

The collected notes of Faergil Ammath on The Srinshree

History

The mysterious gold elf, named the Srinshree, but also known as Lady Oluevaera Estelda, Cori Seluutaar (Grand Mage of the High Mages of Cormanthyr), leader of Srinshinnar (and thus her commonly known title), savior of Urlaphon's Survivors, the Wardnorn of the Vault of Ages, tutor of the Armathora, and (her current status) High Court Mage of Myth Drannor.

She was a High Mage capable of unimaginable feats of magic, now never seen on Toril.

Her exact age cannot be established, though it was in -712 DR that she transformed into a Baerlnorn! During her time as a noble Baerlnorn she acted as the Ward Norn of the Vault of Ages and as the Lorenorn for the Armathors and Court Magi.

It is known and proven that one of her homes was among the elves of Urlaphon before it fell to the Drow and the orcs of Vastar in -722 DR, making her among the oldest elves ever to walk Toril. She was also the last matriarchal ruler of Clan Srinshree over the elven settlement of Srinshinnar in the northwestern forest; she is the sole survivor of her clan and among the few who survived the settlement's slaughter by drow during the Shadow Wars, and she led them safely to Cormanthor.

During much of the Coronal Ertargrim's rule, she was a baelnorn, guardian of the Coronal's most precious treasures, and teacher to many of the Court's mages. However, shortly before the Opening, she was inexplicably restored to life and youth (though rumors persist that the Lady of Mysteries, the human goddess Mystra, had a hand in this); within a few mere decades, she stood among the other mythal-casters as a fresh-faced (but still agedly wise) elven maid of only 200 winters! In the year of Scaring Stars DR 261 the Coronal and the Srinshree crowned the new city Myth Drannor and the Mythal was raised.

It was in the years before the Opening of Myth Drannor, that she wrought her greatest magic, said to be within the then great Elven city of Tsornyl, and entrusted to the rulers of that fair city the responsibility of hiding it from evil. For she said, only when all races became enlightened

could it be used without the destruction of all. It was later said that she forever regretted her creation and this perhaps could have been another factor in her disappearance in 666DR and the beginning of the Fall.

For regret it she would. In the Year of Clinging Death 75DR the dark god Moander hurled his forces and creeping evil against Tsornyl and the surrounding woods, twisting elves into corrupt monsters. Was this in an attempt to use the Srinshes creation? And what was it, what single magical creation would tempt a God? The corruption was stopped with great manipulation of the Weave, though it cost of lives of two High Mages. Moander was trapped, within the ruined corrupt city, as was the mysterious creation of Cormanthors oldest and greatest mage.

The disappearance of the Srinshes is one of the many tragedies that lead to the Fall of Myth Drannor.

At the height of Myth Drannor's peace and Prosperity, on the morn of Midsummer, in the Year of the Bloody Tusk 664DR, the great Coronal Ertargrim; the architect of everything that was the city of Song, stepped out onto the balcony of the Rule Tower to greet the dawn, as he had done so for over seven hundred years. Holding the Rulers Blade above his head he dissolved into rosy light and ascended to Arvandor.

His niece and heir Aravae Irithyl proclaimed a city-wide period of mourning for five years. In the Year of Falling Petals 664 DR Aravae Irithyl, the heir of the Coronal, and all of her personal guard were found dead under mysterious circumstances the morning after Cinnaelos' Cor. The Srinshes and the High Court Mages insisted on maintaining the Mourning Days and added the funeral of Aravae to the solemn times while staving off a succession war among the noble Houses.

Finally in the Year of Stern Judgement DR 666 the Claiming Chaos occured.

On Midsummer's Morn of the Year of Stern Judgment 666 DR, the Claiming Ceremony for the Ruler's Blade began. The Srinshes, clad in her usual black, was as the officiator and Center of the High Magic that opened the ceremony, and her words spread throughout the forest of Cormanthor so all could hear:

"The Coronal is dead. Long live the Coronal. If ye wouldst take up this mantle, be ye elf noble or other, attend me. Where the rule began, the rule shall continue for one worthy. All are welcome who believe themselves estimable enough to rule the City of Brotherhood and staid

enough to accept the responsibilities of that rule. Six shall reach for the Ruler's Blade each day, until Myth Drannor and Cormanthyr have a ruler once more."

Forty elves from the ruling houses of Myth Drannor reached for the sword and each of them was consumed and considered unworthy. As tension grew there was near open warfare for the first time in the streets of Myth Drannor. Peace perished and Elf turned on Dwarf and Man equally. The N'Tel' Quess argued that they too should be given the opportunity to be proved worthy of the Blade. The gold elves refused and they battled. The rulers tower exploded in arcane fury at dusk and all inside were destroyed.

The Rulers Blade, the Srinshée, and her High Mages remained.

