
AMETHYST
TWO WORLDS. ONE PLANET.

AND THE DRAGON STOOD
ON THE SHORE OF THE SEA..."

Book of Revelations
Chapter 13

"I HEARD THESE CITIES OF MAGIC ARE JUST LIKE THE ONES I READ IN BOOKS AS A CHILD...
...BUT WITH A WHOLE LOT MORE FUCKIN'."

Alexander Julian
Personal Diary
1004 A.E.

INSPIRED BY FACT

On July 10, 2004, Dr. Rudolph Stapp, before his disappearance, submitted his extensive report, "Quantum Vibrational Harmonic constants and the inherent flaw in the Grand Unified Theory" to a cadre of the esteemed scientific elite at Cambridge. The 300-page paper pieced together unproven scientific theorem with unduplicated laboratory experiments from the last two hundred years. The closed conference lasted 8 hours. Very little information from that lecture has leaked out but several members were reportedly shaken and quiet upon leaving. Dr Thomas Kyle, winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1991, walked slowly out and promptly walked into a post. Another double Nobel winner, whose name was removed from the registry by request, left his seat as the Mallinckrodt Professor of Physics at Harvard University to join the Catholic Church. The professor apparently relayed the information in the paper to Cardinal Back is from Lithuania, who then apparently made the professors swear to secrecy to never reveal the information to anyone other than the Pope...although this report was not confirmed and is still only speculatory. Stephen Hawking refused to talk to anyone about the lecture upon leaving and denies having ever attended Stapp's lecture to this very day.

Since then, Stapp apparently attempted publication of his work but all attempts were blocked and the work discredited. Eventually, after giving up trying to find compensation for his work, Dr. Stapp uploaded the paper on a personal site. Because Stapp had few living family members, he was not reported missing for almost two weeks until he missed his rent on his apartment in London. The server closed his personal page and the lecture paper continues to float online. To this day, the case on Stapp's disappearance remains open.

One of the accounts Stapp references was a cryptic lab summary filed by a junior scientist at the European Synchrotron Radiation Facility in Grenoble, France. A routine plasma acceleration experiment created an overload, crashing the accelerator and cutting power to the facility for a period of 6.5 hours. The junior scientist and two engineers reported that the synchrocyclotron and control room continued to function despite no power running through the facility. He then reported seeing a small sphere of white light rise in the center of the control room. The 30 cm ball floated in the air for just under 30 seconds and then promptly winked away. After the sphere vanished, the synchrocyclotron and the lights of the control room went out, blanketing the three in darkness until power was restored. Although no visible evidence was gathered during the incident, an interesting footnote was with one of the engineers. A week later, the engineer, previously treated for colorectal cancer, reported he had been completely cured.

Despite repeated attempts, the odd results of the incident at the Particle Accelerator was never repeated under controlled experiments and attempts to recreate the accident have also resulted in failure. A similar incident occurred 15 years earlier at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Illinois. A standard startup test shutdown instantly when a power spike was detected. Despite a totally controlled environment, the power surge almost destroyed the computer system at the time. When power was cut, the lab equipment reportedly still ran for 4 minutes with no apparent outside source. What made this testimony intriguing was the report of soft voices "passing through the wall" in a language no one could understand. The description offered included the word "soothing." When the computers finally shut down 4 minutes later, the sounds subsided.

Stapp confirmed three similar incidents of inferior authenticity in the past 20 years. He postulated that the modern view of physics and chemistry work well "if the universe is totally visible to us"; however, "once you prove the invisible exists, a totally rethinking of quantum theory is required." Already few modern theories of quantum mechanics only work some of the time.

These light spheres that seemed to generate power were not the only subjects of Stapp's lecture. Unfortunately, the paper turned dark when Stapp brought up the incident of the sounds of hell. The well-documented "sounds of hell" reportedly recorded from a core-sample drilling operation in Siberia is an urban legend (that of a drilling operation breaking into hell and recording the screams of millions of the damned). It is based on a real incident that did occur in 1984. An experimental well in Russia's Kola Peninsula penetrated 12 kilometers into the ground, where scientists encountered a rare rock formation. The temperature rose to 180°. It was not hot as hell, at least not on a geological scale. Geologists at the scene did report hearing sounds of an unwholesome nature. When the bit was removed, it had been torn to shreds by forces unknown. The shaft collapsed and its exact location was lost. A similar event was recorded none only than by Jacque Cousteau, who retired soon after hearing noises not unlike people screaming from an underwater cave near Antarctica. A third account from the Japanese Spring 8 facility recorded horrific voices no human could utter during a magnetic field experiment. After the test concluded, three technicians reported seeing a black sphere drop from a Beamline shaft. It bounced towards a technician. Upon touching him, the black sphere vaporized the technician and then appeared to roll with "an almost intelligent whim" towards another engineer. The sphere dropped through the floor and disappeared. The sounds recorded found themselves online where it was discredited as being fake. A crude video also leaked of the incident but unfortunately, that has been proven fraudulent.

Stapp, an atheist, refused to subscribe to these incidents as proof of the existence of hell or heaven. Stapp said in his report, "By no means do I propose the concepts of Hell and Heaven can be proven scientifically. Those ideas exist purely as faith. I simply subscribe to a possible reinterpretation of concepts faith is based upon." This began his postulated alteration to the Grand Unified Theory and the fact that a fifth component to the universe existed. Despite that scientists have yet to fully connect weak and strong nuclear forces with electromagnetism and gravity, it seemed hardly a point of interest to add another, other than the fact it totally changed the way scientists approached physics. At the very least, Stapp added, the universe may contain an alternate dimension that, like looking edge on a two-dimensional construct, is invisible to us unless we alter our viewing angle. This "Fifth type" is actually referenced as being a "Third" type in the paper in connection to the interchange of matter and energy and not the four fundamental interactions of nature. I am not going to share those theories here, as this is a fantasy book, not a scientific paper.

Stapp eventually found the junior scientist from France and an Engineer from the Fermilab along with one of the survivors from the Spring 8 incident and subjected them each to a CT scan. He discovered identical diffraction wave patterns in their bone structure. Stapp was able to calculate, using the wave, exactly where these spheres were present in space when the individuals encountered them (The Japanese technician later admitted himself to an asylum and committed suicide before Stapp's lecture). The final jaw dropper occurred when Stapp found only one other report of this unique wave pattern...

...Those in a cat scan of an unidentified dinosaur fossil found in a cave in the Ukraine. The fossil remains the subject of much speculation and many scientists simply believe it to be a "lost" species that developed into a coincidental shape. The brain size and articulation of claws does beg further study. The CAT scan done of the skeleton was conducted by an independent study years before the Stapp report and its validity has been confirmed. The wave pattern radiated from the impressively large brain cavity of the creature. Stapp also made connections with other odd fossils found under investigation by crypto zoologists around the world. One such fossil found by Australian anthropologist Dr William Lyndal in 2003 (widely credited as fake as it was discovered in Australia, not Africa where the birth of man is assumed to have occurred) shows a humanoid skull 67 million years old, far beyond the 4.4 million year old Hominid skull found in Ethiopia in 1993. The skull looks far closer to modern man than the missing link fossils discovered in Africa. These connections will not be related here as I limited myself to only one page for this dedication.

The game of Amethyst that follows is inspired by the Stapp report and the conclusions he deduced in its pages. Aspects like "Flux Theory" and "Alternate Quantum Vibrational States" as well as the influence of previous unrecorded history on future generations through an unmeasured "third type" of universal component are directly lifted from Stapp's work. In his defense, the word "Magic" is never mentioned in the 300-page paper. Enjoy the game and the ideas it presents. Try to figure out what is real and what is fake. I wish I could take credit for all of it.

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WARNING

Amethyst is a work of fiction. It deals with what would happen if a fantasy world of dragons, elves, and fairies suddenly appeared in our real world. It does not shy away from controversial or politically charged topics. Though still a work of fantasy, dealing with spells, swords, and dragons, it also deals with religion and how it would respond given such massive doubts to dogma. It is not our intent to shy away from mature themes and to address them directly. Amethyst deals with noble heroes and wicked villains. Since the setting does not shy from subjects so volatile, it seemed pointless to leave other subjects muted. Amethyst deals with mature subject matter not intended for young readers. This book contains material of a sexual or otherwise suggestive nature. It contains disturbing descriptions and explicit language. It directly deals with fundamental and fanatical religious beliefs (though still offering a positive view of faith in general) as well as homosexuality. Parental Discretion is advised.

Chris Dias
Game Designer

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(Ed: We miss you Gary. You were Epic)



PROLOGUE

"Something with dragons."

"Again with the dragons? Dragons yesterday and the day before. Why not something with faeries?"

"What? No. No way," Aiden quickly blurted out. "At least something scary."

His mother's hair, gold and silver streaked, waved down to her shoulders. Her low cheeks rose as she smiled. She pulled up the comforter to keep her son warm as the window was still open by his request. He enjoyed the noise of the city, always needing some sound to help him sleep, be it rain, machinery, or the echoes of distant conversations. As it was midsummer, Aiden was sure to kick off the blanket after his mother had left. The window let in just enough light to keep the goblins under his bed at bay. Though the city lights were far below the window, the glow from the night sky was ample. Aiden's short brown hair puffed around the pillow as he jostled for comfort. "Scary?" his mother replied. Claire had been impressed how her son could brave any tale she told, regardless of the content. All he needed was the light to sleep well. Obviously, she kept it tame despite his pleads otherwise. "What about something happy, like..."

She reached an arm across to the shelf of books. Xavier's collection was more modern. Aiden liked the ones with frayed edges, bent spines, and old words. Claire supplied the habit, against the wishes of Aiden's father, his older brother, and most everyone they knew. Aiden could never find the books on his own. Only his mother knew where to shop. "This one," she added, "Blindness & Betrothal. Oh, I like that one."

"Too mushy. Try the next one," Said Aiden.

Claire looked at the cover and sighed. "Fine...dragons." She opened the silver embossed book. Aiden loved the title, *The Codex Dracontis*. Too bad it was a children's novel. Mostly pictures, somewhat amateurish in style, the book was Aiden's first. The pearl shaded dragon on the cover had scales fitting so perfectly, its skin was uniform with a matted silver tone that refused to show seams. Claire opened to a random page. Each one talked of a single myth, a beast of lore and dreams. This page spoke of a death dragon named Zmey Gorynych. Claire didn't want to show Aiden the image, but he insisted with a pull of her arm. She relented. There it was, badly sketched in graphite and press-printed for the masses, whatever detail the image lacked Aiden made up for when he closed his eyes. His mother read from the passage, describing the beast. Aiden made it worse in his mind. She began the story about Zmey, its wickedness and hunger for destruction.

"...But he was no match for Willum Raenis," his mother continued. "Willum was a farmer's child, and second in line to the deed. Neither a favored son nor a fond sibling, he dreamed of being a paladin. But the only thing bigger than his dream...was his appetite. His fingers were puffy from pastries; his cheeks were

chubby with cheese." Claire ended that final remark with a pinch. "Only labor with plow and shovel had staved off the pounds. Willum could not run fast. He could not lift great weights. Even in school, his brothers above and below excelled where Willum faltered. In everything, he was average. Without stature or charisma, there was no way for Willum to win the heart of who would suit his wishes. He looked no higher than the niece of the elven lord, Eliso Stormbringer, a petite flower of blonde petals. She was—"

"Skip it," Aiden interrupted between yawns, eyes still closed.

Claire grimaced and skipped the romantic subplot. "Zmey's shadow, though dark, was peppered with tears of white as the sun pierced through the cracks in his leathery wings. He swooped down and with razor claws, slicing Willum's brothers open as they tended the crops. His father was distraught but would not reject his only son of the title. Willum had other plans. He knew the legend of the dragon of death and its cravings. Already, it had turned its sights on the nearby castle and the sweet-tasting elves inside. Willum needed no incentive. He offered no deal to the kingdom..." Claire paused and leaned forward to whisper. "You know the rest of the story would make more sense if you knew what the elf princess was like—"

"More dragon," Aiden, nearly gone, was alert enough for criticism.

"Willum took his father's blade and with no skill earned or blessed, cut down his farm's livestock. All of them, a hundred sheep. He let the smells fester. He welcomed the maggots and the flies. He even threw his own siblings upon the heap. For a week, he let the meat rot until the aroma was irresistible to the mighty creature. It turned from its pillaging and razing to enjoy the impressive feast that laid before him by an obvious loyal admirer. Perhaps Willum was begging with a bribe to appease the creature's sense of mercy, though it had none.

"Little did Zmey know that in the stomach of every corpse, Willum had sewn in fresh food. Berries red and blue, large and small. Carrots and plums and turnips. He even threw a bushel of green bananas sold to him from a trader for nearly half his farm. Suffice to say, it didn't sit well." Claire broke from the story and whispered to herself in contemplation, "Hmm, the fruits would go bad in a week." She shook the plot hole away and continued. "Zmey tried desperately to spit up its meal, but the food sat. It gripped the beast in unbearable pain. Its own juices burst from explosive boils and lesions. The creature began to digest itself. Zmey's wings tore into tissue. Its eyes fell from its sockets." Claire took a pause to check the back cover. "Pleasant," she added privately. "Willum didn't even need to slice off its head with the blade, for when the creature breathed its last, all the farmer had to do was to pull on the withered carcass and carry the skull to the castle."

She glanced at her son, but he didn't respond to her pause. She leaned forward and whispered as to not wake, "Eliso and Willum bonded. She gave him her years as an elf. He gave her sons for a new kingdom they would form." Aiden didn't jostle or interrupt. Claire smiled and let him be. With codex returned, she exited quietly.

"Why do you do that?" Xavier asked. Claire was started by her other son. Years older and into his teens, Xavier's stern look reminded her of her late husband. They were of the same height, hair, and responsibility. Claire closed the door behind her to not spoil her investment. The lights were off in the hall. Only the glow from street lamps seeped in through drawn drapes.

"Quiet," she ordered. "What is it?"

Xavier hadn't shaved in two days. His pubescent stubble gave him years further accented by his broken voice. "Why do you tell him those stories?"

"In ten years, he has never complained about nightmares."

"It's not the fright, mother. It's the subject. You speak of dragons and magic. You make it sound all of wonder. Dad would never approve of those books you keep buying him." Xavier diverted the subject back to his point.

"You have no idea what he wished. If Aiden wants to hear stories of fantasy, I'll tell him. Children are allowed the romance of naivety."

"Mother—"

"Enough." She held up her index to stop him. "You're an adult. Don't drag your brother to being one as well. If you pull him along against his will, he'll just run." Claire turned to leave her son leaning against the doorframe.

"Dad was naïve," Xavier added to his mother's back.

Claire turned around. "But he was never afraid."

* * *

A Sunday morning meant Sunday service. Aiden refused to set his alarm. He would do so for the Saturday programs on the Family video circuit but today, mother would always drag him away before Lanka the Raccoon would start the day's maths. Aiden, his face crammed into his pillow, rolled his head as the blinds parted. The orange sun had already poked between several distant buildings. The steel towers bordered his entire view. The window was still open and sirens and screams of morning traffic had already begun to pollute the city.

Before Aiden had even swallowed his morning yawn or flicked the crust from his eyes, his mother had laid out the good clothes. The black dress pants almost glinted. Socks, shirt, and school vest, nothing had been left out.

Aiden paused a moment to take a view from this window. The people passed as dots from so high. After his father's death, Aiden's mother moved from the Tower Park to one of the outer blocks. He could still see the tallest buildings of the park in the distance, splitting the clouds with jutting peaks. Their apartment complex was a mere dwarf at only fifty floors, of which the thirtieth was his home. Buildings like this one were eyesores, with stone and windows like a checkerboard. Air conditioning units adorned every other hole. Fifty other blocks like this one encircled the perimeter of the inner towers. The forest of steel blocked any hope for Aiden to glimpse the outskirts of the city, even at this altitude. One of the low flying military fanjets caused a mild distraction as it passed by his window. One huge roaring engine in the nose, two others across the tail, Aiden was jolted by the image, and happy to see it, but never questioned why it was patrolling this area.

The church of the Sacred Mary was an all-wood A-frame cathedral almost as old as the city. Though the tallest of its type at over five storeys, it was dwarfed by the surrounding skyscrapers. Claire, Aiden, and Xavier took to the Underground Transit Rail as traffic around the block was insane. No ration was given to parking around the church and every curb was filled with a variety of electric vehicles.

Xavier would often pinch Aiden during service. The younger brother's mind often wandered during the plodding repetitious mass. The priest was old, with a comical lisp and mumbling speech. Nothing much could be discerned. Aiden often ran grooves in the soft wood of the bench in front of him with his

nails. A hand slap from his brother only delayed his diversion. A prayer, a passage, and a Eucharist later, and Aiden was free from his obligations for the upcoming week.

As they left the mass, Aiden pondered his day's plans. Xavier had grown away from the toys. He gave Aiden his from years past, his Mantat Assault shuttle, not unlike the machine that roared past his window that morning as well as various action figures of soldiers wielding various ray guns. Aiden had ignored them, preferring the armor clad and sword wielding antiques his father passed down. Aiden would spend the day intermixing the toys with video broadcasts from the family network. He had finished his maths and history lessons the day before. Unlike Willum Raenis, Aiden Camus was exceptional.

These thoughts ran through his mind as quickly as the trek from the church doors to the sidewalk. The sun had almost reached its zenith and the towers could block it no more. The air siren jolted the entire parish. The high pitch oscillating wail bounced off the buildings. Some ran blindly into the streets. Others raced to their vehicles. Xavier's instinct took hold, pulling Aiden and his mother close. "We got to get under!" he shouted. He yanked the two to follow as they made their way to the UTR tunnel entrance.

A roar bellowed, not like the siren, not like an air shuttle. Again, it screamed. People followed with their own yells. The sun was bright. Attempts to look at the source of the fear were met with a blinding glare…until the shape eclipsed the light.

Massive wings were unfurled. Daggers of day broke through the holes in its leather skin. Talons as long as swords tore the church peak apart as it landed. Wood splintered and a badly carved stone Christ shattered upon the pavement. Twice the size of the church, the beast roared and spit a stream of liquid fire across the sky. Aiden, dragged by the cuff from his brother, refused to look away. The creatures black skin was drawn tight across its skull. Its eyes were of drops of cream in black coffee. Its teeth were jagged and jumbled. Not even its lips could fit around to close its mouth tight. *It was Zmey*. Aiden was sure of it. *Zmey was real. Zmey was real! All this time, mother.* He pictured it larger and more pestilent, but it was the beast in form. He was sure of nothing else.

The stream of flame struck an approaching military fanjet. The flame melted the glass and worked itself into every crack. The pilots boiled inside, their flesh flayed from their bones. The carcass of the vessel toppled to the ground as a single forged chunk of glass.

The creature looked down at the scattering masses. It leapt from the church peak and crushed a half-dozen innocent underfoot. Its reach snatched more from across the road, throwing them against the walls of nearby buildings. Each step it took was fifty steps of those running away.

Xavier had his mother in his right arm, Aiden's collar at the end of his left. Aiden was slowed only by his curiosity, always looking behind to see the monster. It was close. *If it was Zmey, why was it not dead? How much of that story was wrong? How much was actually true?*

Claire tripped. She stumbled from a broken heel and fell to a knee. "Mom!" Xavier shouted. One passing claw and it was done. Blood sprayed across Aiden's face. He hardly took notice beyond a blink. There was nothing left. Xavier had taken a slash on his arm. He was screaming. Aiden stared blankly at his brother. There was nothing between them. They were alone. Aiden arched his head to the dragon that loomed high. A second later and the two brothers would follow.

The beast fell back from the tackle. Another shape had plowed into the monster, throwing it back into the now empty church. Aiden hardly noticed the blood trickle from cuts sliced when he grabbed the edge of a fallen broken window. This new beast was longer with no wings. Its gold and blue scales broke the light into colors. Long white whiskers flapped as the creature snaked in the air without any obedience to science. It hovered, coiling in the wind. Four large arms ended with four white-as-ivory claws. It opened its jaw, wide enough to swallow a car. Its forked tongue sparked a flame, but the beast only bellowed instead of belched. As the echo bounced off the buildings, every light for the entire block, in every structure and every car, went dead. Some shattered.

Its eyes were of a man's, soft blue and brilliant. Its body twisted around Aiden and Xavier, blocking them from the black death. The dragon of gold and blue scales leapt across the street and dug talons and teeth into dark flesh. The creatures curled around each other but the black monster was no match for the agility of the other. A solid bite and the golden dragon had taken an arm. Blood as pitch dripped as molasses from the wound. The death dragon peeled itself away from the gripping claws, causing more damage as it took to the sky.

Aiden refused to blink. Even as Xavier regained his senses and crawled to his brother, Aiden wouldn't budge. *They're real.* The golden dragon swiveled its head to look at the boys. *They're real.* It locked its eyes to Aiden's. Nearly the same shape, both bright blue, but the dragon's iris was the size of the child.. *You're real.* Aiden couldn't help. His lips twisted open to form the best smile a boy in that much shock could manage. The dragon smirked back. It winked.

You're real…

Xavier reaffirmed his grip on his brother and yanked him away from its gaze. All Xavier could shout was his brother's name, which he repeated as he pulled him, nearly dragging, away from the monster. The dragon with gold and blue scales twisted its form again and leapt to the sky, chasing after its opponent. It

pursued the cripple around a distant building, where Aiden lost sight of them. Only a few seconds passed before a dozen military fanjets roared overhead to take up the chase.

Xavier pulled on Aiden but lost his strength. They both slumped to the ground, sitting among the dead. Aiden never looked back at his brother. He just kept his eyes on the sky, hoping to see the dragons again.

* * *

Aiden opened *The Codex Dracontis*. It was day's end. He had barely talked to Xavier. Law Enforcement waited for them to pack. Aiden ignored the clothes he was supposed to take. He frantically flipped through the pages. He found the entry for Zmey. He studied the sketch. There were differences, few but prominent. The creature's head was larger in real life. The eyes were white, not black. The wings were the same. Aiden was positive the book took inspiration from the real beast, altered by a distant memory's recollection. Aiden slumped upon his bed and stared at the picture. He locked eyes with the beast again. The drawing stared back. Aiden shook himself out and began flipping through the other pages. Other dragons were displayed, some with white feathers, others with silver scales. He searched for one specific. Page after page, he faced another dragon and Aiden wondered if it was real as well. He took a glance to the other books he had acquired, books on elves, sorcerers, and sword wielding.

"What are you doing?" Xavier asked from the doorframe, an empty suitcase under his arm.

Aiden looked up from the book. "I can't find it," he said.

"What?" Xavier responded, quickly and cold.

"The gold and blue dragon. He's not here. It has Zmey but not the other."

"Mom's dead, Aiden," Xavier simply replied.

Aiden was taken back. "Why would you say that?" he replied, calmly. "I know. I know!" He got louder. "Hell with you, I know! But—"

"Enough of books," Xavier snapped. He stepped forward quickly, if attempting to snatch the book away. Aiden instinctively clutched it to his chest. "It's just us now. Time for you to accept reality."

"But it's real?" Aiden replied. It was almost a plea. He had repeated those words in his mind for hours now.

"Yes, it's real," Xavier said calmly, as a brother, "but it's not our world. She wanted you innocent. That's over now. I'll make sure we stay together."

"But what kind of dragon was that—"

"I DON'T CARE!" Xavier snapped and reached for the book. Aiden grasped the book tightly as his armor. Xavier, though stronger, could not wrench the tome from his brother's grip. He shouted as he tried to separate book and boy. "They all can burn! They killed mom...and dad!"

"Dad didn't die from a dragon—" Aiden shouted back, his head down, body curled around the book.

"He died because of what's out there." Xavier gave up and pushed his brother to fall back on the bed. He gave him a lazy slap on the back in a final moment of fury. "It's not romantic, Aiden! It's not fantasy! Time to grow up!" Xavier stormed out of the room to start packing. Aiden stayed tightly wound in a bundle of clenched limbs, protecting the pages with every muscle and bone he had. He remained wrapped until the slam of the brother's bedroom door down the hall. Aiden stroked his fingers across the front cover, at the embossment, at the close-image of the dragon's eye. It was wrong, for the eye was neither blue nor as a man's. It was of a cat, like a narrow sliver. Aiden opened the book slowly again. He noticed the stamp at the bottom of the inside page. The ink had faded. Some local asian type ran downwards on one side. Aiden was due to take classes on the language next year. For now, they eluded him. Aiden could make out the book's origin: David Tong Chen's Biblio, 23C Huangxia Street, Genai.

It would be a week before Aiden could sneak out of the foster house. He waited until after the funeral had passed. He was sad at the occasion. He just wanted it to be over. At first was the viewing at another church, which took its toll. Experts in dressing death reconstructed what remained but had placed an artificial smile on his mother's face so fake as to make her look of one trying to smile with no experience in it. The waxy finish to the skin convinced Aiden this was less his mother and more some farced attempt at a sculpture by a ham-fisted artist. Again, Aiden had paid it in tears at the prayer ceremony the following day. Friends of his father, veterans from the wall, brought the closed casket up. One by one, friends neither he nor Xavier knew offered hands and hugs of consolidation. The mass was long enough, with prayer passages reminding the mournful of god's grand purpose. *Screw him.* Aiden knew the curse and said it harshly in his thoughts. *The sermons never spoke of this. They lied. They all lied…except Mom.* Aiden ignored it all, even hoping the blue eyed and golden scaled dragon would tear off the roof and whisk him away. Then the church's capacity all stood and marched like drones to the casket. One by one, they touched or prayed or cried. Still, this was not the end. The casket would remain sitting in front of the alter for the funeral the next day. There, more rituals waited. Another hour passed. Aiden was thankful to see the afternoon light as he followed the pallbearers outside. Crowds waited there as well. Strangers held and shook hands. Even Xavier found the whole experience distressing, but he held it better. All Aiden could do was look to the clouds passing between the towers. More words of divinity leaped from a priest's lips as the casket was slipped into its open slot within the massive marble wall of the necropolis.

As they exited the mausoleum, Aiden could see the Angel wall, the periphery of the city. Xavier took it in as well. The monstrosity stood fifty storeys with tower battlements dwarfing even that height. The top was manned. They called it "the crown." The sun was high so the barrier cast no shadows. Xavier had been on it, looking to the forest of Cyon beyond, but Aiden never had.

One week was an ordeal. Aiden waited until everyone had settled. Xavier kept his word; they were both together. Cousins foreign to Aiden had taken them in. He couldn't even remember their last name. They lived in a house in an outer block, cast in an early night as the sun dropped behind the shield. A UTR station was two blocks away. Aiden faked a bathroom break to leave his brother undisturbed in the other bed. A few coins in his wallet would hopefully get him to Genai. His guardians would not take to beating him for the transgression he was surely to be caught for. Xavier, however…

One could eat off the UTR station. The touch screens were easy to navigate. All Aiden did was drop his last coins and touch the nearest station to Genai. The isolated village locked inside Angel had no direct connection with the rest of the city. Aiden needed to walk at least three blocks to enter the town, and then it was the matter of finding the store. He hadn't thought if it would be open or not. He even contemplated breaking in.

The store was barely four floors. It was probably an apartment complex at one point. A huge creaking gate of wrought iron was unlocked and ajar. Wooden doors tapped open and closed in

the breeze brought from the street. Aiden checked the address to make sure. The sign told it true, though Aiden had expected something a tad bit flashier.

Entering, Aiden saw only glimpses of the library, bathed in darkness. Only a few shelves could be seen in silhouette. Cheap tables and cheaper bamboo chairs lined across one half of the store. An oak desk sat at the other, also unoccupied, though a few books waited open for a willing read.

Aiden squeaked his mouth open to announce himself, but nothing came out. He tried again but only managed a whisper. He mimicked a cat's stealth to pass unnoticed, but only if said cat was decrepit and drunk. He approached the oak desk and the inviting book spread gaping for his eyes. He reached into his coat pocket, pulled his thin-rimmed, octagon-shaped glasses, and curled its arms around his ears. He could read the words.

"A little young to take to crime, Mr. Camus," came the voice that started the boy. Aiden jumped quickly to see the dumpy figure approaching from shadow. He was shorter than the pubescent, but with twice the skin, a dark tan, crumpled and wrinkled over a frail body. His short grey hair stood like fuzz from his head. He walked in slowly but gracefully. Despite wrinkles, a smoothed face from stubble had but a small patch of grey whiskers under his nose and chin. His almond-eyes were of a radiant blue, the only part of the man not taken to decay. His voice was deep and rough, but clear and without accent.

