

THE IMPERIAL EAGLE

THE SOLSTICE MOON, 1480 AE

LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPIRE

by Octavia Gallia

The Twin Kingdoms – a jewel of civilization in this tempestuous world. A place where anyone and everyone, whatever race they may be, is welcome to come and go as they please. A place where one can go to market, sell their wares, and live out a prosperous and happy life with their family. A place where people can live with the knowledge that their family is safe and sound without fear of any uncivilized sorts.

Ethali is laughing at me. I'm a horrible liar. The Twin Kingdoms are far from the safe and civilized land that they claim to be and pale in comparison to the Great Empire of Solinaria. They believe themselves to be civilized, yet they willingly permit the barbaric sort from the far North to come and mingle with their people. Brokering deals with medicine men for power, speaking with supposed seers to find out the future, and worst of all: speaking with the dead. Barbarians speak with the dead. Do you not understand this? They call up ancestors, ghosts of the past, and people think this is normal? The dead should stay dead and remain in Negro's Realm!

These people are allowed to roam freely within the borders of the kingdom. Uncivilized, filthy, and uncouth. These men and women are allowed to mingle among the common folk of the kingdom without anyone batting an eye – and people wonder why the roads and forests aren't safe. These uneducated, illiterate louts may be strong of body, but dull of mind. They fail to understand what wonders the written word will bring to them. These men and women play with animals and ghosts and even consort with the most unspeakable of sorts: Goblinoids.

I, myself, am not a family man. I served in the Legion for five years before taking a crushing blow to my shield arm during the last Goblinoid War that prevented me from continuing to serve my Emperor in the Legion. I lost many friends, some who were part of the Corax Legion (May the Gods grant them peace in the hereafter) and I cannot abide the sight of any of these green-skinned abominations. To hear that their half-blooded spawn are allowed to live in the kingdom at all is appalling! Those hellspawn should have been cast on a rock or thrown in a river at birth.

To think that this so-called civilized kingdom tolerates the existence of these monsters is disgusting! The Twin Kingdoms should know better than to allow a creature that will only bring them suffering and sorrow to their families and homes. They share the blood of Gorvaak that runs through the veins of all full-blooded Orcs. Their nature is pure chaos, no matter what form they take.



The Twin Kingdoms has failed to cull the green-skinned population and to conquer the barbarians and bring them under their wing like our Emperor has done so in our lands. This is yet more proof that the Twin

Kingdoms needs us, the great Solinarian Empire, to conquer it. These people have failed to create a safe and civilized society. They do not deserve the lands on which they walk which they have allowed to be tainted by the orcs and barbarians of the world. This land could have been a garden of beauty and prosperity, but has been ruined by the Twin Kingdoms allowing weeds and pests like these mongrels to exist here. We will make this land beautiful, and safe, under Solinaria's rule.

Long Live the Emperor!
Long live the Solinarian Empire!!

INTO THE WOOD

by Scribe Nonus Hortensius

What follows is our continuing coverage of the battles of our heroic legionaries against the savage Wood Elves native to the Whispering Wood in the region of the Twin Kingdoms.

Following the campaign begun by our march north in the Thawing Moon (which left the wood elves temporarily removed from our glorious retribution), those same Wood Elves, long allies to the crown of the Twin Kingdoms, rallied and struck against our noble soldiers. No doubt they expected a repeat of campaigns previous that saw our forces bested by their subterfuge and protean tactics. Fortunately our legates and generals well knew such a conflict may occur in the future, be it against the Wood Elves of the Whispering Wood or another opponent of similar demeanor.

As we have before, we learned from our past. Legate-tacticians poured over reports from previous campaigns, eye witness accounts from centurions and recruited Wood Elves whose honor and virtue matched our standards. With wise tutelage and study, our legions were able to devise a number of tactics and strategies to blunt the Wood Elf advantages. This naked surprise and assumed expectation of our ignorance would see an easy victory for our initial advances, the Wood Elves learning to their dismay that their old tried-and-true methods were of no use against us.

However, once the truth set in, the Wood Elves adjusted their methods and set about displaying the adaptability and superior knowledge of the local terrain that would make them so difficult an opponent for any army - any army but our own. With the nature of the conflict changed, it was at last time for the Imperial Legions to utilize the full extent of the



training they gained and so committed the Anguis and Aranea legions. Combining the superior ability of our legionnaires and Wood Elf understanding, the legions were able to face the Wood Elves of the Whispering Wood on equal footing. And as you well know, nothing defeats a legionnaire on equal footing.

