

["After a moonlit night three small elven ships were drifting into the nameless sea beyond the eastern shores, over and into molten silver touched by the crimson of a bloodsoaked sunset. They carried a fallen Elf-Queen, one young dwarf but also the brother of the Islander, cleansed and redeemed in the very last moments before his death. People all across the Realms rose from tyranny with merry laughter, the fauns of the Northern Woods once more played their piping flutes, the highland folk dared once more travel with wooden carts to trade with their kinsmen of the west - but while most had lost something and gained so very much, the Islander now had lost everything. And so he came to wander. He wandered for weeks. He wandered for years, always to the south.

Ever to the south..."

Excerpts from "The Islander, First Book" by Elsydeon
Le'erevan ANNO CIXLII A.W.F II]

Une, iü sya nilëa (sleep, for it's late)

Neue nieau ilië oseni 'a (rest, weary of the vowes of day)

Iü sya nilëa (for it's late)

Sieheë c'it aï (tomorrow is closer to me)

Someday you'll see

Forever I'm yours

Once more we'll be

On the Ivory Shores

Urue, n' iü ar nie'lie (wake then, for it's not to late)

Seï r'uhni hinë, (you, have fought enough)

Seï aï'a naraou sinea (you, I have seen in my dream)

Ni hu aï' yë ie ehe nëa (meet me on the other side)

Sieheë c'it aï (tomorrow is closer to me)

Some day you'll see

Forever I'm yours

Once more we'll be

On the Ivory Shores

Ni'ahnë (when it's time)