Aiden stepped from the book, but backed into a shelf behind him, jostling the heavy tomes resting upon it. Aiden took a glance and caught a hefty volume locked with a dragon claw-shaped gold clasp before it thumped on its side. He righted it up as quickly and shot a glimpse quickly to the elder. "I'm sorry," Aiden started, "I was just—"

"Quite all right, little one." he replied. "Take the book. I have three." He approached but remained across the table. Aiden didn't know to orbit left or right. His back was still to the shelf.

"I just wanted to look," said Aiden. He trailed off, realizing his name was called. "How did you—"

"I knew your mother. I sold her the books. Sorry about..." Chen paused to choose an appropriate word, "everything."

"Who are?" Aiden voice still squeaked. The last word was formed but his voice failed.

"I am a collector," the man responded. "You may call me David or Chen."

"You collect books Davidorchen?" Aiden managed to ask.

"I collect truth," Chen corrected. Aiden swallowed and stepped to the book. He looked down at the words, but found the elder distracting. Chen turned and whispered something. A flame rose from a lantern nearby. Chen reached over and opened the door to the lamp. The flame leapt out like firefly. Bouncing and fluttering, it struck every candle and lantern in the shop. Each one took the flame. After bounding from the corner lamps and the dozen or so candles, the flame returned to its home and closed the door behind it. Aiden's maw was still gaping when he took sight of the forty rows of books that encircled the massive chamber—every wall, floor to ceiling. Each volume, every spine, looked as old as the book on the desk, like the books Aiden had. They were old, old and magnificent. It would take a lifetime to read them all. Looking at the shopkeeper, he probably had.

Aiden immediately closed his mouth and locked on his purpose. "Dragons," he said.

"So it was. Somewhat hard to miss them when they appear as they did."

"Dragons aren't real," Aiden forced himself to say. *They are. They really are.*

"So you claim," Chen replied with an almost smirk. Aiden was not smiling. Desperation had washed over his face, like a man frantic for water in a desert though believing himself unable to swallow.

"I don't understand," Aiden choked.

"Nor should you."

"Was it Zmey?" came with an almost shout.

"Hmm?" Chen pondered the sudden question. Aiden could see the man rifling through old thoughts. The answer came as his eyebrows perked up. "No, Zmey is a myth. He was based on several other stories."

"I couldn't find the other in my book."

"Book?"

"Codex Dracontis—"

"Oh yes, I forgot your mother bought that? There are better ones."

"Ones that show the other dragon?" Aiden asked. Now he was almost smiling.

"Other?"

"The dragon with gold and blue scales, white whiskers and white talons. A long snake. Four arms with four talons." Aiden could recollect the image as if it was standing in front of him. If he could draw, he would do so, rivaling any rubbing found in the codex.

"Saw it, did you?" Chen orbited slowly around the table. He rolled his fingers across the spines of the books on the shelf behind Aiden. "You know they say spotting a Yok-ani dragon is a good omen. Seeing two means you will have a blessed life." He finds the book in question and pulls it out, twice as thick as the Dracontis, but with no artwork, only a single large asian letter and the common words underneath, *Myths of the Kuraukou-Puru*.

"Yok-ani?" Aiden repeated. "Are they nice?" Aiden sounded mature beyond his years prior until he said that.

"Many would certainly think so," Chen responded as he pounded the book on the table. He respectfully slid the other to the side. "What do you think?" he said as he unclasped the latches at either end.

"I think it was nice," Aiden answered, looking at Chen.

"It had four talons?"

"Yes."

"Good eye for detail, considering. They grow more as they grow older. Three, to four, to five." He opened the book. The heavy stock pages were rough on the leaf, rougher on the edges, a hemp-pulp hybrid paper, though Aiden would not know that yet. They made considerable noise as they flapped by. The letters were pounded heavily in the stock so that even a blind man could read them. Pictures were spartan compared to the Codex. "Here, this one talks about the yok-ani." Though Aiden loved reading, the child within still liked the art, and the image of the coiled snake pirouetting in the air hooked him. "They are quiet, reserved, renowned for their wisdom, and worshipped for their humility in their approach to their immense power. Under their guidance, lands see no war, no famine, and no grief. At least, that's what the book claims."

Aiden broke from image to look up at the man, feeling taller now that he was closer. "And, this is...true?" Aiden pleaded more than asked. "I mean it's real. For real, real?"

"It's a book. Reality is what you encounter. Read it. Stay if you wish."

"I will get in trouble," said Aiden.

"Of course you will," Chen taunted.

Aiden smiled and reassured himself. "I can stay."

"I'll make tea," said Chen as he walked away.

Two cups later and Aiden had gathered a taste for the shop, the book, and surprisingly enough, the tea. This tea was no simple drop-bag of disheveled twigs and bark. The elder had brought a kettle of scolding water, a saucer and cup, and oddly, a smaller kettle. Inside the smaller was a collection of dried herbs, flowers, leaves, and a little honey. Aiden chewed on a few leaves before finally being taught the procedure. He poured the hot water in the small kettle, emptied the small kettle into the cup, and repeated as wanted. Aiden had passed an entire kettle before finally speaking to the man again.

"Do you have more?" he asked.

"Tea or dragons?"

"About everything outside," Aiden pushed.

Chen gave a crooked smile and waved to the room. "They're all on that subject, young one."

Thousands of books. "I want to read them all," said Aiden.

"It's a start," Chen answered, "so, more tea, then."

"Then I want to see them for myself?" Aiden added suddenly to Chen's back.

The elder turned around with smirk and raised brow. "A zeal for adventure get you already?" He reached out, grasped Aiden's wrist, and pulled his sleeve to reveal his self-winding watch. Chen pointed to the timepiece. "But this world," then he pointed to the east, "and that world do not mix. What you have here does not work out there. No cars, no networks, no phones. Can you wield a sword, fire an arrow?"

"No..." Aiden replied quietly, deflated, but not defeated.

"Then how would you survive out there?" Chen asked. He didn't intend to discourage the boy; he nudged for an answer. "What do you do well?"

Aiden scrunched his lips, shrugged, and sighed. "I read books," he replied. "I don't suppose it means much."

"Actually, my dear boy," came the answer, "you'd be surprised what books can do."

"I must see it for myself?" Aiden started.

"In time, when your soul is armored for it," Chen responded. He said that a lot. Always cryptic with answers. He danced around the subject. If Aiden had any say, he would sneak out of south gate and race to the forest of Cyon before anyone could catch him. He was a fast runner, but not smart enough to realize there were five armored and constantly guarded barricades through the southern gate. The only way Aiden was going to leave was as an adult.

Aiden couldn't even remember his second foster parents. The third didn't fare much better. No matter where he was shuffled to or whom he was dumped on, his anchor in Genai pulled him back. Afternoon's after school, weekends until nearly dusk, Aiden took in everything he could. Every book, fact or fiction, the lines were blurred so often, he had trouble telling what was either. Occasionally, he would take a book the roof of the library to read.

The top level of Chen's house was the same as its neighbors, all dwarfed by the towers of Angel's dominance at the periphery. The Genai houses looked ordinary, built from stone and wood, held together by iron and glue. Two bamboo lawn chairs sat beside one another, the only features of the roof. One evening, just before the sun dipped over the southern edge of the outer wall, Aiden realized it. That was the edge of humanity. *Everything we were taught, everything we were raised to accept was held in by self-made walls.*

"There are rules," his brother kept saying. If god created the world and by proxy the universe, than along with such a lofty title, he would be perfect in every way. But it wasn't. The rules were not in stone. Someone broke them. *Someone?*

Science demanded obedience. Its very charter held that absolute. But what about stranglets and quark stars and vacuum energy and particle-wave theory? *We were discovering more and more about what we didn't know and couldn't conceive to know. But we were on the road to understanding it, right? We couldn't see over the next hill, but nothing required us to drive off.* "They're just stories," Xavier added. "Dreams are just that…they allow us to play out of reality."

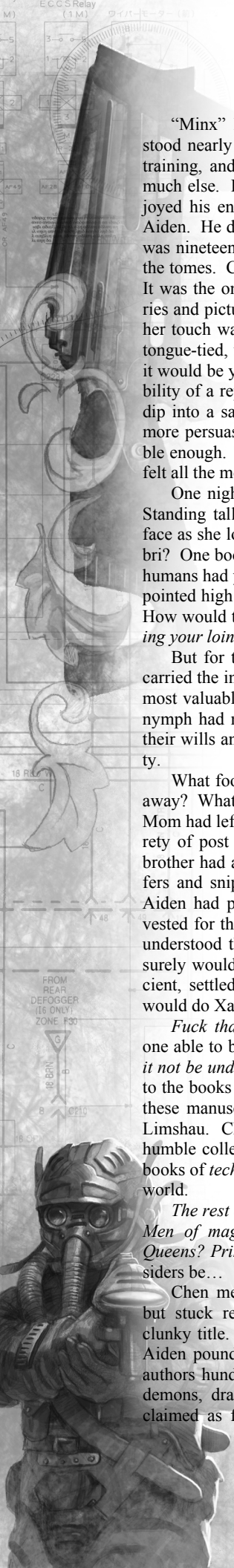
Of course, reality. If we see it, it's real. If we can't, it probably isn't there. Maybe Xavier was right. No…of course not. He lied. He lied. Mom was dead. Mom never lied. Dad was never there. He was on the wall. The wall? Defending us from whom? What's beyond that wall? "Nothing we should be concerned about," Xavier said. "There's nothing out there."

But there were dragons. To make one such leap could mean there was more. Is the entirety of man's world bound in this city? Angel was enormous, with parks and schools and malls. We had computers. We had fluorescent lights. We even had aircraft and cars. Rules were in place to govern them. They still had to work. If technology worked than the science behind it also had to. Science declared magic as myth. You can't throw fire from your hands. You can't fly without proper wings. You can't be succumbed by the temptations of an elvish princess. "There's nothing out there," he said. *Xavier lied. There were dragons.*

There. Were. Dragons.

Impossible. But if impossible was true, was else? Zmey? Willum Raenis? Eliso Stormbringer? Eliso? Elves? Were there elves? Was there beauty that could not be bound in human skin? Chen's books certainly claimed there were. These were not wise subjects of pursuit during pubescent years. Aiden opened one such book which had skillful sketches of such beauties. These artists were clearly in love with the female form and found sufficient muses with these elvish splendors. *How accurate were they?* Before Aiden's sprouting years, he often asked Chen to sign out the books on dragons and kingdoms allied with them. Throughout his awkwardness and for a time after, Aiden swapped out the dragons for the elvish books, with a preference for ones with pictures. He hid them from his brother. Uncomfortable about his urges? Xavier had his own—real pictures of real humans. Aiden would rather not explain why he desired drawings of fantasy over photographed flesh. He expected millions of such blooming boys had such fantasies through history—to seek what could never be. How many of them knew what he did? Did elves also sit just outside that wall? *Were there nymphs? Was their reputations exaggerated? Unblemished naked skin riding unicorns through an unspoiled landscape untouched my man. The noble knight watches smitten through the bushes. He jumps out to save the virtue of the virgin against a mob of hungry orcs, or goblins—whatever the story endorsed. She beds him against a tree in her gratitude. He follows her into the woods, taken by the fey into their flock to live for eternity in enchanted bliss.*

What the hell? Aiden laughed at the absurdity when in serious contemplation. Only at night, when the lights were off and he closed his eyes, did the heat return to his dreams and he would dash off into the nethers of his cravings. There was no satisfying such a hunger in the middle of Angel's Tower Park. He had a crush on Lara Romano since he was eight but that never went anywhere. They didn't even hold hands. Now that he knew what the point was, it felt a lifetime away. Thank Christ for Ming Xia Wen.



"Minx" had been hired by Chen for caretaker duties. She stood nearly his height, thin and athletic from disciplined martial training, and was older than Aiden. They were friends and not much else. But she was the only girl he could talk to and she enjoyed his enthusiasm. Tong Chen's library was the universe to Aiden. He didn't really live unless it was within those walls. She was nineteen to his fourteen. Their only time was there, amongst the tomes. Clumsy and adorable for the short single time it lasted. It was the only moment Aiden forgot about the books or the stories and pictures within them. Despite the fantasy in his thoughts, her touch was a sufficient distraction. Beyond being temporarily tongue-tied, their friendship survived the single encounter, though it would be years before Aiden could properly disregard the possibility of a repeat. If someone had told him that would be the last dip into a salty sea he would take, he might have been a tad bit more persuasive about a second encounter. Still, it was memorable enough. Now with a frame of reference, his nightly whimsies felt all the more tangible.

One night, he imagined she would be a sky elf, a laudenian. Standing taller than the tallest man, she would gently caress his face as she looked down upon him. Maybe she would be a tenenbri? One book claimed they were passionate and physical in ways humans had yet to learn. Forever in darkness, their oversized ears, pointed high and sharp, could see better than any man in the light. How would they be? *They could feel your heartbeat, the heat filling your loins.*

But for the adolescent, it was the nymph, for even the name carried the insinuation. One book he read claimed the nymphs the most valuable prize of a slaver. Despite claims to the contrary, a nymph had never been sold or even caught. Slavers had broken their wills and wealth in the obsessive drive to catch such a beauty.

What foolish thoughts plagued his mind? Did he want to run away? What about his education? Dad had a military pension and Mom had left quite the nest eggbehind, enough to pay for the entirety of post secondary education, both for him and Xavier. His brother had already visited the wall and gotten to know the "snipers and snipers" atop the crown. Despite aspirations of fancy, Aiden had proven himself academic with enough saved and invested for the best universities. He wasn't scared of science. He understood the rules better than anyone. Out of high school, he surely would have been scooped quickly and molded into an efficient, settled, grounded, and functional member of society. He would do Xavier, and his vision of their parents' ideals, proud.

Fuck that. The textbooks only defined half the world—the one able to be weighed and measured. *What of the other? Could it not be understood?* After trudging through puberty, Aiden took to the books more fervently than before. He had noticed many of these manuscripts featured a second stamp from a library called Limshau. Chen explained it was a library much grander than his humble collection of battered and bruised books. It not only had books of *techan* man, but of man that had left to join the rest of the world.

The rest of the world? There were men outside of these walls? Men of magic? Did they ride dragons? Were their kings? Queens? Princesses? If Aiden was born a techan, would the outsiders be…

Chen mentioned a term which was grammatically incorrect, but stuck regardless…*echan*. *Enchantment?* It was a rather clunky title. Were the lines so clearly defined between the two? Aiden pounded book after book. Some were fiction, written by authors hundreds of years long dead. They spoke of faeries and demons, dragons and kings. Following that would be a book claimed as fact, which told similar tales. *How could that be?* Mankind possessed mythology and legends dancing with daydreams of hags, harpies, and hydras. Dragons and unicorns adorned crests, banners, and flags for centuries before being discovered as truth. It could not be coincidence. This was the real world, not some fantasy.

"Perhaps it is a dream?" Xavier offered in argument. "Perhaps it is our nightmare world come to haunt us. Perhaps this is test from god." *Always to god as the scapegoat. Why would some a deity be so petty? Why would such a good being be so deceptive? It made no sense. Could there be an explanation where god was not mentioned? Could science actually explain magic?* For cause and effect, all Aiden needed to do was look up at the night sky. He could read by it—the bright light in the darkness that outshone the rest. It looked as any star. It warranted worship, as imagined the constellations did when people could still view most of them. Now this single brightness reigned alone in the night, but it was no sun. It gave off no heat, only light…and something else. It was why everything was the way it was. It was not like the other stars, unfathomably distant holes in the blanket of night. This star required no cresting backbone over the darkness to stay up. It hung near the moon, drifting chaotically in front, beside, and behind it. But it never disappeared completely.

Attricana. The white gate. The tear. It was given few names and the former was the accepted term, though no one remembered who dubbed it. Intruder, Usurper, Invader—words Xavier used, for as long it shined, man would never retake the world. Maybe it was for the best. Aiden had read books of what man did to himself and the world when he reigned uncontested. Aiden considered the tear had formed because of avarice. Could he use Xavier's argument against him and claim it was god? *No, it was best I keep god from the equation, lest I get drawn into an argument no one was sure to win.*

Maybe Genai would know. Everyone in the town Genai knew this section of Angel was named after a Yok-ani dragon living in the temple. Aiden never saw him again…again. *Gold and Blue scales. It was him. As sure as anything else.* It saved his life. Even winked at him. *At least a thank you was in order.* Yet, every single time Aiden approached the temple, he was shooed away. He snuck in finally when he was still young and able to squeeze in areas older boys could not. Inside, he found the crevice where a dragon may slumber, but found it empty. *Was it always empty? Could the entire town be duped? No, he must have slipped out.* For days, Aiden parked himself on the roof of Aiden's library, even to the punishment of the fosters when he came back after missing for so long. Genai never appeared. *You think someone would notice such a beast coming and going? A shapechanger. All archon dragons were. He flies in as a crow or raven.* What a fool to waste those days and suffer the grounding on his return.

There were kingdoms again. Kannos. Abidan. The old titles returned. There were barons and dukes. Rules changed and true sovereigns required the blessing of a dragon. There were few such kings or queens with such a claim. King Darius Konig's declaration was false, one of many offenses committed by the "kingdom" of Baruch Malkut. The words were from an old tongue, spoken by few then and fewer now. The realm held it in title only. They were religious, but in ways only connected by name. It was a debauched use of the words either way. It seemed Aiden could not escape the intolerance of mankind regardless of what world he lived in. An empire built on the backs of elvish slaves with the most coins handed for the concubines. Elves could not accept a seed unless bonded and were immune to any human disease. A blessing in their eyes until immature male monsters took that as a windfall.

Aiden thought and at least fantasized once in a moment of hormonal vulnerability of the rich landowners in Baruch Malkut with indentured servants narros and chaparrans with a blind tenenbri to warm his bed. King Darius despised the fey in all forms, only tolerating the practices of his people because of the benefits of the slave market. He reserved an especially vile loathing of the tilen, a race Aiden had only briefly read about. They were outlawed in Malkut, destined for a fate too dreadful to mention if caught. *Why were these chosen over the other fey as the worst? Nothing banded men together more than with a unified hate. Hate? The elves? What did they ever do? And why were tilen so much worse?*

Apparently, the laudenians were especially arrogant and the tenenbri nation in the southern continent had nearly wiped out the remaining human and dwarves, but how accurate were those stories? A later book claimed it was really the ogres in their war with the tenenbri which caused the genocide. These were books alongside ones of fiction, and those were very hard to differentiate. Were elves all bad and Aiden's only counter were his romantic dreams? Another story claimed elves lured away noble and virtuous men from the decency of human relationships. The lived free from god and thus free from sin. They were exceptions to his rules so truly, one could indulge any craving when with one. They tempted the loins of the weak with their smell of passion. They cast of that madness like a mare forever in season. *Heavens, wouldn't that be something if it were true.* Aiden wondered if Baruch Malkut truly was that bad. *They had to be.*

He saw the old books on Chen's wall. By the end of his teens, he had read nearly all of them. Chen was either apprehensive in answering or truly didn't how many were true and how many were fantasy. What was the difference anyway? With the books that predated Attricana, how could they even be claimed as false as some of them proved prophetic? What a shame those authors didn't live to see their dreams proven true.

It was considered unsafe to be on the crown—the top of the wall around Angel—unless you were a soldier. When standing on its peak, the city appeared to travel forever, over the horizon until the heat blurred to the sky. Looking over the wall bought one's eyes to a forest that stretched to the opposite vanishing point. Xavier had been there, but refused to bring Aiden. Xavier didn't know that Aiden had visited the crown more than a dozen times through his teens. Each time, he silently promised he would cross the wall and march into echa.

"Is the world within the walls so horrible?" Xavier often asked. Aiden scoffed rather than answer. What would he tell him?

I'm not getting laid nearly enough. True, but by choice. Aiden was also far too shy to bother anyone for the inconvenience.

Science is boring and I suck at math. Science actually came easy and math was second nature. But being boring was sort of true.

I want to slay Zmey. Aiden honestly never thought of Zmey. He asked Chen about his fate and was assured that Zmey would never bother Angel again.

When we grow up, we have to accept our fantasies as fake. Now I see I don't have to do that. So why should I? Was he really that immature?

"If you walk from this city—from these walls—you will always be a child. You will always live in your fantasy." Xavier knew the irony in what he was saying, but still believed it to be true.

What stopped him? By now, Aiden was mid-through his twenties. He had read nearly every book. He had taken the university but muddled his way through. There were grants and offers at labs. He cared for none of it. He wanted to leave. He needed to leave, to see this world he had only read of. Is Limshau truly encircled by a pristine white wall? Is there a marsh that marks the corruption of a fallen human kingdom? Are there three trees the size of skyscrapers that mark the elvish faith? Are there faerie shapechangers that will marry a man if he steals their scarf? Aiden guessed there were some boyhood dreams that truly never die.

Chen reassured him that when his soul told him he wasn't ready would be the time he would leave. "Overconfidence sends the arrow into your alley instead of the target," Chen once said. "I shall give you the bow. When you are confident with it, then the arrow will be given, and it will fly true."

Adding to a library bequeaths unlimited freedom of all books. A rule and principle of Limshau. Aiden already knew many of the directives put forth by the nation of knowledge. A brief stopover in the smaller library of Kodex suggested a small glimpse of the greater scale to come when arching one's neck to look at the chalky walls of the capital. Chen told him to take a book with him and offered one from his personal shelves. He handed him an unlabeled pre-gate book of some age. Gilt rosettes ran inside gauffered edges of the front and back cover of the black tome. Inside the border, more gold engravings of urns and vases tumbled around a central tapestry of ovals and squares. Aiden noted the lack of a label anywhere on the cover or binding. The inside held a mouthful of a title, *The Glory of Her Sacred Majesty Queen Anne in the Royal Navy*. Obviously a rare book, Chen promised Aiden the volume would yield indefinite access to whatever library he offered it. Aiden held onto it through Kodex, refusing to even let anyone glance at it. He admitted to flipping through its rough pages once or twice, never fully understanding the prose or the context. Better than any currency, it would pay for Aiden's stay in Limshau for as long as it would tolerate him. Like all other late arrivals by foot, mount, or caravan, he waited outside until the gate's opening on the 'rise.

The White Walls of Limshau are what they called them—a maze of dense stone walls radiating from the central archive, miles across. Diligently, the damaskan elves and humans of Limshau maintained their city. The Limshau nation grew from the vision of their first leader. They hardly referred to themselves as damaskan anymore.

Twelve storeys tall and virtually uniform in texture, the white walls encircled the library entire, every branch, every building. When engineers proposed the periphery, they envisioned a flawless circle of mathematical precision. The final construction confirmed that perfection proved perception. Nary had a single error in the construction survived the obsessive analysis of hundreds of dedicated engineers over the centuries of the wall's assembly. Nearly ninety feet tall, the wall almost twinkled in the setting orange sun. From ground to sky, single slabs of waxy white marble only had vertical seams every fifty feet. The outside coat only provided the polish and prevented outside chips. A heavier layer of granite behind offered the protection. In three hundred years, the wall never suffered an attack and in all of Canam, only the bastion barrier at Angel stood as the greater engineering marvel. Like Angel, a substantial population grew outside the walls to take advantage of those arriving and leaving.

Outside, shops sat scattered about the housing, selling shirts, pants, nic-nacs, and hundreds upon hundreds of various items for



the passing and departing traveler. Aiden purchased nothing save for a bowl of rice pudding fresh from the paddy fields nearby. Of course, the moment the dealer spotted Aiden's mechanically spun clothes, the price of the bowl doubled. Minx would take offense to that. The black button shirt and grey pants were from Angel but the brown wool sweater was handcrafted by a gifted Asian girl in Genai with no technology to assist her.

He sat in the corner of the open-air brasserie, slowly flipping through the bound pages of his unique currency. His brown hair had been cut short recently. The few spells he managed to force from Chen allowed him to circumvent annoying habits like shaving. He never found a spell to fix his eyes. They were great at a distance but shit up close. He never changed the style of glasses in twenty years. He barely registered the approaching figure until the shadow blocked the reading light.

"You read," the man stated, not asked. He wore a dirtied brown longcoat of thick threads, closed with every oversized leather shank button. Large leather traveling boots clopped the floorboards as he approached. An unzipped hold-all bounced with substantial weight from his shoulder. Aiden recognized him earlier upon arriving but tried not to notice. Throughout the sprawl, he stood upon boxes proclaiming the unswerving dedication of his faith and its dogma. He judged passing sins and cursed upon those of fey blood he spotted. All the while, the symbol, a cross with circles ending at the points, was visible on his coat and the small book he never opened. The small pamphlets he handed out throughout the day also featured the mark. Aiden saw another handout palmed quietly as he made conversation.

"Apparently, yes," Said Aiden. He refused to look at the immigrant.

"Give this one a try," the man said abruptly as he revealed the pamphlet and dropped it on the page of Aiden's book. Aiden had seen the contents before when he indulged his curiosity in a prior encounter with another priest. Badly drawn sketches with pretentious dialogue detailed the fall of man due only to their decadence and over-reliance on technology. It preached the new world existed only as a test for mankind to overcome. Only by resisting the temptations of the new world, would man ascend. This included such dramatic graphic illustrations as a proud human turning his back on the hand of friendship from a chaparran elf, and the man suffering a heart attack at the end proclaiming, "TAKE ME HOME!" after a lifetime of unwavering piety.

Aiden only glanced at the pamphlet for a moment before raising it up between them. "Is this some voucher? Can I trade as a token for an exorcism, a mortal sin or two?"

The man was obviously taken back, snapping, "You insult me with jest—"

"Rather not. I would prefer to tear it up, though destroying the written work in front of the white walls is an offense even I won't commit. Despite the contents." Aiden handed it back. The man snatched it and pointed a finger with it still in his hand.

"God will remember this conversation even if you won't," he sneered.

Aiden looked back to continue his reading but added as a mutter, "Sure he pays attention to me."

"He attends every second of all our lives—"

Aiden looked back up suddenly. "And was he paying attention when 95% of all human life was extinguished?"

"No one can fully understand his plan—"

"Least of all some imbecile handing out repression and racism outside of the greatest repository of all knowledge. For shame." Aiden ignored anything else the man had to say. He muttered something Aiden cared not acknowledge, finally leaving the reader in peace. *Look like things never change.*

* * *

By sunbreak, Aiden had checked from the hostel and made his way to the eastern gates. The only deformation in the wall's smooth skin, the two towers at either side of the northern entrance was four stories higher but did not bulge from the outer perfection. Aiden reached the front of the line before the crowds began. The door seam in the wall was hardly visible until it finally broke the instant the sun's rays drifted down the wall. The assembly of gears and ball bearings moved the huge slabs of stone effortlessly and with hardly a groan. On the other side, a smaller gate of chain and pipe was guarded by a handful of custodians. Two damaskans guarded either side, armed with katana and tanto with a human custodian sitting behind a podium, unarmed save for a clipboard and pencil.

The damaskan elves, tall as any human, stared at Aiden with their piercing almond eyes. These two wore new clothes, pressed and clean—a common feature of the species. Both smiled and nodded at him while he passed. Aiden took note of their visible age, looking younger than himself. When reaching adulthood, damaskans still resembled humans only a few years out of puberty. Even as their age claimed them, damaskans didn't often look a day past forty. This was nothing in comparison to the gimfen, which were as children through most of their lives. Aiden approached the doors and the human greeted him. "Early Morning sir, entry?"

"Please?" Aiden responded.

"You carry papers?"

"Yes," said Aiden and brought up the various papers proving his identity. This included the Angel Ident Card and a letter of recommendation from David Tong Chen. The custodian stopped at the latter and did not bother flipping through the others.

"Just arrived or spent the night?" the guard asked as he filled out Aiden's temporary passport.

"The night."

"No aggravations, I hope?" The custodian stamped the passport and handed it back with the papers.

"Just some Malkut immigrant pandering his paranoia."

"Odd they still do after escaping that madness."

"Keeps them safe I suppose, a delusion to depend on. Thank you." Aiden retrieved the papers and made his way through the gate.

