



MAHRUDIN



the myths
AND
LEGENDS



Mahrudin – Myths and Legends

'Mahrudin' narrates a tale of new territories, growth, prosperity, peaceful coexistence, natural forces, resilience against adversity, and the struggle against evil. The musical compositions were influenced by the ideas behind the tales, as much as the tales were influenced by the music.

Whilst the listener can use their own imagination, the narrative that accompanies each track gives the listener a sense of where 'my' creative imagination helped to develop this work.

Enjoy the music.....enjoy the myths and legends.

A New Beginning

Long, long ago, in the distance mists of time, as the continental tectonic plates shifted and collided, an island rose from the cold northern waters. Over millennia it formed, and re-formed, spawning many forms of life upon it, animal, vegetable and other almost human like figures of various shapes and sizes. The island was frequently ravaged by earthquakes and volcanos, as its deep energy fought to the surface.



Eventually, the land settled and found its place in the world. There came a time, in the not-too-distant past, when it was discovered and populated by a small group of explorers from other lands further south, Celtic lands where war and famine had forced the people away. Those new arrivals on the island, were peaceful hard-working folk, and they brought with them their Gaelic-like language, their kilts, and their wonderful Celtic musical instruments. They learned very quickly that the island, while being a beautiful place to be, was constantly ravaged by natural thermal and seismic powers. They would find also that supernatural forces were at play, some that were evil and dangerous and many others that were delightful and that would play a major part in their survival. They quickly set about to provide food and shelter for their families, under a sky that never seemed to dim, and they were unaware of the long, freezing and dark winters that were to come.

As the first settlement grew, and the boundaries extended, the islanders needed to maintain peace and regain the order they once knew. They elected a leader to guide them in the new adventures and to help support harmony. Their new leader, who was once a great warrior on the shores of the southern lands, was known as Evad. Evad was also a great musician and often entertained the settlers around the campfire playing wistful tunes on his mandolin. The islanders also established a name for this new land....it was to be known as Mahrudin, and the first village where the ‘Mahrudins’ settled was called Keltholm, a delightful harbour village on the southeast coast.

All the while, the islanders and any other visitors, were being carefully watched by an indigenous colony of elves, the “Nottlerach”, who had never been seen, but were known to exist in the mountains. The Nottlerach Elves were the ‘guardians of the land’ and using magical powers, could call upon great beasts from nature, and stir the bowels of the island to cause great fire and fury. They would prove to be an ally to the islanders, as they would always protect those who tended their fragile land, who cared for the wildlife, and the future existence of Mahrudin.

The Power and the Glory

The sun rises without setting. The day is long and Mahrudin is bathed in glorious light. She stretches her back as the light grows brighter and the ground beneath rumbles, trembles, settles back down. Each day is a day to be enjoyed, but also to be resilient and on guard, as the ground moves, rising and falling, and occasional flames show their deadly faces.



There is a dark beauty to this place, which is interspersed with highlights of magical and fascinating features such as the ‘Hot pools of Murdlem’ and the magnificent power of the giant waterfall “Altowoder”. The island is blessed with thousands of small and medium waterfalls, streams and rivers of crystal-clear ice-cold water that run down from the Smorg Mountains in the north, and geysers that erupt their scalding water at timely intervals, heated by the immense thermal energy below the surface. There is Power and there is Glory.

The Fields of Keltholm

To the southwest, lying in the narrow valley of Greenplae, a small wooden house is home to Yrrek, and her husband Purretto. Like many other Mahrudins, they tend the land around them growing food for the table and caring for several animals. They are a highly industrious pair and during the autumn they seek out the rare Purple Siggah, a sheep-like animal that grows very strong purple wool which Yrrek shears from the friendly animal then spins the wool into strong threads. Purretto gathers clothing from those that have passed on, and the material is taken apart, cleaned and readied to be remade into working garments for other settlers around the island. Yrrek also designs and makes beautiful cloaks and gowns, shirts, jackets and trousers, hats and gloves, all stitched expertly together with the wonderful silky and strong threads gathered from the Purple Siggah. These ‘special’ clothes are only for the Nottlerach Elves who gratefully but secretly collect them from the barn, in the dead of night.