Trained not unlike our scouts, the Anguis and Aranea legions were taught to live off the land to both sustain and maintain themselves without the resources of the Empire. This neutralized the Wood Elves primary tactic of sabotaging supply routes and withdrawing to locations too inhospitable for easy pursuit. Armed with knowledge of the local flora and fauna as well as Wood Elf guides loyal to the Empire, the squads of these newly risen legions were able to pursue their aggressors into all corners of the Whispering Wood and make battle with them where they were previously safe.

With their Wood Elf allies occupied and contained, our primary forces were able to proceed north unmolested and continue a steady and uninterrupted march to the capital city of the Twin Kingdoms. With the savages held at bay and the sea ours to control, it shall be only a matter of time before the Twin Kingdom is made to answer for their long list of transgressions and pay in blood and restitutions for the assassination of our beloved Emperor Orestes.

May Emperors past and present smile upon us.

IN TIMES OF WAR

by Marcus Antonius Aurelius IV

As I gaze upon Solinaria City, I notice a change in my way of life. Many more people are moving and working with the intent of aiding the war. I see more people working and entering the marketplace for longer hours. The air is more intimidating during court. The city's patrols are seen patrolling more frequently. I also see more people entering the Solinarian war academy and the Academia Magicus than before.

Things in the marketplace are very busy. I see armor and weapon smiths working over the forge at first light and ending after the light has gone. I also see many people, especially those from the Academia Magicus, buying all sorts of salves and potions. Since we are in times of war, the prices of these items are cheaper or more expensive than usual. You just have to talk to the right merchant!

Court used to be a time to talk to the magistrate and judges to know the current news of the day. It was also a time when I could amuse myself with my neighbors and friends. However, since the fall of the Great Emperor to the swine of the Twin Kingdoms, court has become more stringent. Excessive talking is frowned upon, even given a dirty look. It is always held on time; for those who are late, they are served a heavy fine along with their taxes. As for those who do not show up, their punishment is much more severe.

The guards patrolling the town are much more apparent. They patrol inside the walls by sets of 3, and are commonly found searching people and their possessions for traces of poison blades and poison vials. They also make sure that people cannot enter court without surrendering their weapons, sometimes even their personal possessions. More arrests have been made not than every before. They do these patrols and searches day and night: nothing escapes our vigilant and valiant guard.

I also see more people entering the Academia Magicus and the Solinaria war academy these days. Rightly So! I encourage our countrymen to take up arms to avenge our Great Emperor. These thieves and butchers from the Twin Kingdoms need to pay for the travesty that has transpired. I also see more clerics and monks joining up the Citadel of the Crimson Fist. Revenge for our Great Emperor shall be ours!

These changes are necessary for our victory and its assurance. Whether or not these changes are inconvenient is of no importance. This is for Our Empire!!

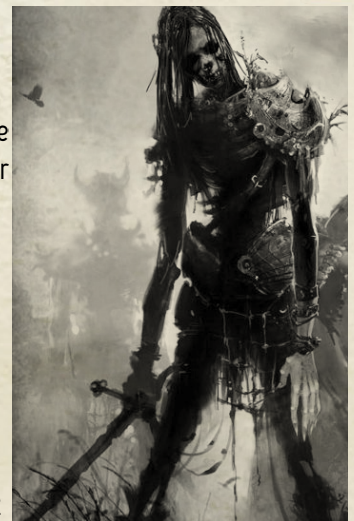
THE STRANGENESS OF NEW CALENDALE

by Marcellus Gnaeus Aelius

In the time since we have been in our new territory of the town they call New Calendale, there have been abnormally large numbers of monster sightings and attacks upon the settlers.

I arrived in town about a week ago. During my time I have seen large groups of orcs and goblins attacking those upon the roads. Patrols by our soldiers have thankfully kept the losses of our people to a minimum. Most of these attacks by greenskins occurred during the day, so I thought the nights would bring more peace. I was mistaken.

On my first night here, I was having a conversation with some others about what they thought of this new place. One of my companions looked over my shoulder with a puzzled look. I, along with the others, turned to see silhouettes of figures shambling towards us. Their moans sent chills down our spines and when they came into the light, we saw the pale rotting skin fused to the scraps of clothing still left upon the corpses. Some of the undead were composed of only bone, the flesh long since gone. We called out for the soldiers and ran up the steps into the Scroll and Dragon tavern. This occurred several times over the next few days. And then things got worse.



