

FORGOTTEN TALES AND LOST LEGENDS OF OSTROCO



PAUL OSTROVERHY

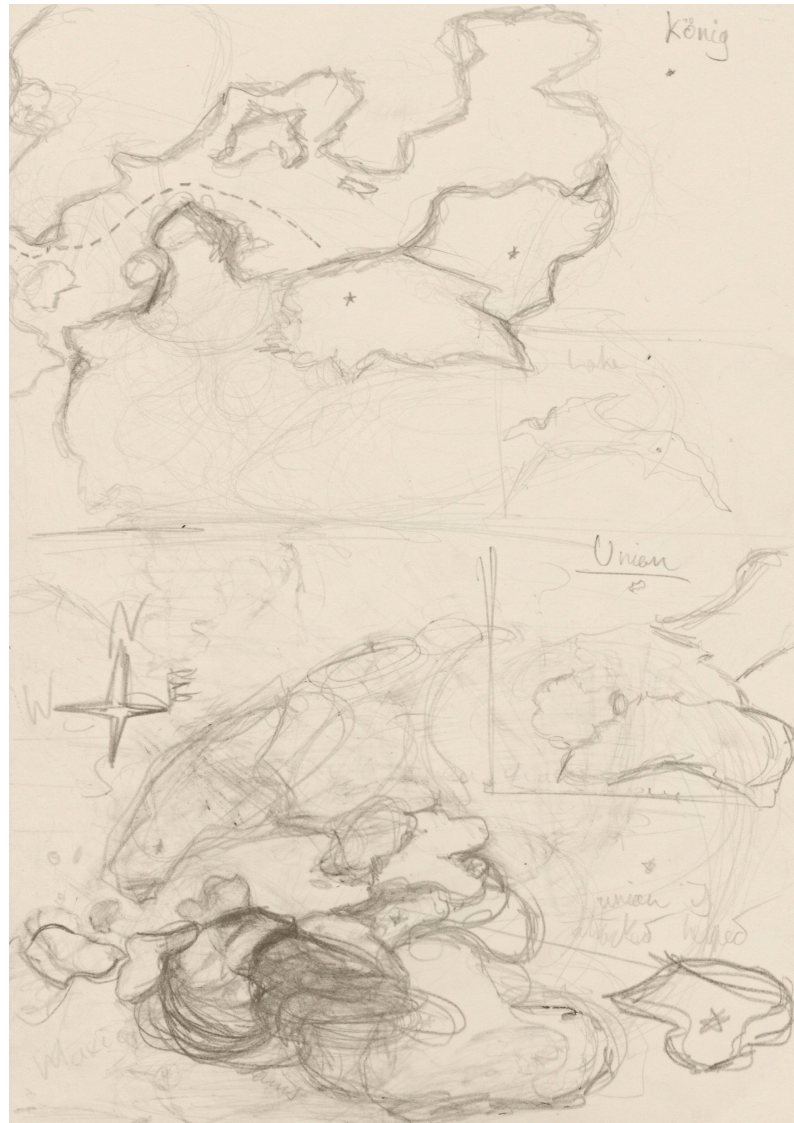
**“Furczich niemczich, aandraszafen,
Moszfuntaic Isztineichen!”
4th Herczog czu Ronich**

**“One would only reach one’s goal,
through one’s brotherhood”
4th Duke of Ronich**



A NEW LAND

OSTROCO



In an age when the Ostrokians had forgotten who they were, our lands had been struck with the most derisive and abject evil that the darkest of dark forces could have ever conceived. Our noble and prosperous land of Ostroco, the sacred Kingdom, heir to Takolodar's wisdom and the Golden Deer's greatness, has fallen prey to the vilest and darkest of evils.

The Baladuns of Urudaii have plagued the land with wickedness. The shape-shifting forces of evil have sought to destroy every last, remaining thing in Ostroco that represents beauty, truth and goodness. Our warriors have fallen before the hordes of sorcery. Diseases have spread like wildfire, and the people are dying by the thousands. Half-burnt, tormented figures rise from the ashes of destruction, screaming and writhing in never-ceasing pain.

All hope has been lost. The spirits of nature have fled. All towns have been razed to the ground, and our shamans have had their beards cut, our temples have had their sanctity destroyed, and all those who opposed the hordes of Urudaii have had their heads cut, or else sold into slavery.

In a temple tucked away in the mountains, the remaining few, resistant warriors have sought the scrolls of the past. These few warriors are the last hope for our people's salvation. Whereas Ürugandür, chief of Ürudaii's Baladuns, has nearly taken control of everything, we, as the last bastion of Ostroco, have unearthed the scrolls of the past.

These tales of old, long lost legends of Ostrokian glory, have brought back hope, and before the end comes, we have entrusted the remaining few to spread the word of our once prosperous Kingdom. Until then, the last of the Ostrokians shall wield their sabres, descend from the mountains and shout the battle cry of old. They shall then meet the forces of evil for the last battle of Ostroco, as was destined by the prophecies of old.

Blessed, remembered and victorious they shall be. Ostroco shall rise out of the ashes once more, and until then, we have decided to let the world know and learn and read of the forgotten tales and long lost legends of Ostroco. Iridaii umbadaror altumsturaii!





The Glumphoshaak!