Wild Horses

The islanders brought with them many animals from their Celtic homelands including a small herd of beautiful horses. On arrival some of the horses escaped into the wilderness and over the years, the Mahrudin “herds” grew, and many hundreds of wild horses could be seen in the highlands, close to the Smorg Mountain ranges. When winter fell and temperatures became unbearable, the herds would set off on a thunderous gallop down the mountain slopes, through the valleys and across the plains towards the southern forests. Here they would shelter from the cold, to feed and to breed, awaiting the spring and their return to the highlands.



For many generations, the Mahrudins lived a peaceful life on their wonderful island. Despite the freezing winters, and the seismic natural dangers they encountered almost every day, they survived well, and created a wonderful paradise envied by other friendly folk, who

occasionally visited the island. However, as time wore on, the peace of the island was broken for the first time, when a small band of warriors arrived further up the coast. Wearing horned helmets and carrying spears, bows and arrows, iron swords and shields they formed a fearsome prospect.

They had arrived on the eastern coastline sailing from the Norse lands across the Northern Seas. They made camp and frequently wandered into the island interior seeking food and fresh water, and anything else that may support their survival. Over time, their numbers swelled, and their camp expanded into a small town, their stronghold, which they named Vikholm.

Led by the fierce fighter Nala the Wideneck, they wandered across the island terrorising the Mahrudins, wherever they could be found. They murdered, pillaged, and burnt whole villages, without conscience.

The Mahrudins, striving for survival, made an uneasy peace with the raiders by becoming subservient and somehow appeared to tolerate their evilness. The raiders took many of the women as slaves, who observed their orders, their wishes and desires, to simply stay alive. The men were put to work, mending ships, building houses, fetching and carrying, and any other menial task that helped the often lazy and drunken raiders. But the Mahrudins were patient, they remained reserved, and in the mind of every man, woman and child there was a deep and growing rage. Whilst being a peace-loving people, the ability to fight was in their very DNA and the long dormant characteristics of the Celtic warrior was beginning to awaken.

The Witch of Vikholm

The raiders were uncouth, and often got into drunken fights with each other, mainly over the womenfolk. Vikholm became a playground for the men and in between raids they could vent their emotions on the weaker individuals. All the while, high above the town, looking out from her single bell tower, Thebzella watched closely. As a child she had been picked out by an evil raider and was treated in an unspeakable way. When he was done with her, he took a flame to her face and scarred her so badly she could not be seen in public again. She fled to the hills and found the



lonely bell tower, where she could hide and live out her life. She was tormented by her terrible ordeal and night after lonely night, she would ring the bell and call upon the dark powers to give her the means to gain revenge. As she grew and became a young woman, her dark skills developed, and she became known as the Witch of Vikholm. She had developed into an evil, desperate soul. The scarring was terrible, and she was indeed a very ugly creature. She vowed to wreak revenge on every and any man, friend or foe, and whenever the bell could be heard on the wind, a great fear would ripple across the land.

At the height of festivities in the town, Thebzella would brew a special potion that would transform her into a beautiful, stunning Viking-like woman, for a short period of time. On arrival in the town and using her beauty, she would lure the biggest and bravest into her grip, and at their most vulnerable moment, offer them a wonderful love potion. However, this apparently wonderful potion would result in a horrible and prolonged death. She would then return to her bell tower, and the ugliness would return. With her horribly deformed hands, she would ring the bell loudly to announce her latest foray into the town had been successful. While she laughed and cackled, the people below would frantically search for their husband, father, brother, cousin, or friend, someone.... who may have become a victim.

On one such visit, Thebzella lured a great warrior, who unbeknown to her, was also a creature of the dark world. He tricked her into consuming her own potion, and she returned to her tower to suffer the same fate as the many before her. Her wretched screams could be heard through the valleys, the towns and villages for many nights as she writhed in pain and withered towards an insufferable death.

The islanders and raiders, learned of the death of Thebzella, and rejoiced knowing that the evil witch was gone forever, and the menfolk were now safe from her clutches. However, at certain times, when the air was still and silence befell the land, a distant bell could be heard ringing out....

The Battle

The Nottlerach, watching as ever, but never seen, sensed the raiders were building their forces and gathering pace to launch a huge attack on Keltholm. The Elves left clues with the islanders, warning them of the impending danger.



Given the advanced warning, the Mahrudins prepared as well as they could by forging primitive swords and shields, bows and arrows, and trained hard to regain their combative skills. On the day of the battle, the Nottlerach sounded their mountain horn, this was the call to the Mahrudins, the warning that the raiders had gathered in a battle formation, fully armed, ready to take Keltholm and Mahrudin as their own. Heavily outnumbered the islanders gathered their warriors together, and with their primitive weapons, marched from Keltholm to the coastal area, the battlefield, just south of Vikholm to meet, and face the raiders.

