

[The following file contains a draft for an article on Arthur Bryndŵr, Transcribed by one of our agents. Author annotations / edits have been written as footnotes. Needed context from transcript agent written between square brackets in blue ink. Any artistic calligraphy is instead written in double-pass/bold font.]

The true story of Arthur, the Hero.

By Sonovaan Nerocrates

Early Life:

Arthur Bryndŵr is among the most famous and popular people in sapient history, including kings, dragons and even our deities. Yet, the events of his life are incredibly difficult to historicize due to two major factors:

Firstly, everybody wants to be associated with Arthur in some way for status, both political and social. This leads to many false accounts made by the population and by governments across the world.

Secondly, he could be literally in multiple places at once, a rare feat amongst even the most important mages, on a scale that was phenomenal and unique to him. This makes it impossible to expose false accounts through cross-referencing confirmed accounts.

With the development of my new forensic Aethernodes, which are more powerful and precise, I will follow the path of Arthur's life to trace the truth of his journey.

Arthur was born in the small village of Cowpoint (locally known as Penwch). This small town has since been developed into the capital of The Parliament of Kings (shortened to POK): Heroes Hill (Brynarw) a neutral city state.

In Arthur's youth he would have undoubtedly taken part in the cow farming that was the town's primary source of income¹. Arthur would care for the cattle and take part in hunting their predators, highbeasts and monsters that were far more commonplace in his time. He would have to participate in these hunts even during the Bleeding (which for them spanned the weeks either side of the full moon rather than just on the night of the full moon itself).

Arthur's time was one where extinction was continually around the corner. The Vaxics would crawl from the well and the rivers and down from the sky. They would hunt us sapient creatures in an effort to cleanse the land of us. It was a time of chaos where violence was rampant and trust was thin.

¹ The word farming gives the wrong impression, their method was far less controlled and civilised than farming. Instead, existing as a form of presumably unstable symbiosis, even allowing for the Bovarch Magic-beast to develop through their cattle's free access to the Well-rivers. They would not eat any of the cattle, only taking from them their milk and corpses (for material use) after natural death. Apparently the herd allowed this in return for protection from predators.

[this has been struck-out, judging by ink colouring some time after the fact.]

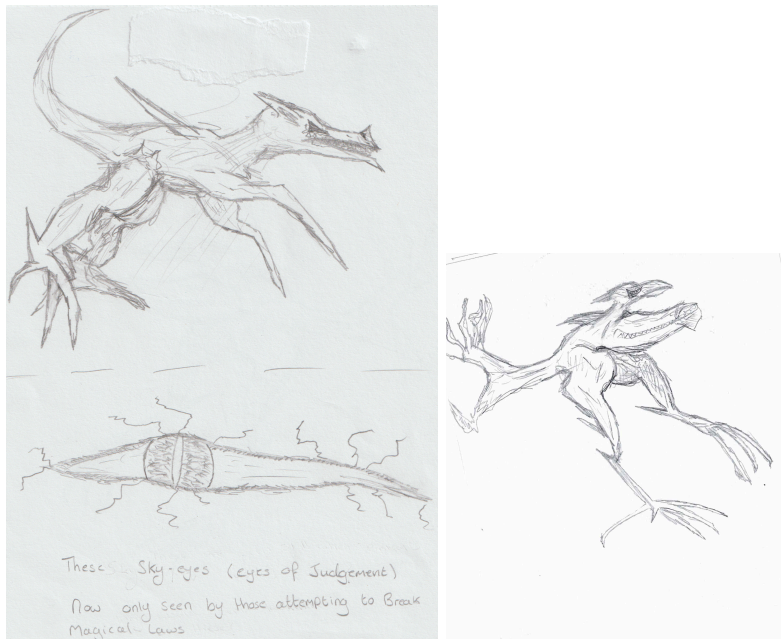
The Vaxics scourge - what we know by Bryss Farvon - Vaxic Archaeogician [\[Document placed loosely between pages of the early life document.\]](#)

