though how they managed to avoid its devastating effects is a complete and utter mystery.

The internal struggles of the Ridend ended when the mighty warrior Queen Morri Toliwop came to power and united the nation as one; she still rules today nearly two hundred years later and her reign has never been and is probably never likely to be challenged because all who look upon her are dazzled dumbstruck and captivated by her astounding beauty.

The Ridendean themselves are strange and peculiar creatures during adolescence and grow infrequently into many different shapes and sizes, the tallest of them might grow to about the size of an adult human but could also be twice as fat, while the smallest might fit into an outstretched hand and have less meat upon it than a chicken leg! None the less they are all classed as the same species and by the time they reach maturity they somehow seem to even out and become much more standardized in their appearance. On a rare occasion a single goblinoid might grow three times as tall as his peers but there are no advantages to be gained amongst them regarding size. In fact the Ridend do not seem to even understand the concept of size in any capacity at all if truth be known.

The Ridend are also remarkably long lived creatures, virtually immortal in fact providing they manage to avoid the perils of battle. Although it is highly improbable that a Ridendean will live out his days without sustaining any injury or ailment is it not altogether impossible. It is important to note that although the vulnerability of the soft fleshed, small statured Ridend is plain for all to see they are often incredibly lucky when it comes to warfare and they have an uncanny ability to emerge unscathed from all but the most perilous of quests.

After the Great Collapse, the war in Ridendea ended but a vast number of simple minded creatures who had been subservient to the likes of Giants and Trolls suddenly found themselves abandoned by their masters. Fearing for their lives these creatures had no choice but to hide throughout the island. It quickly became somewhat of a sport for the Ridend to seek them out and slay them as a way of proving their honour and upholding their code. After a decade or so they were satisfied that they had rid the lands of those who had aligned themselves with the unsavoury monsters of old and so they turned their attentions to other notable beasts that they considered to be worthy opponents. Eventually they had succeeded in ridding the island of all creatures that they perceived to be possessed with dishonourable intentions and the paradise island flourished as the Ridend began to enjoy the tranquillity of the life that they had fought so hard for.

In the old days it had been the good King Artibul who had initially roused the peasantry and led them into war but it was his beautiful daughter who succeeded him and laid out the rules of the honourable code. Morri ascended to the throne at the tender age of fifty four following the natural death of King Artibul. Even though she was engaged to a brave Knight from house Ether on her fiftieth birthday, she did not wed Sir Vic until she was a hundred and sixty two. Since then the happy couple have spawned nine children, arguably their greatest achievement yet.

The wedding saw the joining of two of the great worthy houses, house Rington and house Ether. The united houses became house Etherington and reduced the number of Worthy houses from ten to nine. This combined strength in turn forced the remaining worthy houses to put aside their petty differences and pledge their undying allegiance to house Etherington, most did so willingly but some were forced to begrudgingly cooperate.

Queen Morri quickly grew uncomfortable with the peacefulness that fell upon Ridendea after the cleansing of the beasts and fearing complacency in the realisation that the nation was losing its sense of purpose and passion for war, the Queen turned to the mystic elders for guidance. The seers read from the bones and saw glimpses of the future which they forcefully projected into the mind of the Queen, the images she saw left her truly horrified.

In the nightmarish visions she saw for the first time the twisted race of Vaettir and became aware of the horrors they had unleashed upon the world with their foolishness, she saw the sickening acts of cruel torture that would be inflicted upon the Orcnar by the hands of the Vaettir and she also saw the mighty warrior king who would arise from death to punish the Vaettir in return. Queen Morri saw the Blessed Child of the Nuem and felt the unbridled thirst for agony that the god child craves, she also saw the slithering Naedre who had once enslaved the Nuem and she loathed them both equally. The most haunting image she saw by far was that of the Britanan Empire and its patchwork army that poured forth from Unglandan threatening to strangle all of Relicia, she saw the face of their mad King mocking her in the lucid dream and she instantly despised him and the macabre empire that he had built.

Although it would take a small number of years before these revelations were acted upon, in the Queen's mind the decision to stand against the other nations of Relicia was undisputable and she began secretly making plans to prepare the nation for war against these newly found enemies.

