



## *NON PUGALE VICERE*

On that deathly dawn, the dust of the gathered black hoards of four armies blighted the brighting light. The desert plain was filled with more hate, anger, confusion and fear than any piece of land had ever suffered.

Face-to-face at 100 yards they eyed the size and strength of each other, making calculations as to who, when and how of attack - vengeance blood in every eye.

Then the cacophony of 380 thousand men began to die down as a truly extraordinary thing happened.

An unknown lady dressed in white with long golden hair on a white steed stoically rode down between the armies, which so stunned them they could only watch in awe.

Stopping at the median point between the armies she stood up straight and proud on the stirrups, and raised a standard. It unfurled revealing unrecognized symbols:

θ θ

λ

Underneath this was written in a language unknown to them:

**NON PUGALE VINCERE!**

If this was not strange enough than while holding the standard with one hand she raised a curled unicorn horn to her lips - and blew.

A clear and hauntingly hollow yet majestic tone pierced every ear. It was a sound that betokened and strongly stirred in the heart some long past splendor and dignity, the likes of which had not been heard in any recent memory.

Three times she blew that clarion call, each one reaching deeper in the heart and soul of all present. And with each call the emotions of hate and fear grew lighter.

As the last haunting sound trailed off there was intense silence for miles around. The hate and fear had been replaced by some other and strange feeling of wonder.

She jumped off her steed and with a mighty thrust strove the standard deep into the earth. Getting back on the steed she confronted each army in turn - in silence, but with a look that spoke more than any mere words could express. It was a look that imbued both hopeful remorse and expectant dignity. None spoke as she rode away; they only looked after her. And only as she had fully disappeared did the leaders begin to speak.

They met with their advisors and sages and ask what this was all about; who was this woman; from whence had she come and what was the meaning? No one seemed to know what was the language or sense of this most astonishing occurrence. It seemed at once foreboding and yet to portend a sense of providence.

Finally, the oldest sage present said that he knew of the language and the meaning. A recommended a conclave of the leaders, which was held on the spot next to the standard.

The old sage said, “The Lady is from that distant and spiritual Land of Embeuw, an inaccessible land over the high mountains. The Beuw, as they are known, are the most powerful race ever to live in this world. They actively ruled it for many centuries, but now consider it beneath them to involve themselves with us lowlanders. How she came to do this amazing thing is beyond even my knowledge. She is undoubtedly a Wizardess of truly great power.

Pointing to the standard he said, “The symbols and words are from an ancient language long forgotten but by a very few. The top symbols are ‘theta’, meaning ‘high spirit’. They are next to each other representing closeness. The bottom symbol is ‘lambda’, meaning ‘body’ or ‘low spirit’. It is located below the ‘high spirits’ as that is where it belongs if one is to be high-spirited over bodily impulses. The words *NON PUGALE VINCERE* mean, “Don’t fight, be victorious.”

The four leaders of the armies looked at each other confusedly, and then one of them asked the sage, “How can you be victorious if you don’t fight?”

The sage looked at him sadly and replied, “Sire. I beg you excuse the forthrightness of my speech, but this is the meaning of the Lady’s message. At what low level of social control is it called a ‘victory’ when it includes the painful death of hundreds of thousands of your own race

and many times that number of families which suffer devastating upheaval, all for the sake of a self-centered grudge?"

After letting that sink in for a moment the sage went on. "She blew a curved unicorn horn, which horn is rare in the extreme. It is reported to have miraculous soothing power, but never would I have imagined it being as effectual as this.

Looking at the leaders as did the Lady, he said, "To break the enchantment of it is said to bring the gravest misfortune. Is there one amongst you who would so imperil himself and his army as to challenge the power of the Beuw, and probably as well the other combined forces who would follow the Beuw's might and wisdom?"

Each of the leaders knew that he could not withstand such a force. They looked at each other and saw at that moment no malice in any eye. They then noticed how base was their attitude and mien from that of the wise sage and the noble bearing of the Lady. They looked at themselves and their swords, and at the others, and suddenly felt great chagrin. How strange it now seemed to them to use their weapons on each other.

After a few seconds one of them smiled. Then another laughed. The leaders broke out in laughter. The laughter was like a huge release of the pent-up energy that had been building for decades. It cascaded out, rapidly spreading throughout the armies of 380 thousand men, until the whole plain was consumed with men dropping their weapons from laughter.

The old sage directed them to pile their weapons around the standard, and as the enormous fire from them raised smoke to fill the sky, they came together around the fire with merriment that filled the heavens.

The sage's daughter overlooked the sight from a high hill, and couldn't herself help but laugh at the truly wonderful sight of so many men who had been on the verge of bloodily butchering each other, now so elevated.

She got off her white horse and pulled the golden wig off her head, and in her lowland vernacular said, "Thank you Father. Your scheme has saved these men and their families, including my husband. It shows the power of illusion in the hands of the good. Maybe someday a sage will discover what agency it is in man that has to be circumvented in order to achieve broad sensibility.

But, alas, until that enlightened day, let **NON PUGELE VINCERE** be our standard, and use the clarion call of *any artifice that works!*"