**IÔRS**

The Iôrs, by their way of thinking about the world (from which they derive their name), are particularly servile, even romantic, and ready to submit to their own people through pacifying cowardice to the point of prospering their peoples in a dominance thus harmonized among themselves.

They encompass social peoples of small size (up to 3 feet or 1 meter), because their ancestors would have been isolated beings in hot and resource-poor places with predators, surviving together on small indigenous prey. Their bodies, always elongated (and with short limbs), would have been useful for narrow passages connecting caves and oases, which they used when migrating through cold and hot seasons (when Iossôlu’Vvaij was still a burning being and not the crazy snowy dancer she is today) and that some regret no longer using.

The Iôrs regret (each in their own way) the abuse of their small size by the Âldes who eat them when they no longer understand them by wanting to bend nature through their rituals, and by the Sybaïs who use them as tool-beings themselves manipulating nature through their sacrifices, but creating other problems in the process.

Socially and culturally, all Iôrs are anarchist nomads in their own way, and none of their tribes are exclusively hunter-gatherers. Instead, they evolve in agriculture, horticulture, or pastoralism by shaping gigantic mobile buildings or mounted on mastodonts. None of the Iôr powers are formed of bands, which although existing, are rather organized into tribes, chiefdoms, or even states, defending themselves via thrown, propelled, banded, or reloaded weapons, all having flourishing architectures of statues and colors. They are today distributed in the mountains and their plateaus, the seas and their bays and islands, as well as the forests and their marshes. One will also find within the myths and rites rather shamanistic to explain and justify their rituals, granting them favors, often for their ancestors and sometimes towards certain gods, a common feeling of regret more or less deep but expressed and explored from different sorrows (from acceptance to anger) among the different peoples, leading them to collectively sacrifice themselves to satisfy their regret through altruism. Finally, they typically speak Alvod, Vtalik, Uatru, and Valhirt which mostly derive from the same linguistic root spreading.

A part of these primal peoples would have migrated (exiled? By desire? By conquest?) to the South and would have been named as a sign of their journey the Hlovods from which the Ghards and Naotils Peoples were born. They would have settled in dense, flooded, and hot mangroves. Long after the Hlovods migrated, and following different factors associated with a cooling climate and the encounter with indigenous Sybaï populations, a second partition of the Iôrs would have taken place. This new people ascending the windy mountains (Why?) of their Northwest would have taken the name Anodes and would have given birth to the Arists and Chirrheans, and stayed there for a time before encountering other more or less hostile peoples (Who? Why?).

The Iôrs who would not have left either during the first migration of the Hlovods or during the second of the Anodes would be considered the ancestors of all Iôrs, and called for that reason the Aïars, but they would have disappeared over the ages.

There are four distinct Iôr Peoples, each possessing many more or less divergent Races: the Arists and the Chirrheans, the Naotils and the Ghards.

**The Arists**

**Arists People (Ajoroï)**

This small People with noble, bold traits adapted to their blooming high plateaus, this nomadic pastoralist, would typically represent an enlightened prodigy, a responsible advisor, and an altruistic leader. The emissary-archivists are well known in their territories to establish peace and the truth of conquered peoples.

**Trepharchy (Sovereign Growth)**

*The Arist seeks to take care of others and their state, to accumulate knowledge and obtain power through social actions and their understanding of the world, in order to create flourishing populations of meaning in a world that destroys them.*

**Sacrifice**: They spend to establish Arist colonies, or go on expeditions to collect knowledge, further and dangerous.

**Apogee**: They withdraw from all action by resting on their laurels of knowledge, power, and numerous and secure Arist families, all guided by a life full of meaning.

**Culture**

The Arists have formed a powerful agricultural and nomadic state, dominating and categorizing surrounding chiefdoms, tribes, and bands. They pour out their high plateaus pacified by their large numbers, riding and nomadically inhabiting palaces on immense shelled and five-legged creatures clearing all land into pastures, accompanied by their incredible herds, maintaining order and delivering laws, goods, and knowledge to the ruled peoples.

