

The Lezarian Council

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The Lezarian Council

by [Serriya \(Keolah\)](#)

Summary

The races of Lezaria play at politics, and occasionally romance.

Notes

Parts of this story were derived from roleplay logs. It was co-written by Arilyn, who played Sere.

The Council of Nations

Thorn settled into her new position with a fervor she had never experienced before. Immediately, she went about restructuring the entire idea of the council. She scrapped the absurd idea of a 'Council of Races' and replaced it with a 'Council of Nations'. It worked out well, as the new Council of Nations would take twenty-three seats as well, including the head. Some, she figured, would be annoyed at being grouped together geographically, but they would learn to live with it.

Thorn had messages sent out across Lezaria informing the nations of this change and requesting that they send their representatives to Tinemocun within one week, for she was calling an emergency session of the Council. This was rarely done, even in actual emergency situations, but Thorn felt it necessary to establish a firm base and get some of these things out of the way immediately.

She abruptly realized that they had left Aitur's poor Warder back on Hasaris. Mumbling to herself, she asked Sharina to take care of things while she was away and took to flight to head back there. Of course, she could have just asked Valarian to do it, but Thorn much preferred doing things herself rather than relying on others. Besides, she needed a break from the stuffy rooms of Tinemocun after a long day of planning.

Thorn arrived in Tesfin and located the inn Aitur had been slain at, and looked around for the Warder. It hadn't even been a full day yet since this had happened, she realized. Thorn found the Warder brooding around on the balcony where Aitur had been killed. The mess that had been his body was already cleaned up, although a dark stain still lingered on the floor where Aitur had died.

"Ah, there you are," Thorn said, approaching him.

The Warder looked up at her. "You. Maybe you can tell me what's going on here, then."

This would be delicate, Thorn knew, but she could handle it. "Aitur has met with an untimely death," she explained quietly. "I'm in charge now."

"You?" The Warder said neutrally. "What happened? How'd he die?"

"I will explain later, if you wish. Do you wish to come back to Tinemocun?"

The man nodded, and Thorn gestured at him to follow, and they left Tesfin and went back through the Gate. Once on the Lezaria side, Thorn took silver dragon form and had him mount up, and started flying back to Tinemocun. Along the way, she took the opportunity to slowly and delicately convince the man that Aitur was bad and that him being dead was good. He couldn't be a strong enough Warder to resist Speech magic, or else Aitur wouldn't have been able to employ him so readily.

It was evening in Tinemocun when they arrived, and Thorn realized she'd forgotten something else. She didn't have anywhere to sleep. No matter, that would be easily resolved.

Bidding the Warder goodnight, she headed down into the corridors of Tinemocun.

As confusing as the corridor-streets of Tinemocun could be, she had grown used to them during her weeks of spying on Aitur. It only took asking a few people about chambers to be assigned some spare rooms. Thorn thanked them gratefully and headed there to sleep. She was exhausted, not having really slept much the night before, and was asleep within moments.

The next morning, she went to locate Aitur's other cohorts and similarly convince them of the same. It wasn't easy undoing the work of a Speaker who, at his best, had been at least three times stronger than she was now, but speaking discretely and delicately, she led them smoothly from one thing to another until she had managed to almost entirely reverse their opinions. This, she figured, would be good practice for dealing with the Council, who she assumed had been similarly manipulated by Aitur.

Over the next week, the delegates for the new council trickled in. Some of them had never left Tinemocun, although most of them had gone back to their homelands. As she caught them in the hallways, Thorn spoke to each of them in turn, explaining the situation and attempting to determine the amount of influence Aitur had exerted upon them.

By the time the council came into session, Thorn was confident that things would go well. When the bells sounded, she stood before the new council in the council hall. Some of the members here were the same as those that came before, although some were different.

"Welcome to the new Council of Nations of Lezaria," Thorn addressed them. "I thank you all for coming. I know this is highly irregular, however extenuating circumstances require immediate addressing."

The council members shifted uneasily, but remained silent, listening to her.

"As you may already know," Thorn went on, "the former Head of the Council, Aitur Starsinger, has met with an untimely death. Although I've agreed to take over as Acting Head until such time as a new Head is chosen, there were matters which he set into motion which needed to be addressed by the Council itself as a whole."