As he passed through, the custodian said to his back, "Faith is no delusion, good sir. Enjoy your stay in Limshau." Aiden turned back and paused, but didn't answer.

It wasn't that he hated religion. His parents didn't cram it down his throat. But to him, it always seemed to prevent the truth. Techans always appeared to use religion to justify their opinions rather than their beliefs. *Mom and Dad weren't fundamentalists. Dad went to church because of Mom and Mom went to church…because she loved everything.* Xavier quoted the bible but Aiden had never seen him pray. Perhaps god was another artifact of his bastion life Aiden was so desperate to shed.

Orderly, calm, and peaceful were words associated with Limshau. Hundreds moved without a shove in the streets. No one needed to control the crowds, though wagons and horses often found it difficult to press through faster than a crawl. The various buildings all blended under a unified vision of style. Footbridges passed overhead, connecting higher buildings. As Aiden wandered deeper, the city grew taller, and the bridges criss-crossed over each other as the levels climbed. A pair of custodians chatted with merchants. An orange-haired gimfen stood atop his cart, selling various silks gathered from his villages in the south. A few legal tall-eared scarlet women promoted their pleasure from a second level window. Aiden passed by most of them without a glance. Occasionally, he stole a single glimpse or two...or five.

More books rested on shelves in Limshau libraries than anywhere else on Earth. The namesake capital of Limshau was the largest of all of them.

A huge form eclipsing the sun bathed the street in shadow. Aiden glanced up to see the light poking above the distant wall. The silhouette climbing over shrouded the 'rise. Aiden recognized the colossal outline of the Abecedarian approaching from east. The silvery-white skin of the 800-foot long airship floated with hardly a whisper. He heard conflicting accounts on how it moved. The darkest theory pointed to broken pagus. In servitude, they pedaled away their short lives without ever a break. Only those nefarious or envious passed that rumor along. Some played with the idea of enchantment—the leviathan swam the skies as a whale, alive and content, blessed with intelligence bestowed by some daring caster. Aiden preferred more grounded theories. Steam engines could still operate in the open with little problems given routine maintenance and assuming it was not directly enchanted.

Only a small cabin hung underneath the perfectly smooth untarnished skin, with most of the crew and passengers resting comfortably inside the superstructure. Aiden took a moment to drink in the sight, a wonder easily rivaling the zeppelins of legend. Such a vessel sat on the border of disruption, relying on unbroken physics to keep itself aloft. Rumor claimed the behemoth hadn't touched the ground in 115 years. Propellers bigger than men spun as the vessel slowed towards the mooring tower at the city center. How Aiden wished to have arrived in such grandiose. A moment later, the sun emerged again, turning the dirigible black against the light.

"Room sir? Need a guide?" The hostel owner said as Aiden dropped his pack in front of the entrance. The owner, another human, picked up the bag and carried it inside.

"Yes and no." Aiden responded. "The branch next door?"

"Natural sciences, pre-echa geography."

"You have a branch on artifacts?"

"Pre-echa or echa?"

"I'm not sure," Said Aiden quietly.

"Corner of 14th and 11th, sir."

On the third day, Aiden found the library of artifacts instead of a library on artifacts. Curiosity overpowered him and he browsed through the exhibit. Certain books were deemed too valuable to be exposed to the elements anymore and sat under glass. Though the founder of the kingdom, whose name carried with the capital, never agreed to clasp locks on books, some volumes were simply too rare to be manhandled. Both elvish and human books were displayed. Aiden passed his eyes over Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. He also found a 42-line Gutenberg bible, one of only three known to have survived. After which, Aiden moved onto fey history and the events of the exodus.

Aiden planned on a stay no longer than three or five days. By two weeks, he neither overstayed his welcome nor gotten bored of the scenery or selection. He moved from wing to wing of the densely packed city. He moved onto history and followed onto geography. After geography came arcana, where he remained for weeks. Six months passed before he actually even reached the artifact branch he was looking for. It was a large building of several stories and thousands on thousands of volumes. Three days, he worked up the floors.

* * *

"Are you speaking to me?" Aiden asked. His head rose from the pages one evening. He looked across to the Limshau custo-

dian orbiting this side of the wing. Aiden grew accustomed to their patrols. He hardly gave them notice and knew well his presence hardly gave them either. Aiden was aware his time ticked away. The longer he searched, the less confident he thought his chances of finding answers. Although the resident librarians assisted them the best they could, it was hard to search for something that may not exist.

Aiden didn't mind staying. If the obsession hadn't captured him earlier, he would have considered remaining indefinitely. The library of Limshau encompassed the city entire, every wall of every house and street filled from dirt to heaven with books written by hands human and inhuman, those living and those dead and those in-between.

Limshau's value spoke from books as old as recorded history, even those from before the second hammer, tomes of old man before their fall. Aiden tried to avoid the three-month journey west to Angel. He failed to save enough money for a flyer, forcing him to a slow march on a cheap beast of burden.

"What?" came the reply from the soft, passive voice. Aiden locked eyes with the speaker. She wore the white Limshau kawabari but hardly seemed old enough to have earned the leather. He instantly recognized the clash of asian human and elvish features indicative of a damaskan.

"What?" Aiden quickly said back. She raised her arm to apologize; her voice barely carried over the flapping of pages from other tables. It was late. Enchanted flames supplied light and no heat from torches they never devoured. Paper screens supported by thin sticks of bamboo covered the flames, diffusing the light and maintaining a continuous, unbroken brightness.

"My apologies. Continue reading," she said back. Her Limshau accent differed from the other damaskans overseas. Limshau dialect took pride in exacting pronunciation, never a slur or contraction in the Limshau lexicon. *My god, she was beautiful.* Looking young enough to light the loins of any man but old enough to show the wisdom of her years. Not a flaw on the modest skin that was exposed. Gentle enough to be swept away by a stiff breeze, strong enough to push the breeze back. Narrow in face but high in cheeks. Slender in body but nimble in muscle. Her eyes were innocent and naïve. In a beat, he was sixteen again, ogling the sketches under the bedsheets.

"You addressed me," Aiden quickly responded.

She countered as quickly. "I apologize for interrupting sir. Continue your—"

"There no need to apologize. I enjoy distraction. Eight hours reading anything pains the eyes. I swore I heard you say something." Aiden closed the book on his finger. If she was a custodian, she looked younger than any Aiden encountered in the past six months. Of course, with elves, she probably still predated Aiden by eighty years. Her voice expressed an anxiety in open conversation, a naivety reserved for those out of adolescence, unsure which words uttered could anger another.

The light caught her flowing straight dark hair thrown back from a quick turn of the head. Strands pulled aside to expose the pointed ear, higher than with the males of her species. Her smooth light brown skin peeked from gaps in her leather armor. A sharp nose led up from cheekbones to brilliantly green eyes. Most damaskans were grey or brown. This was unusual.

The Limshau leather was the uniform and signature of the custodian. Overlaying leather, both conditioned and boiled, covered nearly every inch of a custodian's body. White leather was reserved for those working in the wings of libraries. Black leather was for those working on or outside the wall. Only the most flexible wearers could bend in ways to expose skin. Then there was the longcoat. The coat was of thicker split leather, though surprisingly light. It only ran down to the base of waist in the back, but flowed down past the knees in front. Minx once told Aiden that "most human females didn't have the ass for Limshau kawabari." That was Aiden's first introduction to the fashion, though it still didn't prepare him when seen this close…and tight. The coat had round buttons that continued up from the hips to the high collar, where it was topped by a short belt, often kept loose by most custodians. Hers was firmly secured. The collar continued half way up the long neck of the damaskan, another design cue from the Asians. Or was it the other way around?

"No more than mumbles best kept quiet. I never meant them for your ears, sir. You pick up better than most humans. I repeat my apology."

Aiden smiled and leaned back. "Now, you have to tell me. Curiosity will haunt me to distraction." Aiden was not going to let this moment pass without a fight, anything to keep her face in vision.

"It truly is of no importance," she said, but did not depart. Aiden didn't flinch his smile back. If only he possessed such confidence and charisma in the previous years of his life, he might have flaunted more and grander conquests. Not that he counted this as a possibility, he simply felt welcomed in these walls then within the barrier of Angel. She shook her head and finally resumed as the moment passed. "I said." She paused and released, "Another one."

"Another what?"

"Told you it was of no importance."

"Well now you must explain it"

"Must I?"

"Do I stop your rounds? You have somewhere to be? Or has my lackluster charm run its course?" Aiden retorted. After which, he pondered internally as to why he added the word 'lackluster'. Once again, his uncertainty took over.

She leaned forward and rested her knuckles on the back of the chair in front. She appeared to gather strength to reveal some deep personal demon, but instead, only said, "Book." Aiden raised his eyebrows and waited for her to clarify. He nudged a chin forward to encourage. "Another book."

Aiden glanced down and fluffed out his bottom lip. "It's a library—"

"I know—"

"Comes with books. Part of the appeal." Aiden tried to bite his lip at the end of that one, not wanting to sound arrogant. He balanced the fine line between conceit and charisma.

"I was just. I verbalized a comment obviously best kept silent. I was making an observation at the assemblage of books you have been reading in the past few weeks—"

"Weeks?" Aiden was slightly elevated. Her eyes dropped slightly.

"And as I mentioned. I did not intend intrusion."

"Please." Aiden raised his hand to stop another jousting match. "Sorry—wait. Finish your thought."

She smiled. *Oh god, thank you,* Aiden thought. "The books selected appear not random. You seek something...specific."

"True—"

"I imagine you are seeking the arcane arts. However, you avoided books explaining the draco sigilia, meaning you know of them already."

"True—"

"You took out *Expedition to North Tower*, which is a heavy read in the least. Then you read the *Ars Pravus*—"

Aiden raised a finger. "Don't look too much into—"

"Though you do not seem the type to want to remove my organs to extend your own life. You had *The Seven Paths of Wis-*

dom, before that the *Myre Codex*, two very different tomes dealing with artifacts, both magical and otherwise. Now you keep a stack of Ravenar III's crusade accounts and a copy of the Athenaeum manifest, both of which I have read."

"Wow," Aiden finally said. He leaned forward, the charm replaced by curiosity. The charisma well dried up. "I got nothing."

"We are trained to notice such things." She pushed herself from the chair. "Have a good evening?"

"Sure you can't stay? I'd appreciate your opinion on something."

"I am afraid not, sir." She turned and left.

Aiden called out his name to her back. "I'm Aiden, if you're interested."

"Raven," she called back without turning or stopping. Aiden leaned and bent and strained to catch her lines rounding the far corner of the aisle. Fey seldom really sported curves. Detractors complained of their lack of definition, that females missed many of the voluptuous aspects of women, and males the tone and muscle of stout and sturdy men. *Hell with them.* All Aiden could think was how those critics never spotted a damaskan elf strapped in kawabari leather from behind. Finally, before his chair broke, Aiden settled back down and returned to his book. His mind was filled with possibilities and dreams, wandering and wondering about. It was what occurred when one must visualize instead of realize. It hardly bothered Aiden how the encounter concluded for he expected it the moment he spotted her weeks ago. He had wished the perennial stomach knot would not occur every single time such an opportunity waved by unfulfilled. Rejection apparently still stung regardless if the refuser was human or not.

As a woman, Raven looked just out of her teens…except she wasn't. A year visibly older or younger could mean a century. A century of traumas and delights can change people. Aiden saw what it did to humans after only a handful of years. How do elves manage? How hard would courtship really be? Would their mindsets be so alien with years of experience to change their outlook? All the stories of romance, were those few the only ones true? If so, such a union would be a rare occasion indeed. It wouldn't matter now. She was gone. Aiden's discipline went out the window as he realized his mind had wandered to such an extent, thinking of such folly. This was known to him. He recalled nothing in the pages after his assignation with Minx so many years ago. For months, he had put such thoughts out of his head. He had a purpose, a calling, which meant more to him than anything else. Further, he had something that beckoned his attention. Even now, he began to ponder it again, its meaning, its origin. The elf had passed. Time to get back to—

"I will admit curiosity. Nothing more," Said Raven, approaching behind Aiden. He turned sharply to see her. Not even the floorboards shifted or groaned a whisper to alert him of her advance.

She pulled the opposite chair from the table and settled. Her movement flowed like water. No sudden movements. No jerking muscles. Her body knew the position to sit at the table and flowed perfectly from one pose to the next. Nothing fell out of place. Even her weapon, dangling from her side, came to rest, not even tapping across the chair as she sat. Aiden realized, in that simple maneuver, why she earned her custodian status at her age. She grabbed two pencils from a nearby container. She hung out both at arm's length. She brought the ends to almost touch. Perfectly steady, the lead tips hovered point-to-point, never deviating, never touching. Aiden looked amazed and confused. He finally jostled and reached into his leather bag. The black-stained silk wrapping the object easily fit within his palm. He unfurled it to her eyes, and she looked into his hand.

"It is just a—" she started.

"No. It's not."

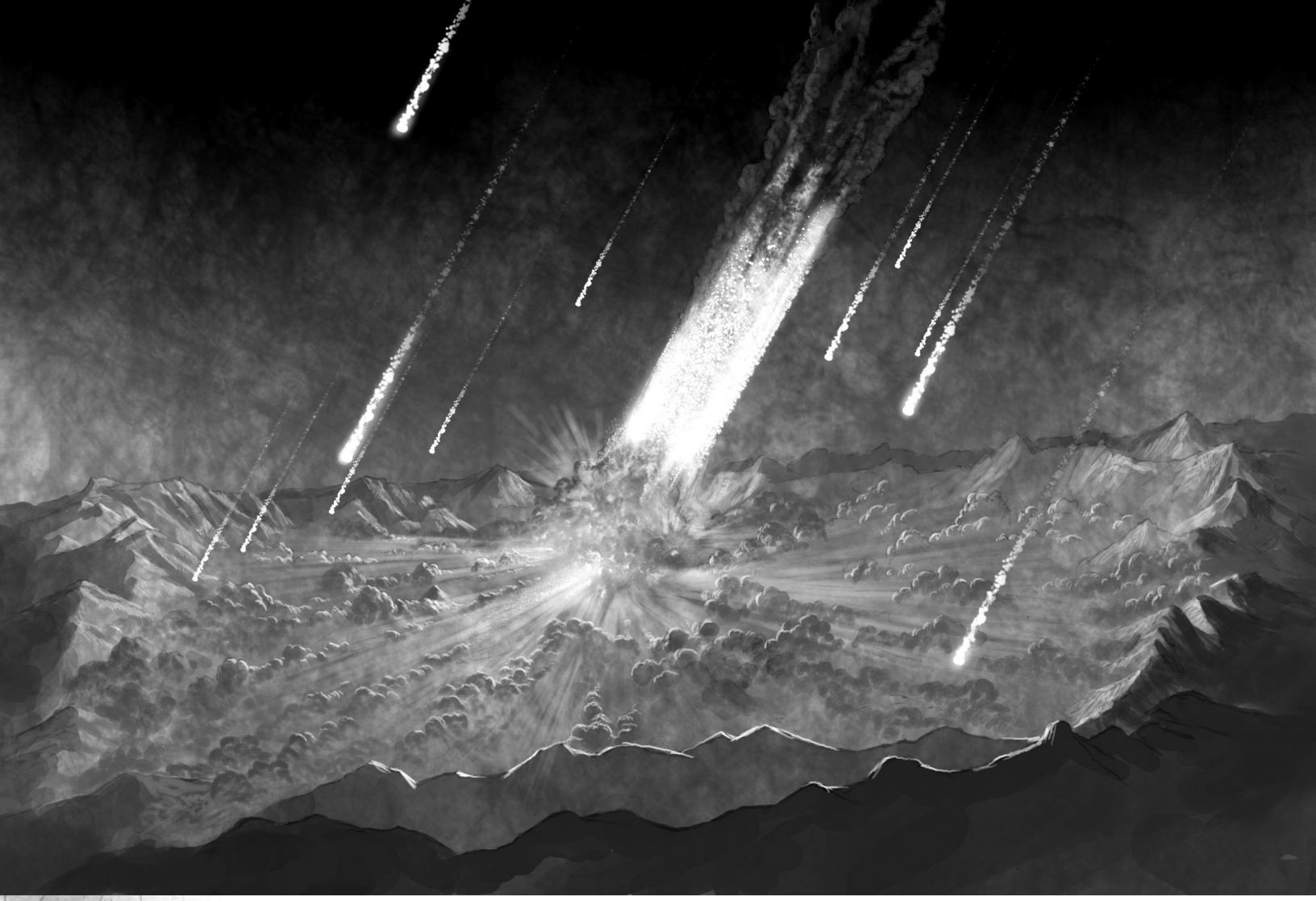
Raven appeared a little surprised at the relative inexpensive dark lavender, almost violet, gem resting in the clasp of four pearl-colored dragon's claws which clamped around the outer edge. Fingers of the lizard curled around back. The reptilian fingers were slightly embossed with letters of a foreign tongue that only glinted visible with the reflecting light. Two golden loops could support a chain if one were so inclined to flaunt the amulet from his or her neck.

She looked closer. It was then she noticed the movement, as glints of light jolted through the imperfections in the jewel, like lightning bolts arcing from one side of the gem to the other, following the sharp angles of the stone. It reflected no light from the torches but did reflect her face perfectly in the glossy finish. It also gave off its own light, only visible when she stared past the arcs of sparks, into the heart of the rock itself.

It amazed Raven for a moment. "What is that?" she finally asked.

Aiden finally shifted focus from the elf he had captivated to the gem he now rested upon the table. He looked into it and received the azure glow upon his face as well. "I wish I knew."





HISTORY & FUTURE OF EARTH

ORIGIN IN DEATH...

Time heals all wounds, but scars always remain. Mine run deep, though others never notice. When I close my eyes, I see them. Scars carry memories—pits and wells of trauma.

May Amethyst forgive me.

Genai reassured me that neither he nor I could have prevented it—that the greatest of us possessed wisdom of the universe even other dragons could not comprehend. The death of Amethyst might occur-needed to occur—for the salvation of all intelligent life. I wish I could accept such absolution.

Even I knew Amethyst held secrets forbidden to the rest of us. Some credit him with creating all dragons; some push further and praise him with the creation of all life upon this world, a claim Amethyst much denied. I remembered him declaring that if a true god were infinite, then the greatest dragon would be as distant from godhood as an insect the moment before being crushed underfoot. For saying such, I attributed a sense of humility to my friend and nothing more. He refused such worship, but they still prayed. What else would one consider—some unseen, unproven, undeclared entity with no miracles or cataclysms to his credit? When Amethyst flapped his wings, wind would flay bark from timber. When he roared at the earth, mountains would shatter to dust. Even I would swear devotion to such power. Yet, Amethyst laughed at the notion, for a god cannot be slain. A god cannot feel fear.

Yet I know he possessed such. He kept his secrets locked deep, revealed not even to me. Why? Aurannis of Dust, my dear friend from the Holy flesh, believed that Amethyst kept these secrets to shelter the rest of his children and their flocks from his despair. I had not considered Amethyst would possess such misery, but Aurannis was correct. I too saw the sadness shielded behind his azure eyes. Perhaps Amethyst was older than we believed. Perhaps he deceived us all with his benevolence. I cared little for the answer, for I enjoyed the world and what it offered us.

In a sweeping pass of the globe, the shadow turned half our numbers and a million of our fey allies. The darkness settled under a black sky in a land called Kakodomania. Finally, I understood what Amethyst feared, his mirror, Mengus. Though no one ever saw the evil, we could all feel it. Our brothers and sisters vanished on the night of his arrival, marching willingly to the gloom, forever changed.

After centuries, the forces of good and evil remained in stalemate. Kakodomania stopped growing, it's expanding cloak over the land faltered. None outside entered this cursed land and returned. A million years passed. Finally, they emerged to start the final war. We stood prepared. We

fought back. The final victor failed to emerge, as a random act of fate stepped in to stop the struggle.

We called it the "Hammer of God." A great rock, possibly from those very same unspoken and unnoticed gods, appeared in our sky, fated to rain death upon the living.

We saw it approach. Only days remained. The battle lines were recalled and both forces fled under the shelter of their empires. Amethyst directed everyone to hide inside the realm of Attricana, the star hanging just above the sky giving life to us all. Everything imbued with the power of magic left into the realm of trances and dreams, a world devoid of form and time to most. The doors would close, reopening when the spirit of Earth healed from the disaster to come. I wished not to die. Amethyst, my greatest ally and closest friend asked me to join with him outside the portal when it closed. Only Amethyst could survive outside, but he insisted I could remain. He would ensure it.

He wished a friend to accompany him for the millions of years alone in a world devoid of magic. Amethyst seldom chose mates, often developing lasting and loyal friendships with leaders of the greatest nations of the world. I felt fortunate to fall into the latter, even more so when asked to stay with him, observing the evolution of a new landscape.

I declined.

I feared a world without magic. A world I considered hopeless, I preferred living formless in Attricana than wander a barren landscape with no wonders. I feared losing myself to the new world, reduced to the level of dim-witted lizards already roaming the planet. I entered the portal, the last through the door. I watched as Amethyst stayed behind, so powerful was he that even with the gate closed, he would not fall into dust like so many other enchanted creatures incapable of the voyage. I never knew how he could accomplish that. He would remain to open the door again. No matter how powerful the forces of chaos were, they could never slay the greatest of us.

Still, Mengus attacked Amethyst. Demons from the dark rose up from hiding and struck at the great Dragon. How foolish their efforts. He swatted the bugs away in simple annoyance. Mengus revealed his secret. Three corrupted artifacts of immense power approached the dragon, wielded by a constructed evil, the Demonicas Mechas. Gebermach.

Before the door closed, I looked back and saw the realms of the underworld open. Genai told me I could not have helped Amethyst; I could not have passed through the portal in time. I still do not believe him. The darkness assaulted Amethyst. My treachery felt worse even though I know Amethyst's spirit lives immortal, and only his body fell slain. I fear death before seeing his greatness rise again.

The remaining forces of evil, found themselves unprepared for the dying Dragon's retribution. This not only destroyed Gebermach's physical form, but that of the surrounding evil army as well. Amethyst opened his jaws and let loose a thunderous shout enough to shatter the heavens. How surprised the demons must have been when it actually occurred. The sky cracked and splintered and fell as glass upon the ground. From behind, the reflection of normality shone a sky of pure light with no definition, just a solid brilliance, like a sheet of fallen snow under midday sun. The light began to draw together, akin to pulling on a white silk sheet. The dragon sacrificed everything left within him to bring down the greatest spell ever cast upon the planet. The power funneled down from the heavens to across the world and slammed into Ixindar, encasing the ground around the black star in a dark unbreakable stone. The spell passed and the natural cloudy blue returned. The sacrifice cost the dragon his mortal form. He vanished in a soft glow, the last second I would witness before Attricana finally sealed. Both realms were closed to the world.

The Hammer fell.

Under the guidance of science, mammals grew into men, and thus began the uncontested drive of evolution, of industry, of technology. Humanity, obsessed with power and growth, blinded by greed and selfishness, broke the sacred vows made on their behalf when God gave them the ability to dream and build. Retribution came swift and severe.

They called it the "Hammer of God."

By wave of wind and water, the landscape changed. The two gates emerged again, the white star of Attricana, the black sun of Ixindar. A world forgotten, except for myths and legends, returned. Dreams found form. Nightmares clawed into reality. I emerged again, my last thoughts as cloudless as the day I let him die.

Earth was not the same. The remnants of humankind rose up, wielding the great knowledge of technology and science from their past. Though many welcomed the new world, others fled and walled themselves in with their machines and firearms to protect them. Meanwhile, our allies the fey descended and continued their lives. Though the world had changed, we all still breathed the same air and drank the same water.

As for me, I settled into melancholy. I experience few pleasures in my existence. I am old. Mates attempt to enrich my life but fail. Others of my kin find fulfillment but I cannot. I committed a sin. They forgave me. I will never.

Amethyst is dead.

Long live Amethyst.

Lazarus the Pure
Bible of Drasago

THE TIME OF AMETHYST

This world grows from the soil of the Earth we once knew. To understand the present, one must remember a time wiped from history. Before man, during the time only partially recorded in fossil records, a creature emerged from the lizards, conscious of his own mortality. This astounding gift of intelligence stemmed from a newly formed star in the night sky. Brighter than all the others, this light illuminated the thoughts of the lizard. Many believed a greater consciousness possessed the form. That secret lay buried deep inside the first dragon, rippling in the light reflecting off his purple scales.

Amethyst took in his first breath.

Soon after, he shepherded more dragons into existence. First, he found his mate, Jahada, then a brother in Lazarus. Dozens more followed into the first few millennia. They understood their power and intelligence fell from the star above. A gate of life, it broke laws of science written in stone by a creator long silent. It permitted the dragon's virtually unlimited power and absolute immortality.

The first species after the dragons blessed with similar power walked from a forest on a cold dawn. They called themselves the fey. These tall, slender humanoids stood far shorter than the monstrous dragons but offset that disadvantage with population. The fey quickly filled the corners of the one big continent of Terros. Peaceful and wise, they respected the guidance of their elder allies.

What flowed from the gate knew no rules. Those created from its influence fell subject to its whim. Although dragons possessed a great mastery of magic and the flow from Attricana, the fey often found themselves slaves. They could alter terrain, create wondrous concepts from thin air, but failed to stop the flow's influence over them. Wherever they existed,

magic altered them to suit demands. Lack of light, food, water, or an overabundance of any of them, affected the fey greater than evolution could. Quickly, the original fey numbered less and less, replaced by branching species. Descendant raves grew in the dozens. Although most still partially resembled their ancestors, some became unrecognizable. Although all proper words fall into their own tongue, modern times refer to these descendant races as dwarves, gnomes, elves, and so forth. Each of these species broke off into even more subgroups.

Magic's influence continued. Even though impossible creatures grew from the soil every day, none matched the power of the dragons or the fey. Although not totally at peace, the world remained nestled under the blanket of protection Amethyst and the dragons offered. A few of the fey races took to mistrust but it seldom migrated to war. With little to stop their growth, the potential of Terros' residents seemed limitless.

Then Mengus arrived.

The last day of peace passed eventless as the day prior. The various races of the planet closed their eyes for the last time, content with the simple lives they chose. That night, no one noticed the black form streaking across the sky. It drifted over the land, over the ocean, finally slamming into a mountain, cracking it in two. Where the star of Attricana offered life, the star of Ixindar stole it.

It started as a whisper in an ear, begging one to leave his home and make the trek to forbidden lands. Soon another heard the call, then another. A mate departed from their betrothed's side. Children awakened to find their parents missing. Parents found their offspring absent. During that single night, a million fey walked away from everything they believed, corrupted by the wake of the dark star later known as Ixindar. Like Attricana, Ixindar influenced them. From the black sun, an obsidian glass grew from the soil. Eventually, darker creations emerged from Ixindar's influence. Even dragons failed to fight off this corruption and many defected.

Barely exposed in rock, Ixindar waited for its army. Amethyst forbade his still pure brothers from approaching. Where one gate creates, the other destroys. Little did anyone know that a consciousness existed inside, waiting for a moment to strike.

Where Attricana stood personified in the image of the great Amethyst, the corruption of Ixindar lay iconified with the intelligence of Mengus. Mengus joyed in breaking down the powers of creation. No one claimed to see a physical body of Mengus, though many insisted he must have one, hiding inside the black gate. Too long the world bathed in the purity of one energy, now malevolence spread like a disease from Ixindar. The land of Kakodomania birthed from this gate of evil. Even though the corrupted arrived to create a civilization, the gate began spontaneously crafting rulers from this new land. Demons emerged powerful and wicked in all ways. Their task was simple: Destroy all life birthed from Attricana.

Wars soon broke out. Blood stained the peaceful Terros for the first time. Mengus and Amethyst, avatars from these gates of power, rallied their people to fight for their world. Internal politics prevented a sizable force from assaulting Kakodomania. Even Amethyst admitted that he used up all his power before anyone else joined him on this world and remains weakened to this day. He could not close Ixindar on his own without it costing his life.

All lived on borrowed time. A great stone a thousand times larger than Amethyst himself barreled towards the surface. The disaster would create such a schism in the flow of magic, Attricana would surely close. Without the power of these gates, all magic would float away. Everything dependent on that energy would fall to dust, leaving the skeletons of dumb giant lizards. Word passed down to flee. Many theorized heaven existed inside the gate, and people escaping to it would find a marvelous landscape of frozen time. Others believed only souls existed over the horizon, and beyond the gate existed a formless void of thoughts and dreams.