The Vaxics are a distinctly separate category to high-beasts; theorised to be a second stage, a mutated form of full-awakening we get in true sapients. Thralls are corrupted creatures similar to that found in nightblood monster and formed the bulk of the Vaxics forces while True Vaxics would hunt the most magically advanced of each species

Vaxics would often ignore some laws of magic, they were able to perform large scale magic alone and at a distance by changing their aurashapes with great elasticity. They were known to be followed by the eyes of judgement in a near constant state of manifestation. While they manifest for all who pushed the boundaries of magical laws when around the Vaxics, they would not “glow with accusation” (Not sure how something can manifest emotion as physical phenomenon, but apparently “You can only understand through experience” Which isn't helpful at all)²

Some reports from the time show Vaxics to be amalgamations of different beings, but there are no consistent records. They have the ability to slip from the memories of those that see them over time. This is not true of thralls that seem corrupted creatures. There are sketches of thravls.

[\[These pictures were attached to the page.\]](#)



--- [\[Return to Early life document\]](#)

Paxator sought to solve this crisis through control over the more wild regions, for the purposes of organising a resistance. This method, while effective, proved too harsh for the local population to respond gratefully, they insisted their own measures would be sufficient. This led to some military action by

² Unprofessional. [\[Annotation was underlined\]](#)

Paxator to prevent the Vaxics from gaining any strategic ground and to Arthur being drawn into the conflict, having heard distorted tales of brutal occupation of nearby lands.

Arthur, in his first battle, was given several battlefield promotions. Cortorix (the Paxatoran General) was skillful, swiftly destroying the formations of the Northern Alliance by targeting and assassinating captains, troupe commanders and squad leaders. The plan was to create chaos, to split the army between those charging forward and the now much greater force and those fleeing back to the keep where they would be caught in a trap from Paxatoran reinforcements lying in wait.

Arthur, took charge of a small unit and feigned retreat, breaking into the woods and catching the reinforcement off guard. How he knew they would be there is unknown. He took their cloaks and identifying banners and moved to the intercept point, placing long range fighters on the tall rock formations surrounding the packed dirt path.

Thus when the retreat happened and the fighting lines narrowed, the soldiers receiving a surprise volley of projectiles were those under Cartorix, weakening their formation enough for Arthur to sneak among them and assassinate Cartorix in turn. Having ended the battle Arthur's social position skyrocketed within the Northern Alliance soon becoming a high-ranking military figure.

Arthur's affable, firm, fair and kind nature inspired the Kings to change their ways from petty squabbles for power with each other and Paxator, to fully unite and negotiate. Recognising that this unity would keep the Northern Alliance safe, Paxator agreed to withdraw their forces.

Once the Parliament of Kings was formed, there were many things to be done for its consolidation into a united political entity to be recognised and accepted internationally, their new nation needed a representative in Harmony. They chose Arthur, a youth young enough to be accepted for late entry but who was foundational to the Parliament itself. The Academy in Noraam initially dismissed this application on the grounds that Arthur had no royal blood. However, current Harmony Overlord Aelfweard Vord (newly promoted Arch-Tutor at the time) pushed the case that as a *founding member* of the POK, he had founded a new royal line. This legal technicality had historical precedent in Zamorphia, conqueror of Kovaraak, thus having the appeal accepted.

Attitudes of his fellow students were initially hostile, considering him a simple commoner.³ Given his disputed status, Harmony did not allow him a surrogate champion, meaning any permitted intra-student assassinations would directly target him. This was heavily disputed by Arch-Tutor Vord and the POK court Scholars, but was overruled through the pressure from other nations⁴.

--- [The section below is a separate document affixed to this page of parchment with an adherence sigil, "reconstruction" written in rivermark lettering across the page.]

Incident Report

Tutor: Sonovaar Hol'Oryn

³ Which he was? Right? Are rulers really Well-Chosen? [This is written twice, stuck-through both times]

⁴ Name Paxator and it's vassals? [repeated thrice and again stuck-through each time]

Incident type: Attempted assassination:

Self-championing student Arthur Bryndŵr reports an attempted assassination by approved champions from the nation of Paxator. Bryndŵr managed to incapacitate them with a nonlethal response, capturing all assailants. Bryndŵr requested the role of Harmony as an intermediary in the official ransoming process. A date for the observation has been set and approved by the necessary faculty official and the students involved.