Several of them, mainly the orc and goblin delegates, nodded in agreement. Thorn glanced momentarily at Sere. His very presence made her uneasy, but she ignored the feeling as best as she could. He had, for some reason, been chosen as the delegate for Dorackelleth, even though he had probably never even actually been there.

"First, as you've seen, I've taken the liberty to restructure the council, finally doing away with the obsolete idea of a Council of Races," Thorn continued. "A council based off geographical location is much more useful and logical, of course. The idea of basing delegation of race is simply absurd. You know why?"

Thorn kindly demonstrated the absurdity of it by changing into a troll, a centaur, an orc, a zephyl, then back to a wood elf. The council stared in awe, suitably impressed.

"Aside from that, it is a well known fact that races tend to interbreed. I see we have a half-elf at the table today." Thorn smiled faintly, nodding to the Hluseenian representative.

"Therefore, it is unreasonable to judge a person on what they were born as, rather than their actions. This is the matter which the council must address today."

The goblin delegate, Yunik, nodded particularly emphatically in regards to that. The elves remained quiet, unable to find an argument to counter her.

"Before that, however, there is one matter that must be taken care of," Thorn told them. "That is the matter of the Council Head. Although it is irregular to elect a new head in the middle of a year, as it is to call the council into emergency session, it is by all means necessary in this case. Therefore I ask that you vote for the person you believe to be capable of doing the job best, be it me or anyone else at this table."

Without hesitation, Yunik and many of the human delegates, as well as the orc, zephyl, and troll, all voted for Thorn. The elves hesitated for a moment, then the rest of the council fell into line and voted for Thorn. Sharina was amazed. She had never seen anyone voted in unanimously without explicitly telling them to do so.

Once they had all voted, Thorn smiled faintly, saying, "Thank you for your votes of confidence. I will do my best to not disappoint you."

Thorn shuffled through the papers on the table, locating several of Aitur's new laws against trolls, orcs, and goblins. These would need a careful, logical repeal.

She pulled out a law about trolls. "This law against trolls eating sentient beings. It's reasonable, of course, but why should it be limited to trolls? And why should it be limited to killing merely for eating? Shouldn't killing any sentient being, except in self-defense, be a crime?"

The council murmured and nodded in agreement. There was little they could say against that idea. It already was in many places anyway. Thorn pulled out a new sheet of paper and wrote down the new law and passed it around for them to sign, which they all did.

Thorn gave a hard look to the elven side of the table. "This includes killing goblins and orcs just because they're there. If they're attacking your village, of course you have every right to kill them, but the goblins have as much right to live as anyone else at this table. I believe the problem is overpopulation in the goblin caves, correct?" Yunik nodded. "Therefore, rather than killing the goblins who come to the surface seeking a new place to live, put them to work. Let them earn their keep, rather than having to raid villages for food."

The elves were a little surprised at the idea, but after a few moments of contemplation, decided it wasn't such a bad idea after all. They could have the goblins do the boring and menial jobs that they didn't want to do. Everything would work out alright in the end.

Thorn proceeded to go down the rest of Aitur's laws and apply pure logic and reason to them, yet still attempting to equate all races with the same rights as every other. The council largely remained silent as she laid down her statements. When the three bells sounded the end of the

day, almost all of the business Thorn had intended to take care of was done, and quite satisfactorily.

As Thorn moved to leave the council hall, the others filing out one by one, she was approached by Yunik, the goblin. He smiled up at her saying, "Lady Thorn, I must thank you. I have never seen an elf so willing to stick up for goblins as you."

Thorn just grinned. "Well, as I made clear at the beginning, I'm not really an elf anyway." She took on goblin form and wiggled a bit. Yunik laughed lightly at the novelty. "Care to get something to eat?" She had found Yunik to be a polite and reasonable person, quite against what one would expect of a goblin.

Yunik grinned. "Sure."

The two of them found a nice restaurant, primarily occupied by elves. The elves looked distastefully toward the two apparent goblins, and Yunik looked a little nervous. He'd never been in such a fancy place before. Goblins weren't normally allowed in here. Thorn had her own plans for the place.