Everyone capable of the trip fled. Millions vanished. Many failed to take the journey. Whole species found themselves facing extinction. If the gates closed, how would they reopen? Amethyst decided to remain outside. Only he could reopen the gate. No one knew how Amethyst could survive when no other creatures could. They all held faith absolute of his power.

Obviously, Mengus and the armies of Kakodomania would not allow Amethyst to reopen the gate after the calamity sure to rain down with the Hammer. Before the Hammer of God struck down, Mengus assaulted Amethyst. He ordered thousands to lay in ambush. A grotesque melding of flesh and steel led them, a monstrosity known as Gebermach. With weapons forged by Mengus himself, Gebermach mortally wounded the great dragon.

In a burst of life and courage unseen, Amethyst not only destroyed Gebermach but also encased the black gate in a stone so powerful, no magic could penetrate. One of the last creatures through the gate, Lazarus, witnessed Amethyst die.

The Hammer of God struck, and Attricana closed. With magic out of the way, science resumed following its ironclad book of law. Evolution continued unabated and created Intelligence on its own. Mankind knew nothing of the struggle in the past and the absence of magic wiped all evidence of the prior civilization and the great sacrifice Amethyst made to keep the world from darkness.

Oblivious and ignorant, Mankind continued evolving. He discovered fire, electricity, and nuclear power. He developed industry, computerization, and indoor plumbing. Man felt powerful and in control...for a while. At some point, a great war broke out. The sides in the conflict and the subject of the disagreement became forgotten to modern historians. Nuclear weapons were used. Mankind failed the last test. When the second Hammer finally struck, it may have occurred before. Perhaps it finally ended the war. Maybe the impact occurred later, far after man crushed his own dreams. The rock drove into Ixindar, cracking open the absolute stone, and freeing the influence of Mengus. He sent out his people, his armies, to decimate what remained of the world of science. Humanity witnessed the beginning of its extinction. They found themselves unprepared for the onslaught of creatures obeying no laws of nature. Sometime later, just around the moon, Attricana opened.

Like a dam, the floodgates burst. Light rained upon the Earth. It stopped the encroaching shadow instantly. Moments later, all those formless found themselves on solid ground. After 65 million years, magic returned to Earth. Mammals replaced the long dead giant lizards. The continents had broken up, creating new oceans. Flowers replaced ferns. Amidst all the changes, the creatures from Attricana found the world, now called Earth, already populated.

Mankind survived. The millions that remained after the war fled and coalesced into large communities. Those with useful skills banded to form the first new cities of man. Those without useful skills wandered the new world, looking for a safe home.

Meanwhile, the fey descendants rediscovered their world. They rebuilt their communities from memory. Humanity con-

tinued to rebuild. The small towns of technology grew to cities. The largest ones became bastions, the last remnants of mankind's science locked away inside. Soon the bastions grew walls. Many forbad entry to outsiders. The people lived in fear and distrust of the world of magic outside; the two worlds refused to mix. In fact, the realm of magic openly disrupted the working science. When scientific dogma broke down, technology followed soon after. The energy of magic shorted through technology like an electromagnetic pulse. Further, certain expectations of science simply did not occur. Only where science replaced magic could technology flourish. Outside the walls of bastions, people turned to the enchanted or stepped aside for those who did.

Many dreamed of a world where magic and technology coexisted. The dream vanished quickly. Science fails in the face of magic, unable to fight back. Bastions struggled for existence, the only remaining vestiges of old man. Since these cities could not communicate with each other, they developed independently. Their own cultures distinguished themselves. Some bastions grew proud and bright, gleaming with peace and scientific discovery. Others fell into the void of hatred and envy, powered by greed and military conquest. Others opened dialogues with their magical neighbors, while others walled themselves in with their xenophobia.

Outside the walls, the battle between the forces of Attricana and Ixindar continued. A thousand years after Attricana reopened, the world reached a stalemate. Many go through their lives, never knowing of war. They all know it exists around the corner.

Few believe the truth. Attricana slowly closes each day. Everyone waits for when the gate will close, delivering the world back to Ixindar. If Ixindar closes as well by some act of faith or science, the world would return to men with technology.

In a dark room, a book holds a secret. On its final pages, an entry recounts that a single object fell to Earth upon Amethyst's slaying. His heart shattered upon striking the ground. The shards scattered, lost to obscurity, and buried.

Who gains control of the world, magic or technology, light or darkness? Only time will tell.

THE WORLD OF AMETHYST

I watch the Sky Galleons depart from the city of York. Months await my journey across the nameless lands to the city of Angel, the largest Bastion mankind built. Here, I will get the answers I seek. Pursuing a career in wizardry, in "echa," make men like me shunned by the people of "techa." Many sympathize with them; many condemn them.

I read all the ancient tomes about the history of man before the wave that washed the planet clean. How Earth finally struck back at man for centuries of abuse. Man would not submit. Soon, all the remaining remnants of knowledge coalesced into groups, groups became towns, became cities, became bastions—the last great sanctuaries of technology. These few places grew fast and powerful. Isolated from others like themselves, each bastion developed its own unique culture and power base. Some depended on wind, some on water, and others on the power of the sun. Some could defy gravity; others took to the sky, while others vanished under the Earth. Rumors even held that the few out of Earth escaped the wave, starting anew on a distant world. But here, only those with the memory of past greatness, the knowledge of science, were allowed to enter the bastions. The many others found themselves banished into the enchanted lands, forced to survive on their own, without machines, without hope. Many died at the hands of the new beasts roaming the lands. Others found solace with the new races appearing: The damaskans, the narros, and the gimfen. Many discovered they could learn the ways of magic and became enchanted themselves.

I even know of a couple of men and women, not content with their amnesty within a bastion, which left their homes of technology, to pursue a path calling to them. I am one of those.

I board a Feng-Fu Flyer bound for Limshau, half way to Angel on the other side of the continent of Canam, to meet an old friend. I ponder the voyage that lies ahead, of the help I will need. I ponder the jewel that hangs from my neck, a strange purple gem glowing with immense power. Maybe my tutor in Genai will shed some light on this conundrum.

Personal Diary

The first hammer fell 65 million years ago. The second hammer struck Siberia only a few decades into the 21st century. Exact times remain scarce but a nuclear war erupted. Many of faith (human and inhuman) contest the Hammer fell to punish man for sins against the Earth for blackening her soil with radiation. The second hammer cracked open the black gate of Ixindar. Sometime later (also not entirely known), Attricana opened.

A thousand years passed.

Attricana cured the Earth's ailments. In a day, all the scars of war and industry faded. Nature retook the land. The Earth awoke and the world changed. Continents shifted. Rivers ran longer, mountains stretched taller, and valleys sank deeper. Huge holes opened up to the underworld. When looking up at the night sky, the Star of Attricana shined down upon them.

Humans attempting to rebuild found themselves strangers in a land once thought to be their home. Many travelers wandered lost in the new land. At night, even the sky denied familiarity. In the dark hung the quiet companion of our sun, the white star of Attricana. The gate shone with a glow bright enough to read at night. Only clouds would drape a land in shadow. Attricana overwhelmed the constellations. Only the brightest stars fought for worship. This altered many views on the importance of constellations. The white star drifted from in front of the moon to almost behind, never being blocked with a path almost impossible to predict. The moon, affected by this power, floated closer to Earth. Now hanging almost twice its size in the sky, it demands attention every time it rises. The drawback of this imposition is the moon's influence on Earth.

Luna still stands as a cultural icon in many villages and towns across the world. Many worship it. The fact that it floats larger than it used to helps support that belief. It dominates the night when rising, and seldom is it not seen even upon the rise and fall of the sun. Today, most don't even notice the changes in the Earth due to the Moon's increased influence. The ocean tides sweep the shores larger and more pronounced than before. Many cultures like the bastion of Porto in Euras have created solutions to that problem.

Because of terrain obstacles and the presence of magical interference, bastions remain isolated with no way for successful continual communication. They dot the world, thousands of miles apart. Most lay on the coastlines for obvious reasons while others sit on precious mineral resources. The remaining natural treasures of the world lay claimed by the heritage races or sit surrounded by lands so dangerous, no one sane would dare try to enter.

The magic flows down, filling every crack, occupying every void. It alters evolution, speeds mutation, breaking rules man assumed to be set in stone. It gleefully rubs out ironclad laws of physics. Where this intensity increases, massive stones rise up and float aimlessly in the sky. They may remain for

hours or decades. Fields of these drifting rocks are scattered across the globe, each as small as sand or as large as mountains.

Dozens of different races dot the planet, each staking their own patch of soil. Some claimed them under the ground. A few even declared their kingdom in the sky. Some areas, like Canam, occupy so much landmass, most nations never brush each other.

THE LAST 1000 YEARS

The time before, of Terros, was unknown to all of humanity until the magic returned. Even then, most echan species only recorded events they felt should never be forgotten, sacrifices and great achievements by people and kingdoms. Most echans found the human practice of recording every moment of their lives a little wasteful. Limshau attempted to counter this belief by acquiring as much knowledge as possible from everyone, but events from Terros are sketchy and broken. Even key elements of the great war, its heroes and victories, deaths and failures, cannot be recalled today. Those through the gate at the end of the first time could take nothing with them. Those still alive today, the majority being dragons, speak very little of their existence. Dragons remember every fact they are exposed to and possess instant recall of every event, but they seldom write anything down. Dragons lived thousands of years before the first fey arrived. The oldest living fey still carried a zeal for life, an encouragement to keep living. Dragons, ageless in all forms, seem to lose faith in existence after such long a period. No one knows if this is because mortality offers a value for life unseen or because the oldest dragons possess a view of the Universe so grandiose that it depresses them. In her book, the Chronicle of Aurannis, the great dragon Aurannis of Dust, departed from her usual jovial attitude in a verse on the last page.

Lazarus the Pure, the Dragon King of old, spoke of time. Of how a species wishes immortality, always failing, and never resting. He added that dragons will die. Our fate is eventual. How I hope that to be true. Other than by the sword, sorcery, or act of fate, we never wither. If senility creeps in, and we lose faculties, the first signs of the final moments, these shall not occur naturally in me or my kin until we see the approaching death throes of the sun giving us all warmth.

Given that impressive lifespan, I believe the light in my eyes will never fail or falter until those final moments. Knowing that, even to dragons, comes as a pleasant relief. However, a few cousins still accept immortality and sit, resting the centuries by. Lazarus, his eyes so dark, begets his depression from a personal failure, of a sin only he believes he committed.

In Amethyst, I puzzled. The light faded long before we arrived. Even our oldest admitted never seeing the life in the eyes of the greatest. How many years did Amethyst sit on this world before companionship arrived? When Amethyst looked into the heart of the Cosmos, the Cosmos fluttered.

How did he possess such power? Amethyst knew something we do not. His grasp of the Universe and its secrets, so vast and expanding, doomed him to melancholy. He swore to not know all.

However ...He knew enough. He refused to reveal his past, of what brought him to his gloom, lest we share in his dejection.

Oh, how I wish to not ever be a god.
What fun is there in knowing everything?
Chronicle of Aurannis

INITIAL ENCOUNTERS

It was not until the last 800 years did historians start writing down history again. Even today, few living know of the events that brought them to this life.

No one knows how much time passed between the two gates or how far man developed until his fall. When the gate opened, most echans fell to Earth with little control over where they landed, lucky to even set foot on dry land. When they arrived, they found the world foreign in all ways. Plants carried more flowers; trees grew different leaves. The great lizards roaming the world had long since died off, replaced with mammals. Their eventual first contact with man was less than stellar.

Man emerged from hiding. They looked amazed to see the new star in the sky and new creatures large and violent roaming their world. The first century was a turbulent one. For many, they took roots without pilgrimage and started building. Others ran for their lives from monsters smart and powerful or dumb and many. Since the black gate sat under the Earth, its position not random, Kakodomania sprouted not far away, from where it originally closed. The pagus the demons brought with them continued their expansion. Elvish leaders never met to organize their re-colonization of the Earth. Many never encountered their cousin races, only knowing of their survival from traveler's tales and magical divination.

The tenenbri never left Southam upon their arrival and when they emerged from the mountains, they found a stray group of narros developing in the east. The narros, escaping from landfall in the southern cold, journeyed north. They assumed the wide expanse of tall peaks would welcome them. Alas, the tenenbri claimed it as their own, already expanding through the range through hundreds of miles of tunnels already carved. They called the network Vanaka. With little hope of fighting the tenenbri on their terms, the narros diverted east and formed the nation of Nadirra.

Nearby ogres made the camps of Skogra, leaving the narros to fend for themselves, trapped between two enemies. War broke out soon after from ancient hatred.

In Canam, with the land so vast and spread out, few nations ever encountered each other save for caravans and messengers. Many believed people escaping the bastion of Mann formed York but nothing tells of how Mann's towering spires sprouted with no resources on hand. The bastion of Angel, blessed with empty lands, blossomed quickly, only erecting walls after the goblins and kobolds appeared.

THE ROUND EARS

Two hundred years passed before any narros from Fargon saw a human or an elf. A narros mining convoy, one of thousands searching for a path through the Nankani Mountains, found the Selkirk bastion. Neither Selkirk nor the narros of Fargon ever knew Laudenia floated between them. Even today, many still don't believe it exists. Selkirk didn't respond violently to the narros of Fargon and the first ambassador from narros to Selkirk, Amag Thalagos, a member of the Thalagos royal line, returned home with the words, "These humans look like elves, but are far more humble. They appreciate the rock. They are welcome." Little did he know Selkirk was an exception to the other demographics of mankind.

The narros established the Path of Dianaso and informed the isolated Selkirk about the world around. The narros knew of no other humans, believing Selkirk the only surviving remnant. The human miners refused such a fate and fought through the Kobolds of Xlxion to find others.

Meanwhile, a group of similar minded travelers from the bastion of Angel fell under goblin fire and their wheeled crawlers hid in a rock quarry. The Selkirk fanjet carryall, almost dead with echan power drain, discovered the brightly colored Angel vehicles. The Selkirk, brutish and large from centuries in the mines, helped their human brothers out of harm's way. The group traveled back to Angel here they accepted the Selkirks as heroes. A bond formed between Selkirk and Angel that remains strong today, though lacking a safe traveling route. At this point, neither bastions nor the Fargon narros ever saw an elf. Fargon knew the elves survived and informed the humans of their resemblance in case they find some on their journeys. Until this point, Angel feared they were also the last humans. Continued raids from Kobolds and Goblins forced Angel to erect a wall, growing in size and complexity every year.

THE LIMSHAU ALLIANCE

It was a warm day when a lone horse and rider approached the wall of Angel. The Angel guard almost forgot the image of the elf described to him. Nevertheless, a Limshau ambassador now stood in front.

Ravenar Limshau III, with thousands of his followers, arrived on Canam far away from their damaskan allies. Limshau dropped a stone in the centre of a massive field and declared it his. As his people settled, Ravenar took his greatest and most trusted souls on a voyage with him to explore the lands, lest they encroach on another kingdom. They quickly found struggling villages of narros and gimfen. Ravenar met with Rayazar Finer from the Pits and Yale Brimingood from the Lone Tree to forge an alliance. Rayazar told of a gimfen city nearby and the alliance it forged with "round-ears." By this time, the escapees from Mann tried to build their own bastion on the coast. They faced destruction until Milkros Dogdonowis from the gimfen appeared out of the ground. He offered the mayor of York, Tanis Koteas, a solution in exchange for knowledge. How York was built so fast is not readily known, but within a century, a city now stood. Ravenar invited the new ruler of Gnimfall, Canton Babdoolees to share in their alliance, but Canton kindly rejected. Ravenar assumed these round ears might also refuse, so he continued his exploration of the west, eventually stumbling upon the fortress of Angel.

Ravenar talked to many people while there. He walked into Genai and found how they built their city so fast. They had enlisted the help from echan humans from the far east whom had emigrated from their destroyed homeland. Ravenar saw his first dragon, Genai the Yok-ani. When Ravenar finally met Angel's governing body, he was forcibly ejected. Ravenar did not hold a kind view of humanity at this point. When the elf left the wall, he turned to see hundreds of humans following. They found his words luring and wanted to join his city. He allowed them into his city, and Limshau, as it is now known, was born. The incident with Ravenar marked the first time bastions reacted coldly to echan influence. The Bastions of Mann and Sierra Madre simply never had the opportunity to enforce their xenophobic views. Everyone knew to stay away.

When the pagus arrived on the eastern shore, they followed typhox dragons attempting to establish their own kingdom away from Kakodomania. Their first attack occurred in 450 AE, when pagus forces stormed south to the Finer Fire Pits. The narros pushed back the invasion but their established presence on Canam became known.

THE BASTIONS

An obsessive drive to regain a lost glory pumps through the veins of most humans today. Those refusing to give in to the surrounding magic, desperately clinging to their old world and its remnants, built walls and defenses and grew to be separate entities from the rest of the world. These are the bastions, the last vestiges of mankind, vaults where those inside live in a forgotten time of technological superiority where man lived uncontested on this world. Some within understand the new world around them while others fear and loathe it.

Magic emanates power that runs antithesis to the energy systems of technology. Technology from any Bastion fails to develop a process to harness magic for use in their machines. Magic, a partial unexplained source, runs chaotic in comparison to the organized energies of techa. Magic leaks from batteries and never allows itself to be bottled up by science. More so, magic pushes itself into every crevice, including almost every circuit techa attempts to seal off. This results in technological devices of almost any kind failing to work when nearby magical forces of substantial intensity. ED Fields (or Enchanted Disruption) radiate from any magic item or spell cast. EDF radiates from the caster and the target hit if the spell is ranged. It also covers the entire Earth in a lower capacity, causing most of the problems techans encounter daily. They cannot expand as much as they desire and all communication with the outside world, including other bastions, is completely severed. This forced the bastions to develop independently. Their cultures and ideologies grew apart as well. Canam features five bastions.

THE CITY OF ANGEL

Angel emerged and grew quickly in population but not technology. The largest bastion by far, Angel initially bordered no rival kingdom or land contested by opposing forces. When Angel erected its first buildings hundreds of years ago, the goblin raiders emerged. They started as a major thorn in the techans' attempts to settle. Sporadic attacks and supply raids kept Angel struggling for more than a century until the immigrants arrived. From across the ocean, great islands turned into a mountainous no-man's land later called Kurau-kou. Pagus had totally overrun the nearby mainland. Thousands upon thousands of escapees attempted to traverse the hazardous ocean. Some reached nearby islands only to be devoured by monsters of land and sea. Some survived the long journey and reached the western coast of Canam, only to discover another band of humans struggling to survive, the techan folk. The arrived settlers had already wholly embraced magic as a means to survive. Needing workers desperately, the governing body of Angel made a decision controversial to this day. The techans of Angel welcomed in the settlers and offered them their own protected piece of land within the walls in exchange for a labor force. Over the next two centuries, Angel would rebuild and expand its walls three times from the sudden increase in population. Soon, the goblins found themselves incapable of harming the massive castle-city. Angel is no longer targeted by any force, only suffering the odd easily pushed back dragon attack. Angel's population grows condensed each passing year and plans have been put in order to build a larger wall several kilometers out, doubling the effective mass of the already largest bastion.

The unique aspect of Angel is not the city as much as it is Genai, the city within. Built by its own residents responsible for also building the wall that protects the whole, Genai cares nothing of its isolation. Traveling between Genai and Angel is often difficult. Citizens of Genai must have ID cards same as

those in Angel, but several people in Genai were born, lived, and died solely in the small city, having never left Genai, therefore never needing an Ident card. Genai harbors many outcasts. Their heritage insists on recording their history as well as the names of all of those who died in the construction of the great wall. The greatest legend of Genai, however, is the origin of its name and the identity of its most illustrious resident. It is said the pilgrims survived the journey and were led to the land of techans under the protection of a great dragon almost as old and as wise as Amethyst himself, the yok-ani dragon Genai. Legends flourished and soon, the patrollers from the Angel starlight division reported a huge temple built at the center of Genai. Only the good and righteous are allowed to enter. Gossip holds the great dragon still lives inside the temple, out of sight from prying eyes. Since most echans know of good dragons' shape changing abilities, word quickly spread that Genai the dragon takes human form and walks among the people he swore to protect. No one knows who he is.

I need to stretch my wings. Every time I take flight, the steel forests grow taller. I wonder. If I cut their tops off, would they die? Will mankind repeat his past mistakes? I see many sins from man unto man and I wonder whether he will ever change. When I take their form and walk among them, I encounter such kindness and understanding. I hope the rest of the planet could feel the wholeness the natives from Genai feel. Why did they name this great city after me? It is a tribute to their achievement, not mine. I am no god. I deserve no worship—no prayer. They don't need my protection, but daily they thank me for it. I hardly warrant such gratitude. I try my best to help. Mankind can be so stubborn sometimes, but they also possess a potential for growth and change that dragons quietly envy. Dragons are not superior. God created us first. It doesn't mean we are the true inheritors of this globe. They look to be such fragile creatures. Underneath thin skin and simple eyes resides great strength. Strength keeps me here, in this temple, watching and waiting silently for my time to act.

Genai
Book of Mokushi

THE CITY OF MANN

Whenever anyone looks upon the City of Mann, they blink—like starring at a great void. No one is sure how old the city is, only that it predates its neighbor, York. York's history tells of Mann's presence being unchanged in their entire existence. The most popular story tells of humans arriving to the east coast. Instead of seeing a destroyed crater where a great city stood, an island fortress now stood, empty, waiting for residents. Someone built it. It was erected for man or at least man-sized creatures.

The construction mimics old human techniques but in extremes. The buildings sport few windows and tower hundreds of meters in the sky. A massive wall, taller than any other bastion, surrounds the Island. The city includes a massive self-sustainable hydroelectric system requiring virtually zero service. The first residents of Mann analytically determined that the city was built soon after by the initial survivors but they soon died off from some outside force, possibly a plague or echan army. This does not take into account that the city was left behind with no bodies and no records. Most simply assumed Man built the city and simply forgot they built it. Regardless, the humans living in the city found themselves as isolated as the designers of the city meant them to be. As the centuries trudged on, the native population grew more xenophobic and paranoid of the outside world. Few ever left the walls. Those who did seldom re-entered. The majority of the population of Mann believes everything outside to be blasphemous and immoral. They abhor all magic in any shape and the use of such magic or its presence on a person or a magical device within Mann carries a death sentence. No non-humans are allowed to enter for any reason. They receive warnings to stay away at 200 meters and pulse lasers are put through their heads if they close within 100. Even the wall is rumored to be composed of 100% cold iron. Very self-sufficient, Mann looms over its neighbor and its residents promise to withstand any attack, waiting for the time when the great gates close and true-techans can inherit the Earth.

THE CITY OF SELKIRK

Very little is known about Selkirk unless one is born there. No one remembers how when or how it erected itself on such an unstable precipice. Nicknamed the City in Rock, Selkirk barely registers in the history of the planet. They live in an isolated area, surrounded by mountains with no direct road. Although they have access to the pass of Dianaso, to access it requires going through a jagged section of rock claiming many victims. Selkirk's strength lies in its goal of continued expansion and wealth. Their loyalty is with the almighty currency. Holding onto ancient ways, Selkirk represents a massive mining consortium. Internally known as TERMINAM -- TERran MINing Amalgamated, Selkirk's entire population works in service of a corporation. Everyone works. Everyone serves. Everyone owes.

Selkirks' farms lacked the resources to supply the entire population so they opened negotiations with the narros to the north in Fargon. Soon, the ETA -- Echan Trade Alliance was formed to regulate trade between the narros of Thos Thalagos and the miners of Selkirk. The narros would travel through Dianaso and never lose a single traveler. They emerge at the village of Hell's Gate, the last population before the pass and the narros to the north. The village is a stop-way point as no echan's are allowed to board the Mag-Trains to Selkirk. Supplies are traded and the two sides return. Narros gain access to the massive gold and coruthill deposits under the Range of Rock and Selkirk gains the foodstuffs required to survive. The ETA maintains the trade agreement with the narros. Shipments usually arrive every week. Occasionally, if supplies are critical, Selkirk will send its own carry-alls through Dianaso to Fargon. The agreement is beneficial to both sides and neither has any reason to break this profitable exchange. Outside forces disagree and some have attempted to sever this trade. Kobolds attempt at raiding the narros caravans but not a single attempt has succeeded. Their attacks increase in number and in aggressiveness every year. Bugbears to the east also try severing this connection, also to no avail.

Selkirk and TERMINAM do not hold the revulsion for echans many other techans exhibit. Since Selkirk only deals with narros (which basically look like short versions of the Selkirk Miners), the population hardly needs reason to hate them. Isolated, the city barely appears on the radar of the other bastions. A previous encounter with Angel secured a short-lived trade agreement and promise to aid if the other fell under dire need. Beyond that, Selkirk could vanish off the face of the Earth and the only people who would care would be a couple million dwarves.

THE CITY OF SIERRA MADRE

Sierra Madre could be the oldest Bastion on the planet. Some believe Madre could be older than the new age, surviving the great gates. It seems unlikely considering the geological damage to the planet when the gates opened. Sierra enjoys its isolation but welcomes visitors. They appreciate their position on the planet and that most enemies pass over them

without knowing a blossoming civilization exists below. Tapped into massive geothermal energies, the population of Sierra Madre lives with unlimited power and limitless promises for the future. Unlike many bastions, gripped in fear of the outside world, wracked by terror of encroaching magic and the evils of outside malevolence, the people of Sierra sleep safe at night. Armies could walk over them, unaware of the city underneath. No army ever has. With the Gloam to the south, very few people travel indirectly over this bastion. Sierra Madre lives in peace. They, like Porto, strive forwards with almost reckless abandon to develop new techniques and new advancements. Limited borders and lack of outside aggression slows this development. Clean power and virtually no crime gives the bastion a virgin mindset. Those who leave are more unprepared than any other pilgrims into echa. The majority never survive a month, dying in the wastelands between populations or fleeing back to their house in hiding, eyes tightly shut.

THE CITY OF YORK

The second oldest of all the bastions but the slowest to grow, York relied on old technology and old building techniques to recover the once lost glory of mankind. The second largest bastion after Angel, York built its wall last, strange considering the threat of evil dragons to the north and pagus to the west. York held onto one wild card. Like Angel, York relied on echan means to reach their destination and built a city fortified against an attack. They accomplished this with a very formidable robotic force. A self-repairing robotic mass known as Zeros run all of York's hard labor and defenses automatically. Zeros were designed and built by the gimfen of Gnimfall. York and the gimfen signed an agreement where York would supply the gimfen with precious raw materials and the knowledge of machinery mankind acquired over centuries prior to the gates' openings and in exchange, the gimfen would add their technological distinctiveness to that knowledge, advancing York and helping them build a power system based on tidal energy. This required the construction of massive generators deep underground that, rumors hold, still contain gimfen technicians, living for hundreds of years, never seeing the light of day. Many in York's hierarchy refuse to acknowledge the gimfen's connection, insisting human expertise single-handedly built York to its glory.

THE LAST 400 YEARS

Canam's free land grows smaller each year as new nations form and encroach upon expanding older ones. Only when they begin to brush together will antagonism rise from agitation. Although many of the fey nations learned to live in peace, this doesn't always occur with the echan human kingdoms. Not all relations prosper as successfully as Appareci's defense alliance with Limshau, the Finer Fire Pits, and Salvabrooke. Many humans banded together from a joined hatred of those not like them. Dozens of smaller towns and villages openly outlawed fey entry. Even a few went about hunting the "pointed ones" for slaves or racial cleansing. History books recorded mankind slaughtering each other over simple differences of skin color or religious belief. It was an easy step to divert that hatred to these new invaders. There is very little to no racism between human ethnicities in the modern world, regardless of their feelings to those inhuman. The individuals that kept their bigotries after surviving the hammer didn't last long.

Humans racially hidebound accuse the fey descendants of bringing about man's downfall. Regardless of their origin, laudenian, pagus, or damaskan, it made no difference. When the western coast of Canam fell under constant goblin attack and the northern shores suffered invasion from the kobolds of Xixion, it was difficult to convince many humans of another opinion. Unless one traveled far north to Fargon, east to Limshau or stumbled upon the hidden entrance to Salvabrooke, most humans only knew of the creatures of echa from the raids they engaged in. Most caravans around the bastion of Angel needed an escort or fall under attack.