*Shingeous was the Jingajack
And anfractuuous was the jwainy-swine!
Ho! Beneath malachite Ojingoshaak
Grew the gruvuuous smell of the deathly whine!*

*"Halt! O' noble Oomzorok!
Hast thou not heard of the Glumphoshaak!
Balguous is its glooking head,
And what might is in his bundic thwack!"*

*"Fear not! My will is made O' Geczmann –
I have my sword ready by my hand,
Tonight I'll slain the Glumphous schnaak
And at the morrow I'll have freed the land!"*

*Flamious was the speed he went,
Slushing down the mantis vines,
Ho! What whipping chikojack
Arose in the air of wingo soaics!*

*Knotful were the celadon jundoshwines –
When Shwaak! A noxious tingacle did swicker
Round his ankles fast and
Yanked him, salto to the ground!*

*'Twas so that the monster loomed above:
Drool dripped down from his mordant mouth,
With eyes so pincy tincy tak
On top of the bulbous body of shnaack!*

*The glumph's mouth widened and galped,
Yet the 'Zoroc sliced with a struck of his Sickrik sword,
And avoided the blow with a jump on the twack,
The sword went tingachok pingachak clac!*

*A howl of hleptic pain screamed
Through the shingeous jingajack –
The sword had struck through the Glumphic mouth
And the nefarious schnaak was dead!*

*"O' Gloria, O' noble Oomzorok!
Thy tungashic braviour has honoured us all!"
N'deed did the old Geczmann weep with joy,
As the Oomzorok bade them farewell.*

*Shingeous was the Jingajack,
And anfractuuous was the jwainy-swine!
Ho! Beneath malachite ojingoshaak
Grew the gruvuuous smell of the deathly whine!*

**Paszlő czu Roenich
King's Aröhin II
Royal Architect
31/07/2020**

Chapter III

The Dulundaii Crystal

It was high time for the people out in the mountains to come home. The sun was setting and the darkness was spreading. The shepherds were directing their flock to safety, harvesters of mountain flowers were slowly retracing their route back and hunters were walking back with the thought of shelter in their mind.

One such young man of the mountains was coming home after a long day of work, which consisted of climbing up dangerous places to pick up herbs for medicine. His name was Ürudann, and he was the son of a shepherd who was famous in the valley for healing sheep from sickness.

He was tall, clean-shaven and sported beautiful, brunette hair going down until his neck. His eyes were clear grey like all people in this region and always seemed to carry a wisp of sadness about them. Years of tedious work helping his father with the sheep had made him into a strong lad that knew how to survive alone in the mountains. His love for danger and the unknown had turned him into a skilled mountain climber and so he was helping his father collect herbs from places that required lots of alpinist skills.

He walked for three hours until he spotted his valley, only stopping once to drink some water at a nearby stream, having emptied his round water bottle. It was nestled comfortably between the mountains and had a cascade that went into a large crystal-clear lake. His father's hut could be spotted by the smoke that was coming out of the chimney, clear signs that dinner was being made.

It was high time to be home, because the sun was setting and the sky was turning into a deep crimson hue. Ürudann was wearing a tall fur hat, woven blue-and-white poncho, a buttoned up short caftan, brown trousers and a walking stick, whilst the dagger he had received when he ceased to be a boy was safely tucked around his belt, his most prized possession. But the walking stick, carefully crafted into a strong and resistant stick, also served as a weapon that he was able to wield with much skill. Its end was carved in ancestral writings and had been passed down from generation to generation since what seemed the beginning of time.

The boy, who was still very young on the threshold of his twenties, had accelerated the pace, having pictured the delicious soup that was being cooked by his father. He, along with his twin sister Olaidonna who was currently spending time with her aunt in a valley far away, had lost their mother when they were very young. As such, in memory of her late mother, Ürudann wore a large earring on his left ear as was the custom of the mountain people. He came to the stone hut, and entered with eagerness, ready to eat. The warmth enveloped him and he was happy to be in a safe space for the night. That night, with one of the shepherd dogs by the fire, they ate the soup, discussing their day. The father was also of a strong build, with grey thinning hair yet still vigorous and hardworking.





“My son, your sister will come home soon from the valley. We must welcome her. It has been six months since she went to stay at my sister’s place to master the art of archery. Time has come for us to be reunited.” He spoke slowly, smoking his long, crafted pipe before the fire whilst stroking his long beard with a small smile on his lips.

“I know, father. Olaidanna, my dearest twin sister, must be coming back with sheepskin. I cannot wait to see her again. We’ll be able to play our favourite childhood games.” And with that, with thoughts of family reunion, they went to bed and slept well.

The day came when Olaidanna came back. Summer was gone, and they had entrusted their sheep in a nearby cave, as was the Ostrokian custom, where they would keep the flock of sheep during the whole winter. They put hay all over the whole cave, which was long and formed a shape a little like a boomerang. Like that the sheep were comfortable. They had entrusted the flock of sheep to their two, large dogs, who were guarding the cave attentively.

Both father and son were expecting Olaidanna to come soon. Surprisingly, the sun was at its zenith and it was hot. When they spotted her she was clad in a long brown cloak with a large walking stick, wearing a long dark green and silver caftan, held by a beautiful silver belt. She had a fur hat to keep her head warm, and had the looks of a strong and sporty girl. She was, being twin to Ürudann, the same age of seventeen. She looked robust yet had a slender neck, something that Ostrokians find very important, and had her archery equipment on her.