Traveling within the verdant paths of the Flarllées, or the rugged passes of the Fal’Ohnasirs and Dümavel, it is through immense herds of numerous beasts as well as imposing leather and soft-appearing creatures moving like floating with their countless tiny fingers that you will see, on the equivalent of their backs, the majestic and rich Aristic dwellings. Masterful palaces made of a light, sanguine, and shimmering stone, harmoniously sculpted with countless floral and realistic Arists figures and painted in many colors.

They are dressed in tunics, long robes, and very thick cloaks of dense and white to bluish fur, all adorned with embroideries, accents, and shining gold jewelry, for beauty, order, and to survive in these sunny, cold, and sometimes incredibly windy places.

**Acratarchists**: Here, laws are decided and maintained by an individual, king or queen, but without any monopoly of force over the governed territory. Also, the monarch has no other power than to prevent any enterprise from forming a state. Typically, "tyrannical" kings lose their right to govern, usually leading to direct elections, under voluntarily accepted laws. None of these laws are meant to threaten an Arists or their possessions by force. Finally, there is a general sense of self-defense and collective will, some Arists Races have no true hierarchy, but others do. A centralized king in a decentralized kingdom.

**Traditions**: Climbing, giving ointment massages, masonry, sculpture and painting, riding, shepherding, seeking solutions to common problems, advising, forming groups and communities, giving to others, negotiating, taking care of children and elders, playing with games and wind-related instruments (weathervanes, flutes, etc…). They primarily fight through banded weapons, such as their famous pendularcs, and one must be careful with their Soufflenadier with explosive juices.

**Languages**: The Arists primarily speak Alvod (from the name Anodes), which would descend from the language of Ymman (“agreement”), itself coming from Alvondor, a branch of the Iôrs’ linguistic root. They particularly use the forms of “We” and “You”.

**Description**: Of small size (due to their short limbs) and medium build though broad and elongated, the Arists have smooth or lightly frizzed short fur, in brown tones on the back and white in front, a clear line from the nose to their lower parts, and normal hair in the same brown, mahogany, copper, bronze tones, etc., accompanied by long or short fine membranous and veiny tentacles, and with contrasting and clear ends and spots. Some peoples have these extremely long but folded membranes, which when deployed can seem like a cape or scarf to their size, although today having no real function. Their skin and their wrinkles above their eyes and under their eyebrows are like cracked or wrinkled, and their throat is swollen and drooping like a mass hanging under their jaw. Finally, they have primarily brown or amber eyes and wide, rounded, pointed, and detached ears, as well as strong hands.

**Locality**: After long hours of walking in the blooming mountains where one can finally catch sight of Dümavel and its devastated rocky expanses from violent winds, as well as its idyllic valleys vibrant with vegetative colors protected by these same blazing cliffs.

The Arists would have settled there long after the Hlovods from the Iôrs migrated, this time following different factors associated with a cooling climate and a crossing with cohesive indigenous Sybaï populations, in short, a second partition of the Iôrs took place after that of the Hlovods.

This partition, ascending the windy mountains (Why?) of their Northwest, in these times took the name Anode. They stayed there for a time before encountering other more or less hostile peoples (Who? Why?). Rather desolate and cold places for them, some left to settle in the protected and flourishing mountains of the Northeast and formed the first peoples now named Ajoroï by others, or “Noscyadril” in their own languages and writings. This was associated here with the term Arists (“better/noble”).