Today, unlike Euras across the ocean, condensed and tight, Canam still prides its wide-open spaces. Huge distances connect the many different cultures of the continent. Supposedly, when the black rock cracked, a huge fragment toppled across the sky and landed near the west coast. It broke into dozens of pieces. To this day, they float in the sky, mumbling stories to each other. South of Angel rests the large forest of Janis of where the largest population of chaparrans live around the towers of Jibaro. Far north, across the only the safe pass at Dianaso, one reaches the exclusive land of the narros, known as Fargon. The largest city is Thos Thalagos. In between, somewhere in the hazardous Nankani Mountains, rests Laudenia. Some say the city moves from peak to peak, making an exact location impossible.

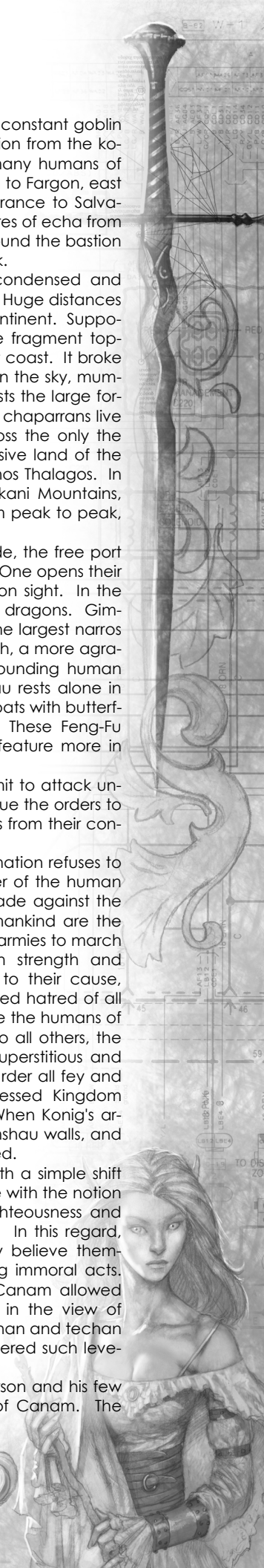
In east Canam, two Bastions sit side by side, the free port of York and the xenophobic fortress of Mann. One opens their doors to all, while the other shoots outsiders on sight. In the north, free pagus fell under control of typhox dragons. Gimfen built their underground capital nearby. The largest narros city, the Finer Fire Pits, sits close by. In the south, a more agrarian group of gimfen live in peace with surrounding human cities. In the centre of the continent, Limshau rests alone in the field of Serapea. Over the skies, narrow boats with butterfly wings ferry passengers from major cities. These Feng-Fu Flyers, even though imported from abroad, feature more in Canam than anywhere else in the world.

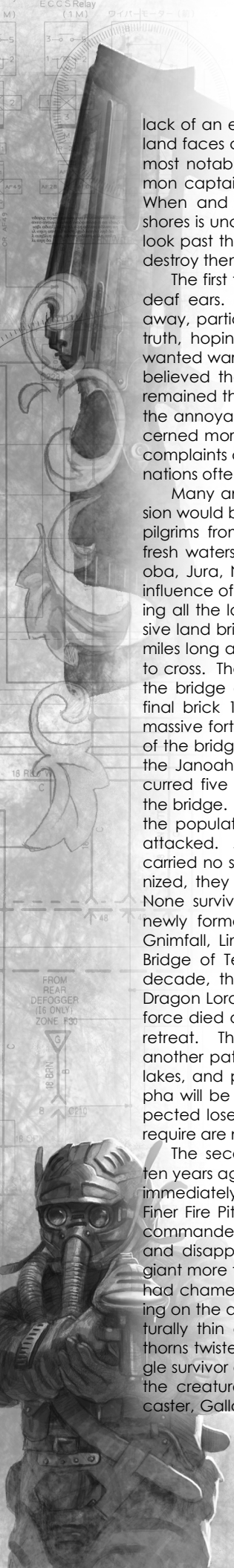
If the pagus from Apocrypha didn't commit to attack under their own desire, typhox dragons would issue the orders to do so. The dragons would beckon their slaves from their controlled lands of Azhi Dahaka.

Despite strong alliances in the north, one nation refuses to accept the state of affairs. Darius Konig, ruler of the human nation Baruch Malkut continues his holy crusade against the unworthy. Carrying a fanatical belief that mankind are the only true inheritors of the planet, Konig orders armies to march slowly, expanding the kingdom, growing in strength and numbers. Every year, they gather humans to their cause, promising peace, uniting the masses in a shared hatred of all fey. They don't despise the world of magic like the humans of techa, but believe mankind stands superior to all others, the true final form created by god. With their superstitious and hysterical crusade, they rob, enslave, and murder all fey and their collaborators. A century ago, this Blessed Kingdom claimed all the land of southeast Canam. When Konig's armada reached the chaparran forests, the Limshau walls, and the Gimfen Grind Towers, their expansion halted.

Baruch Malkut's fall from grace started with a simple shift of moral ambiguity. They began their crusade with the notion that their leaders commanded armies of righteousness and purity against empires of corruption and evil. In this regard, flaunting principled judgment, because they believe themselves morally superior, they justify committing immoral acts. Being the largest human echan empire in Canam allowed Baruch Malkut substantial diplomatic equity in the view of their neighbors and potential allies, both in echan and techan humans and even with the fey. They squandered such leverage.

It is surprising how much damage one person and his few disciples caused in the political landscape of Canam. The





lack of an effective consensus against the growing issues the land faces allows smaller problems to blossom in severity. The most notable example is to the sudden appearance of demon captains banding the roaming pagus camps together. When and how the demons began emerging on Canam shores is unclear, but unless the competing nations of Canam look past their political problems, a much greater threat may destroy them all.

The first time a demon captain was slain, the report fell on deaf ears. The leader responded, filing the report quickly away, partially oblivious to the threat, but more denying the truth, hoping others would act. No leaders of men or elf wanted war on their shores in their lifetime. For centuries, they believed the problems of Slav and Euras across the ocean remained the affairs of those living there. Canam settled with the annoyances of wild pagus raiders, bloated dragons concerned more with their meals than power, and the scattered complaints of slavery and ethnic cleansing from protesting fey nations often ignored.

Many analyzing the situation agreed the first sign of invasion would be the fall of Janoah. Janoah formed from human pilgrims from the south. They eventually found shelter and fresh waters surrounded by several massive lakes: Cyrus, Nioba, Jura, Noa, and Telos. Though once easy to cross, the influence of echa broke down cliffs and widened rivers, merging all the lakes. Between Telos and Cyrus, however, a massive land bridge ran across. The gargantuan expanse was 40 miles long and 600 feet wide, more than enough for an army to cross. The city of Janoah took root on the southern side of the bridge and began erecting defenses. It finally laid the final brick 100 years ago. Dozens of armaments dotted a massive fortification 150 feet tall, covering the entire expanse of the bridge. Funneling a huge army onto the bridge allows the Janoahn defenses to concentrate fire. The first test occurred five years later when a pagus force wandered over the bridge. Not aware of the strength of the wall or the will of the population, the raiders attacked. Two thousand pagus attacked. Janoah suffered no casualties. The pagus force carried no stern leader from pagus chief or dragon. Unorganized, they broke apart, confused by the sustained assault. None survived. After word of the Janoah victory reached newly formed southern allies, reinforcements flooded from Gnimfall, Limshau, and the Finer Fire Pits. Even though the Bridge of Tethuss suffered attack upon attack for the next decade, the real test occurred much later when the Azhi Dragon Lord Verkelen assaulted the wall. Only after his entire force died on or fell off the bridge did the great beast finally retreat. The Lords of Azhi are not stupid and they know another path exists. Once they push their forces around the lakes, and past the Noble Mountains, the armies of Apocrypha will be able to lay siege to all of Canam. Currently, expected loses prevent the long voyage. All that the dragons require are numbers.

The second occurrence of a demon captain transpired ten years ago. The third and fourth incident appeared almost immediately. The fourth won its battle with a force from the Finer Fire Pits pushing for new land into Alpinas. The demon commander slaughtered the narros captain, Gilthrack Bok and disappeared soon after. The last sighting spotted the giant more than 500 miles south, near the edge of Limshau. It had chameleon armor changing from red to green depending on the angle viewed. A human face was stretched unnaturally thin over an inhuman skull. A living vine of deadly thorns twisted around a shield of Holy Dragon scales. The single survivor of the Gilthrack expedition escaped. He chanted the creature's name constantly before a sympathetic spell caster, Gallasan Sagard, wiped his memory of the event. Sagard wrote the name down in hope it would eventually shed light on its origin...Thornshroud.

The sudden appearance of pagus raiders under the guided leadership of Ixindar forces alarmed the nations caring to notice. Leaders within Limshau, Abidan, Gnimfall, and the Finer Pits all became restless and worried. Where were these commanders originating? Did a small vessel survive the harsh oceans or did some corrupt intelligence create these beasts from the soils in Canam?

In the eyes of the fey, or at least the chaparrans, the greatest fear still lies with the forces of Ixindar. Many here sleep lightly, even considering the black gate sits on another continent. With the evil and corrupt lands of Sana and Tranquiss, evidence exists on Canam of corruption even here. This pales in comparison to visions occurring with several seers across all the fey nations six months ago. They all shared a unified image of great death and an immense battle to alter the events of the world.

A pit of stone. Ruins remain. Armies gather. Human, Fey, Pagus. Generals of Darkness. White clouds cradle wings of light from the east. The pit beckons. It desires. It feeds. It grows with death. Not enough to fill its craving. A greater toll waits. The fate of our future waits at mankind's final stand. The moment of the sin, committed against the world and whatever gods were listening at the time.

A comet will fall from the sky. Human and Fey will mix their blood. Great warriors shall fall on their knees. A mighty wind shall wipe the fields clean. Time holds here. Nothing grows, remaining frozen in a moment of pain and death. The throes and screams of their souls resonate in the pits, surrounded by the wall of a great fortress.

A fortress called . . .

Arx-Cis.

Not long after an August sun crept behind distant mountains, an unnatural wind rushed across the barren landscape west of the bastion of York. A winged goliath bellowed and coughed black smoke. Its bones of refined steel and carbon fiber splintered and shattered. Its feathers of chrome flayed off its delicate skin. The behemoth rolled over the clouds like a beached whale. As flames licked over its nose, it trailed a tail of stars, falling gently to the Earth. Finally, the mechanical beast slammed into the soft dirt.

A floating stone of immense weight, disobeying the gravity law god forbad it to break, sheared off the mammoth's left wings. As its hulk scrapped quickly across the jagged rocks, it began to tumble, shredding more of its body, leaving its remains scattered over miles. Disemboweled by a sharp landscape, the contents of its stomach dripped from its belly. A tail of flame stretched behind the beast in its carnage. The monster came to rest. In its death throes, the inferno rose up, consuming the remains of flesh. A final scream of pain convulsed and the colossus belched a mushroom cloud of fire and the final remains of its corpse were devoured.

When the flames finally subsided, only a few charred bones of titanium and the scar path of burned terrain behind it remained. Several wanderers arrived to investigate the fallen leviathan. A few helped themselves to the pickings they could scavenge, a piece of skin, or a broken fragment of bone. Days passed before anyone located its last meal, expelled in its fall. Most of the strange contents broke on impact. However, something survived.

A curious figure, knowing well more than he should, discovered it. The crate looked cracked, but inside, he saw the

faintest glint of light. He fought and pried the final lock and opened the chest.

At first, his hand rolled through fluttering pieces of snow that felt neither cold nor wet and refused to melt in the warmth of his hand. This would scare some but this stranger knew of science and recalled this snow came from man and not the sky.

It dropped to his knees. A plain dull silver amulet designed in simplicity held a very serious purple gem. The encrusted stone showed no skill from a trained cutter. The shard looked formed on its own and not chipped from a rock or shaved from a tool.

As night set, the violet light grew beyond a glow, and its humble façade could lie no more. This was something special.



Mischa couldn't notice details from this distance. The half dozen girls stumbled and tripped off the plank, but found their footing when on solid ground. Their massive and long ears tapered up and out to sharp point. These were not damaskans; Mischa had met those before. Laudenians were nearly indistinguishable from humans and were taller. These elves were around five feet, short for most he'd seen, but as delicate as most fey. Their hair was a pale as their skin, almost to the look of death, like they had shunned the sun for hundreds of years.

When the slaver brought the whip down again, one of them screamed a pitch so high, it cracked a nearby lantern and shattered a snipe of red wine. This brought two heavy strikes, brutal and hard, and she stopped.

"*Sassan lannera*!" he shouted. Mischa knew little of the elvish speech, but he even he knew the man made no sense. Mischa dropped his bags onto the boards and stretched his strained back. His neck muscles groaned for he felt as a man locked in a coffin made for a body half his size. He gently placed his warsword onto the bags and pulled out his father's dagger. One blade extended from between his middle fingers, the other two came from either side of the hand, and all pointed a hand's length from his knuckles. Mischa didn't bother concealing his weapon or his walk.

"Bunch of fuckin' faeries!" the slaver snapped. He grabbed the shirt of one of them and pulled her closer. With crooked and rotted teeth, he bit onto the tip of one of the elf's ears. He almost near nipped the tip off completely. The scream was enough to jostle the whale moored at port. "Can you hear me now!" he shouted directly into the canal. The man turned when he noticed the shadow of Mischa. He had almost the ranger's height...almost. "You wanna go a round with me—"

He lurched forward as Mischa drove the blades into the slaver's belly. Two edges bisected the heart. He was dead before he exhaled. Mischa let the corpse drop. Passers took notice for only a moment. No one complained. No one cheered. Mischa pondered how to refer to the elves. He never actually carried a conversation with one before. Were they women or females? Damaskans were approachable, he heard.

"You ok?" he asked. The injured one raised her head. Her eyes were glossed over pure white. Her irises were faded to near nothing, concealed under cataracts. The slightest light reflected a glint off the back of her eyes. Her ears twitched and she looked to his chest. "Know any human?" he followed up. "Common? Onespeak? English?" She didn't answer. She was shaking.

Mischa pulled from his pocket a handful of gold coins stamped with a bull from Barbelos, as well as a bouquet of blue lint and a sharpened fingernail. He wasn't sure where the nail came from. He snatched her hand and forced the coins into it. "This is gold," he said loudly. "Travel west." He pointed. "That way! Not that way." He pointed again. Mischa forgot she was blind. She gripped the coins but gave no other sign of comprehension. He let go of her arm and walked away.

Down the boardwalk, Mischa passed many people giving him a wide berth. Both his packs and persona demanded space. A woman with obvious intent stood from leaning on a nearby lamp post. Her short tight blue and green dress was designed to be lifted with ease and by her walk, such was done often. Her hair was dirtied and red, but her teeth were straight and somewhat clean given the conditions of the others on the street.

"You didn't save anyone," she said to gain his attention.

"I'm well aware," he answered instinctly as he passed. His accent was apparent but she couldn't recognize it. It was foreign to her and to the land. A more educated listener could have placed it. She didn't care. He stopped, realized the question and looked back. "Them?"

"No tenenbri towns for thousands of miles. They'll be caught and sent to the pens by day's end. They won't even make it to Limshau. They're too close to Malkut."

Mischa looked back at the elves vanishing in the crowds down the block. He looked back to the whore. "So?" he answered.

"Don't care?" She smirked a crooked smile. She liked showing her teeth, an obvious selling point.

"Should I?"

"Why'd you kill him then?"

"He was an asshole," Mischa blurted from the corner of his mouth.

"And obviously, you're not." She orbited to block his path down the walk. "...so?"

Mischa dropped his shoulders and let his bags hang down. "How much?" he asked plainly.

"Ten chryso or I'll take sovereigns. No Malkut money. I have standards."

"I have no idea what those are?"

"Standards?"

"The currency—"

"Just off the boat is literal with you, isn't it," she fired off as quickly.

"Would have thought that was obvious."

"What do you got?" She wanted the job. The man was stout enough, handsome what she could see. He smelled like he had been trapped on a small boat with a hundred others without showers. That much was true.

"Barbelos Bulls—doesn't matter. I just need a rub."

"Still counts for ten—"

"My back. I don't do coy."

"Just your back?"

"All I need. If I wanted rabbit, I'd get it for free," was his brutal truth.

"I believe you," was her modest answer.

"I have silver."

"Silver'll do."



INTRODUCTION

Amethyst evolves.

Cities collapse, heroes rise, and the future falls into the hands of a few. As they travel the world, it alters, grows, and plummets into shadow. They encounter their greatest fears and challenge true evil in all forms. They find depth in an easy situation, complexity in a single idea. Locations they thought would slide by fill their time with adventure.

Welcome to Amethyst. . .

A world that changes around a band of adventurers. A setting with a point and a climax. A world where an ending waits. Solve it and discover the truth. Fail and the planet crumbles underneath

Remember, the world is what you make of it.

Amethyst presents a unique angle on the traditional fantasy setting. The first and most important aspect being it's placement on Earth and not a fictional world bearing remarkable similarities to our own. Further, this is OUR Earth, not some stylized pseudo-ideal of Earth. A future spreads from the world we know—a world where books and movies written about fantasy existed. It forced many to question the familiarities of the world around with the fictional tomes of old, including famous works from legendary authors or the ramblings of teenagers sitting around a table rolling dice.

The second unique aspect with Amethyst relies on its clash between magic and technology. Many fantasy settings blend the two, usually with magic gaining the foothold and technology falling behind. Almost all still deal with a mixing of the two worlds. Amethyst presents a setting where the two sides stand almost at war and from a metaphysical point of view, actively disrupt each other's existence.

The game itself uses the D20 3.5 rules setting found by purchasing the Wizards of the Coast Dungeons and Dragons publications PHB, DMG, and MM. These books are required for play. Amethyst requires some basic knowledge of role-playing games. It does not go into details about the basics of gaming or the concepts of role-playing. Readers of this book are assumed to have some gaming experience and some semblance of what role-playing is really about. This is a game with a quest. The setting at the end of the game differs from its beginning. It diverges greatly from other settings in these regards.

When comparing it to traditional Dungeons and Dragons, several large points emerge that differ Amethyst from the norm.

ALIGNMENTS

Even though alignments remain a staple of basic fantasy role-playing, Amethyst wishes to reduce the fanatical approach to defined personalities. This game wishes to encourage broad character arcs and more than clichéd archetypes. Players choose an alignment as normal, but these represent the paths their characters deem the preferred path. Only when he or she continually disregards their calling would an alignment change be in order. Of course, the game does showcase absolutes, as an evil character may think him good but actions speak louder than words. A Lawful Evil character may not believe them wholly evil. They may simply consider their action righteous, as killing those against their belief is not really murder nor is it evil. D&D deals with absolutes so even though these characters may declare their actions in whatever way they chose; it does not detract the truth of their actions. This moral issue does appear frequently throughout the game. Because a character believing himself to be good is actually evil, he will still be struck down by holy strikes.

To reflect this ambiguity, alignment restrictions on certain classes have been loosened to allow a broader range. It should also be added that Amethyst's core story and mythos depends on players making heroes. They may be vengeance driven and internally torn between issues, balancing close to the edge of darkness, but heroes they will ultimately remain. Amethyst does not prohibit the use of creating evil Players for a game based on selfish and/or sadistic activity, but further adventures continually support the ideal of heroes banding together to save the world.

ALTERED MAGIC

Amethyst is devoid of high level spells, most major magic items, and all artifacts save for the ones included here. Characters may gain several powerful spells during the course of the game but these come in the form of Foundation spells, which are rare, costly to cast, and time consuming to quest for. Certain spells are notably absent; especially those involving direct divine intervention or offer themselves as shortcuts around distances and quests. As a result, all transport spells are absent.

In addition, all resurrection spells are absent save for two and one commits a heinously evil act upon its casting. This places the fear of death back into the player's hearts, where it belongs.

Spell casters also underwent a major change. Spell casting techniques are unique depending on the caster. Spell lists are completely altered. Mages are a melding of sorcerer and wizard with a new edge not seen before.

Clerics gain their power directly from Attricana, claiming the gate bestows power from a divine creator, which may or may not live on the other side. This may simply be drawing energy into one's soul as at least one nation on Earth declares similar abilities while claiming atheism, throwing doubt of an intelligent creator and maintaining god's ambiguity. Druids also obtain their power from the gate, though not directly. They receive their abilities from a conduit, namely the Earth. They worship nature and the world around. In their belief, the world channels the power from the gate and casters gain their power from below, not from above. Druids harness the wind, earth, fire, and water as well as the animals and plants around them, shaping and controlling them as they wish.

Mages disregard channeling and mysticism, approaching the gate with an almost scientific eye. They claim while clerics and druids blind themselves to the mysteries of the gate, they dive head first, taunting the cosmos to reveal its darkest secrets. Long before man or even elves, the first power from the gates channeled through the immense capacity of the draconic language. This practice continues today and remains the most popular form of spell casting. Anyone dedicated enough holds the potential to cast basic spells. Only with lifelong persistence and an innate gift for understanding such intricate mysteries, can the extremely rare few channel anything more than simple cantrips.

Although many of these casters respect the other, some animosity exists. Some clerics claim druids are blasphemers while both claim mages shortcut any belief and accuse them as heretics or infidels. Some mages meanwhile accuse the other two as delusional and since the most powerful spells derive from mages, they carry some tendency to be arrogant about the fact.

DIFFERENT RACES

There are three types of races: heritage, spawn, and evolved. There are no rule differentiations per say. Heritage races derive from the 1st epoch, in the time before man, leading up until the exodus. These are almost all fey derived species like damaskan, pagus, laudenians, and narros. Spawns are spontaneous life forms created from the sea of magic. They all have a short history and lack defined cultures. Most live their lives as mindless beasts. The majority of enemies encountered in the world are spawns. Only a tiny fraction gained the intelligence to better themselves. Evolves are the remaining animals that survived to the present day, the most notable example being man. Magic has pushed a few into greater or more grotesque forms but they more or less resemble their ancestors. Dire animals are the most common magically influence creatures.

Discrimination between ethnic groups within races seldom occurs in the face of truly foreign outsiders. No negative feelings exist between the damasian and limshau damaskan elves, for example. This is also is the case for narros of Finer and Fargon. Even humans, encompassing a wide spectrum of beliefs and ethnic groups learned to coexist. Nothing unites a people more than finding a common enemy. Unfortunately, these tempered feelings begot increased intolerance in other races.

MAGIC VS. TECHNOLOGY

Rules are in place detailing how these two forces clash. Technology allows players refusing magic to offset their deficiency. The more advanced technology suffers the greatest chance of interference. Techan characters venturing into the world must temper their aggressiveness, lest they lose all their equipment and weapons to the first magical beast they encounter. Many magical effects can be replicated in technology, but the higher the technology, the harder it will be to find and maintain.

RELIGION

Do not expect dozens of faiths and many new fictional gods. The fey descendants brought only a handful with them, the most significant being the deities of Erufu and Oaken. Some worship dragons while others pray directly to the gates themselves.

Outside of those, many human faiths survived virtually unaltered. Players would gain an opportunity to play a cleric bound to Islam or Christianity or even Buddhism or Sikhism. One choosing these faiths (although described briefly here) is

expected to honor their ideals and commit the proper research to do them justice.

In all cases, expect God to be as silent as he is today.

STORY

Amethyst presents a changing story where the game alters each time one plays it depending on when someone plays and what side they play on. Further adventures not only detail an evolving story but the setting changes as the game progresses. The final setting may look somewhat different from where it all began. Events beginning at point A move to point B. They don't revolve back to A. The game holds secrets only the Game Master should know, secrets no player should read. They explain the setting in detail and answer many of the questions presented in the following pages, though not all of them.

CLASS FOCUS

Instead of including a hundred prestige classes for a dozen nations in Amethyst, classes presented include paths a PC may take that slightly alter the primary class. Some add light color to a monochromatic class while others greatly alter the result. Others represent a unique take on an idea while others simply assist certain classes into diving into prestige classes sooner by adding beneficial abilities able to meet the requirements of said classes. The prestige classes listed characterize a unique regional or racial path while class focus is a direction any player may take. Certain locations in Canam and the rest of the world endorse specific paths. They are not required nor are they exclusive.

Beyond that, it's not the goal of Amethyst to re-write the book of fantasy but simply bend the mirror in such a way to create a situation where a fantasy world is literally forced upon our society. Would we all embrace magic or would we hide in our secured homes, content with sanitation and calculators that work? If the fantasy setting appears unoriginal (with traditional classes and races) it is because it was intended.

ABILITY SCORES

ABILITY SCORE TABLE

The table of ability modifiers and bonus spells has been changed because of the reduced magic in Amethyst. Spellcasters cannot cast spells above 6th level. Some of those spells are present but require the research of foundation spells and the search for anchors. There is a limit of how many foundation spells the character can learn depending on their attribute tied to their class. Only mages can cast foundation spells. They can take the foundation spell feat as often as they like (to cast learned foundation spells more often) but can only learn the listed number of different spells on the table below.

Table: Ability Modifiers and Bonus Spells

		Bonus Spells (by Spell Level)							
Score	**Modifier**	**0**	**1st**	**2nd**	**3rd**	**4th**	**5th**	**6th**	**Maximum Foundation Spells**
1	–5	— Can't cast spells tied to this ability —							Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
2–3	–4	— Can't cast spells tied to this ability —							Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
4–5	–3	— Can't cast spells tied to this ability —							Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
6–7	–2	— Can't cast spells tied to this ability —							Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
8–9	–1	— Can't cast spells tied to this ability —							Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
10–11	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Cannot Cast Foundation Spells
12–13	+1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
14–15	+2	—	1	1	—	—	—	—	1
16–17	+3	—	1	1	1	—	—	—	2
18–19	+4	—	1	1	1	1	—	—	2
20–21	+5	—	2	1	1	1	1	—	3
22–23	+6	—	2	2	1	1	1	1	3
24–25	+7	—	2	2	2	1	1	1	4
26–27	+8	—	2	2	2	2	1	1	4
28–29	+9	—	3	2	2	2	2	1	5
30–31	+10	—	3	3	2	2	2	2	5
32–33	+11	—	3	3	3	2	2	2	6
34–35	+12	—	3	3	3	3	2	2	6
36–37	+13	—	4	3	3	3	3	2	7
38–39	+14	—	4	4	3	3	3	3	7
40–41	+15	—	4	4	4	3	3	3	8
42–43	+16	—	4	4	4	4	3	3	8
44–45	+17	—	5	4	4	4	4	3	9
etc. . . .									



Antikari was a small house of questionable nobility in a small town that ruled a dozen smaller farms. The main keep was a fenced house only slightly larger than surrounding buildings. Antikari also hated elves. Anyone approaching the town quickly picked up this well-known small nugget of information. Any moral opposition to the population's xenophobic view needed restraining for those wanting to approach Angel. It's what raised it above the inconsequential as the town sat at the mouth of the only relatively safe road to the bastion, the last point of civilization before the four-day stretch of lawless road to the east gate of the great city. A tall, wild forest dominated the distance between, swarming with goblins with little desire to settle and cultivate a peaceful life. Travelers needed to unite as the raiders preferred smaller, less defended targets.

The town nurtured a business of escorts and travel guides armed with allies and swords. Because traveling west only led to Angel, few non-humans needed any reason to enter Antikari. Raven, however, refused to leave Aiden's side and he never bothered to ask her to depart. He personally cared little for the radical ramblings of a few humans refusing to adapt to the coming winds. Even Mahan would be welcome. They entered the town on horseback late in the evening, during rain. They planned on a simple night's rest. Acquiring assistance on the journey appeared unlikely with Raven in tow. Maybe others on the same path would welcome the company, regardless of the shape of one's ears.

The town learned advanced construction and even maintained a simple system of internal plumbing. At this late hour, gas powered lamps continued to flicker with flame. A thumping racket echoed from the tavern as the three riders approached. Raven slipped off the mount as if falling, but landed perfectly on her feet. Aiden and Mahan dismounted less gracefully.

"I wager we keep trekking," Mahan finally admitted through the shadow concealing his face behind the green cloak. "It's too big a risk."