Although at this time Ridendea still remained hidden from the rest of Relicia, including the ever watchful eyes of the Vaettir, somehow the cult of C'thu managed to infiltrate the borders of Ridendea and began spreading a taint to corrupt and warp its inhabitants. Naturally the Kapolop Knights gladly responded to the threat and began purging the C'thu wherever they found them, yet still even when it seemed as if the majority of the cult had been destroyed, small pockets of resistance would always remain and occasionally break out from the wilds into the civilized regions occupied by the Ridend, still the Kapolop Knights were never too far away to counter the filthy menace and they strove to destroy them as quickly as possible.

The Queen still made her secret plans for war but the majority of the general population were content upon their island and would have happily remained isolated from the rest of Relicia had it not been for a shocking discovery made by the revered Bone Seer Gummel.

Ridendean magic is amongst the purest and most potent power found in all of Relicia but it has an untameable wildness to it that often makes it somewhat difficult to wield. Those

that do manage to conquer the mastery of it are usually granted certain abilities that will occasionally offer glimpses into the hidden mysteries of Relicia, though these visions are often drastically misinterpreted. This certainly seems to be the case when examining the events which led to the Ridendean Final Crusade and their ongoing conflicts with the other dysfunctional races of Relicia.

Thirty three years ago, in the year 99AD, the Bone Seer Gummel was scouring the runes searching for the lost Sangreal of Nahan, Ridendean legend stated that the Sangreal was gifted to them by the divine Lady Nahan, who had arose from the ocean to guide them at the dawn of Relicias awakening. It was widely believed throughout Ridendea that it was this sacred Sangreal that had been protecting the island from outside harm for so many years, so naturally when C'thu began to infest the paradise realm with their corrupting filth; the elders were left with little choice but to assume that the Sangreal had somehow been stolen.

Gummel travelled the land far and wide and strove long and hard searching for the Sangreal and after several gruelling weeks of intense experimentation with various magic he finally stumbled upon something.

Gummel cast a spell that somehow made all creatures of Relicia who were touched by the Maaj shine brightly like beacons of pure light. In Unglandan it was King Jorje who stood out like a blazing sun amongst the tiny specks of light held within the Arcanum and in Encartria the same was true of the Blessed Child. When Gummel turned his attention to Eard he saw the blinding light held within Mulungu and Ulluk. The evidence was clear for Gummel and his understanding could fathom no other explanation, not only had the Sangreal been treacherously stolen by some villainous fiend, it had been smashed into pieces and scattered across Relicia as well.

The Queen was furious when Gummel informed her of his prophetic findings and she swiftly ordered an assembly of well-respected community figures to discuss a plan of action. It didn't take them long to decide that the only honourable course of action would be to undertake a quest to retrieve the broken Sangreal and find a way to repair it. Gummel warned them that the quest might take a considerable amount of time as he had already seen thousands of individual pieces scattered across the world and he argued that it would be impossible for a single group to reclaim all of them. It was at this point that the Queen decided to reveal the plan she had been plotting all along, the most ambitious mission ever to be undertaken by the Ridend, the Final Crusade.

After hearing the Queens passionate cries for war, the council unanimously agreed and in an instant Ridendea became embroiled in a war with all of the free peoples of Relicia. The Queen declared a great quest to recover the lost pieces of the Sangreal, one which every single Ridendean who was able would participate in. Overnight plans were swiftly drawn up as a whole nation prepared for war, never before had such a sight been seen upon the surface of Relicia.

Gummel advised that the C'thu be a high priority as when he looked upon them it seemed as if each and every one of them was holding a sizeable chunk of the Sangreal. Our informed minds know this to be nonsense of course and what the Ridend are actually seeing is the Aura of Maaj that shines from within certain creatures, the C'thu only shine brighter than most because their God is trapped upon Relicia and is still sustaining them, though the Ridend are blissfully unaware of this fact. It is not certain that their reasoning is of any true importance anyway. The fabled Sangreal myth has given the Ridend a renewed purpose and a justifiable reason to fight beyond their borders; this cannot be considered a bad thing because if they were to ever allow themselves to become complacent their paradise kingdom would surely be overrun by the filthy C'thu or one of the other dishonourable races.

