



Against the Void

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TUMUN VII





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Letter from the Crisis Director

Dear Delegates,

Welcome to the crisis committee on the Rise Against the Void. My name is Aria and I am a sophomore from Ellicott City, MD studying as a dual degree BS/BFA student majoring in Biopsychology and Studio Art, and minoring in Biotechnology and Greek Civilization on the pre medical track. Crisis committees were the highlight of my Model UN career in high school, and I am so excited to serve as your crisis director for this year's unique directive that will take place in the League of Legends lore and timeline. I am a lore-enthusiast and League of Legends player, peaking Platinum IV as an Aphelios OTP.

Please be mindful of your respective characters and their relationships within the universe. It is recommended that not only you research your characters and the history of your state through the Universe, but also be privy to different items portrayed in music videos. You may find some important facts useful for your resolution and relationship building throughout the conference.

League of Legends has an important place in my heart, where I have connected with people all over the world in love of friendly competition and rich lore. I'm excited to see the storyline you will create not only as citizens of your respective states, but as citizens of Runeterra.

The Order is Given. Will You Answer the Call?

I wish you luck,

Aria Ma

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Map of Runeterra



Make note of the origin of your character, character arcs that exist within your region, enemies your state has with other characters in the story, and potential alliances that could blossom.

States

Bandle City

In Bandle City, it is said that every sensation is heightened for non-yordles. Food and drink intoxicate the senses for years and, once tasted, will never be forgotten. The sunlight is eternally golden, the waters crystal clear, and every harvest brings a fruitful bounty. Perhaps some of these claims are true, or maybe none – for no two taletellers ever seem to agree on what they actually saw.

Only one thing is known for certain: the timeless quality of Bandle City and its inhabitants. This might explain why those mortals who find their way back often appear to have aged tremendously, while many more never return at all.

Bilgewater

Nestled away in the Blue Flame Isles archipelago, Bilgewater is a port

city like no other—home to serpent hunters, dock gangs, and smugglers from across the known world. Here, fortunes are made and ambitions shattered in the blink of an eye. For those fleeing justice, debt, or persecution, Bilgewater can be a place of new beginnings, for no one on these twisted streets cares about your past. Even so, with each new dawn, careless travelers can always be found floating in the harbor, their purses empty and their throats slit...

While incredibly dangerous, Bilgewater is ripe with opportunity, free from the shackles of formal government and trade regulation. If you have the coin, almost anything can be purchased here, from outlawed hextech to the favor of local crime lords.

With the recent removal of the last “reaver king” of Bilgewater, the city has entered a period of transition, as the most prominent captains negotiate its future. Still as long as there are seaworthy ships and crews to sail them, Bilgewater will likely remain one of the most colorful and well connected places in Runeterra.

Demacia



Prospering under a strong, lawful kingdom with a prestigious military history, Demacia's people have always treasured the ideals of justice, honor, and duty more than their life, and are fiercely proud of their cultural heritage. Yet, in spite of these lofty principles, this largely self-sufficient nation has grown more insular and isolationist in recent centuries.

Now, Demacia is a kingdom in turmoil.

The capital, the Great City of Demacia, was founded as a refuge from sorcery after the nightmare of the Rune Wars, and built upon the riddle of petricite—a peculiar white stone that can dampen magical energy. It is from here that the royal family has long defended the outlying towns and villages, farmland, forests, and mountains rich with mineral resources.

However, following the sudden death of King Jarvan III, the other noble families have not yet approved the succession of his sole heir, young Prince Jarvan, to the throne.

Those who dwell beyond the heavily guarded borders are increasingly viewed with suspicion. Unless many former allies have begun to look

elsewhere for protection, in these uncertain times. Some dare to whisper that the golden age of Demacia has passed, and unless its people are willing to adapt to a changing world—something many believe they are simply incapable of doing—the kingdom's decline may be inevitable.

Ionian

Surrounded by treacherous seas, Ionia is composed of several allied provinces scattered across a massive archipelago, known to many as the First Lands. Since Ionian culture has long been shaped by the pursuit of balance in all things, the border between the material and spirit realms tends to be more permeable here, especially in the wild forests and mountains.