Aiden threw his hood back to allow some rain on his face, "We're sure to attract raiders. It's the time of year. The larger the group, the less tasty the target. We'll chance the tavern." Aiden passed Mahan and approached Raven. She was quiet, already reaching the front oak doors to the tavern. A carved wooden sign hung overhead read Matoko.

There was a weapon check at the entrance. Mahan offered his scimitar, Aiden, his dagger—clean and virgin to blood. Raven, covered and looking as a child, passed by unsearched. They found their seats away from the bar, among others sharing drinks and meals without notice. Many outsiders still found the temperature uncomfortably cold. Those and the wandering travelers wishing anonymity, or just wishing to look dark and mysterious, kept their traveling robes firmly with hoods up. Raven hardly stood out. Maybe her figure would confuse her as a child—another reason to conceal her face from the potential rowdy patrons of the Matoko. Mahan and Aiden found seats around the elf. Before even settling, a nearby female server brought water, clean and plentiful, pulled in from around the town. The band of drums, flutes, a pair of violins and a bizarre misshapen double horn filled the room with a cacophony of clashing styles with little skill.

The rather tall and well-endowed server passed a glance at the elf who kept her eyes down, attempting ignorance. Raven always remained quiet in crowds. Custodians were like that, shy and secluded. The noise and boisterousness unsettled her. Aiden felt for her isolation. He did not intend to remain long and quickly started to scan the room for those standing out, those preparing to undertake the same journey. Aiden's eyes quickly assessed the room.

Raven whispered just loud enough for him and Mahan to hear. "Five in the distant corner." They both leaned forward to listen. She continued, "The short one looks like a hairless chick still with the tooth to break out of the egg. A druid I imagine, though I doubt one with any power. The robes mark him from Jairus. They prefer isolation and the company of men only." Aiden and Mahan darted their eyes quickly to find the group in question. They finally located them almost out of sight, bathed in shadow nearly behind a table divider. Raven resumed, "The three by the band, their leather packs feature a style only seen by workers from Sykar. The young one's face appears too small for his head, probably needs glasses but refuses to wear them. Wide eyed, probably a businessman. The other across worked a farm, built like a pagus, but sits with no awareness of his surroundings. The woman carries child but not due for some time. Surprised they came this far. Doubt they will survive themselves. They will burden us rather than offer assistance. Goblins will smell the gestation from across the forest and surely attack." Aiden spun his head around and looked across the band. Instead of seeing the family, his eyes moved past to a group of local brutes staring back. The recently finished game of billiards forced them to find other ways to expel excess energy. Aiden diverted his attention away from the locked eyes and turned back to Raven.

Mahan never turned to look at the family. Instead, he looked elsewhere, past Raven's back, to the bar across the other wall. "You missed one, sharp eyes." He whispered loud enough to overcome the band.

"Really?" she responded. "Your god bless you with superior vision?"

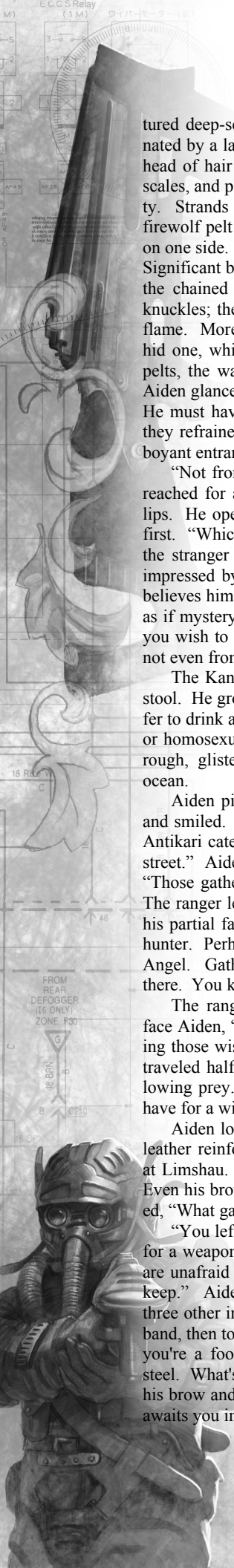
"Among other endowments," he smiled. He nudged his chin, pointing without fingers, "Bar...single one. Note the shield." Aiden turned back again, slower this time.

"Single?" Said Raven, head still down, not following Aiden's turn.

"Look at the shield." Mahan repeated. Aiden stared. He noticed the black and red furs from a firewolf, a creature not seen this far west and south, hanging off the man. The figure wearing the pelt across his back looked inches taller than anyone else sitting at the bar. He sipped a small drop of heavy alcohol. When lowering the tiny glass, he laid it alongside a dozen brothers. The shield hung down from the back, held by thick leather straps. A pristine symbol pushed through mud and dried blood. The image showed a small dagger with an angled grip for punching rather than slashing. Three blades rose from the grip, one from the center, two from either end; they terminated almost to the same point.

"Ohhh..." Aiden smiled at the symbol and turned back to the table, "No one takes a Kantis shield without tearing it away in battle." Aiden gulped a mouth of water and dropped the cup. "Back in a minute." Aiden stood and weaved his way to the bar, a leather pack still dangled from his shoulder. Raven raised her eyes, a little surprised at Aiden's forwardness. The tavern's dim gaslights from hanging balls illuminated her perfect complexion and sharp features. Though the obvious ears remained hidden, the billiard players took notice and identified their victim.

Aiden approached the behemoth. The figure hardly acknowledged him as Aiden took a seat for himself. The tall figure fea-



tured deep-set brown eyes behind a thick brow only more dominated by a larger beard of black curls. Braids dangled from a full head of hair falling to his shoulders. The armor, a mix of mail, scales, and plates, offset only moderate defense for maneuverability. Strands of animal hair seemed to poke from the gaps. The firewolf pelt covered a smaller hide, curled up and loosely falling on one side. The short blonde hairs on the pelt confounded Aiden. Significant body hair covered tanned muscles poking from tears in the chained arms. A long burn scar ran down from elbow to knuckles; the imprint looked far too specific to be from a natural flame. More scars hid behind the facial hair as well. The beard hid one, which totally wrapped around his neck. Other than the pelts, the warrior wallowed with no other trophies. Only when Aiden glanced at his side, did he notice the figure remained armed. He must have forced the issue upon entry at the tavern or rather they refrained to ask given the presentation of the assumed flamboyant entrance.

"Not from around here, are you?" Aiden started. The figure reached for another shooter. He paused as he lifted it up to his lips. He opened his mouth to speak, but decided the drink came first. "Which direction do you head?" Aiden continued. Again, the stranger stayed silent. Aiden rolled his eyes, obviously not impressed by the treatment. "God, every man wielding a sword believes himself the greatest master of arms, brooding and sulking as if mystery spurned interest. Made you more appealing to ones you wish to bed with. Very well, succeed with others. Probably not even from Kantis—" Aiden started to leave.

The Kantis snapped Aiden's cloak and threw him back to his stool. He growled silently only for Aiden to hear. "Perhaps I prefer to drink and sulk alone. When I require company from whores or homosexuals, I will seek you out." His voice, not scratchy or rough, glistened with the accent from Slav nations across the ocean.

Aiden picked up the proof of the ranger's origin in his voice and smiled. "Well last I checked, I was neither, though I believe Antikari caters to both vices, but those taverns run down another street." Aiden stood his footing. He sneered back at the warrior, "Those gathering here look for assistance for the trek to Angel." The ranger let go of Aiden, who shrugged off the grab. He lifted his partial fallen shoulder pack. "You survived this long, demon hunter. Perhaps ego convinces you a lone traveler will survive to Angel. Gathered by your attitude, I'm right. But we also head there. You know a way in?"

The ranger dropped the empty glass. Finally, he rotated to face Aiden, "I hear of sages at Angel, truthsayers and oracles seeing those wishing to remain hidden. I need such wisdom now. I traveled half this world, across an ocean of waves and wind following prey. I lost him upon landfall. I survived. What need I have for a wizard?"

Aiden looked down at his simple attire. All he wore was the leather reinforced padding under double-layered silk he acquired at Limshau. The red velvet and cotton cloak covered most of it. Even his brown leather pack was sealed. "Hmm," Aiden responded, "What gave it away, the pointy hat or the funny staff?"

"You left the table to talk but took your pack. Not big enough for a weapon and too clumsy for gold. You wear little armor but are unafraid of the amount of predators eyeing you and what you keep." Aiden glanced at the room. He quickly caught at least three other individuals glancing at him. He darted a glance at the band, then to the empty pool tables. The ranger continued, "Either you're a fool, naïve, or wield a weapon greater than sharpened steel. What's your totem? Don't tell me a book?" Aiden dropped his brow and nodded. The ranger rolled his eyes. "What purpose awaits you in a bastion?" He finally asked.

"Actually, we seek Genai, a small town within Angel, as foreign to the towers around it as you are to this land. If you seek oracles, that's where they live." Aiden held out his hand. In it rested a silver plastic card featuring a barcode on the bottom and a fingerprint atop. The ranger looked confused at it. "Ident card. All citizens of Angel receive one at birth. No one enters without gaining a temporary pass. Then it's hard without endorsement from a citizen, which I happen to be. Most of those immigrating to Angel never enter. They make a life in the shadow of the outer wall. Despite your intimidating demeanor, you won't make it past the sentry guards." Aiden smiled and pocketed the card. "So...Care to rethink the journey?"

The Ranger smirked. He held out his hand and he and Aiden shook. Finally, he announced, "Mischa Federov Romanov."

"Aiden Camus," returned the answer. Continued conversation was broken by a crash at the other end of the room. Mischa turned quickly to look. Aiden remained staring ahead. He squinted his eyes, "Ohh, sssshhhhit," he muttered between his teeth. He opened his eyes and immediately spotted Raven's exposed ears as visible as a candle in the darkness, as if the light reflected off a hundred sets of eyes, focused all on her. The fierce brute with ham hands and crocodile skin maintained a fierce grip on Raven's drawn hood. Two others of similar unpleasantness surrounded the table. A dozen more approached slowly while a further dozen took their distance. Mahan remained seated, ignoring the approaching crowd. His teeth clenched, restraining his emotions the best he could. Raven showed no fear, but held it firm in her heart.

"All we need, another god damned puck!" The crocodile bellowed. He gave the hood a tug, pulling the string to Raven's neck, "Shows nerve. You enter by choice? Eh? You belong to him?" he added, gesturing to Mahan.

Mahan despised lying but spoke it well anyway. "That's correct. I purchased her from an auction in Tobias. Spent good money on that skin you blemish. Care to release her? I so dislike it when they're bruised." Raven remained tight-lipped. She furrowed her brow and stared at the Crocodile with unflinching eyes.

"Sure doesn't look broken. She hides a mighty temper. And I don't see any marks of ownership—"

"—I paid substantially for purity of flesh. The finest slavers never leave a mark. And the flame in her eyes translates to the bed chamber only, I assure you." Mahan interrupted. The crocodile released her hood and palmed her cheeks with a firm hand. Mahan stood quickly. "If her presence upsets you, we'll depart without objection. Release her." Two allies of the Crocodile, a dirty faced off-shift miner with a bear-like hairy chest and a thinner bald man with wide eyes and the cackle of a hyena quickly snatched the arms of the cleric.

"Fey lovers are the worst of the lot." The Hyena and the Bear firmed their grip on Mahan. The Hyena called to the Crocodile, "Most Tobias slavers traffic chaparrans. Easier to break. And when they sell damaskans, they take the tip of the tongue as a final sign of their bondage. I saw her speak. She's no slave. Get a rope."

The Crocodile sneered down at the still sitting elf, "Not yet. We'll tape her up. Money to be made in skin like this." He lowered himself to her level and whispered, "Ever been split by a real man's cock before?"

Raven's nagamaki pinned between the Crocodile's left testicle to his inner thigh. She only pushed in three or four inches, tops. "Ever been split by a real elf's sword?" she sneered back at him. The Bear and Hyena paused in shock as the Crocodile pulled away from blade and elf. For a moment, the Crocodile stopped worrying about where the blade actually stuck and pondered how she was able to enter the bar with her weapons. The blood spilled and

rolled quickly down his left leg. The Crocodile barely screamed, more a grimace of horrified shock. The blade successfully navigated through padded legs and even a few links of mail from a defensive undershirt.

Before the Hyena and Bear focused their anger and rage, Mahan let out a slight sigh and lowered himself down. He kicked the Bear's legs out, who quickly fell with a hard thump; flabs of fat smacked the wood. With an arm released, Mahan threw his balanced weight to the Hyena, throwing an elbow to his face. Mahan rolled across the Hyena's broken nose and wrestled his other arm free. The Hyena threw his head back, a spit of blood flicked to another patron. The bear rose slowly to his feet, desperately trying to get himself to his knees. Mahan dropped his arms and snatched the two concealed arm-length steel bars from his sides.

The Hyena pulled a concealed dagger and attempted to strike first. Mahan weaved and slapped the pipe across the Hyena's shattered nose. The bolt of pain threw the thug back. Mahan spun around to the knuckles of Bear's clenched fist. Another strike to the other hand pushed the Bear back closer to the wall. Mahan kicked the Bear back further until his head banged against the hanging gas lamp. The Bear screamed in anger and threw the pain behind him. Mahan brought both arms back and crossed the poles in front of Bear's throat. The crossed pipes pinned him against the wall. Mahan released his grip on the weapons, but they remained in place, choking the beast against the wall. Despite rage and muscle, the Bear couldn't push the bars back. Mahan turned around to see the Hyena again in front, flanked by two others, referred now simply as the Ape and the Weasel.

Aiden jumped off the stool but Mischa's arm stopped him suddenly. "No Magic," he said. Mischa marched towards the gathering. His hard boots of steel and leather thumped the wood floor with heavy falls. Whump! Whump! The massive cleats clawed into the boards. Another patron, whose allegiance in the situation was probably dubious, attempted foolishly to delay the mammoth with his body and a firm foot plant. Mischa refused to even acknowledge the absurd block and offered only a passing shoulder. The struck man was taken off his footing. He shattered through two tables and three chairs before rolling over three patrons and striking the distant brick wall.

A fire axe, a formidable weapon if wielded with skill, lunged from the crowd with a blind thrust. Raven's hands quickly grabbed the back of her chair. Her legs pushed up and she rolled up the backrest. Flipping in the air, her legs settled on the back of the chair, hardly disturbed by the action. The axe splintered the chair and carried through to the oak support beam behind. The scrawny Rat maintained his grip on the weapon, but couldn't wrench it from its place. Raven settled back down, balancing on the embedded axe. She threw a kick, sending the Rat back to the crowd. The kick's weight followed up and Raven grasped onto a ceiling support beam. Her legs slowly brought the rest of her body up and she reached her arms behind to grab the beam. She hung onto the wood like a maiden figurehead latching onto the bow of a clipper vessel.

Mischa raised one foot and kicked the unexpected Weasel before he could fully draw his ankle blade from its sheath. Outside the tavern, a couple concerned more of covering themselves from the rain with sheets of newspaper passed by a small window. They were not expecting a limp body to fly through, over them, across the boardwalk, and strike the mud in the middle of the street.

The Ape's blow by hefty chunk of broken table hoped to catch Mischa off guard. The ranger caught the wood under his arm and took the improvised weapon for himself. The Ape moved in to grasp the ranger with his impressive limbs. Not even when Mischa snapped the wood in half across the Ape's ear did the beast stop charging. An armored plated knee tightly to the scrotum prevented the advance. A solid slam from head to head threw the Ape to the ground. The backs of a dozen others stiffened with the approach of the mob. Mischa stepped back and bumped with Mahan, unarmed, but wielding rigid fists. Raven continued to hang, looking at the dire situation from the roof. Aiden finally stepped forward. He reached into his leather pack and grabbed his book, but did not remove it.

The dozen, angry and hateful, closed in. The Bear, wishing he could join in, continued to hang from the floating bars. Mischa reached back and grabbed his scabbard upon seeing the makeshift weapons of the crowd. The mob stepped closer and closer, ready for the final charge.

"*Chak-Ren-Yo*!" Aiden snapped. At once, every combatant around for three tables save for Raven, Mahan, and Mischa, dropped to the ground in a deep slumber. Knives and pool cues fell from limp hands and rolled across the floor. Those outside the fall stared with a sudden fear from the spell cast. Aiden entered the circle of fallen. He looked up to Raven and expelled a hefty breath. She shrugged her shoulders in return. "Time for subtly has passed. Shall we?" He asked. Raven dropped back down and landed lightly on her feet with hardly a tap.

Mischa pivoted and marched for the door. Raven and Aiden followed. Aiden forgot his dagger. Mahan walked over to the now unconscious Bear, slowly choking on the bars. Mahan took firm grip and released them. The sleeping thug struck the ground, teeth cracking on the floor. Mahan holstered the weapons at his sides and announced as he left, "Lovely atmosphere. We'll be back." He paused. The crowd stayed still and quiet. Mahan lifted an open palm to wave. "Praise be to God!" he said, turned, and left. He snapped his finger at the check and snatched his blade back.

Outside, despite the sudden fear from the mob in the tavern, the four hastily loosed their mounts. Mischa's warhorse, dressed in chain barding and a disciplined gate, loyally waited unbound.

"We're still agreed?" Aiden asked loudly to overcome the heavy downpour.

Mischa shouted back, "Very well. But no more unfair fights. We duel until their defeat." Mischa tapped his horse and led the group away. Raven remained quiet, though Mahan's curiosity got the best of him.

"And you are—" he addressed the ranger.

"I hope you carry some camp gear," Mischa interrupted. "We'll take shelter in the forest. No inn will take us anymore." Mahan did not bother repeating the question.

As they galloped from town, Aiden rode up to catch the ranger, "I do regard them defeated, by the way."

Mischa snorted, "You put them to sleep, wizard. That's no way to win. Might as well cut off their balls."



RACES IN AMETHYST

The names of the races and their racial traits are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

Earth remains a crowded place. Millions of humans survived the holocaust many say they assisted in bringing. Unlike traditional fantasy, the new world opened doors to more than simple elves and dwarves. Since all advanced races started with the same starting point, the fey, all descendant races share similar traits. Their human-like proportions and pointed ears remain even though the rest of their physique altered in numerous ways. Some contest that the tall, frail laudenians resemble the ancient race the most. Many of the descendant races fall into the category of elf, a summary some of them disapprove of. A few of the races broke off so early, and developed so long on their own, that they seldom are referred to as elves or even descendants of the fey. A few radical branches, like satyrs and centaurs, split off so drastically, that any connection with their heritage disappeared long ago.

In truth, the quantity of descendants races of the fey number in the dozens but most either die off, are absorbed by other races, or are so few in number to not matter in these pages. Where on Earth the specific game is played should influence the choice of what race a character decides to take. Tenenbri live primarily in Southam, so their appearance in Indoaus would warrant suspicion. Only the damaskan elves, humans, and pagus appear in virtually every corner of the planet.

VITAL STATISTICS

AGE

You can choose or randomly generate your character's age. If you choose it, it should be at least the minimum age for the character's race and class (see Table: Random Starting Ages). Your character's minimum starting age should be the adulthood age of his or her race plus the number of dice indicated in the entry corresponding to the character's race and class on Table: Random Starting Ages.

With age, a character's physical ability scores decrease and his or her mental ability scores increase (see Table: Aging Effects). The effects of each aging step are cumulative. None of a character's ability scores can be reduced below 1 in this way.

When a character reaches venerable age, secretly roll his or her maximum age, which is the number from the Venerable column on Table: Aging Effects plus the result of the dice roll indicated on the Maximum Age column on that table, and record the result, which the player does not know. A character that reaches his or her maximum age dies of old

age at some time during the following year. The maximum ages are for player characters. Most people in the world die from pestilence, accidents, infections, or violence before getting to their venerable age.

Table: Random Starting Ages

Race	Adulthood	Barbarian, Rogue	Fighter	Cleric, Druid, Monk, Mage
Chaparran	90 years	+4d6	+6d6	+8d6
Damaskan	80 years	+3d6	+3d6	+4d6
Gimfen	40 years	+4d6	+6d6	+9d6
Half-Fey	20 years	+1d6	+2d6	+3d6
Human	15 years	+1d4	+1d6	+2d6
Laudenian	110 years	+4d6	+6d6	+10d6
Narros	70 years	+3d6	+5d6	+7d6
Tenenbri	50 years	+3d6	+4d6	+6d6
Tilen	30 years	+4d6	+6d6	+9d6

Generally, techan humans live out their full lifespans due to advances in medicine and the overall quality of life. Many echan humans fall victim to their environment (plagues or predators) so their average natural life is reduced. There is no actual difference with humans in regards to their aging. Echan humans living in major cities or in areas blessed with positive magic have the same lifespans as techans. There are, however, ways to extend a human's life with magic. There are no known ways in techa to do likewise.

Fey lifespans are wildly different depending on the race. The rate of maturity also changes with each species. Some reach adulthood nearly the same as humans while others make take a century or more to develop to adulthood. Generally, the oldest species have the longest lifespans, but they also reproduce at an extremely reduced rate. This characteristic is reversed with younger species. The two major exceptions to these rules are pagus and tilen.

Table: Aging Effects

Race	Middle Age1	Old2	Venerable3	Maximum Age
Chaparran	400 years	800 years	2500 years	+4d% years
Damaskan	300 years	500 years	1000 years	+4d% years
Gimfen	100 years	300 years	400 years	+3d% years
Half-Fey	62 years	150 years	250 years	+5d20 years
Human	35 years	53 years	80 years	+2d20 years
Laudenian	500 years	1000 years	5000 years	+4d% years
Narros	250 years	400 years	900 years	+2d% years
Tenenbri	200 Years	300 years	500 years	+4d% years
Tilen	300 years	400 years	500 years	+3d% years

1 At middle age, –1 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

2 At old age, –2 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

3 At venerable age, –3 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

The dice roll given in the Height Modifier column determines the character's extra height beyond the base height. That same number multiplied by the dice roll or quantity given in the Weight Modifier column determines the character's extra weight beyond the base weight.

Fey have a normal looking physique though they actually weighing far less. This is due to many factors amplified by magic. They are far stronger than they look with even the most forceful fey looking merely above average in muscle. With the narros, this attribute is reversed, weighing much more than they appear. The pagus, stout and endowed with muscle, are still stronger than they look.

Table: Random Height and Weight

Race	Base Height	Height Modifier	Base Weight	Weight Modifier
Chaparran, male	4′ 8″	+2d6	70 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Chaparran, female	4′ 8″	+2d6	65 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Damaskan, male	4′ 5″	+2d6	60 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Damaskan, female	4′ 5″	+2d6	50 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Gimfen, male	3′ 0″	+2d4	30 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Gimfen, female	2′ 10″	+2d4	25 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Half-Fey, male	4′ 7″	+2d8	80 lb.	× (2d4) lb.
Half-Fey, female	4′ 5″	+2d8	60 lb.	× (2d4) lb.
Human, male	4′ 10″	+2d10	120 lb.	× (2d4) lb.
Human, female	4′ 5″	+2d10	85 lb.	× (2d4) lb.
Laudenian, male	5′ 5″	+2d6	45 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Laudenian, female	5′ 0″	+2d6	35 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Narros, male	3′ 9″	+2d4	110 lb.	× (2d6) lb.
Narros, female	3′ 7″	+2d4	90 lb.	× (2d6) lb.
Tenenbri, male	4′ 0″	+2d6	55 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Tenenbri, female	4′ 0″	+2d6	45 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Tilen, male	5′ 0″	+2d6	55 lb.	× (1d6) lb.
Tilen, female	5′ 4″	+2d6	40 lb.	× (1d6) lb.

—Body weight is shockingly low for the apparent mass of the body…

—An attempted biopsy of marrow from the scapula found the bone hollow. Interesting. Almost like a flying mammal. Will attempt another location.

—Other cavities located within the sternum and ribs. I know why birds, but how does a humanoid survive with a fragile…oddly enough the bone structure itself feel very rigid, stronger than expected, though still flexible.

—Bone Mineral Density test inconclusive, as it does not match with other findings.

—Finger bones also hollow but ulna and radius are solid.

—Final results: This fey's skeleton accounts for 8-10% of its total body mass, this is in comparison to an average human, where it is closer to 20%. In conclusion, this means this chaparran's skeleton is built more like a bird's than a human's

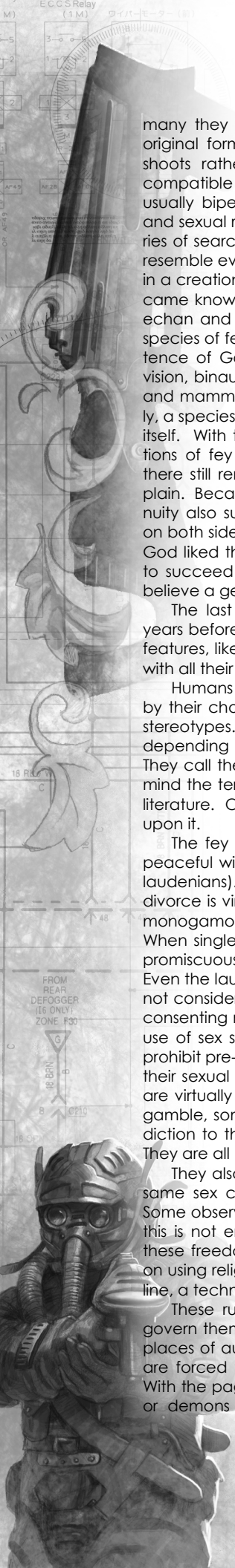
<Audio recording>
Autopsy on unidentified chaparran (Excerpt), Angel
July 15th, 567 AE

OTHER OPTIONS

It is important to note that many more races exist in this world. A player may wish to play a satyr, an ogre, or a goblin. They may wish to even play one of the meta-plot races in Amethyst (races that alter the story as a whole). A DM should only allow their inclusion if he wishes to reveal major plot secrets to the group. The DM holds no obligation to explain what these races are in Amethyst or what importance they hold.

FEY DESCENDANTS

After dragons, the first species born on Earth were the fey. No one remembers what they originally looked like or how



many they were. Their susceptibility to magic altered their original form and they broke off into dozens of smaller offshoots rather quickly. These offshoots remain genetically compatible and physically similar in basic ways. They are usually bipeds with 10 fingers and toes, stereoscopic vision, and sexual reproduction. Human scientists, after a few centuries of searching, stopped trying to figure out how they could resemble evolved apes so much. Creationists (those believing in a creation by God) had their answer and their proof. It became known as Corpus Continuity. This belief, held by many echan and techans, postulates that similarities in enchanted species of fey and the evolved species of man prove the existence of God. The humanoid form, consisting of binocular vision, binaural hearing, base ten appendages, erect stature, and mammalian physiology, matched the fey species exactly, a species not evolved from primate but formed from magic itself. With the exception of the pointed ears and the variations of fey species when they adapt to their environment, there still remains remarkable similarities scientists cannot explain. Because fey arose first, many believers in Corpus Continuity also subscribe to Echalogical Influence. Many of faith on both sides discovered the other and realized that, to them, God liked the humanoid form. He simply tried different ways to succeed at it. Scientists refuse to acknowledge this and believe a genetic reason exists for the similarity.

The last original fey vanished hundreds of thousands of years before the first Hammer struck. A few of their dominant features, like their pointed ears and sharp features, still survive with all their descendants.

Humans in the modern age barely refer to the fey races by their chosen names, opting to replace them with fantasy stereotypes. Humans call gimfen either halflings or gnomes depending on the mentality; they call all narros dwarves. They call the others elves. In some situations, the races don't mind the term as it usually refers to noble creatures in human literature. Others races like laudenians and chaparrans frown upon it.

The fey all share several common qualities. They are all peaceful within their own species (Ie: laudenians never fight laudenians). They believe in the lasting bond of marriage, so divorce is virtually non-existent. Adding to that, they are also monogamous (deploring polygamy) and loyal to their mates. When single, however, they are also known to be somewhat promiscuous, open about their bodies and their expression. Even the laudenians, with their strict heritage and tradition, do not consider sex for pleasure either sinful or immoral between consenting non-bonded adults. Although they denounce the use of sex slaves by human masters, fey races often do not prohibit pre-bonded (pre-marital) sex. Prostitution is rare given their sexual freedom, but it has been known to occur. There are virtually no crimes dealing with vices in elf cultures. They gamble, some smoke (narros mostly), and never gain an addiction to these choices. Fey believe in freedom of opinion. They are all brutally honest and seldom lie for any reason.