Even though both Yunik and Thorn were well-dressed and perfectly clean, the waiter looked at them as if they were filthy street rats. "Excuse me, but we do not serve goblins in this establishment."

Yunik seemed a little disappointed but unsurprised, but Thorn was calm and straightforward. "Why?" she said calmly.

The waiter screwed up his face, not used to being talked back to by a goblin. "Goblins are lower-class citizens. This is a high-class establishment."

Thorn smiled at him. "Surely you would not deny well-dressed and educated members of the Lezarian Council, simply on happenstance of their birth."

The waiter looked at her oddly, trying to come up with a rebuttal, and failing. "Very well," he sighed. "But any trouble from you two..."

"We wouldn't dream of it," Thorn assured him. "We are civilized people."

A little irritated, the waiter directed them to a table off in a corner, away from most of the elven patrons, and handed them menus.

Yunik, looking over his menu, said quietly, "I didn't think we were going to actually get in here."

Thorn grinned. "I believe a lot of things are going to be changing around here soon."

Election Results

Chapter by [Keolah](#)

The election results slowly rolled in to Tinemocun throughout the day from the outlying nations. Some various unforeseen problems had arisen during the election, but nothing most people were particularly upset about. They had also sent a ballot to Dalizar, including that country as one of the twenty-three seats, with the seat of the Head now gone.

The first results to come in were from Thalarey early that morning, which had supported the song elf Kalixia Talenorn by a landslide margin. Koundir, the zephyr candidate, had received almost no votes at all.

Then came the results from Mithim. Although it was a close race, the song elfen enchanter Oleth Sharzin won out over the gnome Mubli Bolk by a close margin. A few gnomes dared to suggest that he had rigged the ballots in order to get himself elected, but logic dictated that if he had done so, he would have won by more than a few percent.

Taverak had placed an overwhelming support behind the windrider Sharina Kell, who won by a stunning 91%.

The Celevian election resulted in the unsurprising continuation of the snow elf Tetriel Senardes as their delegate. She hadn't really expected any serious contenders, and received none.

The agricultural community of Dorackelleth supported Sere Vidari as their representative without much argument. He ended up receiving a good 63% of their vote, where the smattering of other candidates had mainly received 5-10%.

When the results from Isserb came in, it was discovered that the song elf Terian Doras had won out the wood elf Neresell Dragonblood. Rumor indicates that the people of Isserb were sick of Neresell's haughty, abusive attitude. Regardless of the cause, many were glad that she wouldn't be around to dictate draconic rights at the Council anymore.

The red elfen nation of Noraley continued to support their incumbent candidate, Anadrus Firethorn, by the rather wide margin of 69%.

The sparsely populated nation of Dragora yielded another song elf, Viniak Sunblazer, who received the majority of the votes after an unimpressive turnout.

The first major surprise arose when the results from Garateck came in. An obscure dwarven candidate from a small settlement of dwarves had won the election, by the name of Tamgar Roktas. Not a single vote had gone toward a goblin, orc, or troll. The reasons for this strange occurrence were immediately set into investigation.

The mixed nation of Tominia also received interesting results. A snow elf named Arid Elstrin won the election, and again, not a single vote went to the trollish or orcish candidates.

Even stranger results came in from Reezahn, which supported only a smattering of elven candidates in the eastern region of Tregas Valley. Again, not a single vote went to a goblin, orc, or troll, and the song elf Lari Chelmar won by a small margin.

The last ballot from the northern continent came in not long after noon, from Corvar. The song elf Saervas Tokandomar had maintained his seat there.

Results from Kalor started trickling in by this point, first from Dalizar. The dark-haired Windrider Felicia Terrace had received the support of 31% of the nation, enough to unimpressively win out the other candidates.

The island nation of Unar fell to the mermaid candidate, Viltharia, by a margin of 42%. Many of the humans were a little surprised by this result, but as it turned out their votes had been split among six different human candidates, allowing Viltharia the majority she needed.

Hannaderres again supported the tepper woman from Port Fins, Angelita Castrani, by 55%. It was a close race, as the song elf Kirdan Tatal had received a good 43%.

The ballot from the dwarven islands of Domgad-Festig indicated a continued support for the dwarf, Dorgan Reese. The palistelli had not even bothered to put forth a candidate.