[\[Affixed behind that document\]](#)

Report of Observed Negotiations: Attempted assassination of of Paxator.⁵

Requested actions by Arthur Bryndŵr : A faculty witnessed oath not to attack again in return for which he would release the captured champions and assist in a cover up. This was accepted.

Also, Bryndŵr requested another meeting. This would be secret and unmoderated which was accepted and was not covered by the witnessed oath. Due to the disparity between Bryndŵr's requests and the leverage he gave up, I will include it here as insurance for the boy.

--- [\[return to early life document\]](#)

Arthur became quite famous in the Academy for never killing nor humiliating his opponents. He refused to play the game of simulated kingdoms within the Academy, inviting people to talk and always building friendships: real ones, not political ties. People would choose to be disowned and even banished from their kingdoms rather than challenge his rise or attack him after having met with him. This intense loyalty he gathered caused many political leaders at the time to fear him. Unfortunately for those political leaders it was their heirs who he had inspired loyalty in making it difficult to act against him.

It was during his time at Harmony that Arthur became recognised as a candidate to take the trials of the Well. To be a hero. He performed a miracle before ascension that even the Daities failed to do. He *saved* the Vaxis Thralls. Though this and the extent of his good deeds only became known at the end of his time there.

— [\[Another separate document affixed to this page of parchment with an adherence sigil, “reconstruction” again written in rivermark lettering across the page.\]](#)

Investigation into reports of Changes in Vaxics Behaviour Patterns : Arch Tutor Xaiovaan Lichen.
(unrevised)

In our recent threat analysis on the Vaxics that surround our city-school of Harmony reports have emerged of changes in behaviour patterns. Vaxics have been seen moving in enormous numbers from established territories. They do not seem to be moving to locations that would assist in invading the school and they

⁵ Where his friendship with Sonovette first started? The beginning of the famous Arthurian band of heroic figures “The Ddraighead Knights”?

are leaving in such numbers as to leave those previous areas vulnerable to reclamation. This new behaviour is concerning. Why are they doing this now? What are their future goals?

Upon discussions with the locals, I have discovered that this movement has been happening even during the Weeks of Bleeding. Witnesses describe their movements from the Farvaat woods to look like they are fleeing. They do not carry weapons. They do not attack onlookers, even if they get close. They simply run, often looking behind them. It is said to have begun several months ago, estimated at three (two months before our report - our lack of information network around the area is concerning) They also describe Vaxics numbers dropping steadily. All remaining thralls seem to travel in groups led by a corrupted human thrall, meaning they value intelligence in their groups remaining here, not violence, savagery or strength which, when used to harass local populations, is their preferred method. What is causing this change?

[Writing cuts off from its refined document format, changing to a rushed scrawl]

There's a surge of them coming from the woods - I will Observe: Ther's So many of them. Thousandds. I can't see escape. I will write details insurance. A [illegible]⁶ man has appeared from the woods looks like he's chasing them. Thralls are mostly human but strangely Geometric?

A light shining - from the man. affecting the thralls somehow.

They re not charging. They're not running. They seem to have slumped and look different. Even from this distance, I can tell something about them is different. I will get closer to investigate.

They changed when I got there. Changed **back**. I witnessed it myself. The shapes changing, the bones receding. There was no switch. No possible trick to swap one group for another. This happened. They morphed. They changed back. The one who did it left before I could contact them and enquire further.

Arthur's journey post-Harmony.

Arthur's journey started in Harmony, through Furelia (now Frotac) then Estaar (Estac) and Icorn to his home the POK (though most of the path he travelled in Furelia now lies in Icorn, he only brushed the edge of modern Frotac.) (See Appendix 1 and Appendix 2 to compare world maps.)