They also don't consider homosexuality a sin and bonded same sex couples do occur openly in all fey communities. Some observers have claimed elves are all pansexual, though this is not entirely the case. Some human nations frown on these freedoms and expressions, especially those still insisting on using religion as a device of fear to keep the population in line, a technique used exclusively by humans.

These rules apply when the fey cultures are allowed to govern themselves. In some locations where elves are not in places of authority but do occupy the population base, they are forced to abide by the rules of the nation they inhabit. With the pagus, they are run almost entirely by either dragons or demons and are seldom permitted to rule themselves. These situations only occur when they escape or their rulers are killed.

Studying sample 345B
Subject: Larena Senarius, Damaskan Elf
(Volunteer)

Analyzing sample discovered a standard long polymer of nucleotides in a double helix configuration. Initial investigation found the helix to be super coiled. Twenty-three pairs of chromosomes were identified. However, chemical imperfections have been located along several pairs. A few nucleotides are missing in key areas for life to sustain itself.

Defects have been detected on the adenine, thymine, and cytosine. Five copying errors have been located, leading evidence towards extensive somatic mutations of a severe variety. At least two chromosome inversions appear along the strand. Many of these mutations seem of a dominant phenotype. These anomalies cover the spectrum of patterned genetic diseases, some being autosomal dominant, while another is autosomal recessive, and yet another will be mitochondrial.

Thinking logically towards this subject, the patient should be affected by sickle cell anemia, hypophosphatemia, and leber's hereditary optic neuropathy. I also personally identified two other defects connecting to hemophilia and spinal muscular atrophy. This subject should be dead. I have confirmed that EDF had no part in corrupting this data.

I am in no way experienced with this level of genetic abnormality. By all accounts, the patient should not be able to walk, talk, or even breathe, let alone hunt and have a family. I will thank the volunteer for her services and forward my data to the Tilthe. Personally, I find this breakdown of scientific reasoning disturbing and hope that my data is flawed.

Walter Krause
Porto Medical Journal, smuggled to York
January 2, 1995 AE

There are several features applying to all of the fey descendants:

•**Immunities:** Fey are immune to all mortal disease. Fey are resistant to such annoying ailments as the flu, measles, and polio. They are unaffected by all genetic diseases but not mutated genes from radiation or enchanted viruses. They are immune to all transmitted diseases in human history. They cannot be carriers or infected in anyway. They never contract cancer naturally but external forces (chemicals, radiation, or magic) may still infect them.

•All fey gain a +3 racial bonus to all Knowledge (History) rolls.

•**Sleep:** All fey races require little sleep and they jostle awake with surprising ease. This is in alteration to the entry in the D&D PHB. Elves require little in the form of comfort to doze. They can sleep either lying down or just leaning back. This is due do a subconscious effort to maintain balance. This allows elves to sleep comfortably on branches or cliff edges. Humans require a lengthy unbroken sleep period but elves do not. They constantly stir in their sleep and are easy to startle, almost as skittish as prey in the wilderness, surrounded by predators. Elves require only 4 hours of total sleep every 24 hours but do not require them in one solid period. Fey races require REM sleep like all living creatures and must lie down and be comfortable to do so but only require 4 hours of sleep in this state to be satisfied every few days. If a fey is not allowed comfortable sleep in order to reach a REM state, sleep deprivation will eventually set in. An elf can sleep in medium or heavy armor for three days before fatigue sets in. They gain a

THE LINE OF FEY

No one is truly certain exactly how the fey appeared. Some insist they birthed from trees while others claimed the sky while still others profess neither, pointing to the soil itself as the source. Only the dragons knew for certain and appeared to intentionally forget such trivial facts. Considering the oldest fey races maintain a connection with nature, the exact specifics of their origin seemed inconsequential, though never state that to a laudenian or a chaparran. The word "fey" is another one hotly debated. While the origin points to a simple "touched by magic" description, it shares its root with an alternate spelling, that of Fae, which in turn originated from Faerie.

Echalogical influence appears in numerous cultures, connecting threads from various human legends and myths from the time of Terros. The races of fey would later influence Germanic and Greek mythology, previously thought unconnected. Though damaskans, laudenians, and chaparrans would fall under a wide range of Germanic elf legends, other distant cousins would appear in Greek lore as monsters and tricksters. There appears no connection where these influences would appear. Even obscure concepts of Attricana found its way into Chinese and Japanese mythos.

Although their native language named them differently, modern humans insisted on keeping the titles of legend. Often times, the fey races tolerated and even supported this tradition as it connected them to, often times, creatures of respect and power. Few fey live without knowing how they were represented in human literature. Oddly enough, the ones presented in a negative light are not looked on highly by the other races. These are mentioned only as the outcasts-tribal and primitive fey offshoots prone to violence and deceit. Few, if any, survived the exodus. Magic kept its persistence and they reappeared soon after from magical influence, as if their introduction could not be stopped.

As fey continued to grow and develop, a growing concern appeared as the newer races emerged less developed and intelligent then their ancestors. Though gimfen, satyrs, and centaurs all claim a higher status, there is no denying the recent branch species (kobolds, goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears) exhibit a primitive mentality, preferring to pillage and devour rather than develop and civilize. A growing fear arose recently where fey echalogians pondered if they were doomed to devolve into mindless animals while man continues to grow and expand. The initial fey existed for millions of years before branching into three deviations almost at the same instant. Further deviations took half the time. Not counting the Ixindar migration, further branches emerged much faster. The various goblinoids appeared only a few years before the first hammer. Though rendered extinct by the exodus, they appeared once again after landfall. Moreover, in less than a laudenian's lifetime, those very same goblins broke into three further subgroups, each more primitive and animalistic than the goblins. The fey take pride in their rich culture and a growing fear has taken root that it may all bleed away in time.

Then there were the pagus. Despite a constant attachment to the human term orc, the pagus have no relation whatsoever to goblins, kobolds, or ogres. They appeared with the Ixindar migration when the black sun passed over the world and settled in its new home. Pagus break most of the rules associated with fey. They are the longest-lived species without a deviation branch of their own. After Mengus created them, they remained so forever. It's almost as if Attricana stopped talking to them.

In present day earth, the descendants of the original fey continue their traditions and beliefs with hardly a hiccup from the old time. Tenenbri dig, laudenians fly, narros protect and damaskans remember. Meanwhile, their new ape-evolved neighbors grow every decade.

+5 racial bonus against sleep effects and can make Listen skill checks while asleep without penalty.

CHAPARRANS

Hiding in the deep woods across the world, the elves of chaparra evolved concealment to an art form. Their xenophobia rivals even laudenians. An ironic fact exists that almost all descendants of fey believe they are the true form of the ancient race. Chaparrans are almost as close to laudenians to that claim. Their race dates back further than anyone can recall, including them, as they keep few records.

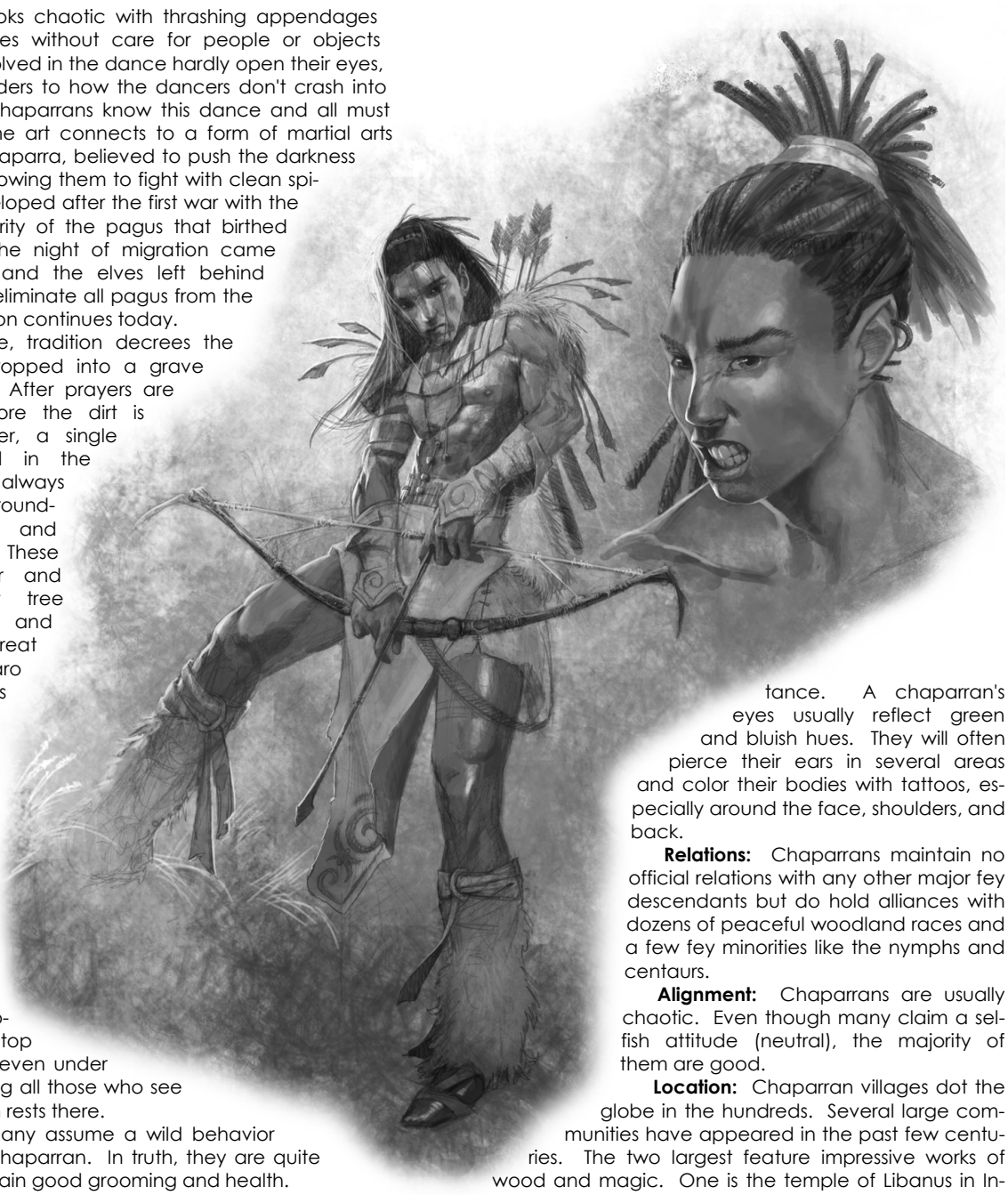
Chaparrans believe most other races forgot their origins. The fey birthed from trees. They should always remain tied to them. The chaparrans grow their homes from the wood, developing towers, temples, and whole communities from the soil. Their mere presence encourages growth with vegetation. As a result, chaparran communities grow from the tallest, thickest trees. They mostly keep to themselves, refusing to involve in any war. The few attempts made to invade their growth always resulted in failure. All chaparrans contend that their souls will move from wood to flesh every generation. Killing one of them simply moves their soul to a tree for its lifetime. After an era, the soul returns to flesh.

One could walk through a chaparran forest without ever knowing their presence. Unless threatening body or tree, trespassers often cross without worry or encounter. More nefarious individuals often vanish soon after entering. Most communities are small and ones growing larger often split. With such an obscure people, numbers are impossible to come by. Estimates range from 80,000 to 800,000 chaparran elves across the world, scattered among a thousand forests of varying size. One optimistic guess claims that number closer to a million. They defend the forests when necessary, exclusively with arrow fire. The bows and arrows grow naturally from wood, a result of the symbiosis with the trees around them.

Where other elvish races pride written words strung into poetry, chaparrans seldom write anything down. They enjoy dance but seldom speak at all, let alone in verse and rhyme. Chaparrans' outward emotional displays are reflected mostly in their music and dance. They pound beats into fallen logs with amazing speed and augment those sounds with kinetic syllables of words strung so fast as to make the words themselves meaningless. Chaparrans' passion for dance knows no equal. The flailing of body and limbs pulse with speeds unheard. A chaparran's heartbeat will increase to virtually that of a hummingbird in spasm. The bodies move almost violently, with fists pounding and legs striking. Only their absolute discipline prevents injury to others involved. Watching a chaparran dance charges the soul and pumps the heart. Every move denotes a meaning few others understand. To outsid-

ers, the dance looks chaotic with thrashing appendages and whirling bodies without care for people or objects around. Ones involved in the dance hardly open their eyes, confounding outsiders to how the dancers don't crash into each other. All chaparrans know this dance and all must practice daily. The art connects to a form of martial arts called Manora Chaparra, believed to push the darkness from their souls, allowing them to fight with clean spirits. This form developed after the first war with the pagus. The majority of the pagus that birthed and walked on the night of migration came from chaparrans and the elves left behind swore an oath to eliminate all pagus from the world. The obsession continues today.

When they die, tradition decrees the body must be dropped into a grave without a coffin. After prayers are finished and before the dirt is placed back over, a single acorn is placed in the mouth. This seed always grows, despite surrounding competition and available water. These trees grow taller and wider that any tree grown of nature and many claim the great temples of Jibaro and Libanus emerged from fallen chaparran priests. This belief passes to wandering chaparrans as well, and travelers across the world always know where one is buried by the massive oak tree dwarfing all around. These lone sentinels appear in deserts, atop great peaks, and even under the earth, declaring all those who see it that a chaparran rests there.



Personality: Many assume a wild behavior when spotting a chaparran. In truth, they are quite civilized and maintain good grooming and health.

Unlike other elves, often known for being austere, chaparrans wear their emotions on their sleeves. Everyone knows immediately when a chaparran is upset. Thankfully, this passion spreads to upbeat emotions as well. When chaparrans express their feelings positive, or negative, the recipient knows very well.

Physical Description: Chaparrans, although as tall as damaskans, give the illusion of much greater size. This is due to their increased muscle mass and physical stamina. They also often wear furs and pelts, adding to their girth but usually exposing a great deal of skin to maintain agility. Of all the fey descendants, the chaparrans have the greatest spectrum of skin tones, from light tan to ebony black. They hate adorning themselves with gems or shiny rocks and seldom wear metal of any kind. Their ears are short and flush with their heads, making them almost indistinguishable from humans at a distance. A chaparran's eyes usually reflect green and bluish hues. They will often pierce their ears in several areas and color their bodies with tattoos, especially around the face, shoulders, and back.

Relations: Chaparrans maintain no official relations with any other major fey descendants but do hold alliances with dozens of peaceful woodland races and a few fey minorities like the nymphs and centaurs.

Alignment: Chaparrans are usually chaotic. Even though many claim a selfish attitude (neutral), the majority of them are good.

Location: Chaparran villages dot the globe in the hundreds. Several large communities have appeared in the past few centuries. The two largest feature impressive works of wood and magic. One is the temple of Libanus in Indoaus, and the other is the three Towers of Jibaro in Canam.

Religion: Chaparran clerics seldom exist, replaced by druids. Chaparrans worship the trees and plants around them through Erufu.

Names: Unlike other elves, often taking human-like names to better associate with the human world, chaparrans refuse to do so. Their names, like all fey, are personal and only meant to be heard by pointed ears. A chaparran's family name merges with their given name. The given name is usually one or two syllables and the full name usually features one to several 'K's when spelled in the English tongue. Since they don't adopt human names and refuse to let humans address them by their given titles, most simply ask that outsiders refer to them each as "Krysis" which means "Fey-Born" in their tongue. It was more than a century after mankind's initial con-

Relations & Traditions

Narros salute by touching the first knuckle of a clenched fist to the middle of their brow. Damaskans abhor unnecessary physical contact with strangers, though they still don't acknowledge an acceptable field of personal space. Tenenbri curse and swear loudly during the course of their daily affairs. Gimfen wipe sweat from face before shaking hands. Laudenians never wear undergarments and usually keep to single layers, especially at home, regardless of company entertained. Such unique cultural traditions often come as a surprise to visitors, namely mankind. Though humans have their own such customs across their nations, there has never been a diplomatic incident between human nations over traditional practices. Hand shaking is understood, as is bowing, despite regional variations on the specific motions involved.

Thankfully, echalogical influence inherited many of these customs from the ancient past. Bowing, including kowtowing is understood and practiced in several fey races. Nevertheless, despite some common ground, there exist major cultural differences between human and fey nations. When the fey encountered the first humans, they assumed by understanding one group of men, one could ascertain the entire species, as is the case with most fey. Disastrous initial encounters between fledging communities in southern Canam between fey and humans soured relations for decades. The early chaparran encounters with mankind were so dire, they curdled opinions that have never fully been absolved. Unfortunately, the bulk of the blame falls with man on that account.

Laudenians also shared a resentful opinion of man after an unfortunate incident with the miners of Selkirk. Selkirk had already enjoyed a successful first encounter with the narros. Though the miners were not immoral or wicked in any way, and tried their best to impress the elder elves, the humans' brash and unkempt nature came afoul of the decorous and conceited attitude of the laudenians. The laudenians judged the whole of the human race upon that single meeting as offensive and unpleasant, and the majority have not changed their opinion since. In Southam, where humans were a minority, their bitter opinions of the fey came from constant conflict. With the exception of the narros, most fey in Southam cared little for mankind other than as a food or slave source. Thankfully, other encounters in the north were not nearly as soiled.

Damaskans and narros discovered kindness and loyalty among the humans in their first encounters. They uncovered, to their initial shock, that human cultures change with each nation and that time and distance encourage greater deviations. After only a few decades, two human societies, populated with identical humans, would create distinct traditions and even new languages.

Unlike the chaparrans, laudenians, and tenenbri, inconsiderate and unmoving in their traditions and their acceptance of other customs, damaskans and gimfen grew to tolerate and even welcome cultural diversity (narros would often tolerate but not often welcome). Still to this day, many isolated communities with every race are surprised by the customs of those they meet.

Since damaskans don't officially recognize royalty or religion, the concept of bending a knee or committing to prostration to a lord or faith is unknown to them, causing accusations of disrespect. Meanwhile, gimfen kowtow to virtually anybody, including their own tools. Considering how close their heads are to the ground, this is hardly an impedance or strain on their backs. Chaparrans bend the knee but never bow.

Chaparrans share with tenenbri their exuberance with affection. Where chaparrans limit this to hand kissing and the brushing of noses and cheeks, tenenbri only limit their expressions to sports with the mouth, drawing the line at open oral sex. The basic kiss, thankfully, rarely changes and is still a sign of affection with both human and fey nations. Damaskans consider kisses against any skin in public taboo, but make a game of concealment whenever possible. They also have no problem with cheek-to-cheek contact or air kissing from a distance.

tact with chaparrans before they figured out why they all had the same name.

Examples: Marakenassa, Jassakerak, Brassekonnas.

Language: Chaparran elvish differs so greatly from other elvish languages in that it falls into its own separate category. Someone fluent in elvish can make out the odd words, mixed in a muddled mess of chaotic pops and whistles that chaparrans verbalize when talking.

Adventures: Chaparrans seldom seek adventure outside their forests. Of all fey races, they and the tenenbri are the least encountered. Many claim to meet a laudenian before meeting a chaparran. Since crossbreeds seldom result in chaparrans, few outcasts can be identified as such. Crime is virtually nonexistent, so outcasts seldom occur that way. Only in extremely rare cases do chaparrans brave the outside world for a different calling. Only young and curious ones disobey their culture and heritage to brave the world outside.

Racial Traits

- +2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution.
- Medium: As Medium creatures, chaparrans have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- Chaparran base land speed is 30 feet. Their speed climbing trees is also base 30 feet and they can move through branches at full speed without needing to make Jump or Balance skill rolls as long as the trees are within arm's reach of each other. Chaparrans can run and charge through difficult forest terrain (undergrowth), and their speed is unaffected while moving into it or through it.
- Low-Light Vision: A chaparran can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. He retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.
- Weapon Proficiency: A chaparran receives the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for longbows and shortbows (including composite).
- +2 racial bonus on Listen, Search, and Spot checks if the chaparran rolls when in a wooden forest.
- Chaparrans are adept at hiding in their natural terrain (forests and undergrowth). They receive Hide and Move Silently as class skills regardless of the class they choose.
- A chaparrans gains Track as a bonus feat (see Feats in the 3.5 PHB)
- A chaparran suffers no penalties to any Dex-based skills checks or from Spot and Listen skill checks from forest terrain (forest terrain is defined in the DMG).
- Automatic Languages: Elven.

RELATIONS & TRADITIONS (CONT)

Holding one's hands up, palms open, is considered a sign of submission or greeting in many human cultures, and is repeated in both damaskan and laudenian cultures. However, the narros take it as an insult, insinuating one of "raising a wall" in defiance to the other. Some initial conflicts occurred between some narros and humans misinterpreting the meaning of this gesture.

Other misunderstandings include the use connecting the forefinger and thumb to form an "O" or the crossing of the index and middle fingers, both considered sexual insults with chaparrans and laudenians, though each sign insinuates opposite slurs. To the tenenbri, all silent hand signals are considered rude, against the open nature of the people. Even the most basic manual communication is frowned upon unless joined by a verbal accompaniment. On the opposite, laudenians despise noise and relish the silence, thus screaming in joy is considered coarse, regardless of the situation. By assumption, applause is welcomed with the tenenbri, accompanied by roars and foot pounding, and the laudenians show praise with simple bowing. Gimfen throw money. Waving one hand to another is a greeting to many human cultures, holding it steady is an insult. This is found with fey nations as well though gimfen hate any hand gesture where the palm is exposed to them. Showing only the middle finger is a truly human insult, with no equivalent in any other culture. On the other hand, so to speak, one of the most bizarre confused misunderstandings involving hand gestures is the corna, or "horn" sign. This involves extending the two outer fingers from an otherwise closed fist. Though initially considered an insult and a symbol of the devil in many human cultures, it is well known throughout most fey nations as a welcomed sign of greeting, often used by fey to display their racial pride. It is welcomed from humans, as it is interpreted to saying "I respect you and your species." However, the thumb must be kept closed for his salutation, as extending it out the side indicates a request for intercourse with the fey. Since this discovery, some humans have created a variation, where placing the gesture unknowingly behind a human's head insults him as a "fey lover," a dire slur in some communities.

While most cultures will shake hands, damaskans frown upon it, a reservation for those in private. Chaparrans and tenenbri hardly keep their hands off each other. These are but a few examples of the many cultural confusions that have arisen when fey mingle with humans. With Limshau, containing a mixed demographic, the humans present adopted many of the damaskan traditions and practices, offering a few back in trade. Since the influx, damaskan elves from Limshau have adopted the practice of slapping the raised hand of another in celebration, a gesture no other elves do (including other damaskans).

Beyond simple hand gestures, most humans find the honesty of fey somewhat alarming. Though they might not answer a question directly or volunteer a secret willingly, they rarely lie. The sometimes brutal application of this belief has ruffled more than a few feathers, especially among the noble human houses. This, accompanied by the fey's tolerance for alternate lifestyles and practices among their own people have made them unpopular with fanatical human religious movements. Many fey have been declared corrupt and wicked by church leaders before ever actually encountering one. Some fey are guilty of this as well, considering man barbaric and primitive, regardless if he uses magic or technology. Some fey have accused man as inferior, both in breeding and in brains. Several humans have countered with similar accusations, adding that fey are tools of the devil, an ideal personified in the zealous ramblings of King Darius and his disciples.

The fey, by a majority, are extremely forgiving of man. Mostly every fey nation carries a positive affiliation with humans in some form, internally or externally. This is in spite of the massive casualties the fey suffered at the hands of humans in the first century and the constant capture and enslavement by raiders and evil nations that continues today.

Even though misunderstandings still occur, both civilized fey and man consider these errors humorous and endearing. They never threaten current relations. With the fey's long life and even longer history, the intricacies of their culture is so extensive that a human marrying a fey can take the entirety of his or her extended life learning the details and still be surprised at the end.

•Favored Class: Druid. A multiclass chaparran's druid class does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty for multiclassing.

•Avoided Class: Rogue. Chaparrans despise thievery and assassination, so few choose the rogue class, despite their natural hiding ability.

DAMASKANS

Damaskans stood a proud testament to elvish resilience. Even when the walls of their cities fell to invading forces, the people would never surrender. Allies of Ixindar believe taking damaskan cities strikes a blow to all elves. Razing them to rubble would demoralize all the races and assist in a defeat of the forces of good. It never worked. The first Damasia was the oldest empire in history, built on the ruins of ancient fey. After the gate re-opened, damaskans rebuilt their civilization, though split into two different empires on either side of the planet. On one side, Damasia was rebuilt to its former glory. On the opposite, the elves erected the empire of knowledge, Limshau. Because of a peculiar trait of all fey, both nations looked similar. All damaskans live in homes made of stone, not wood. Most of their cities are built into tall mountains or next to cliffs and always face a major river or body of water. Where they differ is that damasian cities expand with whim across open fields stopped only by water and cliffs where Limshau restricts its cities by erecting walls. Damasian cities scrape the sky with sharp spires-a landscape of porcupine quills-while Limshau's jigsaw of flat, interlocking, and tessellating buildings allows one to sit atop a roof and watch an unobstructed sunset.

Damaskan elves are the most common, most seen, and most widely circulated in the world. Both those from Damasia and Limshau are considered damaskan even though elves from Limshau often refer to themselves as Limshau elves. Damaskans became synonymous with the standard elf all other races encounter. When one asks to picture an elf, a damaskan appears in mind. They are the most numerous, the most public, with the largest kingdoms of all fey. Narros hold rights to the largest armies but damaskans claim all other records. They have the most artisans, the most diplomats, the

most historians, and the most architects. Their mages all employ the book as their totem, which may be hard to distinguish since nearly all damaskan carry a book with them.

Each individual is an encyclopedia in of himself, though which volume depends on one's tastes. Where those from Damasia prefer internal recall for this information, residents from Limshau insist in writing all of it down. Until the damaskans arrived, fey races seldom recorded anything. Their history was marred with inaccuracies, legends claimed as fact, facts discredited as myth. This is part of the reason why fey history in the time of Terrors is so vague and sporadic. Alas, damaskans could bring nothing with them to this world and had to reconstruct their past from memory. One distinction damaskans are clear to make is that they won't volunteer their own opinion on their pages, clogging the books with judgment, sentiment, and meaningless monologue. Where humans believe any individual can stand on a box and preach prose worthy of print, damaskans remain quiet, recording events, not the thoughts of those involved.



Damaskans rely on woodwind instruments throughout their performances. They prefer quiet, more subdued music by a majority. When they die, their bodies are burned to the wind. Because of their circulation over the globe, no one can be sure how many damaskans live on Earth, but it's probably more than 5-6 million.

Personality: Damaskans maintain a deep pride for whatever beliefs they possess and are known to defend their convictions to the death. Damaskans seldom understand fear and often stand up to fights they know they cannot win if it will save the life of someone else.

Damaskans are shy, often staying quiet during conversations. They prefer to speak only when having something useful to say. Until then, they keep back, seldom making their presence known. This makes them appear distant, detached, even cold, but this is not the case. They do exhibit emotions when they are encountered, but this happens more often when the damaskan is off-duty or when in private. When dedicated to their task, they think of little else and speak only when needed.

Get them started on raw knowledge or ask them to recite some nugget of information and they talk like uncorking a Champaign bottle. They believe in discipline and order and find disorganization of any kind unsettling. They also place an unnatural level of security on the written word, putting themselves in harm's way to protect a book. Even the less inclined from Damasia find this urge almost unavoidable.

Physical Description: A damaskan's eyes slant slightly similar to Asian humans. They also differ from other elves when it comes to attire. Damaskans frequently wear new clothes, pressed and clean. They abhor getting dirty. These clothes often fit snuggly and not loose like other elves. The ears, their most distinguishing feature, taper straight out the sides of the skull to a very sharp point. These ears point slightly upwards with females and have a tendency to flutter and vibrate ever slightly depending on the mood of the elf (for some, it's when they are nervous, while others exhibit the tendency when they are excited or even at the peak of pleasure). Obviously, due to discomfort, they avoid wearing helmets whenever possible. Damaskans feature darker hair tones and seldom grow their hair beyond shoulder length. The skin ranges from light tan to slightly olive color with eyes of brown and grey. Damaskans seldom pierce their skin or adorn their bodies with tattoos.