While the majority of Ridendeans continue their rampage across Relicia at the order of their beloved Queen, a small force of home guard have been left to defend the realm from the taint of the C'thu who refuse to abandon the region, it is assumed that there must be something of value possessed by the Ridend that is luring them there.

The aim of the Final Crusade is essentially simple but is a truly mammoth task to undertake, they are thoroughly determined to rid the world of all creatures who they have deemed dishonourable and will allow nothing to sway them from their task. Currently it is the cult of C'thu who is hunted most commonly but the Ridend have many different war fronts and they have also begun to make contact with the Vaettir and the Orenar. It is only a matter of time before they clash with the tormented Nuem or the ghastly Naedre but in Queen Morri's heart the Britanans are still to be considered Ridendeas greatest threat and all Ridendean advancement seems to be directed towards eventually reaching Unglandan. This hatred for the Britanans is not born from what they do but more the manner in which they do it, the actual act of expansion and growth is considered to be a noble deed and makes them much admired by the Ridend but the tactics they use in war to achieve their goals are considered utterly dishonourable and cowardly.

2. Night Terror

The blood-curdling cries of the Ridend rang out into the night as the cult of C'thu rampaged through their woodland homes in the outback settlement of Wensnett, butchering all who dared to stand in their path without prejudice. The C'thunian Warriors snarled and spat as they brought their swords crashing down upon the skulls of their enemies, mauling and clawing at their foes as their slithering jaws snapped wildly. It was a blur of madness within the forest and the only way to distinguish the mature C'thunian from the younglings was by the length of the twisted tentacles that spewed forth from their slimy maws in a grotesquely tangled fashion. In every respect they were horrific

to look upon and their characteristics were clearly gifted to them by the Last God whose image they resembled so greatly.

In the middle of the chaos an avatar of C'thu, a great Prime directed the rabble, a being of pure filth, his corrupted flesh poured out from beneath his rusted armour and he dribbled from his dog like mouth as he spoke, muttering incoherently in a cursed tongue as he offered blood sacrifices to his patron.

The Hag Kin of the woodland realm watched helplessly from the shadows as the beasts slaughtered the Ridend children of the forest and torched their homes, there would surely be vengeance for this cruel deed acted out open on them but for the time being, outnumbered and ambushed, they were forced to simply observe as the monstrous Raptorgul tore down the treetop homes of the peasants with startling ease, gnashing and slashing at the desperate victims as they tried to flee from the horror.

The Cult of C'thu had ambushed the Ridend for no other reason than to cause them suffering, there were no political or monetary gains to be gotten from the assault, and it was simply destruction for the sake of it. The vicious hounds of Cantaris had made their way into the village in the dead of night ahead of the main forces and killed many of the frail and the young, ripping their throats out as they slept. The youngling C'thonian Hunters had followed closely behind them, running ahead of their fathers and brothers in order to prove themselves and further their own status within the pack. In their attempt to prove their worth in the eyes of C'thu they had performed the most heinous and disgusting acts upon the Ridend, even going so far as to smother the tiny Ridend infants, snatching them from their cradles and the arms of their mothers, ignoring their harrowingly desperate pleas for mercy.

Those who were able to had taken their own lives as they witnessed the slaughter of the infants, rather than live to become the playthings of the sick minded C'thu. Those who attempted to resist were quickly put to the sword while the ruling Ridendean elders were resigned to suffer the worst torment imaginable.

The Lords and Ladies were stripped of their clothing and possessions before being presented before the Prime; they shook with fear as the combined forces of the C'thonian tore down their homes around them while the younglings sneered and spat at them. The Prime raised his arms to the heavens and roared his tainted curses loudly as he beckoned for the assistance of his God. A thick cloud of black smog fell over the elders and smothered them, they choked and gasped for air as the wind stripped the flesh from their bones and twisted them into a new unique form. As the smoke cleared all that remained of the elders was a gibbering mush of slimy flesh that slithered across the forest floor, warping and absorbing the bodies of the dead as the Cult of C'thu howled their harrowing songs of victory long into the night.