As I followed his steps, I noticed a pattern. People will often build attractions around the area known to have been walked by Arthur, yet rarely *on* it. Even those who claim to have the remnants of a hand he regrew after a battle, that reads as two centuries too fresh, painted with a poorly faked soulprint in order to impress passers-by into patronage or to scam collectors, keep a respectful distance. It is a strange dichotomy that exists within the consciousness of people; even those who are opportunistic with his legacy, do not wish to actually stand on it.

[Handwriting shifts here. The lines are thicker with ink and the letters contain more flourishes.]

⁶ [Sonovaan Nerocrates suggests the word human]

And yet.

Now that I stand on that ground, ground *he* stood on, I can feel why. I know he did something important here. All along the path.

There's no evidence. No real Soulprint activity of note. Nothing that says any significant event happened here. No large battle.

And yet.

Somehow, in my soul unreadable and untraceable tremors are felt. He was here. What he feared would be his final trip home. He had been petitioned to attempt the trials of the Well. The world was afraid, in chaos. It had been three-hundred-and-fifty-seven years since the last hero fell to the Destroyer. The cage had frayed. The Vaxics had found a foothold on the continent and a new hero was needed.

Application:

Department: Paxator-Lumiere Desert Border Garrison.

Applicant: Sonovaan Nerocrates, high tutor at Harmony.

Details:

I make this official overture to use your Desert guide service. This will serve to facilitate an important research expedition to the corrupted desert, as I follow the life of Arthur Bryndŵr.

Status: Rejected

[[letter wedged behind application](#)]

Dear *Sono-maan*,

Of course I'll help push this through. Little Lumiere likes to think themselves important but a glare from the *real* Paxator's prince gets them squirming.

I'm excited to read this new book. Too many of Arthur's fans forget he helped us here, too, focusing only on our conflict with the man. Like we don't respect him! We love the hero! He saved the whole world! It's exciting to finally expect an unbiased perspective when talking about him, presented to the academic world.

Anyway, I've sent a memo telling them to help you with it.

Your proud brother

Drymon Nerocrates

--- [Wedged behind the letter]

Request to Border Garrison appeal status:

Your appeal for passage through the desert is accepted. Your guide and prospective units will be supplied at the Shield border in Paxator-Lumiere.

[Handwriting is thick and angular. Pages are indented and distressed.]

Following Arthur's journey through the desert:

People speak of Arthur's journey through the desert as a difficult feat, made bearable by his assorted companions. We think we know what it would have been like. We're wrong. This place is hell and if it's hell now

[The page cut off here.]

I regret coming here.

[Another page cut off]

The guides set up camp in areas they call the "pockets", the black sand and acrid smell remain but clouds brighten and the screams stop. We are still attacked, but fewer die..

[Here his handwriting begins to settle, though the lines are still thick with pressure.]

I just made the biggest discovery of Arthurian history in five centuries. I discovered that Pockets are residuals of Arthur's presence, a result of his large scale purification attacks. My Aethernodes detected this. It was the first to be able to account for temporal-distortion and Awen-Fynnon pressure waves that are so strong this near the well. I still regret coming here. I'm scared.

The creatures here are awful, clever things. They hunt us during the day in alternating packs like soldiers, refreshing soldiers in a shield wall formation. Once we're worn down, they strike. You can't see them. Even if you kill them, you know where they are even vaguely. Their shape. But the knowledge doesn't stick. (Perhaps Vaxics descendants or mutations?) We look for the centre of the pocket, "The Calm", a pinhole of blue in the sky. A comforting hand, permission to sleep.

I've read about battles and violence. I've participated in duels and hunts. I thought I understood, but I did not. Arthur lived his whole life like this and chose to face it again, to help. He gave hope where there was none. Seeing those pinholes of light shows, He gives hope even now, to this day. To me. He truly was a hero.

Nobody knows what the trials of The Well are. Those that take them and return do not speak of them. They train one for Transcension, for true godhood. Arthur was not the first to take the test, nor the last. Neither was he the first to pass. And “the Hero King of Zanzak” is said to have passed; this and his title of hero is disputed internationally but my Aethernode detects his soulprint. He made it here on his own. That’s a heroic feat, regardless of whether he took the trials.

