

LORE CARD 022 “THE STATUE AT RENDEL’S POKE”

Anyone’s that heard of the cliff city of Rendel’s Poke near the shores of Lake Christilyth knows about its oriel gate, said to be the oldest and maybe the original. Like any oriel gate, it leads to a pocket of artificial space created centuries ago, though this oriel is alive and bustling with houses and markets and even a museum stuffed in a sky-high building of fantastic architecture and skylights.

There is something that is much less well known about the town of Rendel’s Poke however, and it’s a point of shame or of pride depending on which side of history it’s considered. And it’s a point of wonder as well, considering how far her philosophy of the forces of history spread and what marvels it conjured.

The Salt Mystic and all her teachings are forever banned from the city gates of Rendel’s Poke. When the foundations of The Jagganatheum were being laid to build out a republic based on her works, when mighty cities exploded in incredible growth to form what would become a single united nation as large as the world and beyond, here in this lakeside cliff town they considered her beliefs witchcraft. Stubbornly, though the Infinite Republic swelled in unprecedented success and brought prosperity and wonders like none could imagine, they clung here to their ill-advised ban. To be caught scratching her calculus runes in the clay, or even to speak a word of the Recorder language was to be imprisoned or exiled.

Then came the War Of The Rupture and the deaths of billions in a fiery conflict that burned the world down. Like many cities, Rendel’s Poke tried to stay neutral as the war came to them, first with intrigue and spycraft, then with requests for resources and for people, and finally with forced quartering of troops and commandeering of their vessels and supplies. They were pillaged without mercy, perhaps more so than many like them, for commanders in the great war were deeply suspicious of anyone who would turn against the Salt Mystic.

The haunting statue of her that stands lone out beyond the city gates, sheltered by nothing and overlooking the city’s great hill was constructed for one reason alone. They’d survived the Infinite Republic and wanted nothing of it, and they’d survived the terrible war for which they blamed her.

Now and forever, when anyone comes calling talking of the Salt Mystic, they’ll point out over the cliff at the stone image of her and say only, “We keep her out there.”