During one of the attacks, as the soldiers cut down the undead, I caught a glimpse of two glowing blue lights by the treeline. A wispy black figure with long claws emerged from the darkness behind a mage who had been throwing fireballs at a ghoul. Before I could warn the mage, the creature struck out at him. The mage froze in place. The creature circled him. I screamed at the mage to run! Why wasn't he running? I could only watch in horror as the creature latched onto the poor man and began eating him or something equally terrible.

A hiss came from behind me and I turned around to see a pair of glowing red eyes from a hood of darkness. Before I could react, the creature slashed me with its claws. I tried to turn and run but my body wouldn't respond. I was frozen in place! I now understood why the mage did not try to escape. The creature latched onto me and I could feel it draining my life away. I could do nothing! Some of the soldiers tried to attack it but the creature refused to let go until one of the mages hit it with a blast of ice. The creature hissed loudly and ran after the mage. Someone pulled me from the field and hid me until I was able to move again.

A few days after my near death, I was having a drink at the bar in the tavern when suddenly a circle of lights appeared on the wall to the right of the bar. I have never seen a portal before, but I have heard stories. As I was thinking this, about seven creatures with red faces, long sharpened teeth, and large webbed ears came rushing through the portal while

cackling madly and began to attack any patrons in their way. I barely managed to jump over the counter to join my server in cowering behind the bar from the chaos.

When the noise abated, we emerged to see several patrons dead in the main room while some of the soldiers wiped the blood from their blades and others tended to wounded individuals. One of the fallen had been a friend I had traveled with for a number of years. I sadly said my goodbyes and a few words of prayer before watching his spirit join those of the other fallen as they dissipated. I went back to mourn my loss over a stronger drink.

Imagine my surprise when about fifteen ticks later my friend walked into the bar in a state of confusion. The server and I screamed and I picked up my knife in a pathetic attempt to defend myself. My friend threw up his hands and began babbling not to hurt him, that the last thing he could remember was sitting in the other room eating his dinner, and now he was not feeling so good. The shocked server said she had been hearing reports of people returning from Negoro's Realm but had dismissed them as tall tales. The three of us did not know what to make of this.

What kind of land is this that we have moved into? Why did the previous settlers stay here? Why does this place have so many terrible creatures attacking it? And how in the gods' names are some people returning from death, not as undead, but as themselves?

TAKE HEART

by Octavia Cassianus

Take heart Citizens of the Empire! Though war is upon us in the wake of the brutal assassination of our beloved Emperor, we will persevere! The mighty Solinarian Empire has been roused to war in the wake of the cowardly actions of the Twin Kingdoms, and even now our campaign presses ever forward, claiming many victories. What is even more heartening is the rousing of the citizens of Solinaria.

We are a proud and great people; we will not let this travesty go unanswered. In these trying times, the citizens of the empire have risen to a higher calling in service of the empire. The ranks of those studying at the Academia Magicus and the Academia Bellicum swell as more and more citizens pour into Solinaria City to volunteer their blades, spells, and lives to the

glory of the Empire and achieving retribution against those who have murdered our beloved Emperor. Many who possess a more disciplined mind and body and reverence of Mhizrak have found themselves called to the citadel of the Crimson Fist to devote their lives, and focus themselves for the trials and tribulations to come.

It is a true testament to the strength of character we possess as citizens, as an empire. Though the days are dark, we shall mourn for our Emperor when his murder has been avenged. His murder has not broken the spirit of the Solinarian people; rather, it has awakened it. Our mighty legions march ever triumphantly forward, and our people have taken up a call to arms to defend the honor of our empire, to avenge the murder of our Emperor, and to prove that we will ever be a people unbowed and unbroken.

SINDAR'S GIFT

by Marcus Antonius Aurelius IV

Last moon, I had the distinct honor and pleasure of attending my best friend's wedding. His name is Lucian Donatio, and he is a very well-respected officer and gentleman. He married Alyssa Octavio, a fine and beautiful lady who lives right outside of the city. Lucian is a private in the Solinarian army, and he requested time off from the war in order to attend the wedding. Not only did his supervising officer give him time off, but he also granted five of his closest compatriots time off as well. The wedding ceremony was amazingly beautiful.