Although these lands' enchantments can be fickle, and their creatures dangerous, for many centuries most Ionians led lives of plenty. The warrior monasteries, provincial militias—and even Ionia itself—had been enough to protect them.

But that ended twelve years ago, when Noxus attacked the First Lands. The empire's seemingly endless warhosts savaged Ionia, and were only



defeated after many years, and at great cost.

Now, Ionia exists in an uneasy peace.

Different reactions to the war have divided the region—some groups, such as the Shojin monks or the Kinkou, seek a return to isolationist pacifism, and pastoral traditions. The other more radical factions, such as the Navori Brotherhood and the Order of Shadow, demand a militarization of the land's magic and creation of a single, unified nation that can take vengeance upon Noxus. The fate of Ionia hangs in a delicate balance that few are willing to overturn, but all can feel the uneasy shifting beneath their feet.

Ixtal

Renowned for its mastery of elemental magic, Ixtal was one of the first independent nations to join the Shuriman empire. In truth, Ixtali culture is much older —part of the great westward diaspora that gave rise to civilizations including the Buhru, the magnificent Helia, and the ascetics of Targon—and it is likely that they played a significant role in the creation of the first Ascended.

But the mages of Ixtal survived the Void, and later the Darkin, by distancing themselves from their neighbors, propping up the wilderness around them like a shield. While much had already been lost, they were committed to the preservation of what little remained...

Now, secluded deep in the jungle for thousands of years, the sophisticated arcology-city of Ixaocan remains mostly free of outside influence. Having witnessed from afar the ruination of the Blessed Isles and the Rune Wars that followed, the Ixtali view all the other factions of Runeterra as upstarts and pretenders, and use their powerful magic to keep any intruders at bay.

Noxus

Noxus is a powerful empire with a fearsome reputation. To those beyond its borders, it is brutal, expansionist, and threatening, yet those who look past its warlike exterior see an unusually inclusive meritocracy, where the strengths and talents of its people are respected and cultivated.

The Noxii were once fierce barbarian tribes, until they stormed the



ancient city that now lies at the heart of their domain. Under threat from all sides, they aggressively took the fight to their enemies, pushing their borders outward with each passing year. This struggle for survival has made modern Noxians a deeply proud people who value strength above all — one that can manifest in many different forms.

Anyone can rise to a position of power and respect within Noxus if they display the necessary aptitude, regardless of social standing, background, homeland, or wealth. Those who are able to wield magic are held in particularly high esteem, and are actively sought out so that their special talents may be honed and best harnessed for the benefit of the empire.

Piltover

Piltover is a thriving, progressive city whose power and influence is on the rise. It is Valoran's cultural center, where art, craftsmanship, trade and innovation walk hand in hand. Its power comes not through military might, but the engines of commerce and forward thinking. Situated on the cliffs above the district of Zaun and overlooking the ocean, fleets of ships pass through its titanic

sea-gates, ferrying goods from all over the world.

The wealth this generates has given rise to an unprecedented boom in the city's growth. Piltover has - and still is - reinventing itself as a city where fortunes can be made and dreams can be lived. Burgeoning merchant clans fund development in the most incredible endeavors: grand artistic follies, esoteric hextech research, and architectural monuments to showcase their power. With ever more inventors delving into the emergent lore of hextech, Piltover has become a lodestone for the most skilled craftsmen the world over.

Shurima

The empire of Shurima was once a thriving civilization that spanned an entire continent. Forged in a bygone age by the mighty god-warriors of the Ascended Host, it united all the disparate peoples of the south, and enforced a lasting peace between them.

Few dared to rebel. Those that did, like the accursed nation of Icatia, were crushed without mercy.

However, after several thousand years of growth and prosperity, the failed Ascension of Shurima's last



emperor left the capital in ruins, and tales of the empire's former glory became little more than myth. Now, most of the nomadic inhabitants of Shurima's deserts eke out a meager existence from the unforgiving land. Some have built small outposts to defend the few oases, while others delve into long lost catacombs in search of the untold riches that must surely lay buried there. There are also those who live as mercenaries, charging coins for their service before disappearing back into the lawless wastelands.

Still, a handful dare to dream of a return to the old ways. Indeed, the tribes have recently been stirred by whispers from the heart of the desert—that their emperor Azir has returned, to lead them into a new, wondrous age.