I stand at The Well. Subject of reverence across the world, revered by our Deities and Gods. I'm looking down. I feel it. It sees me. I have been in the presence of pinnacle beings and the pantheon of incarnated gods. I have been at the Dragon's Peaks, among the greatest of their kind. They feel small now. This void in the ground is so, so much more. It's everything. I want to vomit with fear and vertigo. But Arthur withstood this endlessness and ***Jumped in***. To help.

The End of the Hero:

In the well, Arthur developed his ability to be in multiple places at once. He would spend his time in every country from then on, often multiple times. Always helping the locals, even when in dispute with their leaders. He would never withhold his aid.

Arthur scoured the Vaxics from their realm in the continent, allowing survivors to retreat to the unknown continent, then sealing them away. Allowing him to forge a peace treaty between the POK and Paxator; with the Vaxics gone, they no longer needed to expand, as he rightfully pointed out. Paxator would push this once he left. It would take lands back again and more, or rather the Montemini would, only to then gift it to Paxator with no way for them to return the land to the POK.⁷

With the support of Arthur, Arch-Tutor Vord became Overlord of Harmony Academy. He began to institute policies for commoners to be able to enter the Academy as full students, rather than simply as surrogate champions to be used as fodder in the game between countries.

Three years after he cleansed our lands of the Vaxics, he was called upon by the leaders of each nation to take on the duty of holding back Solaris, the Destroyer, as his Moon Cage was weakening. Most heroes sent to deal with this destroyer survive less than a year, giving one century of peace. However, Arthur is still fighting, strengthening the seal, easing the bleeding. Some hoped he would win, others still do, but gave us the time to develop in peace. To learn. To survive.

In Academia I believe we are too quick to assume that many small stories the common people tell of Arthur to be false. I investigated one of Arthur helping a child get a toy out of a tree. I did find residuals placing this after his trials. He used his magic to help a little boy get their toy back. No story is too small; he helped many people, slept in many inns. People say he gave them a seed to grow a tree; perhaps he did, he loved plants and those that love them in turn.

⁷But do they try?

I think it matters not if a story is true. Arthur would have wanted it to be. He would be glad that these stories exist, both fake and real. He would be glad that they help those who tell them; help them feel happy or hopeful, or to bring in customers. He would just be happy to *help*.

DOCUMENT APPENDIX:

1} World Map (Arthur's Time)



2} World Map (current)



— End of file.

[Suspensions of Spymaster Paraxion are unconfirmed, no signs of defection. Target has shown more hesitancy with issues of loyalty but cleansing the issue is likely to stain. Suggest observation and conciliation as first steps.]

Reflective essay:

In this work I ask the question of what it would look like to be a historian in a world completely removed from our own. What would be similar about their approaches and what would be different? A concept explored in the content and format.

This creative work is an example of Historiographic metafiction. Metafiction is defined as “a style of prose narrative in which attention is directed to the process of fictive composition.” (Klinkowitz, 2017). For example, footnotes are a part of the narrative; there was experimentation with the writing layout to generate different effects. This can be seen in the Section presented as a separate document “Investigation into reports of Changes in Vaxics Behaviour Patterns”. It changes from an official tone to an informal broken one with missing punctuation and spelling errors as the writer, Xaiovaan’s, situation worsens. Then, as he gains more control over his fear, clarity and formality slowly start to seep back in.

Historiographic metafiction, is “fiction that is at once metafictional and historical in its echoes of the texts and contexts of the past” (Hutcheon, 1989, p. 3). It is fiction that introduces fictional or fictionalised characters and into a history that is perceived to be in some form real. However in my work the history I am engaging with is fantastical, so perhaps it is a type of Historiographic metafantasy?