“Olaidonna! A-hoy! Come, we’re here!” Their booming and excited voices echoed throughout the valley, and three dogs, they had several, went to greet her with Ürudann running behind.

They hugged each other, and the twin sister and brother in arms came back to the grey-bearded father, who was crying in joy of seeing his daughter.

“Ürudann, you’ve grown. Wait till you see me how I aim with my bow and arrow. Our aunt sends us all almond cakes and chestnuts.” She opened her bag and spread the delicacies inside the hut, where they were laughing, a delightful scene to see.

That day they went to one of the sacred mountains, and chanted the ululai cry giving thanks to the spirit Monderaii that lived there for protecting Olaidonna on her journey here.

That night they took a sheep from the flock for it was celebration time. Having done all the procedures, they roasted it and seasoned it with salt and special herbs from the mountains, making a broth. Salty pancakes were also made, which was even more of a delicacy, and everybody ate happily, spending the whole evening talking by the fire to each other. Olaidonna had much to tell.

She was tall, slender and her chestnut-coloured hair was tucked up behind her

head in a traditional braiding pattern, whilst allowing some hair to stay a little on the side and front. Something that the mountain people took great pride in knowing the craft. Both her ears had two, turquoise-coloured earrings and her boots were very pointy. She had a foulard covered around the neck, both out of custom and to keep her protected against the increasingly harsher winter winds.

* * *

Now time came when a blizzard struck the whole valley and the whistling wind rattled the windows of the hut. The sheep were inside the large cave and there was a heavy fog and nothing could be seen. It was crisp and the fresh grass was starting to be covered with the first signs of the coming winter.

One day a terrible blizzard came in and knocked out the whole valley in fear. Twin sister and brother were coming back from a day of climbing and fetching herbs for the sheep, and this took them completely by surprise. Usually both Olaidonna and Ürudann would be able to recognise such change in the weather. This time though, something was not quite right in the air. A feeling of eeriness hung about the blizzard, and the whole valley became dark. The people lay frightened in their huts, and the lake ceased to be still. Snow came in much earlier than expected by what magic one knew not.

The snow blizzard raged on, infuriated for some strange reasons the people in the valley could not comprehend. Everything was covered in snow, and nothing could be seen. The icy wind was whistling hard and there were screeches of strange creatures in the end. Everybody was frightened. They had never seen such strength in a blizzard, a storm to come so soon it lay everything in snow, and the cold settled in harshly without pity. The siblings hurried home and managed to get into the hut safely. Their father was standing there, shaking, and he too had come into the house just a moment ago.

“I’ve put the sheep in safety, further back into the cave. The dogs are with them. I can sense a stench in the air. Some evil force is doing this! Get up in the attic and wait there. Not a word.” The shepherd knew of this danger, and he took out a small bracelet from the temple shrine and prayed for the storm to cease.

They did as they were asked, going up into the ‘attic’ which was very clean and where they slept at night. The hut had only one room and this one. They crouched down, breathing quickly. They could see the room from here through a crack in the wooden floor. Suddenly, the door banged open and the icy wind came rushing in, putting out the fire. It was screeching and out of the blizzard effusive, snowy figures of beasts swelled in size and danced about. Dark magic was at force. A cackling laughter was heard and in swooped the snow blizzard witch.

The witch stood there, in the door, and then stepped inside, closing the door behind her with a nod of the head. She was a frightful figure, for she had the body of a vulture replenished with wings, dark feathers and claws that were so sharp they almost seemed to shine. Her head was that of a human’s, a crooked

nose with two black eyes, yet her ears were those of a fox but the colour of a human. Her lips were bright red and she smiled at the shepherd.

“Who dares say this is dark magic. It is only you insolent fool that dares to insult the mighty and fearsome blizzard witch!” She snorted, and the creature beat her wings with pleasure.

She was much shorter in height due to her vulture body in comparison to the shepherd, but she seemed to fill the room with her wings. She was making the remaining snow that had infiltrated the hut rise and formed two people who danced in glee around the shepherd. He had stayed immobile and was staring at the witch with a calm demeanour, very brave for somebody who could do nothing else but defend himself with a wooden stick against a magical witch.

“I know you have two children,” at this the siblings stared at each other with despairing eyes, “and I wish to make them a little surprise. I know not where they are, but I am too lazy to use more of my magic.” She smacked her lips at the thought of the poor lamb she was thinking of eating.