Targon

Mount Targon is the mightiest peak in Runeterra, a towering peak of sun-baked rock amid a range of summits unmatched in scale anywhere else in the world. Located far from civilization, Mount Targon is utterly remote and all but impossible to reach save by the most determined seeker. Many legends cling to Mount Targon. As

such, like any place of myth, it is a beacon to dreamers, madmen and questors of adventure. Some of these brave souls attempt to scale the impossible mountain, perhaps seeking wisdom or enlightenment, perhaps chasing glory or some soul-deep yearning to witness its summit. Those hardy few who somehow survive to reach the top almost never speak of what they have seen. Some return with a haunted, empty look in their eyes, others changed beyond all recognition, imbued by an Aspect of unearthly, inhuman power.

Two cults of note are the Solari and the Lunari. Worshipping of the Sun as the source of all life. Solaric worship is largely made up by a special sect of Rakkorians who surrender their mantles of war in favor of greater solar devotion. They have dominated Targon in hopes of silencing the Lunari, those who worship the moon. The Lunari's numbers have dwindled due to Solari mass killings, but it is said their champion may return them from hiding.

The Freljord

Proud and fiercely independent, the tribes of the Freljord are often



considered wild, rugged, and “uncivilized” by their neighbors across Valoran, who do not know the ancient traditions that shaped them. Many thousands of years ago, the alliance between the sisters Avarosa, Serylda, and Lissandra was shattered in a war that unknowingly threatened all of Runeterra, plunging the northern lands into chaos, and near constant winter. Now, only those truly exceptional mortals who seem immune to the ravages of fire or ice seem destined, or able, to lead.

Despite the best efforts of the Frostguard, myths and legends still endure of the old gods, the enigmatic yetis, and restless spirit walker shamans. The raiders of the Winter’s Claw range further with each passing year, plundering the borders of Demacia to the south, and the frontiers of Noxus to the east.

Finally, seeking a more peaceful future, the fractious independent tribes and clans have begun to offer their allegiance to Ashe, young queen of the Avarosans.

Zaun

Zaun is a large, undercity district, lying in the deep canyons and valleys threading Piltover. What light reaches below is filtered through fumes leaking from the tangles of corroded pipework and reflected from the stained glass of its industrial architecture. Zaun and Piltover were once united, but are now separate, yet symbiotic societies. Though it exists in perpetual smogged twilight, Zaun thrives, its people vibrant and its culture rich. Piltover’s wealth has allowed Zaun to develop in tandem; a dark mirror of the city above. Many of the goods coming to Piltover find their way into Zaun’s black markets, and hextech inventors who find the restrictions placed upon them in the city above too restrictive often find their dangerous research welcomed in Zaun.

Warring States

Demacia & Noxus

The First Demacian-Noxian War occurred between 787 AN - 892 AN. Noxus conquest was halted by Demacia resulting in a decline of Noxian rule for half of a century. In the meantime, Piltover would start making scientific discoveries using Brackern crystals.



Sion, champion of Noxus, would kill King Jarvan I, ruler of Demacia. However, Sion himself would also die. With this, Demacia would retreat back to its borders. Over the next half of a century, Demacia would free countries of Central Valoran from Noxian domination, cutting the empire down to size.

As the years raged on, both nations would wait for the time to avenge their respective champion and leader.

Noxus & Ionia

Almost a century after Demacia disgraced Noxus, they would attempt to invade Ionia as a way to reclaim their honor and reputation. Southern settlements of Ionia would be annexed by Noxus.

Noxians would continue blockading entrances to Ionia by water and attacking those living in the mountains.

The Trifarian Revolution would eventually end the occupation of Ionia, with the victory at Battle of Dalu Bay driving out the Noxian invading army. However, a vacuum of power is created with groups maneuvering to take over

Ionia such as the Navori Brotherhood and Shadow Order. However, some Ionian territories have remained in Noxian control.