3. *Poor Ukld*

Ukld the Unmann was not too bright even by Orcnar standards and often found himself separated from his tribe. One day he had gotten himself lost and was trying to find his way home when he was set upon by a tiny yellow fellow...

“How dare you darken the sacred forests of Ridend? You have no hope of defeating me puny scum! Bow down and beg for your life!”

Ukld strained intently to see the creature and was puzzled, he was a fragile looking thing and was barely 4 foot tall, and he had a long pointy nose that was partly obscured by a helmet. Ukld was contemplating the seriousness of the strangers’ threat when another tiny creature appeared from the wilderness.

“Us! You will never defeat us! That’s what you should have said!”

The first creature turned his attention to the second clearly annoyed.

“What?”

The newcomer continued undaunted.

“What you meant to say was – You will never defeat us, puny scum! Bow down and beg for your life! This isn’t a singular occasion Arti so make sure you include the rest of us.”

The first creatures face flushed purple with anger.

“That’s what I did say! Will you please stop interrupting me while I’m trying to perform my sacred duty? I’ve sworn oaths you know?”

He turned his attention back to Ukld who had noticed other tiny figures had appeared and had sneakily begun creeping towards him.

“Ahem, now then listen here foul beast! I am Sir Artibul Damelgog, it is my sworn duty to protect these lands from the likes of you and your filthy kind, beg me for mercy and I promise I will cleave off your ugly head with a single swift stroke to your grotesque neck. Resist me and I vow to slice open your belly using only the bluntest edge of my sword! Now what will it be?”

Ukld was already bored of this strange encounter and he knocked the little fellow to the ground with a playful jab and attempted to resume his journey home. He had no quarrel with these creatures, they were tiny insignificant things and would be no match for him, they were all bones and saggy meat, he decided he would not trouble them although he had for a moment considered eating a few.

Artibul Damelgog was not impressed with the Unmann's blatant lack of respect.

"YOU DESPICABLE SWINE! Get back here and meet your doom this instant! If you do not surrender your head you will leave me with no choice but to administer a severe Ridendean beating upon you and believe me when I say that you will not find it so easy to walk away from that!"

Ukld was starting to get annoyed by the creatures' taunts now but he stayed true to his judgment, he simply shook his head and continued on his way.

Sir Artibul turned briefly to his companions and gave them a wide eyed grin.

"It seems that there is a coward amongst us good sirs! Either that or a fool! Do you honestly think you can escape from a warrior with as many heroic deeds attached to his name as me? Do you not see when you look upon me that you are outmatched and outclassed? I will crush you under my boot like the insignificant bug that you are!"

Ukld had finally had enough of the creatures goading and he suddenly spun round and lurched towards the creature, he flashed his fangs and snarled. Sir Artibul nodded almost approvingly and clapped his hands together slowly.

"Finally you reveal yourself to me beast; finally we are ready to duel! Prépare yourself for death trespasser; good sirs let us best this beast!"

At that command, the creatures appeared from all directions and ascended like a swarm toward Ukld. The Unmann swung wildly with his fists and was sure he had killed those he could hit but there were too many of them, they climbed upon one another until they had covered his head and obscured his vision. Then when he was toppled and writhing on the ground, they stabbed him repeatedly until he finally stopped struggling and his final drop of life had drained away.

The creatures spent the next few minutes frantically carving away at Ukld's corpse, when he was fully dismembered and Sir Artibul was completely satisfied they had upheld the honour of Ridendea they vacated the area. All that was left of the once mighty Ukld was a dark sticky stain that tarnished the woodland floor.

Forces of the Ridend



1. Duke

Cowards and heathens tremble in your boots as the glorious Dukes of the Ridend finally enter the fray!

Usually the bravest and most resilient members of the nobility, the often flamboyant Dukes are a glorious sight to behold both on and off the battlefield. Even the pampered Kapolops they ride into battle are decorated with luxurious fineries and the finest plate armour to further perpetuate the significance of their masters status.

The mere presence of a Duke along the Ridendean battle line can be enough to

inspire Knights to display such courageous acts of fortitude that a witness to such heroism might feel compelled to memorialize the moment by way of song or tale to ensure that the names of the Knights involved and the details of their noble deeds are not forgotten with time.