And so after forty elves, many others and the Rule Tower, and perhaps the heart of Myth Drannor itself are destroyed, the Srinshée stepped in, easily swinging the elfblade free of its perch. As it was brandished before her, the golden light of the blade crystallized around her in a massive diamond-shaped energy field that engulfed and restored the Rule Tower. Finally, with a whirl of magic, she, the magical field, and the weapon disappeared from the world of Elves.

Elénaril Nharimbur, noted elven historian writes

"As the sun set and the stars winked into sight over a torn and divided Myth Drannor, the Srinshée's voice again rang out over all Cormanthyr. This time, however, it sounded heavy with both power and weariness. None who heard her could tear themselves away or shake a chill from their bones upon the hearing of prophecy.

"Peoples, attend me. Look ye upon your works and deign to despair. A great gift was given to ye, and it lies ashambles. A gift given freely is to be treasured, but one scorned and abused is a gift undeserved. Two score have lit the heavens and scored the Weave in their arrogance. Two score have tried to uphold peace and unity but were found wanting of peace and unity in their own hearts. The spurned gift might have allowed one to rise above to truly become Coronal and rule well. Instead, the Coronal's Rule lies ruined under my feet. In time, ye shall understand what has been lost. In time, ye shall either forget or learn a lesson of it. I reach for the responsibility, for my slight shoulders can more bear its weight. Carry not I the onus of yore. Should I prove less than worthy, the Claiming shall continue. The gift and ye earn their own

fates thereafter. Should I prove worthy, I would make ye so. Should I prove worthy, I shall give ye hope."

With the word 'hope' lingering in everyone's ears, the Srinshée floated so the Ar'Cor' Kerym elfblade hovered before her, and great hue and cry rose up from all around. The assembled elves who stood firm against N'Tel' Quess now blasted the Ceremony Sphere with their great magic, anxious to halt the usurper from claiming the sword and position they all coveted. Prominent among the twelve attackers were the Archmage of House Maendelbyn and her apprentice-son, made the last heir to his House after the death of three brothers before him. While spells of power unseen in ages battered the Ceremony Sphere, the Srinshée grasped the elfblade's hilt with both hands. . . and lived. The elfblade's golden energy leapt from the blade and infused the Ceremony Sphere with its own colour, and still the rebel elves blasted on with their own magic. The Sphere now fought back, and any spell that contacted it was met by fierce arcs of golden lightning which wrapped about its attackers and crushed their mantles in upon them, their lifeless bodies hanging pitifully amid empty air. Those who stood witness beneath this spectacle swore they saw tears awash on the Srinshée's face, but a tense, silent peace now took hold of those assembled at scarred Castle Cormanthor. A third and final time, the Srinshée cried out to the forest and its folk. The unmistakable magic of her words held all rapt and not a little fearful in their power, volume, and conclusive tone. Only once did her tears choke her, and all began to weep with her.

"I have proven worthy, but . . . Coronal I will not be. I shall not rule from the Throne but from the Heart. Look not for me to rule the realm, people, or Court. Look for me to rule war and hate with peace and love. When the dream truly becomes your own, I shall return. When elf and N'Tel' Quess alike truly accept the gift, I shall return. When Oacenth's Vow is fulfilled in the stars above and below, I shall return. When I am wanted truly, I shall return. When I am needed truly, I shall return. Peoples, attend me. Look ye upon my work and dare to hope"

The golden Ceremony Sphere now pulsed with ancient magic along with the crackling energy of the elfblade the Srinshée now bore. Golden lightning arced between her hands and the blade as she launched it downward into the rubble of the Rule Tower. All assembled gasped as the blade rose as it did in ages past, and the Rule Tower grew anew beneath it! The rubble seemed to leap back into place, mortared by golden energy. In a moment that spanned lifetimes, the Rule Tower stood restored beneath the feet of the Srinshée and the High Mages.

The golden energy now receded upward, leaching itself from the stones to collect in the Sphere, which slowly rose as well. Now, however, the Sphere was elongating into a diamond shape, which

stood near to dwarfing the Rule Tower, and the Srinshée placidly floated at its center, surrounded by the quartet of chanting High Mages. As the magic crystallized and became more a diamond with passing moments, the glow grew brighter, and gold energy flashed about Myth Drannor like no other. The mythal itself reflected the glow and sent its own arcane lightning into the crystal itself. When the chanting of the High Mages reached a crescendo, lightning of all hues, colors, and scents flashed along the outer edges of the mythal and arced along and into the crystal. With a resounding roar of one hundred thunders, the golden Diamond Tower; as it became legend, the Srinshée, her High Mages, and the Ruler's Blade of Cormanthyr disappeared from mortal realms."

This was the end of the Srinshée, yet her legacy continues.

Hope. Hope that she will return to the People when we are ready to accept her. Perhaps then the golden age of Magic will return to the world.

The return did not come during the Fall, for the arrogance of the People brought about the destruction of the greatest city in history. The fragile chains that bound together Myth Drannor were broken so softly and so slowly that none heard the clatter of fallen links until far too late."