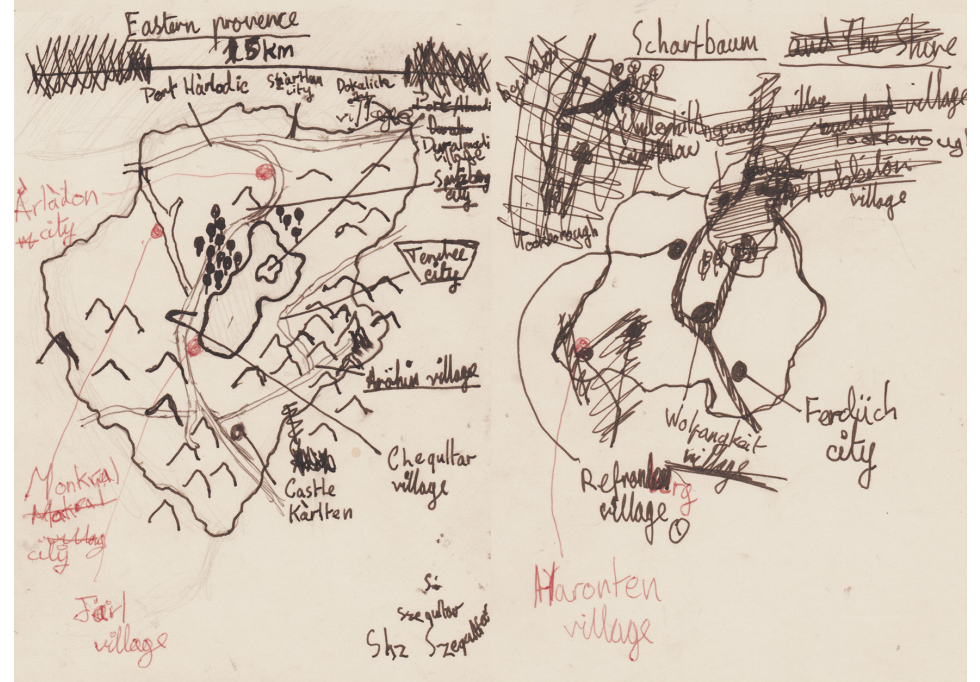
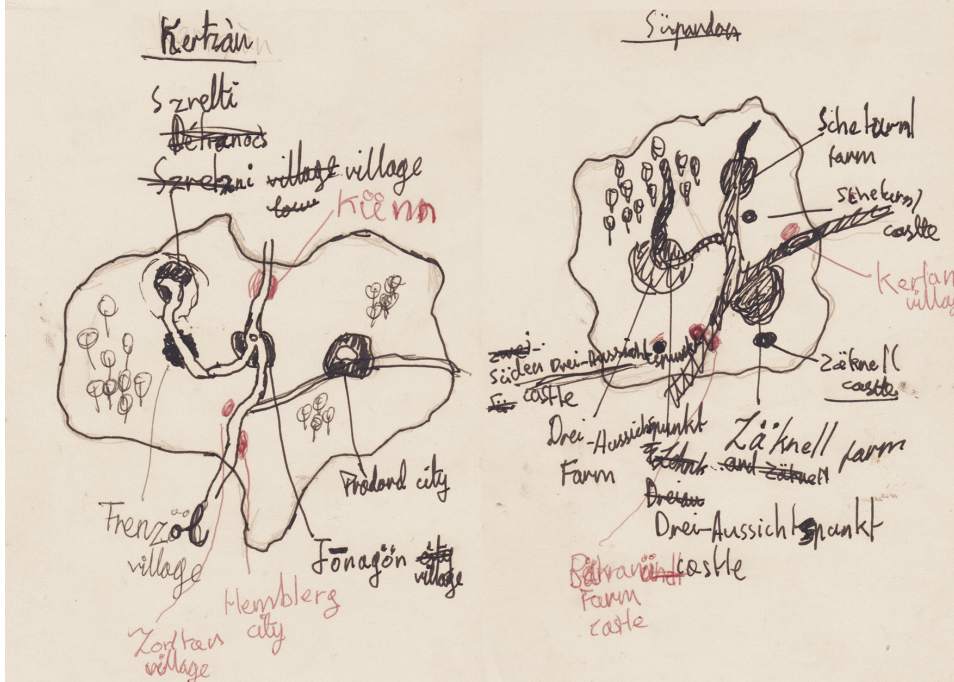
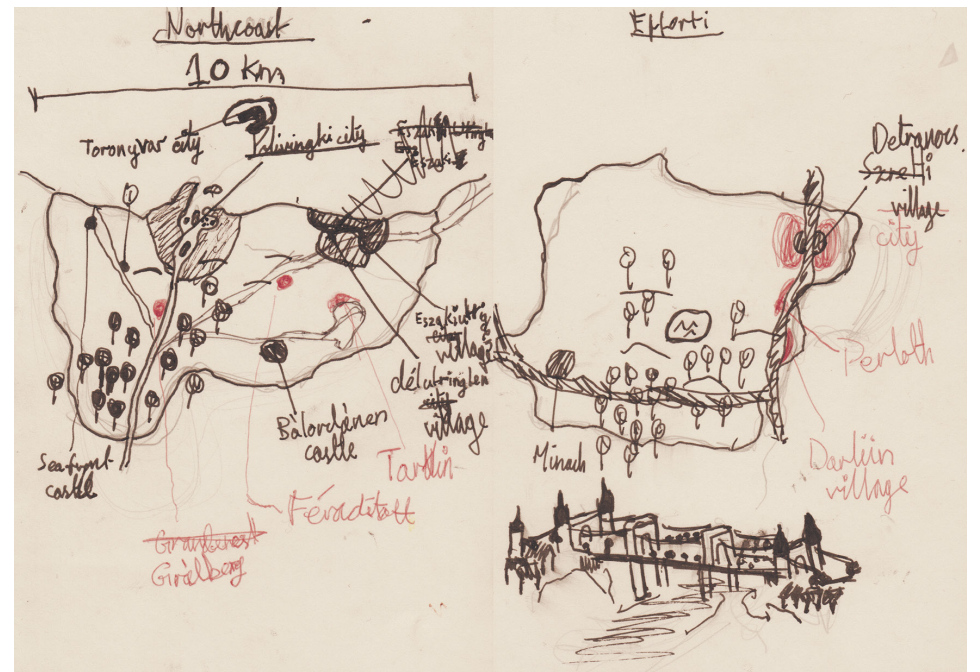
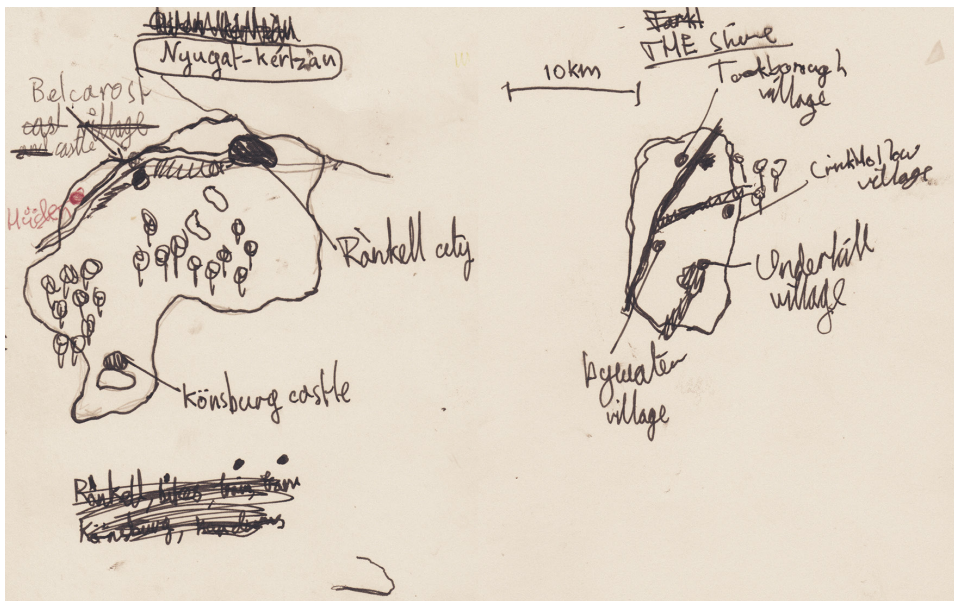
“You insolent creature, you have no right to trespass my hut nor take my sheep. You have bought only evil, and I ask you humbly to do what you like of me, but spare my children.” There was a little crack in his voice, and the witch went to the table unmoved to take a piece of meat she ate enraptured.