Important Character Arcs

Graves & Twisted Fate

The dynamic duo spent much of their adulthoods pillaging, lying, stealing, and cheating citizens of Runeterra. However, Twisted Fate left Graves to rot in prison when he was captured. After Graves escape prison, they came face to face again. Yet, before Graves could enact his revenge, the untimely intervention of law enforcement necessitates the cooperation between the two once more. How will this impact the trust and respect Graves once had on Twisted Fate's partnership and word?

Ashe & Sejuani

Ashe and Sejuani are both warmothers from the Freljord. They were once battlesisters of the same tribe. After a colossal disagreement on rulership, Ashe supposedly betrayed Sejuani. leading to mutual abandonment.



Ashe would end up leading her own tribe, naming it the Avarosans, after the tribe her mother once led. They were once both each other's closest confidant and have not spoken or interacted since Ashe's "betrayal."

Diana & Leona

Once from the same aspects, they became enemies as Diana left the Sonari to aid the Lunari in their ventures. However, they were once the best of friends and continue to meet in combat and battle. One day, they meet on a night during a festival where they fix their previous misunderstandings. Before they leave together, the two share a romantic kiss but never speak again.

The Call from Kai'sa

Dear Leaders of Runteterra,
You may not know of me, but I know of you. I am a child of the Void. I was simply an ordinary girl from the unforgivable southern deserts. I was once like many of your children, playing in fields and dreaming about my future. However, I was naive, and awakened the

Void in a bout of childish stupidity my village. I sent my family and friends to death only at the age of ten, then was trapped underneath the bedrock in the Void.

I was alone in the darkness armed with only my father's knife. Unfortunately, my first encounter with a Void creature resulted in the skin suit that now encompasses my body. As I ventured between Runeterra and the Void, I served a protector of the scattered villages I once lived in. However, many of these citizens may have spotted and now view me as a monster. Since then, I have attempted to stay out of view, aiding from the shadows.

Sadly, I can no longer hide. I met an unspeakable monster in my last visit to the Void. It has identified itself as Bel'Veith, Empress of the Void. She had devoured a whole city in mere moments, and spoke to me. She is not a mindless Void creature. She holds epochs of history, knowledge, and memories of Runeterra, and aims to destroy the world to remake it into the image of the Void. She is a dark cancer that has metastasized within the heart of the void, and is hungry for more and new



experiences, memories, and ideas in a pursuit of a new universal order.

I am writing this letter to each state in hopes of uniting us all against Bel'Veith. The Void is no longer an empty wasteland where the occasional creature will spill out to destroy small villages. No, it has an Empress now. Bel'Veith will write a horrific new chapter into Runeterra's history. She desires a fruitless war until the last fires of civilization die, including each of everyone who will receive this letter.

I beg of you to relinquish your rivalries across Runeterra and band together against Bel'Veith. Find the strength and courage in your hearts to put aside mortal differences, as the future you, everyone you love, and each of your descendants is in peril.

My appearance may frighten you, but make no mistake: I am on your side and we shall fight to the bitter end. Danger is real, fear is an illusion. Bel'Veith is the manifestation of millions of years of preserved knowledge with near-perfect omniscience and a vendetta against Runeterra.

She does not lie, ask questions, or hide the truth. She simply states the nature of all things. Ancient Shurimans

believed in the "God of Oblivion," and I believe she has come for us all.

You may have been receiving reports of coordinated attacks by the Void monsters, for she has already started her onslaught. The enemy will soon be at your gate.

I hope to aid you all in this great crusade against Bel'Veith and the chaos that the Void ensues. For now, I will continue to patrol the outskirts in anticipation of the coming war.

-Kai'Sa

Questions to Consider

1. What can destroy Bel'Veith and the Void creatures?
2. How will the history of warring states affect alliances?
3. What are the implications of truce after the war has been won?
4. Is it possible for warring tribes within states to work together?
5. How will past relationships affect future alliances?
6. Can bygones be bygones for certain characters?



7. What are the most important things to consider against the Void?
8. How will representatives from less organized states with less resources aid the rest of the group?
9. Is everyone's best interests to defeat the Void?
10. How will fifteen representatives decide on the right thing to do to win the coming war?



