



The Happy Legion



Alec Habig Lake S.W.A.T.T., Duluth, MN Empire of Dust based list

*The ghost kings are marching; the midnight knows their tread,
From the distant, stealthy planets of the dim, unstable dead;
There are whisperings on the night-winds and the shuddering stars have fled.*

*A ghostly trumpet echoes from a barren mountain head;
Through the fen the wandering witch-lights gleam like phantom arrows sped;
There is silence in the valleys and the moon is rising red.*

*The ghost kings are marching down the ages' dusty maze;
The unseen feet are tramping through the moonlight's pallid haze,
Down the hollow clanging stairways of a million yesterdays.*

*The ghost kings are marching, where the vague moon-vapor creeps,
While the night-wind to their coming, like a thund'rous herald sweeps;
They are clad in ancient grandeur, but the world, unheeding sleeps.*

"Ghost Kings",
by Robert E. Howard

When the curse of the Ophidians oozed out of the Ahmunite lands into the badlands near the Infant Sea, it disturbed the ancient druidic kings in their barrows.

Eviscero Nutrire, a refugee Cursed High Priest, escapes the catastrophe in possession of an ancient yellow icon of great and terrible evil. Thus empowered, he takes advantage of a restless wight and his sacrificed entourage to set up shop in this new culture, making use of local, er, "resources".

Barrow King Bustem Ulcisi is guarded by his mummified retinue: plus the now animated bones of prehistoric beasts from nearby tar pits and and statues from ruined temples. Skeletons, of course, remain fodder the world-round.