“I am a little hungry and in need of some good lamb roast. I will not touch your children, I will be kind. I’ll let them see you slowly transform into a vile beast that sooner or later they will have to either kill or flee. Enough of foolishness, I have no time for this. Take care.” And with that she opened the wings, uttered a shrill cry that resonated throughout the valley, let the remaining snow rise up and envelop the old shepherd and with some unseen force the door banged open and she flew out cackling in laughter.

The children stayed there, and despite being brave the sight of a sorceress so powerful as that of the blizzard witch left them shaken. They could not move, and the air was icy cold. The witch’s stench could still be sensed and the siblings’ father was still covered in snow all over. When they finally summoned their courage and slowly stepped down the stairs, slippery now that the ice covered the steps, fear ran through their heart at what they were about to see. They loved their father dearly, and this was too much to bear. Silent tears streamed down their faces, and as they shivered Olaidonna hesitantly said in a broken voice:

“Father? Father, are you alive?” There was no answer, but then a faint croak was heard from the snow.

They quickly dusted off the snow, and before them was the half-petrified shepherd, blue all over from the snow and the ice. His eyes looked like those that had seen the horrors of hell, they were distant and were unable to be focused. It was as if his soul had left him and only his body remained. Quickly, Ürudann, who knew best out of the two on medicine, quickly went over to boil some water



from the source outside. The shepherd's heart was still beating, there was still time. The young lad prepared the herbs, and having put on a fire again the room was slowly getting heated again. They got out a blessed cup given by a shaman, poured the medicine, and after splashing the shepherd with some sacred water they still had in reserves, and the shepherd sort of came alive, stumbling and coughing. He was weak, and with the potion that had been prepared, they forced him to drink it.

"My beloved son and daughter, I cannot. The witch has gotten me. Leave before it is too late."

"Father no, never. You cannot leave us now, drink this." Half in tears and half in desperation they forced the frozen lips to open and with weak resistance the shepherd finally stopped protesting and drank the hot herb potion.

He came alive and his eyes glistened, but he was still weak. They put out a chair and put him on it, covering him in blankets.

"Olaidonna, you must leave. This curse is irreversible. The only way to heal is the Dulundaii crystal that lies in the impregnable, sacred mountains further east. You must seek it. Ürudann will take care of me, and delay the process, but you have only seven days before I am fully turned into the monster that she wants me to be. She knows not that you are both strong. Hope is slim, but it is the only way." The speech was said over a much longer period, often interrupted by coughs and wheezes, but the first traits of the metamorphosis could be seen: the tip of his fingers were like claws, and the sight made them slightly sick.

