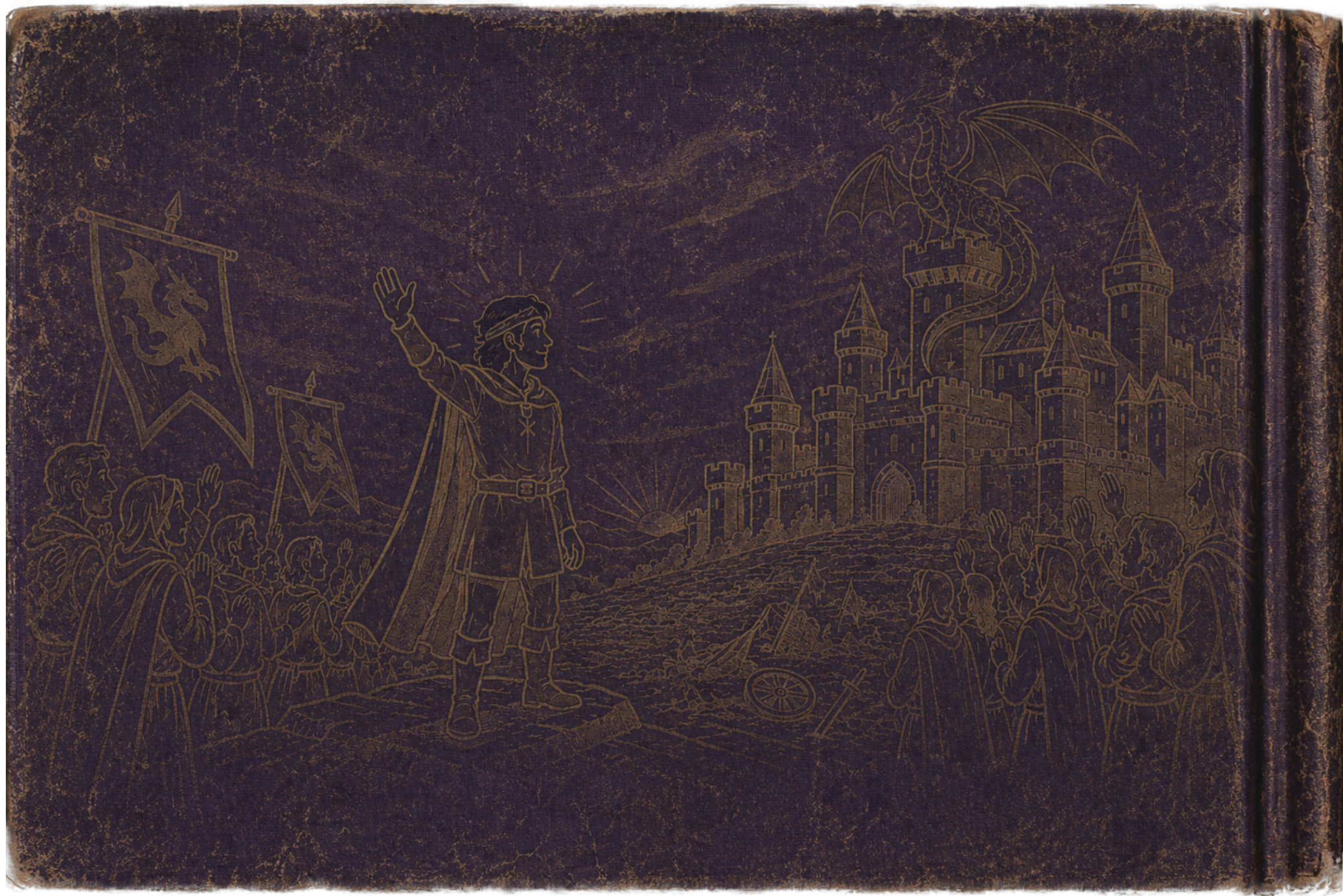






THE SCHISM OF SCORCHED WINGS

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The Schism of Scorched Wings is one of the few records that remain of the ancient city that once stood as the heart of the origins of For The Dragon. The Cult of the Dragon destroyed the city and strive to erase it's name, maps, materials or texts relating to from history. They want the origin to stay buried under the centuries of their conquest and flame that grew their dark powers to this day.



Historians work is a tireless and thankless one. Years spent scouring the earth for small fragments of knowledge. Searching hidden archives and striving to divine fact from fiction in whispered tales of tradition. They humbly seek to ensure that the truth endures. For generations, scholars had searched for proof of what lore told them was fact. That the Cult of the Dragon was born from a family schism. One finally found a thread cataloguing a brief era of war that all started with a city, besieged by rival factions facing annihilation.