Characters

Tristana, the Yordle Gunner

(Representative from Bandle City):

Tristana was always inspired by the adventures of great warriors. She had heard much about Runeterra, its factions, and its wars, and believed her kind could become worthy of legend too. Setting foot in the world for the first time, she took up her trusty cannon Boomer, and now leaps into battle with steadfast courage and optimism. Since the destruction of a bandlewood, she has been armed with Boomer to protect Bandle City. She is a legend to her people, and young yordles are always trying to earn her favor and approval.

Currently, she is training new recruits a part of her new army, the Bandle Gunners and hopes to bring the yordle name to good fortune while protecting her home.

Fiora, the Grand Duelist (Representative from Demacia):

The most feared duelist in all Valoran, Fiora is as renowned for her brusque manner and political cunning as she is for the speed of her rapier. Born to the noble Laurent family in

Demacia, Fiora claimed the household from her father in the wake of a scandal that nearly destroyed them—now she is dedicated to restoring the Laurents to their rightful place among the great and good of the kingdom. Usurping her brothers' claims to the family name and unwilling to take a husband, she became dedicated to the refinement of bladecraft within the kingdom.

Currently, she works with her clan to restore the family honor and reputation and hopes by doing so, will etch her name into history.

Graves, the Outlaw (Representative from Bilgewater):

Malcolm Graves is a renowned mercenary, gambler, and thief—a wanted man in every city and empire he has visited. Despite his explosive temper, he possesses a sense of criminal honor, often enforced at the business end of his double-barreled shotgun Destiny. In recent years, he has reconciled a troubled partnership with Twisted Fate, and together they stole from the rich, swindled the foolish, handpicked skilled crews for specific jobs, and sold out their rivals on a whim. In every state and city, he is known to be



a daring and elusive criminal to catch. The last case the pair worked on resulted in him thrown into prison, enduring years of torture and solitary confinement, with Twisted Fate abandoning him. When he was finally freed, he began searching for his former partner.

Although a representative of his home town due to his cunningness and knowledge, he also holds the expertise and familiarity of every other city there is in Runeterra. He hopes this could be the adventure that sets him up for life - with a side dish of revenge.

Twisted Fate, the Card Master

(Representative from Bilgewater):

Twisted Fate is an infamous cardsharp and swindler who has gambled and charmed his way across much of the known world, earning the enmity and admiration of the rich and foolish alike. He rarely takes things seriously, greeting each day with a mocking smile and an insouciant swagger. In every possible way, Twisted Fate always has an ace up his sleeve. He grew to manhood as a drifter, trawling the gambling halls of every settlement he came to, using his

preternatural skill to earn enough coin to survive. He eventually met a deplorable fellow named Malcolm Graves. Each recognizing a kindred soul, Fate and Graves quickly joined forces, and the two of them spent years running various... dubious endeavors across the northeastern coastal towns, and beyond. When Graves was caught and thrown into prison, he attempted to break him free but would fail and seek to begin somewhere new.

As a master charmer, Twisted Fate (TF as his friends refer to him as), decided it was his responsibility to represent Bilgewater. He has no idea who will be there.

Shen, the Eye of Twilight

(Representative from Ionia):

Among the secretive, Ionian warriors known as the Kinkou, Shen serves as their leader, the Eye of Twilight. He longs to remain free from the shackles of emotion, prejudice, and ego, and walks the unseen path of dispassionate judgment between the spirit realm and the physical world. Tasked with enforcing the equilibrium between them, Shen wields blades of



steel and arcane energy against any who would threaten it.

From a history of inaction, Shen has stayed dormant. He strived to emulate the Eye of Twilight's dispassion, and did not believe in violence. Shen focused on maintaining Ionia's spiritual harmony. After a bloody coup within the Kinkou Order, he began to find a new purpose, to rebuild the order.

Shen hopes to persist in his duty and continue to lead, despite his personal doubts. He meditates and observes the struggles in the spirit realm, never allowing his emotions to stop him from preserving tradition.

Zyra, Rise of the Thorns (Representative from Ixtal):

Born in an ancient, sorcerous catastrophe, Zyra is the wrath of nature given form—an alluring hybrid of plant and human, kindling new life with every step. Zyra's memory is long, and runs as deep as the roots of the earth. Her kind was young when the Rune Wars raged, when mortal armies fought one another for the very keys of creation. She views the many mortals of Valoran as little more than prey for her seeded progeny, and thinks nothing of slaying them with

flurries of deadly spines. Zyra wanders the world, indulging her most primal urges to colonize, and strangle all other life from it.