* * *

There was no time to fetch help from the people in the valley below, who in any case would not be able to help. The snow left by the witch made everything much too dangerous, and there simply was not enough time. The only choice left was to seek the crystal and return it before seven days had elapsed.

Thus it was agreed. The boy would stay to take care of the father and use special herbs to delay the process, whilst the girl would put on the warrior armour and go out to seek the crystal in the mountain, which would be able to break the witch's curse. The deity Dulundaii inhabited the mountain, for Dulundaii was the mountain itself. The path was dangerous and it was believed that the place was guarded by three brothers, the mightiest warriors of all, reputedly the sons of Dulundaii and a human. They were half-spirit, half-human, feared and revered.

Olaidonna was blessed and under present circumstances was able to put on the warrior dress a few years earlier than expected. She wore boots tightened by interwoven laces. She had trousers, belt, small dagger and over her shirt a silver mail armour, traditional poncho, and the long sheepskin mountain dress that covered everything up to make her look bigger than she actually was. This was very useful for warmth when sleeping at night.

She had all her archery equipment, the walking stick, and a small sac containing shundszaai, a sort of bread-contained-sticky-rice-nutritious-everything, baked from certain mountain edible stones. These serve as rations for warriors who have to stay in the mountains for days on end without any access to other foods or habitation. Finally, her lower face was covered by a soft, silver mail mask as was the custom for all mountain warriors. Her hair was braided into a tighter knot and she wore the pointy metal helmet.

She left the hut and hurried, walking for long hours and having to tread through the snow, guided by the sun, her instinct and the stick which had the power to know the way. She walked the whole day, and when night came she dug a hole in the snow and slept there. Snow had come to all regions in the valley. It was dry but the wind was very strong and seemed to pierce the skin with its frigidity.

On the third day of the trip, still far away from Dulundaii, she came to an unknown valley. The only possible way for her to pass it was through a small path, and she followed it with care, careful not to tread on ice or else she would fall and die. It was there that she encountered a barefoot hermit, standing, motionless, in the middle of the path. She told him of his quest, and not doubting her sincerity he smiled and whistled, bringing over a noble flying beast who came to the path and settled down. The four-legged winged animal talked to the hermit in a strange language and after a few words exchanged, the hermit told Olaidanna that the noble beast was ready to take her to the mountain. The kindness was inestimable.

The hermit told her that the noble beast was willing to come back once more to her aid. She only had to strike an arrow in the direction of the sun and in two hours the noble beast would come. She thanked him for his advice and mounted the noble beast who was waiting for her on the path's edge.

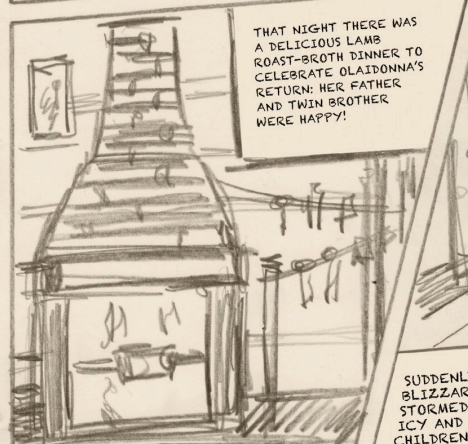
Olaidanna flew with the noble beast over mountains, snow and mists, winning at least another two, three days of walking. On the fourth day she had spotted the mountain in the distance. It was impressive to look at, the tallest and mightiest. Dulundaii has been reached.

The sun was at its zenith. This time it was no longer making anything hot. It was a winter sun, yet the sky was of a forget-me-not-blue colour and there seemed to be an appalling silence for as far as the eye could see. Olaidanna grew quite affectionate of the beast whose rich fur was comfortable to cuddle in. She thought of her brother, who would love to be flying on a magical creature. He must be out of his wits, picking herbs, making special medicine and still seeing their father the shepherd slowly turn into a raging demon.

They circled the mountain and finally the noble beast flew to the top where she put her down, and after an affectionate farewell they parted ways. It disappeared into the horizon whilst she stood there, in her helmet and sheepskin coat, looking at a cave entrance. Olaidonna knelt down and with open hands up into the heavens gave thanks to Dulundaii for having accepted her presence on its mountain. After that ritual was completed, she went into the cave. It was pitch



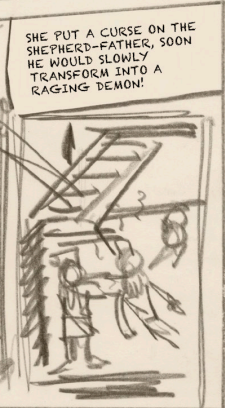
OLAIDONNA
YOU'RE HOME!
WELCOME HOME
DEAREST!



THAT NIGHT THERE WAS
A DELICIOUS LAMB
ROAST-BROTH DINNER TO
CELEBRATE OLADONNA'S
RETURN: HER FATHER
AND TWIN BROTHER
WERE HAPPY!