Another bit of surprise arrived from Albrynnia, who had voted in the half-elf Rinnie Thrack rather than any of their previous delegates. Although Jangar the centaur had run, he received less than 1% of the votes. The minotaurs and wild elves of Albrynnia had not even bothered to send in a candidate.

The results from Doralis and Hlaya arrived at around the same time in mid-afternoon. Both continued to support their previous delegates, the humans Dosanan Dirak and Hlanon Ylemor, respectively.

From Rascalanse, the auburn-haired wood elf Kaylari Kedaire had won over the human candidate, Avari Kester, by a margin of 52% to 38%. Rumor has it that the elven woman's claim at a distant relation to the great Keolah bought her the votes.

Late that afternoon, results came in from the Sunrise Islands and Hluseenia, who continued to support the islander human Akira Yuni and the blond half-elf Shinir Caldene respectively.

The results from Flyland didn't arrive till late that evening, and for good reason, as they were quite close. The late human Sabmud Diputs had a brother in politics, by the name of Norom Diputs, who had received 24% of the vote. The half-elf Silvia Dormar who Thorn had put in place as their temporary representative had received only 23% of the votes. A handful of other humans had received varying votes from 4% to 8%. But the election finally went to a charismatic young song elven woman named Brin Cadby, by a slim 28%.

Many of the new delegates had already arrived, but some of them still needed to be notified of their victory, so messengers were sent out to contact them and bring them in to start the Council.

Meanwhile, Oleth discovered what had gone wrong in Tominia, Garateck, and Reezahn by late that night. As it turned out, goblins, orcs, and trolls were considered 'animals' by the ballots, and weren't allowed to vote. Oddly, the same had resulted from zephyli and centaurs, as well. Oleth was quite puzzled by this, as this was not an effect he had intended, although he wasn't particularly displeased. However, it wasn't up to him to decide what to tell those nations, whether to hide the actual results and just tell them who won, it was up to the Acting Head, Sere. Overall, however, he was pleased with how the elections had worked out.

The new Council of Nations of Lezaria now consisted of two half-elves, two snow elves, nine song elves, two wood elves, one red elf, two dwarves, one tepper, three humans, and one mermaid.

The first order of business the new Council would need to settle would be electing the new Head of the Council, and then deciding how often they would meet in the future, and how often elections would take place.

1. Albrynnia: Rinnie Thrack (song half-elf)
2. Celevia: Tetriel Senardes (snow elf)
3. Corvar: Saervas Tokandomar (song elf)
4. Dalizar: Felicia Terace (Windrider wood elf)
5. Domgad-Festig: Dorgan Reese (dwarf)
6. Dorackelleth: Sere Vidari (pattern song elf)
7. Doralis: Dosanan Dirak (Doralisian human)
8. Dragora: Viniak Sunblazer (song elf)
9. Flyland: Brin Cadby (song elf)
10. Gareteck: Tamgar Roktas (dwarf)
11. Hannaderres: Angelita Castrani (tepper human)
12. Hlaya: Hlanan Ylemor (Hlayan human)
13. Hluseenia: Shinir Caldene (wood half-elf)
14. Isserb: Terian Doras (song elf)
15. Mithim: Oleth Sharzin (song elf)
16. Noraley: Anadrus Firethorn (red elf)
17. Rascalanse: Kaylari Kedaire (wood elf)
18. Reezahn: Lari Chelmar (song elf)
19. Sunrise Islands: Akira Yuni (Islander human)
20. Taverak: Sharina Kell (Windrider song elf)
21. Thalarey: Kalixia Talenorn (song elf)
22. Tominia: Arid Elstrin (snow elf)
23. Unar: Viltharia (mer-elf)

The Arrival of Brin Cadby

Chapter by [Keolah](#)

Sere was happy about how the elections turned out. Very happy. Sharina was glad she received so much support, although she did wonder about the odd results from Reezahn, Garateck, and Tominia. Oleth wisely chose to inform only Sere of his findings, for the moment. Sere was pleased that none of the uncivilized races made it, and *very* happy that elves were the best represented by far. Sere told Oleth that he didn't want him to tell anyone else, and that he didn't intend to make numbers known, so those races wouldn't suspect.