2. Baron

At the forefront of the Ridendean hordes are the Barons, considered amongst the mightiest champions of Queen Morri. Only the most courageous nobles can ever hope to earn enough favour to warrant them worthy of the title. Despite their renown the Barons are somewhat unfairly ranked at the bottom of the hierarchy amongst the upper classes according to the Ridendean peerage system and are succeeded in rank by Dukes and Earls, amongst others. On the war ravaged battlefields of Relicia there is no greater authority though and it is their will that holds the armies together. In battle the Baron



stalks the fields, directing the brave Ridendean warriors onward into the thick of the fighting. Accompanied by a loyal pair of Men-at-arms, one bearing the Barons own personal standard, the other acting as a musician or signaller, the trio are an inspiring sight to behold.



3. *Barons Retinue*

In battle the Baron stalks the fields, directing the brave Ridendean warriors onward into the thick of the fighting. Accompanied by a loyal retinue; a pair of Men-at-arms, one bearing the Barons own personal standard, the other acting as a musician or signaller, the trio are an inspiring sight to behold

4. *Ridend Ladies of the Court*

To the uninitiated the sight of an unarmed maiden would not usually be a cause for concern in regards to warfare; in actuality the renowned Ladies of the Court are of vital importance to any Ridendean battle plan and are much loved by their underlings for the protection and guidance they are able to provide. So great is the love given to them by the hordes that many honourable nobles will happily lay down their own lives to protect them from harm, if they should happen to carelessly stray into the path of danger.





5. Kapolop Knights

A young nobleman wishing to join the order must display exceptional levels of strength and courage to be deemed worthy of the tutelage required. An apprenticeship must be served under the command of an established Knight where the young hopefuls are taught to live by honour and prepared to die for glory. The road to being sworn in as a fully fledged Knight is long and laborious and ultimately culminates in the capture of a Kapolop egg.

If an expectant Knight manage to abduct one successfully from the sanctity of the nesting caves without awakening its angry parents they will guard it until it hatches

and will protect and nurture the infant Kapolop as if it were their own. The Kapolop hatchlings grow up to serve as trusted mounts for the proud Knights and an unbreakable bond is forged between the two over time.

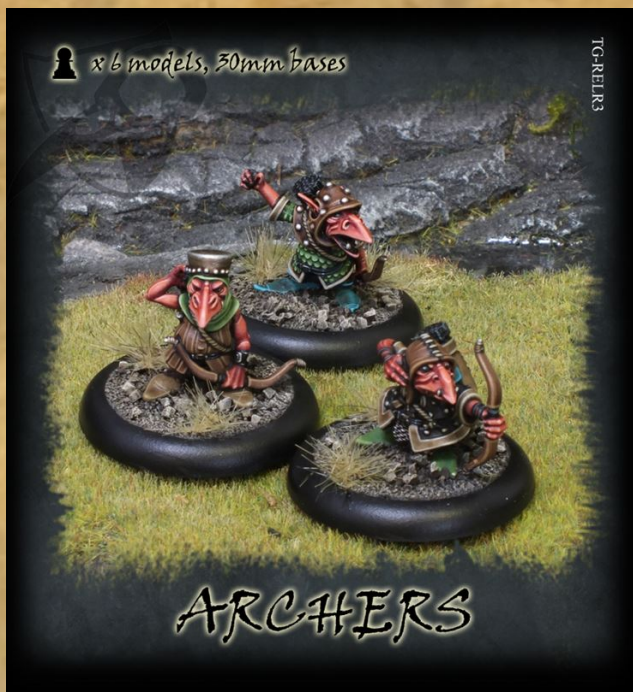
6. Foot Knights

In battle is where those who have greatness thrust upon them are born through acts of bravery deemed captivating enough to warrant such significant promotion. Sometimes humble Men at Arms employed by the nobility happen by chance to score the killing blow against a mighty opponent, often through no superfluous effort on their own part.

Many accidental heroes are made this way, though the custom of gifting them with the armour of a fallen Sir and his accompanying titles does wonders when inspiring their confidence to become real heroes. There are



lots of options for progression available to a bona-fide Knight yet some choose to play down their status by serving prolonged lengths of training amongst the Foot Knights. In these cases the cause is mostly due to a Knights personal belief of self worth, often feeling not brave enough to pursue a Kapolop egg or being too poor to afford a Tropom.