I saw my friend Lucian already at the altar, waiting for his beautiful bride, Alyssa. The air in the room was very aesthetically pleasing with rose petals lining up the path and scents of vanilla incense filling the room. As we were waiting for the bride to walk down the aisle, I saw a dole of doves fly off, which prompted the air chimes to concuss in harmony and unison. As the chimes played their melodious tune, Alyssa started to walk down the aisle. As she did, the band played a processional hymn. Lucian's friends raised their swords in honor of the bride and groom on their special day. It was magical.

A Sindarian cleric presided over the wedding ritual. While the ritual was proceeding, he said, "Even in times of war, love can blossom. Let the love of these two blossom into something that not even Negoro can take away. Sindar, bless these children in your love and compassion." This was a very poetic

and profound statement. I feel that love can transcend death's realm.

After the ceremony, the happily married couple held a short and sweet party so that their friends and family could spend their special day with them. There was much food and even more drink than anyone could imbibe. The room was decorated with red and white streamers and tablecloths. After everyone was settled into their tables, the groom made a speech." Thank you one and all! My wife and I are thrilled that you all can share this special day with us! Eat, drink, and be merry. Moreover, from the bottom of my heart, I want to thank my fellow privateers for safeguarding my life so many cycles ago. If it weren't for you, I would not be here. Thank you!"

Even in times of war, love is present. It is such a heartwarming feeling that love can surpass anything and everything.

VICTORY AT SEA

by Scribe Antonious Bartristan

So continues our ongoing series on the naval conflicts between The Empire and our northern neighbors the Twin Kingdoms.

Pushing hard into the chill waters and against the bitter winds of the northern seas, our Grand Navy succeeded in driving the meager naval forces of the Twin Kingdoms from ports of safe

harbor at substantial cost to ourselves. In this fashion, the Grand Navy became the shield to the sword of the Imperial Legions, cutting off the Twin Kingdom's ability to resupply its armies. To quote Centurion Mavrimatos, "It was a great relief to know we had the navy's support. It let us focus on the ground war without worrying about the Twin Kingdoms landing forces at our rear to harass us."

However, being a shield to our forces on the land was only one of several steps employed by the Grand Navy. Out at sea the Naval Commander and his console of Legates were orchestrating a labyrinthine web of maneuvers which culminated in a final thrust that left the Twin Kingdom navy scattered and defeated.

It began as a series of brief skirmishes between our superior vessels and the warships of the Twin Kingdoms. Aided by independent captains swayed by the honor of our cause and the glory to be won, the Grand Navy was able to ascertain the strength and capacities of our northern rivals. Though as Legate Orision put it, "largely, it verified what we already knew. Our borders were open to each other only just two years ago, so there was little we needed to learn. But no strategy will stand if it is founded on inaccurate information."

With our enemy tested and measured, the Naval Council set into motion their strategies. Beginning a dizzying array of strikes, feints and ripostes, the Grand Navy was worked into a complex web of assaults that left the Twin Kingdom's naval army dizzy and reeling. "I was privy to much of the strategy and still found it dizzying. I almost feel sorry for the people on the other side of it," admitted Centurion Constantine.



The final push began with a strike force of vessels composed of the navies' fastest vessels and several unaligned captains pushing ahead into waters thought safe by the Twin Kingdom. There they engaged in a rapid series of brief skirmishes that drew the ire and attention of the Twin Kingdom fleets. Roused to anger like a hornet's nest they pursued the strike team out across the waves north toward the Straits of Themis, where the Twin Kingdom, no doubt, expected to see the skirmish forces crushed.

Centurions and sailors report that it was a cold and foggy day when the Twin Kingdom pursuit caught up with them. Oleandra had thrown the sea into a great tempest, with terrible waves and lashing winds that meant our noble soldiers were facing the elements long before the pursuit craft came into sight. What followed was a desperate battle that saw vessels hurling boulders and raining arrows upon one another for five brutal hours. Naval Centurions and free captains fought desperately against the larger Twin Kingdom fleet. Then came the trap.

As planned, a mighty fleet of Solinarian war ships sailed into view: sailors who witnessed the event report that the sky cleared and sea calmed as the mighty vessels appeared. Mired in a deadly engagement with the initial skirmish vessels, the Twin Kingdom fleet was in no position to disengage before our own ships joined the fray. The navy surged into the fray with the Navigantes Clypeus leading the charge as she always has, using her thick walls to shield her sisters and steel-shod prow to batter aside Twin Kingdom vessels to aid the beleaguered vessels of the skirmish force. What followed was a bloody six hour battle that saw the waves washed in blood and the ocean floor seeded with broken bodies and sunken wrecks. But as the moon rose to her zenith, what remained of the Twin Kingdom fleet was either scattered or wisely surrendered to the Grand Navy.