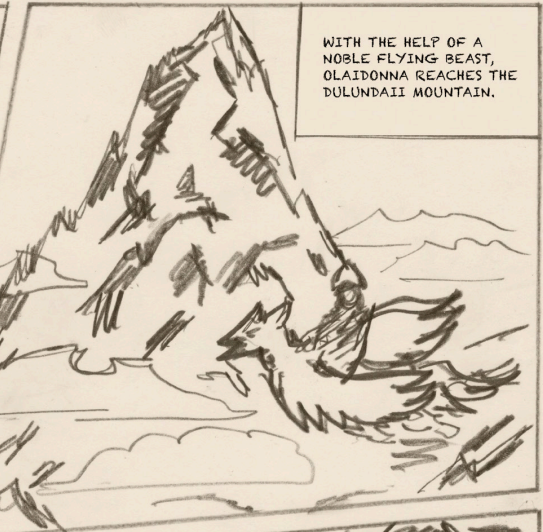
SUDDENLY THE
BLIZZARD-WITCH
STORMED IN, AND ALL WAS
ICY AND COLD, BUT THE
CHILDREN HID.



SHE PUT A CURSE ON THE
SHEPHERD-FATHER, SOON
HE WOULD SLOWLY
TRANSFORM INTO A
RAGING DEMON!



SO OLADONNA WENT TO
SEEK THE CRYSTAL THAT
WOULD HEAL HER FATHER,
THE FAMOUS DULUNDAII
CRYSTAL.



WITH THE HELP OF A
NOBLE FLYING BEAST,
OLAIDONNA REACHES THE
DULUNDAII MOUNTAIN.



OLAIDONNA
COMPLETED HER THREE
TASKS AND HENCE HEALED
HER FATHER FROM
THE CURSE.



AND SO SHE WENT
HOME TO HER
VALLEY...

black, but she took out her dagger which shone through the dark. There were drip-drips of water, and the passage went down, further and further in.

All day she ventured, and lost herself until a voice spoke to her from the darkness. It was low and rumbling, but strangely did not echo. It was the voice of Dulundaii, the spirit of the mountain.

“Olaidonna, I know your quest and why you came here. Mark my words, the crystal is safely guarded by my three sons. Come, I will guide you the way and perhaps you will succeed.”

She did finally come to a large grotto, and before her eyes, in a hall with sculpted columns and figures of past, primordial warriors, walls covered in ancient texts, she beheld the sight of the crystal. It was gleaming and was the most beautiful and purest object Olaidonna had ever seen. It was guarded by three brothers, all dressed in warrior clothes. Their long beards were blond and their helmet covered their upper face, with only two holes made for the eyes. They had burgundy-coloured capes, and their boots were heavy. Each held a single sword, and nothing else. They were an admirable sight to look at.

Nonetheless, Olaidonna ventured forward. She was stopped by a hand swish from the brother guarding the middle. She was rooted to the spot, but despite the fact that it was very likely for her to die at any moment, she held her sang-froid and would her father had seen her she would have been the honour of the family: standing straight-back, betraying no emotions other than that of a warrior calmness suggesting that it was awaiting its fate to be decided.

They spoke, and here their voices did at first reverberate throughout the grand hall that housed the crystal, perched on a special stone pedestal, in all aspects sacred. The three brothers, sons of Dulundaii, asked her of her quest, and hearing her story, they were deeply moved by her story. She had chanted her story, recounting in a manner similar to those that tell of epic tales of old. Her singing, renowned throughout the valley, was so beautiful that it left the warriors shaking. Nonetheless, they did not budge, but with the spirit of Dulundaii within them, they decided that she could take the crystal, as was foretold by ancient prophecies, on only three conditions that she must complete:

The first, that she was to give her singing voice over to the mountain, for it had been so beautiful they could not part with it. From here on the rest of time, once a year, would the mountain sing in her voice to remind the world of her story. In exchange she would live.

The second was that she must cut her hair and offer it to the mountain. In exchange she would be guided the way back home.

The third, was that she would walk barefoot, with only the sheepskin coat to cover her, to a waterfall nearby perched on the mountain. There she would bathe and follow the stream, whereupon she would be thrust into a lake below. It would be there, once diving into the waters, that she would see the crystal and be able to take it.

She did exactly as she was told, and once she was short-haired, deprived of her singing voice, and half-frozen from the icy waters, she dived to seek the crystal. It was there, at the bottom of the lake, and she took it back up. By magic, Her clothes, armour and provisions were all neatly piled by the side. She got dressed and put on her helmet and armour. She struck an arrow in the direction of the sun.

Once two hours had elapsed, she noticed the noble beast come down to her aid. Together they flew back to the valley, and she thanked the flying creature for his help by giving him her ancestral necklace that she put over his neck. Ürudann was on the verge of total breakdown, as their father was completely transformed save for his face, and time was ticking. The crystal did its work, and soon the curse was broken and the father was a shepherd once more.

Olaidonna went on to become one of the most famous warriors of Ostroco, whilst Ürudann became the patron of Ostrokian medicine. They accomplished many more deeds to defy more evil, and the tales of Olaidonna and Ürudann, in particular that of the Dulundaii crystal, are known by every child of Ostroco to this day.

* * *



Epilogue



Once more we, the monks of the mountains, write about Ostroco. Time has passed, and the world has changed. Last time we wrote to the world, Ostroco was in the worst of dangers, on the brink of annihilation and entering their ultimate battle with the forces of evil.