7. Archers

The bows crafted by the Ridend are not as ornately designed as the weapons used by the C'thu, nor do their arrows posses the hitting power of weapons used by the Britanans or Nuem. Despite their shortcomings though they are a vital part of any successful Ridendean army and are a common sight on the battlefields of Relicia. Individually the average archer might struggle to wound his target with a single volley but in a group that is focused on one target his hitting power might increase tenfold. Combining all their efforts to attack a single foe in a deadly hail of arrows is a proven tactic that is rarely unsuccessful as it

becomes nigh on impossible for even the most alert opponent to dodge or block so many simultaneous strikes.

The role of the archer on the battlefield is to support and close quarter conflict should be left to those wearing the thickest armour. In close combat the Archers are weak and helpless and will usually fall easily when challenged by superior enemies, in all honesty it is much wiser for them to flee if possible than to fight a battle they have no chance of winning.

8. Peasants

This lack of adequate weaponry and armour makes the peasants quite vulnerable upon the field of battle but because there are so many of them, this weakness is not as noticeable as one might expect. Individually a better-trained and equipped enemy easily exploits a peasant's weakness but the peasants do not often allow themselves to become separated from the pack and so they very rarely fight alone. Instead, they favour fighting in a loose rank formation when cutting down their foes so that their superior numbers can even the odds a little

In combat the peasants will swarm upon their enemies, poke and stab at them from every conceivable direction, searching for chinks and weak spots. This tactic works surprisingly well as even the most battle-hardened warrior will become confused and find it incredibly difficult to sufficiently defend against such a flurry of attacks.



9. Dragon Tower

In battle, brave Men-at-arms sit atop these lumbering beasts in simple towers constructed of wood and iron. From their elevated positions they are able to survey the battlefields with a much broader perspective that allows them to direct their comrades away from impending doom and advise them towards more fruitful paths of honour and glory.

An affinity towards Dragons and a virtue of selflessness is required by those who choose to ride in the towers. Their role is

not as glorious as their peers on the ground and many of them will not even bother to carry a sword that they have no chance of drawing blood with. The need for discipline and control is essential in the effective deployment of Tower Dragons and only the most passive of the Dragons are chosen and trained for the duty, Dragons deemed too boisterous or aggressive for the role are employed elsewhere in more suitable roles within the armies of the Ridend