As messengers were sent out during the night, the new representatives began arriving in Tinemocun. Some of them seemed very surprised to have won, while others thought it was a sure thing and were already there. Sere would need to see to it that a council head is elected. This time, it'd damn well better be him.

Brin Cadby turned up, looking rather tired and surprised. "I won? I really won?"

Sere smiled at her invitingly. "Of course you did, you're an elf!" She was, in fact, a very pretty young song elf with blond hair and amber eyes.

"Well I was going up against a bunch of stupid humans. Although that stunt Norom pulled didn't really help his votes any."

Brin said, "He decided to try to juggle flaming torches in order to display his competence. If that Frost Mage hadn't been there, we'd have been short one idiot. Pity."

Sere grinned. "I like your way of thinking, dear."

Brin chuckled softly. "So when's the council supposed to open?"

"Soon. Soon. More need to arrive first. Though it seems the best already have." Most of the elves are present.

Brin nodded. "Everyone should be here by tomorrow, really. I should probably get some sleep, myself, anyway. I've been all over Flyland today campaigning."

"There are some spare rooms upstairs, if you wish."

"Thank you," Brin bowed to her slightly and headed upstairs. He jogged up the stairs after her. Brin noticed him following and grins at him. "My name's Brin Cadby if you didn't catch. What's yours?"

"Sere Vidari."

"You're a delegate too?"

"Yes."

"Where of?"

"Dorackelleth."

"Really. What's it like there?"

"Farms," he said simply.

Oddly, although Brin had never met Sere before, but didn't seem in the least bit uneasy around him. "You don't seem the farmer type to me."

"I'm not actually from there. I just represent them."

"Ah, I see. Where are you from, then?"

"Elsewhere," Sere said vaguely.

Brin reached the top of the stairs and started to look around for a vacancy. Sere took her hand to show her to one he knew to be empty. One near his, actually. Well, most people didn't like being near him.

"Are you sure this is okay? These are so much nicer than my rooms in Flyland..."

"The council is the best of the world, chosen by our own people. We deserve luxury. Us especially."

Brin said dryly, "Flyland isn't much a place for luxury. Particularly for elves."

"Perhaps, with this new elected council, we can change that."

"That's why I decided to run. The Flylish Elven Rights campaign alone wasn't doing much good."

"What's that? It sounds intriguing."

"Something I started some months ago, in response to... unfair treatment by the Flylish humans." Brin looked around the room, peering out the window at the night air.

Sere winced. "That's terrible."

"And let me tell you," she said, "Flylish humans are *idiots*. There's no point in trying to reason with them. They don't listen."

"Perhaps they should not have power in their region."

"And now, they don't," Brin grinned. "Maybe if they all incinerated themselves pulling stupid stunts like Norom almost did... It'll be a fine trick keeping that spot, though. I'm still not sure how I managed it this time."

"Mmm. I think elections will be few and far between. They have, after all, already chosen."

"Heh, yeah, make them for life or something. Then if the people really don't like their delegate they can kill them." She almost seemed serious, too.

"That's actually... a good idea."

"It'd also rather discourage the delegates from doing anything too stupid, too."

"You know, that's a fantastic proposition to make," Sere told her.

Brin grinned wearily. "I need sleep. I tend to spout random insane things while tired like this."

"Aww, you're doing so well." He smiled at her.

Brin laughed lightly. "Really."

Sere smiled at her. "I think we'll convene tomorrow yes."

Brin nodded. "I'll be sure to be well-rested for it. Hope I don't oversleep..."

He smiled. "I'm sure you won't miss it."

"If you say so," she chuckled, and headed off to sleep.

Sere left courteously. He hoped the rest of them at that agreeable.

A New Direction

Chapter by [Keolah](#)

Sere decided it's about time to convene the council. Everyone had arrived at some point that night or morning. However they get there, they ended up there. Sere called for them all to sit. They sat down around the council table. Nobody immediately started bickering.

"I'm pleased to see you all on the new council," Sere said. "The election system which I have implemented seems to work well, and you all now represent your people, by their will alone."

Yes. They were elected, he got them here, he'd hold claim to responsibility. Several of them nodded happily.