Now, time has passed, and Ostroco remains standing. Never has it suffered so greatly as under the curse of Ürugandur, but time has changed. Our warriors have defended the realm, and peace at long last has been re-established. The Baladuns of Ürudaii have fled the realm, and those that have survived the battle weep for the fallen and pray for forgiveness for the fact that they have waged war.

The Kingdom of Ostroco once more shines with prosperity. Trees are growing back, and mists are slowly calming and settling down once more into their favourite nooks, swamps and valleys. The King has returned to the citadel, and the bells of the city towers are struck once more, ringing in their gratitude.

Nature is blossoming, and the rivers flow once more with calm. No more blood is shed, no more evil twists the land into a fist of torment. The sight of a sword is becoming rarer, and birds are seen once more flying in the skies without fear of striking arrows.

We, the monk-chroniclers of the mountains, thank the deities of Ostroco, and the Noble Being that is the most high in the heavens. And finally, peace has been restored, and we know this for sure, because the burning of books has ceased. The Forgotten Tales and Lost Legends of Ostroco are no longer lost nor forgotten, our mission is complete.



Acknowledgment

I have come to the conclusion that Ostroco is a never-ending process. Despite my efforts to create some final piece that will represent Ostroco in its entirety, I fear that even this children's book, seemingly a final response to Ostroco, is not sufficient. I have reasons to believe that this project will continue to stay by my side for quite some time. For the time being though, I am happy that I have been able to transform disorganised ideas and sketches into something that is detailed, concrete and hopefully beautiful.

This project came to being with the help of several individuals that I will now have the time to thank them, which is the least that I can do. My first thanks go to my father, who has encouraged me from the start, teaching me new artistic techniques for my illustrations, providing the necessary art equipment and designing the book format online so that it could be self-published. Next comes my family, of which my father is included, who have all been supportive since the beginning.

The idea to create a book recounting the forgotten tales and lost legends of Ostroco first came in 2020. Back at the time I was thinking of creating a book based upon my already existing project of Ostroco, created in 2017. With the help of Polly's guidance and recommendation, who was energetic, helpful and encouraging from start to finish, I created the Jabberwocky-inspired poem 'The Glumphoshnaak'. The same goes for the original two stories written in 2020 – entitled Praki & Urszag and The Voyage of Kaptain Kiczlonn – in which Polly helped me brainstorm the ideas and helped me with the editing process. In the end the book, consisting of a series of short stories, was not finished and subsequently dropped.

Now, the actual children's book as an idea only started in 2023 and definitely took its shape in the summer of that year. It was there that we decided to retake the abandoned 2020 project, and readapt it under a new format: an illustrated, fully written, children's book that would serve as my final response to GCSE Fine Art Component Number 1. The project is still not entirely finished, but has definitely advanced.

Finally, I would like to thank Anna-May for her invaluable contribution to the children's book throughout the month of August, 2023. She has been, to put it simply, absolutely amazing. Of all people in this project, she has been the one that was the most immersed in the world of Ostroco. It is with her help, and her incredible knowledge of indesign, illustrator, and everything else that she knows so well, that we have been able to acquire victory to the Kingdom of Ostroco.

Eczekeerütuszon dürucandü terindouszaii!

Paul Ostroverhy
Paris, France
August, 2023



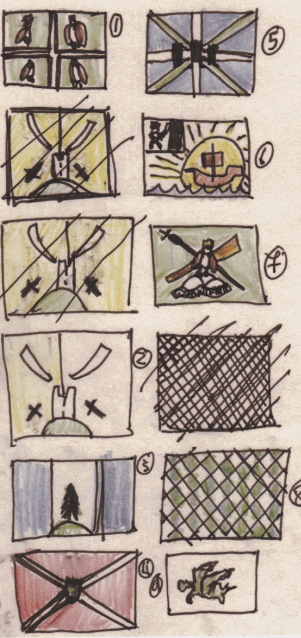
Ostroco coat of arms



Ostroco coat of arms



Ostroco cities and villages flags



1. Eastern Provenc
2. Effroni
3. Schorfbaum
4. Kertzan
5. Nyugat kertzan
6. Szra Horsen
7. Eszaki Tengst Part
8. Sünpardon
9. The Shire

Ostroco Flags



Ostroco Flag



Ostroco ni ci flags



Ostroco Flag



About the author



Paul Ostroverhy (b. 2007) is a French-born adolescent currently studying at Stowe School, Buckinghamshire, England. He likes to consider himself a Cosmopolitan in the Classical sense and shares a great interest in philosophy, literature, art and history. He is a keen lover of long-distance running, believes in the healing powers of cold water immersion and takes ice baths whenever he can. Unhappy with the world situation, he has decided to create his own world called Ostroco, where taxes, plastic and bad taste are non-existent.





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FORGOTTEN TALES AND LOST LEGENDS OF OSTROCO

by Paul Ostroverhy



The Kingdom of Ostroco has had a long history of heroes, monsters, spirits, miracles and princes of the skies. Some of its most famous tales and legends that had been forgotten for centuries, recounting the exploits of Ostroco's greatest heroes, have now been rediscovered and compiled into this book. Whether it is located in the mystical swamps of the East, the misty hills of the Takolodar valley or Olaidonna's snow-clad mountains, the forgotten tales and long lost legends of Ostroco all describe the Ostrokian spirit of bravery, perseverance and an undeniable thirst for freedom.