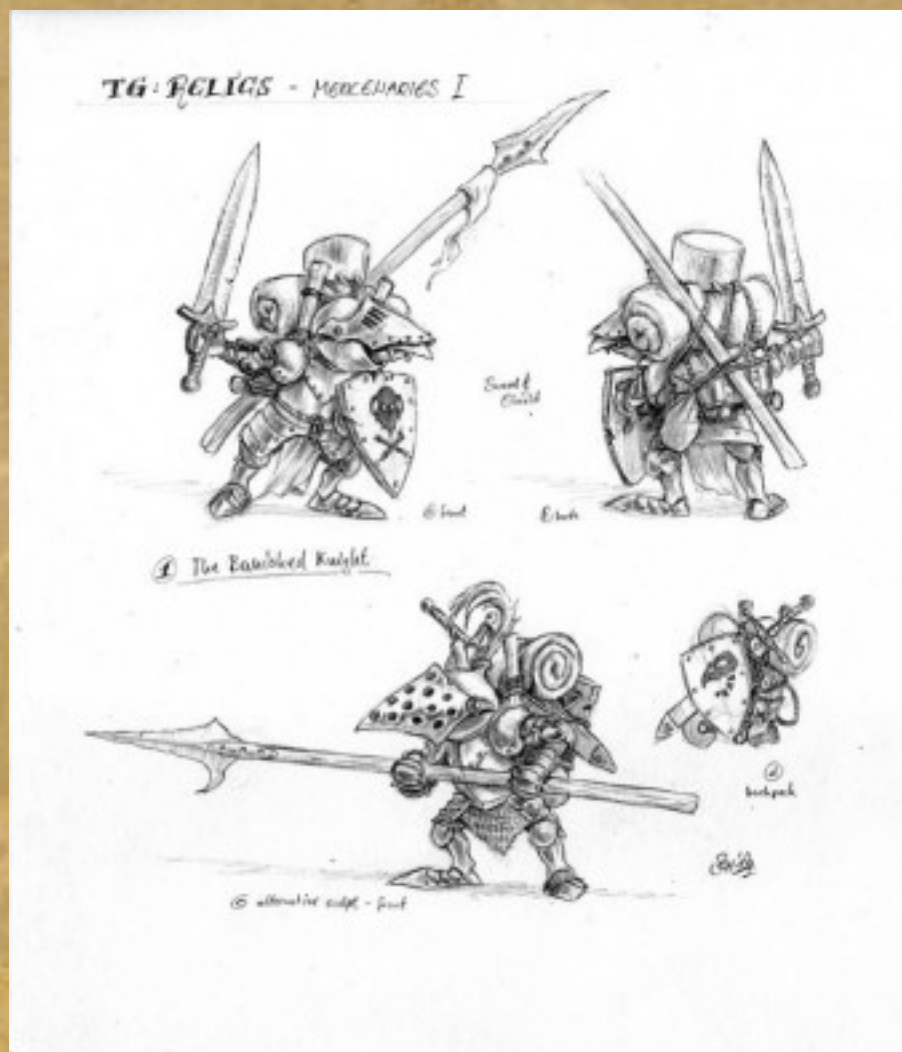
10. Dragons Breath



Ridend sketchbook

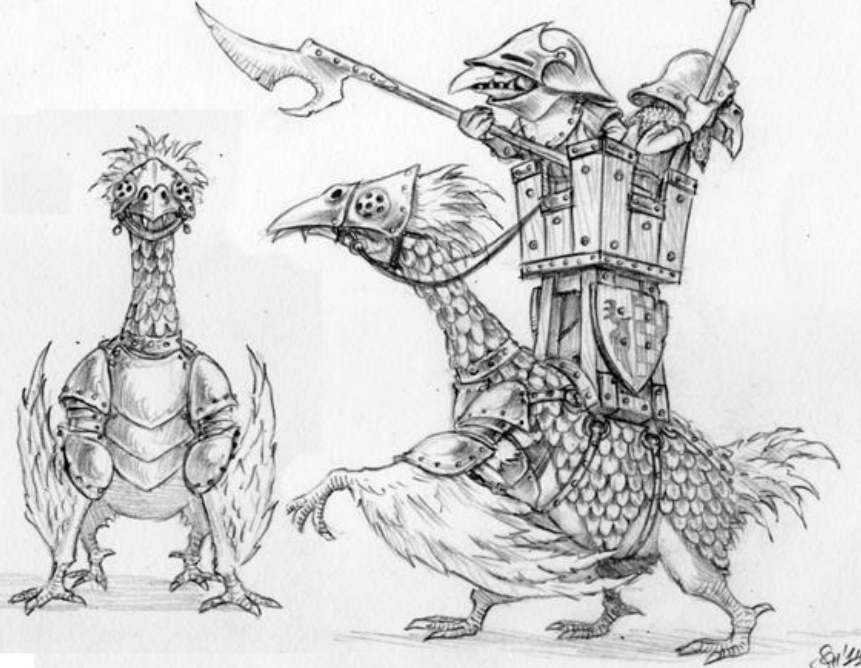
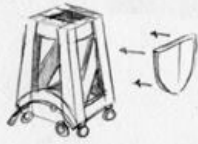
Art, sketches and sculpture drafts





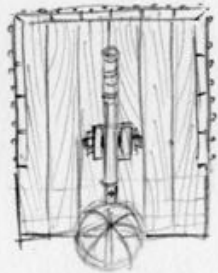


TG: RELICS - RIDING CONCEPTS V



TG: RELICS - RIDING CONCEPTS

① side view



IG: RELICS - RIDING CONCEPTS IV

3) Signal Tower

1) Anatomy
(Azhdarochidae Clade)

a) side view



1) Mounted Knight - Type 1



2) Mounted Knight - Type 2







CHRONICLES
OF REICIA

A FORSAKEN WORLD