Unrooted and free to wander, Zyra and her deadly progeny feed and grow. She has blighted farmland, overrun entire settlements, and crushed those warriors brave or foolish enough to confront her, always leaving a menagerie of botanical horrors in her wake. Despite her love of strangling life, she does not want the natural world to fall, and will do whatever she can to preserve her birthplace in Ixtal.

LeBlanc, the Deceiver (Representative from Noxus):

Mysterious even to other members of the Black Rose cabal, LeBlanc is but one of many names for a pale woman who has manipulated people and events since the earliest days of Noxus. Using her magic to mirror herself, the sorceress can appear to anyone, anywhere, and even be in many places at once. For centuries, LeBlanc has served in secret as an advisor to foreign dignitaries, appearing in many nations at once, her illusions driving order into chaos. Her actions



have pushed Runeterra to the brink of all out war many times. In the wake of desperate campaigns across the Freljord, on Targon's peaks, and deep in Shurima's deserts, the darkest magic has begun to spread once more, circling closer and closer to Noxus.

There are many questions as to where her loyalties lie, from her betrayal of Mordekaiser to the poisoning of the last general of Noxus. Her motives are unclear, but she has presented herself as the Matron of the Black Rose cabal, the most powerful organization for dark magic.

Camille, the Steel Shadow

(Representative from Piltover):

Weaponized to operate outside the boundaries of the law, Camille is the Principal Intelligencer of Clan Ferros—an elegant and elite agent who ensures the Piltover machine and its Zaunite underbelly run smoothly. Adaptable and precise, she views sloppy technique as an embarrassment that must be put to order. With a mind as sharp as the blades she bears, Camille's pursuit of superiority through hextech body augmentation has left many to wonder if she is now more machine than human.

As the eldest surviving child of Clan Ferros' masters, Camille received every educational advantage. She had exceptional tutors, learning to speak several foreign languages and play the cello at a concert-master level. Camille also learned to read and write Ancient Shuriman while assisting her father on digs in the Odyn Valley.

Camille now runs the family's public affairs as well as its more shady operations as a solver of "difficult problems." She refuses to sit idle and gains invigoration from well executed industrial espionage.

Heimerdinger, the Revered Innovator

(Representative from Piltover):

A brilliant yet eccentric yordle scientist, Professor Cecil B. Heimerdinger is one of the most innovative and esteemed inventors Piltover has ever known. Relentless in his work to the point of neurotic obsession, he thrives on answering the universe's most impenetrable questions. Though his theories often appear opaque and esoteric, Heimerdinger has crafted some of Piltover's most miraculous—not to mention lethal—machinery, and constantly tinkers with



his inventions to make them even more efficient.

Having lived for over three centuries, he hopes to guide young scholars from the potential risks of science and magic.

With the best of intentions and a drive to nurture curiosity, he hopes to encourage and inspire innovation and imagination without putting lives in danger for the sake of scientific discovery.

Taliyah, the Stone Weaver
(Representative from Shurima):

Taliyah is a nomadic mage from Shurima, torn between teenage wonder and adult responsibility. She has crossed nearly all of Valoran on a journey to learn the true nature of her growing powers, though more recently she has returned to protect her tribe. Some have mistaken her compassion for weakness and paid the ultimate price—for beneath Taliyah's youthful demeanor is a will strong enough to move mountains, and a spirit fierce enough to make the earth itself tremble.

Fighting alongside Kai'Sa in her most recent moments against the Void denizens, she has the next best first

hand account of how Bel'Veth had come to creation. In addition, she herself has fought the void monsters and understands first hand how to destroy them all.

She hopes to find a quick resolution so she may return back to Shurima to find her family and bring Kai'Sa back from the Void.

Diana, Scorn of the Moon
(Representative from Targon (Lunari Tribe):

Bearing her crescent moonblade and clad in shimmering armor the color of winter snow, Diana is a living embodiment of the silver moon's power. Imbued with the essence of an Aspect from beyond Targon's towering summit, Diana is no longer wholly human. She struggles to understand her power and purpose in this world. Once of the Solari faith, she and Leona became the best of friends. However, after a night of adventure to the top of Mount Targon, she discovered that the Moon and Sun were not enemies, but very necessary allies for full power and might. However, the Lunari refused to hear a word of her blasphemy, and she fled from their and Leona's fury.