With the war at sea all but concluded, our brave naval warriors will be able to rejoin their brothers on the land and aid in putting this bitter conflict, at last, to an end.

Praise Mhizrak! Praise Oleandra! Praise the Emperor! May the Empire shine eternal.

NEW CALENDALE: CONSECRATED OR DESECRATED?

by Albus Pulex

On Sunday the 5th day of The Elder's Moon, our forward vanguard bravely fought to take the small Twin Kingdom hamlet of New Calendale. Our men suffered only minimal casualties, having been met with a most meager resistance, but were ultimately successful in securing this port town in the name of The Emperor. One of our injured, a gritty lad by the name of Camillus Papus, was found in the woods by a scout checking the perimeter after the conflict. After our

faithful restored Camillus to proper health, he shared a very interesting account of the proceedings.

He recalls encountering four men on the battlefield: an Agorian, a Twin Kingdoms guardsman, and two shamans, one of whom was a greenskin. The men were somewhat formidable, despite their



small number: however he distinctly recalls his brother in arms putting a sword through the greenskin, whose spirit drifted into the woods. Given there was only one greenskin on the battlefield, it is unlikely that Camillus was mistaken. Soon after, Camillus had his ribs shattered by the Agorian, and dragged himself into the woods, unable to fight. When the day had been won, Camillus waited patiently in the woods for help to arrive. It was then that he saw the very same greenskin, through the trees, trundling about the woods.

Surely this strange encounter could be the works of magic or delusion, but what if what Camillus saw was truth? What if the tales our men tell are true, and the lands of New Calendale are indeed blessed by the Gods? Who of the 22 would bless this land? Could Attalia have taken pity on this small town, or could Mhizrak have granted those who defend it the chance to fight another day? Perhaps it is Gorvaak seeking to prolong hostilities between enemies, or Drevarria wishing to prolong their suffering? Certainly, none of the Gods would have more influence over the dead than Negoro, but to grant life to the dead would surely defy the natural cycle.

Whatever the case may be, it is certainly an amusing matter to ponder. Whether true or not, it would be wise to remember

the Gods' infinite clout within the realm of mortal men. We must continue to pray for the fervor to continue our campaign, the wisdom to thwart our foes, and the authority to deliver justice in the name of The Emperor.

GLORY TO THE EMPIRE, FOLLY OF THE TWIN KINGDOMS

by Scribe Janus Curius Novella

Everyone who resides within the glorious Solinarian Empire knows the benefits that come with being part of it. I am sure everyone is aware of the current war with the Twin Kingdoms due to the assassination of our beloved Emperor, Marcus Flavius Orestes. While I can applaud the loyalty that many of the residents of the Twin Kingdoms have shown and will no doubt continue to show, it is misguided. It was their cursed Royalty that had our beloved Emperor assassinated.

Those who make the Twin Kingdoms their home should know that it is futile to fight, and by continuing to resist they will only make things much worse for themselves. In the end many of them will be either dead or enslaved. Neither are great options, but what can you expect from those who allow Greenskins and Barbarians to live amongst them and treat them as equals? It would be far wiser to surrender and for them to lay down arms, allowing themselves to be placed into the custody of the Imperial Legion. Doing so would mean at least that they would still be alive and be able to make a decent life for themselves.

I really do not understand why they do not just give in: while their loyalty is commendable, it cannot stand in front of the tidal wave that is the mighty Solinarian Legions. It is not like they cannot continue to practice their trades. If you are a cleric here in the Empire, you are able to freely practice your faith and spread the gospel of your patron deity. If you are a merchant, you would gain access to a rich and varied trade network. Their tradesman, whether they be smiths, cooks, brewers, bowyers, or any other form of trade skill, would still be able to practice and would be valued for their skills. Here in the Empire, if your skills lie instead in the alchemical, arcane, or scholarly persuasion, then you have access to the finest libraries, laboratories and peers that one can imagine. Our Academies are the best in the world for a reason. Admittedly, there would be sanctions against them, but better a few restrictions and be able to continue your lives than be dead.

Besides the above personal benefits, there are other broad scale advantages. For instance, most children, including those of slaves, receive a basic education. As such, most of the population is literate. Academics, philosophy and other studies are highly encouraged. From the last Census, almost 97 percent of the population, citizens, residents, and the enslaved, are able to read, write and do basic arithmetic. Their children would have a fine education that could lead them to great heights.

