

The Meyadi

CHILDREN OF THE SANDS



"*Kafah a'l-mar' a fashlaan ahn tu'addes me'ayibu.*"

"TIS THE HEIGHT OF MERIT IN A MAN THAT HIS FAULTS CAN BE NUMBERED."

— THE DOGMA OF AZIRAT



Mhe Meyadi, Children of the Sands, and the Sworn of Azirat. From the scorching deserts to the dry savannahs of the southeast, the Meyadi had wandered long and far, living where no other could; thriving when the world was poisoned. These tough-skinned warriors, artisans, and advisors have stood the test of time so far through both their zeal and willingness to persevere through the harshest storms and to laugh in the face of death, surely taking much pride in spite of adversity — though it is wrong to say the Meyadi have not faced tragedy.

From the beginning, they were nomads. Living from place to place, always on the move. But, they were wanderers who disrespected the tenets of their former tribe, now instead forced to seal their fate by wandering the Dunes of Death— where no man or God alike emerged alive. A most cruel punishment, invoked only by the harshest of chiefs at the time.

Yet, this was the first proof of faith. Their willingness to put themselves in danger did not go unnoticed for long; the Eyes of the night sky watch diligently, and even among the dunes the vermin truly persevered, for it is where the three-tailed scorpion set his cruel stage.



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MEYADI PRIMER

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Deprived of ailments, the wandering pilgrims stopped to rest. This is when the suffering Isheq happened upon the poisoned oasis, where the blind and gangrenous pilgrim submerged himself and succumbed to the scorpion's poison, Azirat. The pilgrim Isheq emerged in health, blessed with seeing and a full stomach, he told the other pilgrims the truth of the oasis. They knew there was nothing else to be found there than death, and so Isheq was exiled for his insanity.

He pondered on what he witnessed within the pond, a red-faced man sat across him in a sea of black, waters cold and perilous. The man offered Isheq a deal in which he would forever be the herald;

"Thy people wander in ruin I see; I shall unite the people under your banner, and hand you the key to the Deserts, and the very Currents which course through it; in return for your utmost devotion. You swear by your life, and by your peoples' will— you swear by your Eyes, that our Covenant be upheld; so this I offer you." - He said, reaching out his hand to Isheq.

Thus the core beliefs of the Listeners are established, a cult whose domineering reign has lasted through the ages, spreading like a wildfire through the dry currents of the deserts and beyond. His clan was known as the Meyadi, and Isheq was its herald and shepherd. Soon all of the Alendi knew his name, one to be revered throughout the whole south.

