

Erythnul

God:	Fanaticism and Erratic Behavior
Pantheon:	Chaos
Symbol:	A blood chapel or a blood-stained spear tip

A god whose origins date back to the end of the Third Age.

As he came into being after Živa's division and is therefore considered one of her children.

Chaos and battle are obligations of Erythnul's worshippers. In all the countless forms of terror and suffering that war creates, there exists a strange kind of unity. This is part of the reason why Erythnul is called the Legion. Battle is a test of merit and strength, and life and death by the sword are the definition of a good life. Many of Erythnul's worshippers believe that blood spilled in battle feeds their god, increasing his madness and bloodlust. Certain followers believe that civilians and weak opponents are meaningless and that killing them neither satisfies their god nor proves one's worth; killing those unworthy of a warrior's death even angers Erythnul. More chaotic worshippers, who are far more common, disagree, believing that every massacre is a sacrament. The dying screams of the innocent are music to Erythnul's ears—church hymns upon the battlefield.

Erythnul has a long-standing rivalry with Hextor, as Hextor stole Erythnul's domain of war. How one god can steal a place within another god's pantheon is not known. On the other hand, he has an ancient alliance with Bane. Many beings worship both gods, especially since Erythnul left the pantheon.

Long red hair tangled into dreadlocks, growing almost halfway down his back, hangs over his hunched body covered in short orange-, brown-, and black-colored fur. His arms, which due to his hunched posture hang just above the ground, resemble the claws of a wild beast more than hands. The claws on both his hands and feet resemble those of a badger. His head is shaped like that of a wild dog, with enormous fangs protruding over the lower jaw. His voice is extremely unstable, jumping from high pitches to very deep tones within a single sentence. He often sits cross-legged on a stone circle in the middle of a cornfield, with a tray of food and pitchers of wine that are eternally full thanks to numerous goblins who stand beside him and look even smaller by comparison.

This god is rarely mentioned in human mythology. However, in other cultures—mostly those of goblinoid origin—he is spoken of as a savior of life. His influence has spread to gnollish, orcish, trollish, and other similar cultures. The only thing mentioned about him in human culture is that he is a thief, a leader of fanatical groups with furious ideas about the world who are willing to die for their beliefs.

Erythnul's priests wear rust-colored clothing. On ceremonial occasions they wear white robes so that bloodstains can be seen more clearly upon them. They wear stylized masks symbolizing the many aspects of Erythnul. In civilized areas they may incite rebellion and unrest, while in the wilderness they often lead bands of raiders. Priests of Erythnul receive most of their training in large fortress-temples in the wilds. Elder priests attempt to frighten potential initiates into giving up; those who endure many trials are accepted into the priesthood. The ranks of Erythnul's clergy, from lowest to highest, are: Pillager, Abductor, Conqueror, and Incarnation.

One frequently mentioned tale is that of the goblin XarXarKuS, who, by spinning a massive steel ball around himself, slaughtered over thirty guards in order to steal sealed beans. Not to feed his family, but because his clan had run out of food during a battle over food supplies. To this day, he is celebrated as a legend within his clan.

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