Now, driven by half-remembered visions and glimpses of ancient knowledge, Diana clings to the only truths she knows for certain—that the Lunari and the Solari need not be foes, and that there is a greater purpose for her than to be a Solari acolyte of Mount Targon. Though that destiny remains unclear, Diana will seek it out, whatever the cost.

**Leona, the Radiant Dawn
(Representative from Targon (Solari
Tribe):**

Imbued with the fire of the sun, Leona is a holy warrior of the Solari who defends Mount Targon with her Zenith Blade and the Shield of Daybreak. Her skin shimmers with starfire while her eyes burn with the power of the celestial Aspect within her. Armored in gold and bearing a terrible burden of ancient knowledge, Leona brings enlightenment to some, death to others.

After Diana had killed the Solari elders in a blink of an eye, she would hunt Diana for their murder. However, her hunt would bring her to the top of Mount Targon where she was imbued with something vast and inhuman. It gifted her with incredible powers and

awful knowledge that haunted her eyes and weighed heavily upon her soul; knowledge she could only ever share with one person.

Now, more than ever, Leona knew she had to find Diana.

**Ashe, the Frost Archer (Representative
from the Freljord):**

Iceborn warmother of the Avarosan tribe, Ashe commands the most populous horde in the north. Stoic, intelligent, and idealistic, yet uncomfortable with her role as leader, she taps into the ancestral magics of her lineage to wield a bow of True Ice.

Whether it was out of duty or loneliness, Ashe gained a reputation by protecting the many scattered hearthbound tribes she encountered. She renounced the custom of taking thralls and instead chose to adopt these desperate people as full members of her new tribe, quickly growing her fame. Soon many began to believe that she did not just carry the weapon of Avarosa—Ashe was the legend herself, reborn and destined to reunite the Freljord.

Now, Ashe stands at the head of the largest coalition of Freljordanian tribes in many generations. With an uneasy



peace threatened by internal intrigues and foreign powers, she must find a way to save her people, reclaim her land, and preserve the realm.

**Sejuani, the Winter's Wrath
(Representative from the Freljord):**

Sejuani is the brutal, unforgiving Warmother of the Winter's Claw, one of the most feared tribes of the Freljord. Her people's survival is a constant, desperate battle against the elements, forcing them to raid Noxians, Demacians, and Avarosans alike to survive the harsh winters. Sejuani herself spearheads the most dangerous of these attacks from the saddle of her drüvask boar Bristle, using her True Ice flail to freeze and shatter her enemies.

Now, as the seasons turn, Sejuani marches on the southern tribes, Noxian interlopers, and even the borderlands of Demacia—raiding, pillaging, and conquering any who stand against her. Ultimately, she seeks to cast down and destroy the burgeoning coalition of tribes formed by her childhood friend, Ashe. As far as Sejuani is concerned, the Avarosan Warmother has betrayed not only their friendship but, far worse, she has also betrayed Grena's legacy.

And so, Sejuani will prove that only she is worthy of ruling the Freljord.

Zeri, the Spark of Zaun (Representative from Zaun):

Raised in a large working-class family, Zeri grew up surrounded by warmth, care, and many strong opinions. They were no strangers to hardship, having lost loved ones to Zaun's dangers. Even so, their community was their strength.

Witnessing damaged streets, broken families, and impoverished communities, Zeri set out to do what she did best, because every spark came with an opportunity. She would use her powers and electricity to crumble the power-hungry barons sucking all of the resources from Zaun. She would protect those in need and fight the barons to save her district. Zeri was a one-woman force, sending shockwaves through Zaun. Word spread of chem-baron supply lines being destroyed, with reports of "lightning" striking faster than the eye could see.

Backed by her community, Zeri fights for those who cannot. Zaun is not perfect, and neither is Zeri, but



sometimes a spark is all it takes to
change the world.



Bibliography

- All lore is taken from universe.leagueoflegends.com
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