

Lhakhik Culture

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Festivals and Holidays (List)

(Lhakhik)

-[Lhak'leeri](#)—The Revel of Lanterns. Marks the anniversary of the Lhakhik refugees making landfall in Kheld; group mourning for those lost. Sometimes abbreviated to 'leeri.

-*Lhak'neantha*—The Revel of Peace. Marks the anniversary that the Treaty of Carmith was signed, and the enduring war ended.

-*Lhak'yenu/Lhak'edhen Yenu*—The Revel of Turning/the Year Turning. New Year celebration.

-*Lhak'silmaresh*—The Revel of Stars.

-*Lhak'urdar*—The Revel of Night (Winter Solstice)

-*Lhak'sirhen*—The Revel of the Sun (Summer Solstice)

-*Lhak'anshu*—The Revel of Waking (Spring Equinox)

-*Lhak'fhela*—The Revel of Rest (Autumn Equinox). Harvest Festival.

-*Lhak'_____*—The Revel of Creatures. Celebrates pets, livestock, and animals.

-*Lhak'_____*—Revel of Song/The Moon of Music. A full fortnight of celebration involving music and song.

-*Reclaimer Day*—Anniversary of [Lovely Mhari's](#) defeat, and the official establishment of the Witch Hunters.

-Meteor storms? Did I decide what these are?

Lhak'leeri

Amkhuleeri—Floating lanterns; lit as a memorial to those that died during the year, to ferry their souls to the stars.

The Wailing

“lhakhu lhak”—“revel in the revelry”

“Probably Enthi and Mharye, from the Songs of Wanderers.”

“That’d be the Kardarnl translation then,” Ridley said with a sigh. “Whoever handled it racked the job proper; made ‘em spirits instead a’ birds.”

“Weakness and Madness, which, a’ course, isn’t really accurate neither. Enthi is more like “vulnerability,” or “unguardedness.” And mharye doesn’t mean madness so much as... I dunno, literally it translates as “spiral,” but its gotta have direction, right? Up and down, not just in or out.”

A procession of boats, ranging from massive barges to light schooners to a veritable fleet of skiffs, dories, rowboats, and even a handful of rafts, decorated the shimmering waters of Ghant—shimmering, because each of those vessels was host to at least one lantern, with the larger ships carrying dozens that hung from the prow, the boom, the gunwale, and any other serviceable structure that wasn’t in the way of the sailors onboard. The lights flickered in a variety of colors, some from gels, some from powered metals and chemicals added to the oil, sold in large amounts by shops and peddlers for this one night. For safety’s sake, red, blue, and white were relegated to their seafaring positions on the port, starboard, and bow respectively; the celebratory lamps were widely amber and green, but occasionally he spotted one flickering with purple or pink.

She started slightly, though, as the night was pierced by the rich toll of a bell. It rung again, louder this time, then again, and again, as voices rose from the crowd in cheers. The bell would belong to one of the barges on the river, attended by this year’s lucky child—lucky by way of their parents’ connections, probably, rather than the lottery’s odds—playing the part of bright-eyed Moxha, troublesome child turned hero from the Songs of Wanderers.

In the oldest story of the Lhakhik people, before they’d even been known as Lhakhik, their ancestors had been driven from their home by disaster upon disaster that broke their lands apart, leaving them to roam the seas in search of a new place to live. There were many epic poems and tales from that voyage, but in the final song, Moxha finally redeemed herself from all their pranks and foolishness by staying on watch for three days and three nights straight, while everyone else, even Lord Captain Anzuha, had all but given up; by lantern light alone, they spotted land, and weak

for lack of food and water, had rung the bell and screamed at the top of their lungs to turn the fleet East. The moment that they came to the shores, and the wanderers felt solid earth under their feet, a madness of joy overcame them, and by morning, had given the near-dead people their new name: the Revelers. The Lhakhik.

Tonight, one well-fed and watered kid who neither needed redemption nor knew the first thing about earning it would be perched in a crow's nest, watched closely by the sailor who'd drawn the short straw for babysitting duty, and would continue pulling the bell's chord with a vigor that would destroy the shoulder ligaments of any self-respecting adult. The other ships on the Ghant, large and small, took up the ringing cacophony; the whooping and hollering began coalescing into distinct T'Lhak, discordant at first before shouting settled into a steady, united rhythm: "Landfall! Rejoice! Landfall! Rejoice!"

At last, an even deeper bell, the bell of Ehlíath's clocktower, struck the eleventh hour. Still, the silence of the crowd carried, extending through ten of the ponderous chimes.

Then, as the final bell sounded, a single, crystalline, female voice nearby began to sing.

"Weep, my heart, for the ghosts in the sea
The ghosts in the air, and the ghosts inside me
Weep, my spirit, for what we have lost
For all who've known love, and known loving's cost
Salhu, salha salha sal.
Salhu, salha salha sal.

Laugh, my heart, with the air of the dead
Laugh with their voices, now, laugh in their stead
Revel in what we are for where they tread
May our laughter echo and drown out their dread
Lhakhu, lhaka lhaka lhak.
Lhaku, lhakha lhaka lhak."

Mourn and revel. Revel and mourn.

A steady stream of amkhuleeri rose through the fluttering snowflakes, ascending lethargically toward the clouds. Not all came from the river—far too many for that. Some were released from the silhouettes of crooked rooftops, from the depths of distant streets. Some, he reckoned, were from the farmlands, where Ehlíath wasn't all stone and smoke and grey. No more than a handful from Scrappertown, by his guess. Those that shown blueish-white instead of yellow-orange would come from the Murks, a tradition of solidarity among factory workers and process folk.

Money (Lhakhik)

Money

Most coins are made from combination copper and nickel, but maintain a finish that is easier to identify with original metals. Bank notes are becoming more common for larger sums. "Bag" and "dense" refer to the old days when the notes were less common, and such amounts were considerable in weight and volume.

Chipnul, or “chip”—Not really used anymore; technically half a nul, and made from cutting them in half.

Nul—Copper color. 3 nul is 1 durney.

Durney—Copper color. 4 durneys are a Krellin.

Krellin—Silver color. 8 Krellin is a Luhsel. Recently, bank notes have started allowing for Krellin values.

Luhsel—Silver color. Traditionally, bank notes only exist in Luhsel amounts, but that has been shifting in recent years.

Bag—1 Bag is Slang for 12 Luhsels.

Dense—1 dense is slang for 12 Bags.

Approximate Comparison To Modern (2024ish) USD:

Nul=1 dollar

Durney=3 dollars

Krellin=12 dollars

Luhsel=96 dollars

Bag=\$1152

Dense=\$13,824

To compare, a modern middle class family income of 75k/year would be roughly 5 Dense; this kind of financial security is likely not feasible for the majority of households in Ehlíath.

Calendar/Time (Lhakhik)

KEEP? WHEN IS NEW YEAR? -The Dimirhik Calendar is solar; 12 months of 30 days, with 4-5 intercalary days in the course of a year. Lunar cycles are also tracked, largely for ceremonial and religious purposes.

(Winter)

- 1 Holdring
- 2 Ailbrith

(Spring)

- 3 Barshwick
- 4 Heshwick
- 5 Seedening

(Summer)

- 6 Dradhenner
- 7 Sunturn
- 8 Ashturn

(Autumn)

- 9 Reddening
- 10 Vhestwick
- 11 Nadril

(Winter)

- 12 Khember

Nhorsday, Cheersday, Pyresday, Grimsday, Corsday, Fhelsday, Sohlsday

Language: T'Lhak