PID: 3790.3



For weeks in the run up to the summit, you have felt like someone is watching you. No – not watching you, exactly. *Inspecting* you. Examining you, getting your measure, almost as if they are trying to figure out your inner worth just by looking. At first this feeling is diffuse and hard to pin down, but over the days it grows ever more intense. When you close your eyes you begin to see orcs draped in purple finery and gold, looming over you imperiously. You know from the fleeting glimpse you see of them that they have made you some kind of offer, and in your hear you know you are tempted to take it, even though you have no idea in your mind what was the offer was.

You are under no illusions about what is happening here – this is the influence of the Grendel ancestors that were the forebears of many of your nation. As the days draw on your begin to feel the pull of a place. Whenever you look or think of a map your eyes are drawn south, to the eastern coast of the bay of Catazar, round to your new territory of Maraeve, once a holding of the orcs of the Broken Shore. A grove of trees, an oasis of green in an otherwise arid land catches your mind's eye. You know that orcs today meet there in the spirit of commerce and friendship, and imagine orcs all those years ago doing just the same. The phrase "Smaragaid Grove, Clisearn" echos in your head when you think of Mareave. A quick check with the Civil Service tells you that at 11pm on the Friday night of the summit, you will have the opportunity to go there, and hear what these ancestors had to offer you.



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PID: 6542.4



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