"Three matters face us to decide today, at the very least, and they are fundamental to our function."

The council members listened intently.

"How often will we meet? How often must we hold elections? And, of course, the always-controversial decision: who will be our Head?"

They began to murmur among themselves.

"The floor is open to *orderly* suggestions and discussion on any of these topics.'

Someone said, "We should first vote on who will be the Head."

"That's acceptable," Sere said. "Who wishes to take on the responsibility?"

A couple random members vote for themselves.

"I also would like to present myself as a candidate," Sere stated. "And vote for myself."

"I should be Head," one man said. Another said, "No, it should be me." They started arguing.

"You will be Head only by the will of those here," Sere said calmly. "If they think your bickering is irritating, I doubt they'll cast their vote in your direction."

Sharina cleared her throat, "I vote for Sere."

The two of them look rather embarrassed and sit down. They could *all* vote for themselves, and he'd still win, now. Brin also promptly voted for Sere. As did Oleth and several of the other song elves.

"Will everyone please cast their votes for a full count?" Sere requested. He smiled at Brin.

There was some more quiet murmuring and bickering, and when all the votes are tallied, nobody else ended up with more than 2 votes. Sere smiled at the end of it.

"Very well. I will accept the responsibility of acting as Head of our council. Which should bring in the next matter: how often will we elect? How often will the regions elect their representatives, and how often will we change or reaffirm our Head? Again, your suggestions and discussion are welcome."

One man suggested for elections to be yearly. Brin suggested that they be held only when a council member retired or died.

"Elections are hard to run," Sere reminded them. "Expensive, too."

Oleth didn't bother to contradict him.

"Every three years, then," another suggested. A couple others agreed with Brin's sentiment.

"Well," Sere said. "What could occur that we would *need* to hold elections again so soon?"

There was a pause, before one said, "Delegates dying?"

"Yes. Anything else?"

Sharina commented, "That happens much more often than every 3 years," in a rather dry tone. Yes, it was to the point where being on the Council, particularly being its head, was signing your own death warrant.

"Yes," Sere agreed. "I think death is a good enough reason to hold elections again."

"And, of course, people not wanting to be a delegate anymore," Sharina added.

"Is that acceptable?" Sere asked.

Several of them grumbled, but most of them nodded in agreement.

"How often should we meet?" Sere asked.

"What's wrong with once a year?"

"Issues come up in the time between," Sere pointed out.

They murmured among themselves for a bit. "That's true," one said quietly, "But really the question is what role of importance the council plays in the future of Lezaria."

"What do you think it should?" Sere asked him.

Another added, "Although we were elected by our nations we aren't really those nations' leaders in most cases."

Then someone else protested, "Of course we are!" and began to argue very stupidly on why.

Sere snickered.

"Alright, listen," the first man said. "If we were to meet, say, four times a year, regardless of other circumstances, we'd not be taking a very active roll in the situations of our nations. However, if we met, say, once a week, we'd end up taking a *very* active role and would, of course, need to be listened to, regardless of who the legitimate leaders of the nations happen to be."

Sere was impressed by his sort of well-thought-out speech. "We do need to be listened to," he agreed quietly.

"Most of the time," Angelita said flatly, "people tend to outwardly agree with the Council's rulings, then do whatever they want anyway."

"Suggestions to change this?" Sere asked.

"The council's only power is whatever granted to it by the citizens and leaders of the nations of Lezaria," Sharina said.

"They elected us all to be here," Sere pointed out. "They want us here. We need to make them recognize our power."

There were some murmurings. "Surely they must realize that the Council is only beneficial toward them, and its rulings for the good of all of Lezaria."

"If they do not want you to represent them here, they do not need to vote for anyone at all, and then they would have no representative," Sere said. "But I doubt they'd want that. We are objective, for the good and prosperity of all. They would know that. We need the power to do our job!" Sere spoke passionately.

The council members shifted for a moment, then one said, "Doesn't Tinemocun have an army?"

"Tinemocun formed an army at former Council Head Aitur's order several months ago," Sere said. "We don't want to take over the world by force. We want peace."

"No, I didn't mean like that. I meant, as a ... police force."

"Yes," Sere said.

"There's no point in making laws without any way to enforce them."

"Agreed."

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