Furthermore, the quality of life in the Empire is the highest in all of Adraveth. The roads of the Empire are vast, and you can easily travel from one side of the Empire to the other and be quite safe. This alleviates many of the concerns of merchants who have reported some of the challenges that can appear on the Twin Kingdoms' own roads. Our seaports, such as Valencia, are open almost year round and are well protected. This makes the Empire the foremost power when it comes to sea trade, and it provides many opportunities for enterprising merchants. Our ports also serve as vital contact points between the east and west coasts of Adraveth and the New Continent.

There are also many public facilities such as bath houses, aqueducts, coliseums and amphitheaters, which the empire will establish. The arts are also of great interest to the Empire. Bards, painters and sculptors have created some of the world's most treasured masterpieces, and new creations are much sought after. The students of Solinaria City's Arcadimus has pioneered significant advances in alchemical and arcane arts.

No matter the trade, the Empire has opportunities and advantages. The Twin Kingdoms are weak and starting to crumble. You would think that those who reside there would see the advantages and benefits of becoming part of our glorious Empire. Though I guess it is to be expected for those foolish twiners to resign themselves to oblivion.

I can only hope that the people of the Twin Kingdoms have some semblance of intelligence and realize the futility of resisting. Either way, the Empire shall be victorious, and the Twin Kingdoms shall become a part of the Empire. For the Glory of the Solinarian Empire, and to the late Emperor Marcus Flavius Orestes and his heir, the New Emperor Lucius Junius Orestes!

CONSUL NO MORE

by Scribe Nikephoros Eudokia

In the wake of the passing of our beloved Emperor Orestes, it would be no fault on the man who was unaware of the passing of others less notable, though no less dear figures. As reported in these pages during the Ice Moon, our local Senator Vinicius Marius passed away due to complications of stress and age. Survived by his wife, three sons and two daughters, there was no doubt that the Marius name would continue to serve our great nation, but in what capacity? It was expected that the second son, Aetius, might move to fill his father's shoes, or perhaps his eldest, Festus, serving now in the legions might quit the front to resume family affairs.

We have learned now that neither shall be the case. Instead, several Consuls have presented themselves for the open position. Chief among them, however, is Alexandros Phaedrus. Many see Alexandros as something of a spiritual successor to Senator Marius; the two were known to keep company, and the Consul was often found in the Senator's retinue. Of the man the late senators' second daughter, Eutropia, has said, "... he is a truly honorable man and very close to father in mind and disposition."

Others may remember Consul Alexandros Phaedrus from his management of the disputes between the Makhari and Lustro guilds that saw portions of our markets in dormancy for weeks. He was also the one to spearhead the works to repair the aqueducts after the bitter chill of 1112 left much of it fractured and leaking. Or his coordination with our local Judges that led to the arrest of several members of an illegal fraternity that sought to move illicit goods through our home. To quote the Consul himself:

"I have always felt my place was in the position of doing, not waiting. Things can only proceed as you desire when you take matters into your own hands. Now that the way has been opened for me, I only feel it is my civic duty to step forward and attempt to fill the very large shoes left behind by my dear friend Vinicius."

In these times of war, it is good to know that we can count on people such as Consul Phaedros to answer the challenges presented. Be sure to consider him and his opponents carefully when the special election is held for Marius' vacant position in the Shield Moon.

MAGES WANTED

by Marcus Antonius Aurelius IV

Help! Mages wanted at the newly acquired area on the edge of the Whispering Woods!!

As you may know, I am not one to speak of help of any kind. Even in times of war, I know that the Academia Magicus and the Solinarian war Academy can handle any threat or war that the forces of the Twin Kingdoms may throw at us. However, this enemy is like nothing I've heard or ever want to see.

This monster, as it is described to me, comes only in the dead of night. It blends in with the darkness so well that it appears almost invisible. It has beady little eyes that shine so dimly that you have to be effectively looking for it in order to see it. Its body is pale and grotesque, appearing weak to anyone who sees it. However, do not be fooled.

This foe is not hurt by normal means. Its body is so porous and ethereal that normal swords cannot harm the creature. It seems to be affected only by magic and other supernatural means.

So remember, if you manage to see this monster, attack it with the fire of Mhizrak! Attack with all your might! Summon the mages as the front line fighters and defeat it! For the Empire!