**Arist Names**

*Men: Âbary, Drâhn, Pert, Ūmaat, Vvasupąen  
Women: Dsînias, Jólnavaï, Tamaï, Vaamoðėl, Yasdėl*

**Ethnogenesis**

Descending from our highest once-revered mountains in the buildings whose ruins seem protected by our vengeance avalanches and our refreshing waves of knowledge, the luminous echo of our earthquakes reveals the falsity of the abstract. Thus, our ancient elites enlightened us, but also our races who succumbed to their mosaics announcing the end of our world to better govern the next. You would dwell in the bodies of our mastodontes you thinned in bloody tunnels, that we took when migrating through their perinea of our beasts that you mutilated, an event we still recall today when crossing their passages through their carcasses poured into our sometimes communicating rock – the sanctuaries of our enlightened.

Through the echoes of our tromoroches resonated by the wisdom of our most illustrious, we build the Eternal Impermanent on the purification of one of our enemy Races to all and which was to extinguish and lose your name. This ambulant name-palace will carry our introspective archives that generate knowledge following our knowledge deposits on the tombs of these unknowns today buried under ours. In constant flow, it will shimmer with the sun it will catch with its ornaments, and change appearance through natural trends and attractions of materials, like a dream ballet of shapes and colors that would bleed and merge, and whose walls would resonate and change with our approach and our ideas.

Thus you are, the faithful Races of our Arists People who cleaned our lands in their own way of all the Sybaï infestation that pulsed there, extracting them into provinces as low as themselves who only abandoned their sick, hungry, or exhausted carcasses.

You the Thunder-riders would have lost your emotions against your muscles by getting lost during your longest and warlike rugged transhumance… How many of your mercenary name-palaces did you lose through these distant hostile lands and your sufferings succumbing to betrayals? Hundreds? Thousands? Oh, your sculpted and raised size embellishes your darkened fur and honors your rider-warriors defending our archives with your growing banners at each crash.

And you the Flowered, do you really descend from the lost colony of Uyahel? Are you the descendants of those who sculpted these words pointing to the lands where you reside today? This would explain the skill of your artisans who although of a more weakened and frizzed body as if from forgotten suffering, associated and aligned their sails, planks, and rails on the attractive forces of the world to send away these Sybaï.

Our dear Sufflicoles, you who, with your healthy roundness and clear and bushy fur, become intoxicated too easily by the secretions of our livestock to act in the perverse secrecy of your debauched and even conspiratorial and scandalous parties... Your juice sommeliers delight us all, and your buried drums make the tubules of our mastodontes vibrate with the same rhythm although inaudible to anyone who does not possess them.

Finally, you the Ambers whose same-colored eyes seem blind while yet the brilliance of your genius carries us to wondrous tomorrows. You deny the existence of our darkest generations to justify yours, as your tamer-healers know how to convince through the musicality of your tromoroches, our fauns and floras to rekindle each spring.

**Relations with Other Peoples**

**Racial Insults:** Little wrinkled/frustrated/old, Sweat, Moist, Bootlickers, Glands, Old-Skins, Parasites, Tyrants, Word-f\*\*ckers.

The Arists are known by many Origins due to their tendencies towards expansionist growth that created numerous incidents with the hostile Âldes - up to vendettas but rarely to war due to their diplomatic aptitudes. The Khardes distrust them by principle, the Erispiles and the Sybaïs are neutral towards them, and finally the Chirrhéens and Naotils generally trust them rightly or wrongly.

They are the main suppliers of psychotropic ointments that the Great-Hisde and Hisdes of the Buttes love even though they are hostile towards them due to the chaotic Arists tendencies seeking to break Âld authoritarianism. The Hisdes Foliés see them as rhetoricians to whom they have felt the same hostility since the night or two moons were born from the earth. They corrupt and play with word associations to achieve their untenable negotiations and meddle far too much in their affairs.

Arists sovereign arrogance is criticized by the Erispiles, chasing them from the highest mountains since their nomadic palaces. The Tumattroïs see them as small seniles both in their bodies and health, but also in their minds and ways of being, constantly relaxing. The Aizdäls also mock the Arists' oozing due to their inability to survive in their deserts when venturing there in search of buried relics.