The battle was prefixed by the loud thunderous clap and roar of the horned raiders, terrifying to hear, but the spirit of the Celtic warriors had been awakened, and nothing would deter them from the defence of their land.

The battle began. The air was filled with the cries of both sides as they charged towards each other; arrows zipped by heads; the sound of metal on wood cracked through the atmosphere as the sides met. For many hours swords were wielded, arrows flew, spears were thrust, men fell to their death, and blood ran freely across the land. The Nottlerach, watching from their hidden places became very concerned, as the raiders were clearly the stronger force. Could they allow the raiders to obliterate the Mahrudins? The very people who had cared for and nurtured their homeland? Could they allow the raiders to become rulers? Rulers that would ultimately destroy the island. No.

Using their magical powers, they collectively called upon the Great Volcano to breathe his fire again. In a short while, the earth began to tremble and shake. They looked up to the caldera and chanted their sacred lines, the mountain was indeed about to breathe. In a huge explosion a column of dense dark ash spewed out into the sky, followed by the blood red lava from

deep beneath the surface. The magma chamber had been fractured and bright red lava moved swiftly down the mountain side. The remaining warriors stood, as if frozen in time, before retreating at speed, the raiders to the north, the Mahrudins to the south, to safety. The lava flow was directed between the two armies and cut the raiders off at the coast: lava to the south, the sea to the east. They ran back towards Vikholm for safety. The Nottlerach seeing their escape route, used their powers once again, and called upon nature to intervene again.

The raiders began to enter their town, believing they were safe, believing they could recover and fight again. But they were stopped in their tracks, by a sound never heard before, one they could not determine, one that was many times louder than their own ominous war cry, and this was not the moving lava behind them.

To the north of the town, high on a hillside, something else was moving, something charging, racing towards them. They began to recognise the rippling hillside, as a huge herd of horses! The Wild Horses of Mahrudin had been summoned and were in full gallop. The raiders stood transfixed as first one, and then another, and then dozens then hundreds of horses charged through the narrow streets, through the buildings, clearing everything in their path. The raiders had nowhere to hide, they turned and ran back from where they came, but the horses were too fast, and the trampling began. Many perished under the thousands of hooves and those that did escape ran to the sea to board their ships.

Orca – Guardian of the Seas

As they launched into the sea, the ships quickly began to fill with water, and as the vessels slowly sank beneath the waves, the few last remaining raiders could see a giant Orca, a short distance away, surrounded by a large pod of smaller Orca's, gracefully surfacing and diving, surfacing and diving, the wooden remains of longships still within their jaws. The Orcas dived one more time as the last warrior, Nala the Wideneck, met his watery fate.



The battle was won.

The Warrior Returns

Led by Evad, the Mahrudin warriors returned to Keltholm, where they were greeted by the cheering townsfolk. Battle weary and bloodied, they came home to begin the process of recovery from their injuries.



They counted the survivors and ordered the recovery of those that had perished. Burials took place with ceremonies to honour their bravery. Following the final burial, a pure white stallion was seen standing on the now solid but still warm lava field. He reared up as if to acknowledge the people, the victory, the peace that was to once again befall the island. In the background, the Great Volcano smouldered, and a small ring of smoke puffed out of the caldera.

The Calling of the Elves – A Celebration

The Mountain Horn was heard once again, a different tune that drew the Elves. The sound of pipes and drums could be heard through the valleys high in the mountains as the elves were being called to a great celebration.



They gathered once again, to celebrate the victory in style, and rejoiced with food and drink, music, singing and dancing around fires. The islanders had fought bravely to save this precious place, and the elves played their part with magical intensity. A new and unbreakable bond had been forged, and this was a huge day in the history of Mahrudin.

Aurora – Goddess of Light

As the autumn arrived and daylight became less, Aurora - the Goddess of Light became a great comfort to the Mahrudins.

As each day became shorter and the darkness of winter became longer, Aurora would appear in the dark skies, displaying her wonderful cloak of multiple swirling colour, a display beyond belief, a display that was different each night, and one that seemed to speak to the islanders as it brought a calmness, a sense of security, a sense of hope and belonging.



Aurora was a sign that light will always prevail over darkness, good always prevails over evil, love will always prevail over hate, and nature is the one and only great survivor.