Within the city walls the emperor Viracocha, his older son Urco, and youngest Yupanqui weighed their fate. Several of the surrounding tribes had gathered together to wage a fierce battle against the emperor who had been demanding ever more fealty from the farms and females of his realm.



Seeing no path to victory, the emperor fled under the cover of darkness, taking only his eldest son Urco. He chose to leave the youngest Yupanqui behind thinking it may satisfy the bloodlust of the enemy at the gate. It was a choice that would fracture their lineage forever and civilization one step closer to ruin.



Rather than turn to despair, the abandoned son Yupanqui turned to an ancient power. The historical texts are not clear whether it was through desperate prayer, sacrifice, sheer force of will or other means, but Yupanqui tapped into the cosmos with his and his people's life hanging in the balance.



The result was that a dragon in his twilight years flew in to the castle on the smoke filled winds of war raging just outside the castle walls. There is no record of whether the green dragon Xargithorvar was moved by honor, fate, whim, or just a pair of ancient wings too tired to search beyond the next mountain for a final resting place to call home. Whatever the reason, the dragon answered Yupanqui's plea.



As dawn broke Xargithorvar, better known by his nickname Foilsunder, had the besieging armies lay dead in ruins, their bodies smouldering in the dragon's wrath. The few who escaped returned to their tribal homes with stories of an emperor that had the favour of a mighty dragon.



The city was saved. Its new young ruler quickly declared that their survival had been won for the dragon. Yupanqui made clear that it was only through his living grace that power and life would be reshaped in the surrounding lands.



The young emperor declared that all neighbouring tribes must bring tribute For The Dragon, lest they suffer the same fate. He would not be as demanding or hedonistic as his father Viracocha, but it was always made clear that when one deemed to defy this edict, the dragon incinerated their city, cementing his rule through fear and awe.



Months passed and a sense of calm and prosperity grew across the lands. It was then that the exiled emperor Viracocha and his eldest Urco returned. Viracocha claimed the dragon's intervention had always been foreseen and part of his grand design. He demanded to reclaim the throne and the spoils of war that came with it.



But the young emperor calmly refused. Unfortunately he did not slay them for their cowardice or cast them into the dragon's maw for their hubris upon return. He showed mercy, merely stripping them of title and wealth but allowing them to leave with their lives. That mercy was Yupanqui's ultimate mistake.



The deposed father and son wandered the walkable realm seething with vengeance. Their royal garb, dyed deep purple, became a symbol of their enduring claim to power. They swore that no ruler should ever beg or pay tithe to a dragon for favor again. Instead, dragons were an asset to be controlled, forced into submission. From this belief, the Cult of the Dragon was born. To this day, its highest members still adorn themselves in the purple of their stolen birthright.



For generations, the For The Dragon ethos flourished in the mountainous region sustaining order under Yupanqui's rule. A modest tithe of its people for the dragon who's continued existence and ever watchful presence ensured their collective safety.



As the decades passed, Yupanqui realized that the great beasts days were numbered. Thankfully there were less challengers to his generous form of rule that it had been years since Foilsunder had been called upon to lay waste to dissent.



Now an old and wisened emperor, he decided that when Xargithorvar eventually passed on, he concealed the truth ensuring that devotion for the dragon never wavered.



The phrase For The Dragon became the rallying cry and for several generations Yupanqui's lineage and the regions prosperity remained unbroken.



But the Cult of the Dragon long lurked in the shadows. Biding their time and building their strength. Viracocha and Urco had passed on as well, but their spite and desire for retribution had become the very core of the cults ethos.



When the cult gained sufficient power to raise the mightiest of dragons in Tiamat, one of their first acts was to annihilate their ancient enemy. The city fell, its libraries burned, its people slaughtered and the region lay in ruins.



Almost all records of For The Dragon were lost to history. The historians have yet to find maps to confirm this, but it is believed that the city was somewhere between what is now known as the sunset mountains, the reaching woods and the Lake of Dragons.



Some historians also believe, but lack material to prove, that the emperor's bloodline endured. Fragments of stories persist to this day of a lone survivor escaping the massacre carrying with them a final gift from the great dragon – a rare dormant egg entrusted to the lineage that had once earned its favour. If such an egg did exist, it may be the last remnant of a forgotten legacy for what could be when society and dragon live in harmony.