In parts of that document, extra spaces were left between words to imply a shaking hand and a stop-start pace to the writing. The extra spaces are also there because after I implemented the idea of punctuation being left out, the reading experience worsened, so this maintained the pacing and clarity of meaning while being experimental in writing style. I also played with font size to express emotion since there is no internal mental world described by prose. Xaiovaan wrote “insurance” in a smaller text because he was scared, facing the possibility that he would die.

I wished to play more with the framing of the work itself as hyperlinking one piece of work to another as a “Spellreference” so the reader could imagine themselves using magic to chase down the referenced document but was unable to due to fears over any limitations in the turnitin software. An Bruno Starrs thought may be applicable to other forms of Histographical metafiction “hyperlinking can add an ironic sub-text to a fictional character’s thoughts and utterances, through highlighting the reality concerning their mistaken or naïve beliefs” (Starrs, 2014), though he intended this to be a fact checking device leading to external websites, mine would lead to a specialized website to create an interactive reading experience.

In the narrative itself, there are three main stories: Arthur, the historian, and the spy report. These are layered upon each other. Arthur is presented by the historian (Sonovaan); Sonovaan is presented by the spy who is presented by his report.

The work is ultimately framed by the spy’s report, a device born of necessity. It describes handwriting changes, or when a document is distinct in a way my limited resources lacked the capacity to convey visually through graphic design, as I would plan to do if I had more time or

this were 'the companion e-book' it could be if written for a commercial reason. However, once created I used the device to explore how governments could perceive historians and their impact as a political threat, to the point of spying upon them or considering "cleansing" them.

In Arthur's plot, never once do we actually hear from Arthur himself. He was inspired by Arthur Pendragon, hence the pun "ddraighead" used to refer to the group that he founded. The reason we do not hear from him is that, much like Arthur of Camelot, his power and value on the world lies in the stories of him, in the interpretations and reinterpretations by those that came after him. Of course Bryndwr is much more provably real in his world than Pendragon is in ours, and his importance as a real historical figure is huge. He would always bring calm and hope, even in his time as represented by his presence restoring the grammar and cohesion of Xaiovaan in the section mentioned above, but since he is no longer in his world, what lasts of him is the stories. What matters is how the stories told affect the ones hearing them, how it affects the one writing them, and how the one telling them wishes them to affect the one listening.

Throughout the story, those who hear stories of Arthur Bryndwr always come out better for it. He is a message saying that stories of goodness winning out and of hope are necessary for people to believe in the capacity for change, and that stories can do good, and inspire good.

While all of the words read are transcribed by the Spy character for the reader, most of it is written by the Historian character Sonovaan Neocrates, a prince of Paxator and Biast historian.

The story of Sonovaan follows his path to greater empathy and perspective after being exposed to the realities of the world on his journey and the value of stories in those he meets. He started off wanting to find the 'correct' history seeing through the elitism of Paxatoran royalty. This attitude shifts: he will stop being snide in his descriptions, and he will annotate more about whether it is right to dismiss or avoid talking about politically uncomfortable truths of his country's past and present.

His uncertainty in his change is shown; it is described that he would annotate amendments in criticism of his home only to cross it out then do that again. But by the end of his journey, he goes from wanting to "expose false accounts" to deciding that their veracity is less important than the good they do, and crosses out a section that is critical of another culture's farming

In conclusion, my response to the question of how history would be historicised in a fictional world is that: what is used to obtain the information will differ, how it is recorded will differ, but the machinations of society will always hope to gain from being the ones to tell the story, but it also presents my belief that the stories of hope will persist and still bring about change.

Reference List

Hutcheon, L. (1989) *Historiographic metafiction parody and the intertextuality of history*, Johns Hopkins University. Available at: <https://utoronto.scholaris.ca/items/aabb474d-57ba-4532-aa5c-c9b38344c589> (Accessed: June 4, 2026).

Klinkowitz, J. (2017) "Metafiction," *Oxford Research Encyclopedia of Literature*. Oxford University Press New York, NY.

Starrs, B. (2014) "Hyperlinking history and illegitimate imagination: The historiographic metafictional E-novel," *M/C*, 17(5). Available at: <https://doi.org/10.5204/mcj.866>.