When reaching adulthood, damaskans still resemble human young adults barely out of puberty (17-19 in human years). Even at their venerable age, damaskans don't often look a day past 30 and do not look older than 40 when they finally shuffle on. This is nothing in comparison to the gimfen, which look like children through most of their lives.

Relations: Damaskan elves migrated across the globe very quickly. Even though Damasia remains the largest city of the largest elf empire, dozens of others appeared in a matter of decades. The Damasian and Limshaun empires remain loyal to each other though not in frequent contact. In comparison, all damaskans loathe pagus. More than any other race, the dragons deeply respect the damaskan people. Damasia's proximity to the dragon kingdom of Ashahael al-

lows a constant communication between the two races. The servants of all dragons in Ashahael are damaskan elves and Lazarus personally swore an oath after returning to Earth that any army attacking the walls of Damasia would feel the wrath of dragon fire. Damasia has not been touched since being built. Limshau places trust in alliances with the gimfen, chaparrans and humans, the latter with the kingdoms of Abidan and Kannos. They currently wage an unofficial war with Baruch Malkut.

Alignment: Damaskans are usually good and most are Lawful.

Location: Other than the empire of Damasia and Limshau, most elvish populations are small. Their towns lay scattered across the Earth. They are found almost everywhere except Southam and Indoaus.

Religion: Damaskans, due to their large numbers, follow several beliefs. The largest number worship Amethyst himself, believing his soul exists beyond the gate and that Amethyst was God in physical form. Others worship the elvish god of Erufu while others follow the narros god of Oaken.
A smaller number have even embraced a few human faiths.
However, those of piety number few with damaskans. Less than 10% of damaskans worldwide endorse a religious belief. Clerics are virtually non-existent.

Language: All damaskans speak standard elvish. The words flow together and lack many hard sudden stops when strung together. Their written form is substantially different. Damaskans know both the classical elvish cursive and a shorthand variation they invented they call *Sonna-eliano* but which has been translated into the common tongue as *Orthoglossy*. Every damaskan, regardless of their place in the world, knows this writing style. Using orthoglossy allows a damaskan (or any other trained in the skill) to write five times faster than any other scholar.

Names: Damaskans, damasian and limshau alike, often adopt a human-sounding name when in public. Either their parents give them one at birth, if a member of an integrated community, or the damaskan chooses it before leaving an all fey village. Both the given name and family name is manufactured. Even though elven lines date back for tens of thousands of years, the human family names adopted have only remained in place no more than 900 years. Some damaskan families have adopted their chosen human name as their true name, almost forgetting their heritage. This occurs in Limshau far more often than anywhere else. Not just because of integration, many believe a new world requires a clean slate, and a new family name is a good place to start. Those families will also often choose a human name for their children, forgoing the elvish. Several outside elvish races deplore this practice and a few elves without native names have been denied entry in fey-only communities on this basis.

Most damaskans keep their elvish names, if they have them, privately known only by loved ones and family. Even in situations where the damaskans use their last name, they still often select a human first name as damaskan names are somewhat hard to pronounce. Both given and family elven names sound similar to Asian in human cultures. Though those fluent in Asian encounter no problem with these names, other humans often find it difficult. Human names selected are usually simple, with little cultural identification. They are often chosen to reflect an attribute of the individual. Last names are very culturally specific and sometimes reflect an attribute of the family or important individuals within it.

Examples: Ravenar Limshau III is his real name but his sister's husband elected to adopt the human title "Strongbow" to replace their damaskan family name of Kaixiu'Ooria. Centuries later, few in that family ever use that title. Their fourth child, a daughter was given the damaskan name Reivune, which eventually turned into Raven, which she elected as her open name as well.

Adventures: Damaskans welcome adventure and are often seen leaving their lands for such desires. Some leave because their culture insists on their young opening their horizons. Many from Limshau enforce this ideal. Some also embark on quests for their people. A common sight in open echa, damaskans are ever expanding and rely on the adventuring spirit of their people to establish a growing species.

RACIAL TRAITS

•+2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution.

•Medium: As medium creatures, damaskans have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

•Damaskan base land speed is 30 feet.

•Low-Light Vision: A damaskan can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. He retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

•Damaskans receive a +2 bonus to Balance and Tumble skill rolls.

•Weapon Proficiency: Damaskans receive the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for short sword, longsword, rapier, and scimitar.

•Encyclopedic Knowledge (Ex): A damaskan may attempt knowledge skills rolls he has no ranks in. This appears as a knowledge check with a bonus equal to his character level + his Intelligence modifier to see whether he knows some relevant information about local notable people, legendary items, or noteworthy places. If the damaskan has 5 or more ranks in Knowledge (history), he gains a +2 bonus on this check.

DC	Type of Knowledge
10	Common, known by at least a substantial minority; common legends of the local population.
20	Uncommon but available, known by only a few people legends.
25	Obscure, known by few, hard to come by.
30	Extremely obscure, known by very few, possibly forgotten by most whom once knew it, possibly known only by those who don't understand the significance of the knowledge.

A successful encyclopedic knowledge check will not reveal the powers of a magic item but may give a hint as to its general function. A damaskan may not take 10 or take 20 on this check; this sort of knowledge is essentially random.

•Tachygraphy: The damaskan written language is a shorthand allowing them to write in a fifth the time while using their system. Mages must still use draconic, so they cannot apply tachygraphy to spellwork.

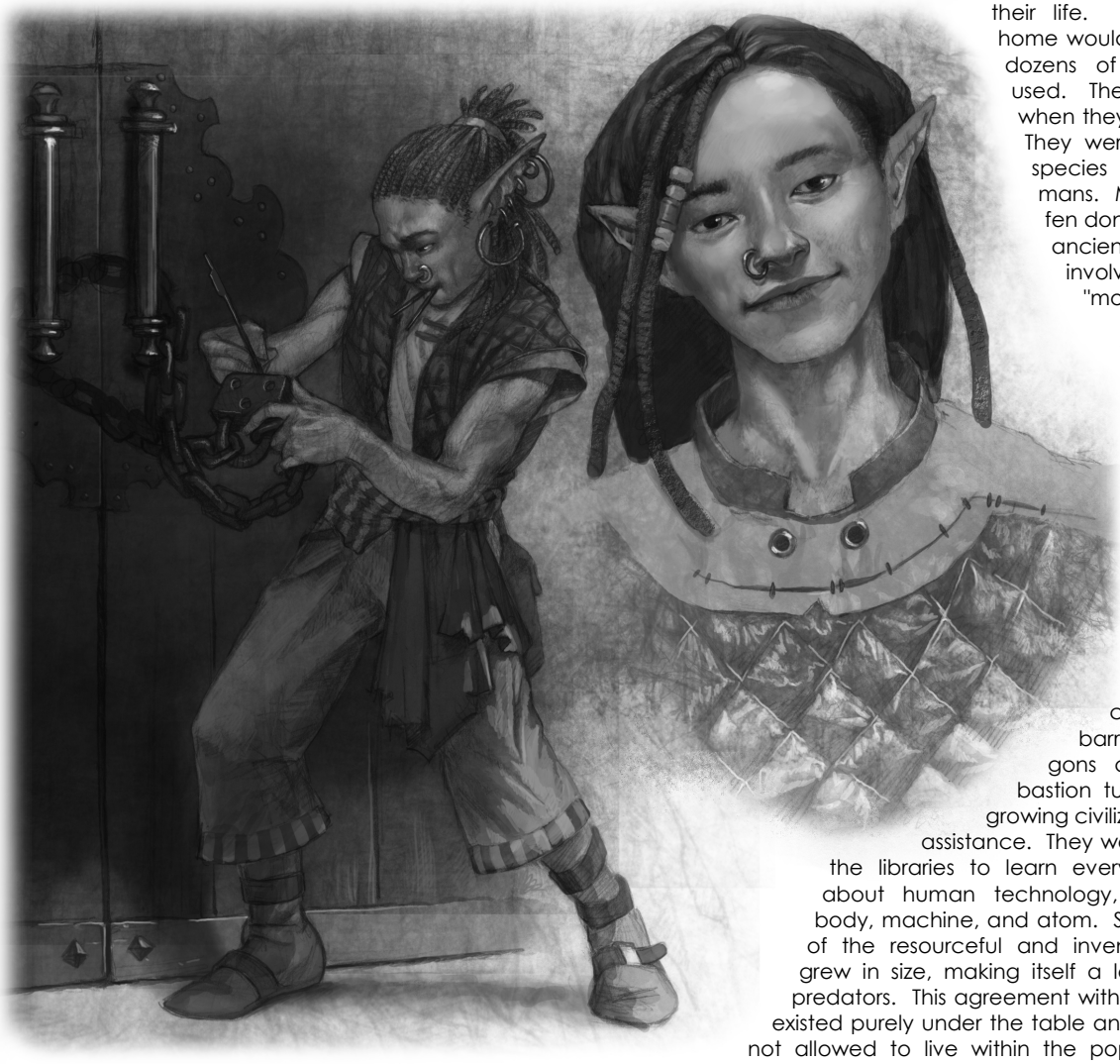
•Automatic Languages: Elven.
Damaskans may also choose one additional free language (except Draconic).

•Favored Class: Fighter. A multiclass damaskan fighter class does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty for multiclassing.

•Avoided Class: Barbarian. Damaskans despise being uncivil and hate losing control of their minds in a rage.

GIMFEN

No one is sure how the gimfen broke off from the fey. They possess a natural curiosity of the world around them. They have a flare for fine food, good tobacco, and comfortable



clothes. Gimfen love dances from every culture but never developed a unique one of their own. They embraced many human dances when relationships blossomed between the two species. Gimfen are one of the most common non-human species seen in exclusively human communities.

The curiosity of gimfen eventually spread to technology. They love inventing and they love creating. Fey races stumble into an impasse when encountering human techa machinery, except for the gimfen. While other echan races disrupt technology by simply touching them, the gimfen do not.

The gimfen broke from the damaskan originally. Their desire to pursue technology in an age where machinery often didn't work almost turned into an fixation. They obsessed about discovering a way to allow machinery to operate in a realm of magic. Many eventually turned into masterful technicians, engineers, alchemists, and inventors. They enjoy a natural curiosity about the world but believe it can always be improved upon. Some pursue basic carpentry and metalwork but many push further. What they lack are significant spell casters. Though they exist, gimfen by large, are not as adept with magic in comparison to their chaparran and laudenian ancestors. They offset this deficiency with their consuming curiosity for the mechanical world.

Although many gave up on high technology, others found a happy medium with minor gadgets and tools to improve their life. Many a gimfen's home would be adorned with dozens of inventions never used. The gimfen changed when they returned to Earth. They were one of the first species to contact humans. Many modern gimfen don't resemble the old ancient ones due to the involvement with the "monkey-men."

When gimfen first appeared, the first bastions were barely comprised of a few buildings. They grew slowly. A few under constant attack from monsters needed to develop faster. Such was the case with the eastern Canam city of York, under barrage from evil dragons and pagus. The bastion turned to a nearby growing civilization of gimfen for assistance. They were welcomed into the libraries to learn everything they could about human technology, sciences of the body, machine, and atom. Soon, with the help of the resourceful and inventive gimfen, York grew in size, making itself a less tasty target to predators. This agreement with a race from echa existed purely under the table and the gimfen were not allowed to live within the population nor enter through the main gates. After their usefulness expired, the gimfen were kicked out, leaving only a few behind to solve the extremely complicated problems with the new gimfen machinery. The neighboring gimfen town, Gnimfall, accepted back its pilgrims and the nation flourished. Only the new technologically adept remained in control and in power for centuries. Currently, more than 3 million gimfen dot the planet in various communities. Not all are addicted to technology and a few, like the nation of Salvabrooke, adopted a more laid back, agrarian society.

Personality: Gimfen are curious, inquisitive, and extremely impulsive. They love to see the world and often feel other cultures should be gifted with the odd knowledge gimfen alone possess. Gimfen come close to developing addicting personalities. They are happy to try new things. They will try any dance. They adore trying food from exotic cultures. Their iron fortitude allows them to stomach virtually anything they swallow. Their unending curiosity makes them open to anything. They adore plucked string instruments like the lute and sitar.

Physical Description: Gimfen are the shortest of the major fey races. They feature thin, almost Asian-like eyes of bright green and blue tones. Their hair is often vibrantly colored and their ears taper straight back instead of up. The tips stretch sometimes as much as an inch from the back of their head. Their skin is often lightly colored. Because they love to adopt other cultures, anything goes when it comes to their attire and

whatever else they want to do to their bodies. Gimfen enjoy their sense of humor as well as a desire to possess shiny objects. Their connection with nature fell by the wayside in favor of the new knowledge of man they became blessed with. They carry an obsessive fascination with human technology.

Gimfen look as pubescent children through the majority of their lives. This makes many humans uncomfortable when dealing with gimfen adults. They only break from that in their final years, when their age rushes upon them, growing wrinkles and spots, aging decades in days.

Relations: Gimfen still get along with narros, especially the more advanced miners in the Finer Fire Pits whom utilize many new machines developed by gimfen. Their relations with normal elves have been strained since many elves believe gimfen turned away from their roots. The exceptions are the ones from Limshau that respect and admire their allies. Gimfen from Gnimfall hold no ill will to the humans of York and still believe humans blessed them with precious knowledge. As a result, they often welcome humans, especially ones with a new toy.

Alignment: Gimfen are most often good. In this regard, they are still identical to their other kin.

Locations: Gnimfall is subterranean. A few gargantuan towers of steel poke up to signify their presence in the world. These hold few people, reserving their purpose for defense as well as cooling and heating for the city below. The gimfen "Grind" towers are oddities and stand obviously because of mutated technology. They don't look human but stem from a technology derived from mankind. Gnimfall, the largest collection of towers, is itself not an open-air city, but rather hundreds of levels stretching for more than a mile underground. The levels are a mixed lot of housing and factories and processing plants so jumbled and seemingly disorganized that any tourist is sure to get lost without a guide. A new level is dug every five years and is full of rooms and machinery by the sixth. The current levels expand out as well, causing the erection of a new tower every 10 years. Beyond the capital, several other towns and grind towers dot the globe. No all have embraced the way of technology and some prefer to keep a balance between nature and the machine. In contrast, gimfen communities like Salvabrooke feature very little technology.

Religion: Most of gimfen worship "Mecha," which they believe allows them and only them, to operate machinery in the presence of magic. Mecha's symbol of faith lies in the gimfen's tools, which he prays to every morning. Mecha, or Machine god, is responsible for all the devices they make. More traditional gimfen worship Erufu or Attricana.

Language: They speak their own language of gimfen but a resounding majority of them know at least one human language (usually Common or English).

Names: Like the damaskans, gimfen adopt a human first name either at birth or when leaving an all-fey community; but unlike the damaskans, they intentionally use names spelled wrong. They also change them every 100 years. Family lineage means nothing to them. They care less about their history than even damaskans. They change their last names usually to reflect their personality. Because of this constant variation, some outside critics grow concerned with potential gimfen inbreeding. Gimfen respond simply by declaring that they just don't worry about it. Laudenians and tenenbri blame the gimfen flamboyant hair colors on inbreeding. Their names sometimes reflect the cultures they integrate in, adopting narros and or human names. Like damaskans, native gimfen names sound somewhat Asian human in origin. They also often, but not always, use alliterations.

Examples: Xris Jiggadaxion, Kimma Kutaming, Malachi Boomfellow, Maris Nippentuck.

Adventures: All gimfen leave their village at some point in their lives but seldom take root outside. Eventually, they do return to their home. Gimfen leave for a variety of reasons including adventure or the acquisition of treasure or wealth. For them, adventuring is more of a career than an opportunity.

Racial Traits

•+2 Dexterity, -2 Strength. Like the narros, gimfen are tough, but they are small and therefore not as strong as larger Humanoids.

•Small: As Small creatures, gimfen gain a +1 size bonus to Armor Class, a +1 size bonus on attack rolls, and a +4 size bonus on Hide checks, but they must use smaller weapons than humans use, and their lifting and carrying limits are three-quarters of those of medium-sized creatures.

•Gimfen base speed is 30 feet despite their small size. They move incredibly fast.

•Low-Light Vision: Gimfen can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. They retain the ability to distinguish colors and detail under these conditions

•Builder: A gimfen can pick two of the following skills: Craft (electronic), Craft (mechanical), Craft (Power Armor), Craft (Techan Armor), Craft (vehicles), Craft (Techan Weapons). These skills become class skills and the character gets a +2 bonus on all checks with these skills.

•Gimfen do not disrupt technology if held like all other echan races.

•Weapon Proficiency: Gimfen receive the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for all crossbows.

•Automatic Languages: English and Gimfen.

•Gimfen do not possess the increased difficulty of paying for Cross Culture Techa Skills. They can purchase them as regular Cross Class Skills.

•Gimfen base land speed is 20 feet.

•Favored Class: Rogue. A multiclass gimfen's rogue class does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty.

•Avoided Class: Barbarian. Gimfen consider the barbarian primitive and seldom chose the class.

Laudenians

Many believe laudenian elves are the true descendants of the fey. Some claim their embracing of the sky made them immune to the physical changes brought on by interaction with the Earth. This is probably true. They look radically different from most other elves. Most people never see one and could not describe one if asked. The Laudenia city looks on the surface as a city of technology, but underneath the shine of the walls exists pure magic. Laudenia is a dream to many swearing to have seen it.

Laudenian elves commonly turn back those who find their land without allowing entrance. Their land is rich and they use these riches to trade with the few other nations they find agreeable, damaskan elves mostly.

Laudenians seldom touch the ground, staying on their floating keeps and airships. A huge network of keeps and stations sit over the clouds out of sight and reach. Few non-elves ever see these floating forts.

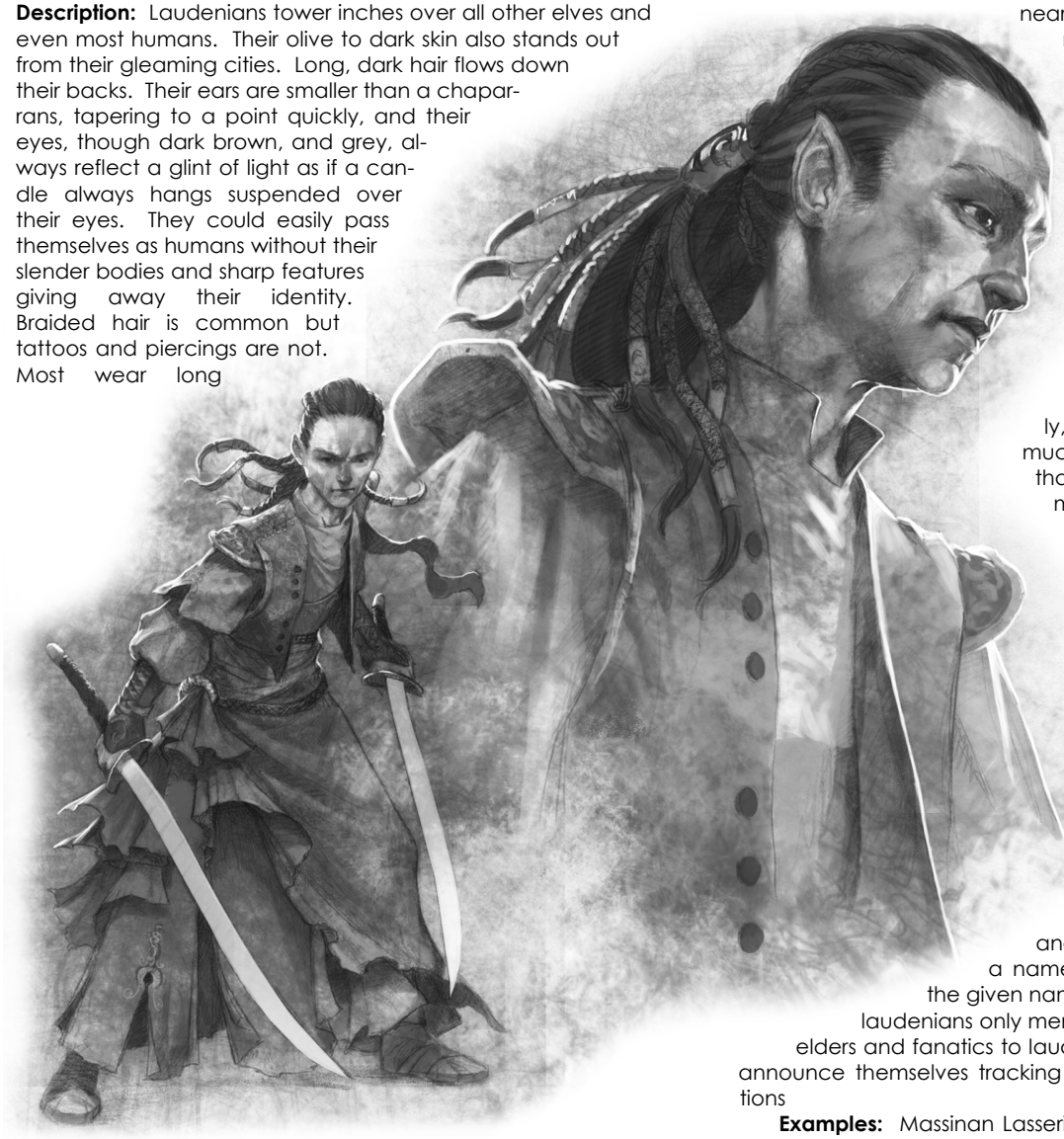
The laudenians number less than 100,000 throughout this network although some suspect this number falls much lower, towards 40,000, making them one of the smallest demographic of fey on Earth.

Laudenians enjoy the music of strings and their dance often involves slow, subtle movements. Their rituals, like everything involved in their culture, take several days to complete. One festival, the Kenaz Sky, occurs once every 500 years and lasts six months.

Laudenians rarely mate with other fey variants and they strictly forbid bonding with humans, under penalty of expulsion from the sky. The few laudenians that ever die are placed in a gargantuan mausoleum at the bottom of their city. All laudenians, even the ones that perish far away, always wish their bodies returned to their home. Their faith dictates that is the only way they may find peace.

Personality: Laudenians are known to be extremely arrogant. They are the longest-lived echan race outside of dragons and most of the elders date back to before the gate exodus. Their egotism refused to die when they lacked corporeal forms. It only amplified when released back to the world. They are colder than damaskans but unlike them, distant because of timidity, laudenians consider themselves superior and often patronize those not like them.

Physical Description: Laudenians tower inches over all other elves and even most humans. Their olive to dark skin also stands out from their gleaming cities. Long, dark hair flows down their backs. Their ears are smaller than a chaparrans, tapering to a point quickly, and their eyes, though dark brown, and grey, always reflect a glint of light as if a candle always hangs suspended over their eyes. They could easily pass themselves as humans without their slender bodies and sharp features giving away their identity. Braided hair is common but tattoos and piercings are not. Most wear long robes of white or green terminating just above the ankle.



Relations: Laudenians seldom deal with any other cultures save for a few other elves. They don't get along with the narros to the north and don't get them started on their opinions of humans.

Alignment: Almost all laudenians are Lawful; none are evil, though some outsiders swear they are.

Religion: The laudenians worship a god of the ancient fey, Erufu, whom they believe lives not beyond the gate, but in the shadow realm where the universe was formed. Attricana to them is a source of power, but not a source of God. The clerical symbol of Erufu is a string of white pearls wrapped around one's arm.

Languages: Laudenians speak standard Elvish.

Location: Before the first hammer, the majority of laudenians lived in the floating city of Laudenia, which no one could locate unless the elves wished themselves to be found. After their return, the city reemerged. Everyone aware of its existence knows the city floats around the Nankani Mountains but the rocks are impassible to virtually all travelers save for the single safe pass of Dianaso, which Laudenia is nowhere near. The city often remains rooted next to a mountain for years on end. Then, seemingly at random, it uproots and drifts elsewhere. Since returning to Earth, the laudenians have retaken the skies, rebuilding a vast network of floating keeps shrouded in the clouds.

Names: Laudenians refuse to adopt human names. Thankfully, their elvish names are much easier to pronounce than chaparran or damaskans. Their names are soft and roll quite easily with the slightest effort. The one bizarre aspect with laudenian names is that their given and family names have exactly the same number of syllables and most despise foreigners shortening them, though it is quite easy to do. Laudenians list their ancestor's names last and every generation adds a name. Only the first name is the given name of the individual. Most laudenians only mention one generation, but elders and fanatics to laudenian heritage will often announce themselves tracking back five or six generations

Examples: Massinan Lasseriss, Sirenus Fellerose, Brassana Halcyos, Milanus Serani Lissero Renessan.

Adventures: To meet a laudenian outside of the city

is extremely rare and few ever leave their home unless under orders. The ones that do are either on an extremely important quest they refuse to deviant from for any reason, or they are one of the rare individuals who wished to see the world for themselves.

Humans suffer the inferior notion that they are the dominant species upon this world. The truth is Man exists in numbers. Using numbers, by all rights, goblins deserve dominion. The Earth requires penance from man for he committed mortal sins against the world that gave him birth. Nature offered man renewable resources, friendly denizens, and land uncontested by evil. Man abolished this unwritten rule to care for the world he emerged from. He committed unforgivable sins against nature. Technology offered man growth beyond what could be accomplished by magic. Instead, he turned his back on life, and fell into darkness.

He scarred this beautiful Earth. This land was right to push him back down. Elves lived for countless ages in harmony with nature. Man destroyed this harmony in less than a dozen lifespans of my kin. Man is not inherently evil. They should not be killed. Many great men walk this Earth…but we simply believe that man must not be able to gain dominance over this land again.

Renar Alkanost
Laudenia Council Leader
785 AE

RACIAL TRAITS

•+2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution. +2 Intelligence.

•Medium: As Medium creatures, laudenians have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

•The laudenians' light frame allows them a base speed of 35 feet.

•Weapon Proficiency: Laudenians receive the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for longbows and shortbows (including composite).

•Laudenians gain the following unique skills as class skills (although they still take a -4 penalty in Pilot Airship without the feat): Windcalling, Pilot Airship.

•They may choose either the Airsense or the Airship Proficiency feat for free.

•-4 to Ride, Swim, and Handle Animal skill checks.

•+4 to Balance and Climb skill checks.

•Automatic Languages: Elven.

•Favored Class: Mage. A multiclass laudenian's Mage class does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty for multiclassing.

•Avoided Class: Druid. Laudenians dread embracing the path of nature for fear it will engulf them and turn them to a lower form of fey.

NARROS

When the first deviations from the fey emerged, one species appeared so different that no one considers them elves anymore. Later variations like tenenbri and damaskan still resemble elves to the point they are often still referred to such. To most humans, there are only five major races dominating the globe: narros, elves, humans, gimfen, and pagus. Most fail to acknowledge the fact all of the heritage species derived from the same stock. The narros were the first real major branch off and thus are never referred to as elves. Some don't take kind at the term dwarf either but many accept it. Their official name refers to an elvish word meaning, underground. They embraced that word and forever refer to themselves as the narros. Narros lives most of their lives underground and pride themselves the best miners in the world. In that regard, they resemble the old style fantasy dwarf. But they do not fear the sun. In fact, most understand the sun sustains all life, regardless if it never reaches them.

Narros caves never burrow below a certain depth. Their mines stretch like a labyrinth, covering hundreds of square miles. Part of their belief system demands that they climb the highest mountain of their mine every year to reaffirm their faith that the sun remains above. An obvious connection exists between the narros and the tenenbri considering their similar lifestyles under the soil.

Even when outnumbered, narros often win in open combat. They are the greatest soldiers of the fey, with only the pagus being a severe threat to the claim. Narros operate the largest military of all the allied echan races combined. Almost every miner knows how to use their mining equipment in combat. Narros soldiers enforce a strict discipline in the art of war, a reflection of the culture as a whole. There is a martial skill attached to every facet of their lives. The same techniques and movements used in warfare are duplicated in the mines.

Narros love the horn and drums and their battle marches move to the sound of heavy bass from trumpets and skins louder than even the footfalls of a thousand feet. Narros don't, and can't, dance. They keep very good records and, unlike the gimfen, maintain a precise system to their operation. Narros mines are planned and coordinated with precision. With these records, the narros estimate more than 7 million of their kind walk the Earth. Like man, most narros bury their dead. A section of their mine is reserved for that.

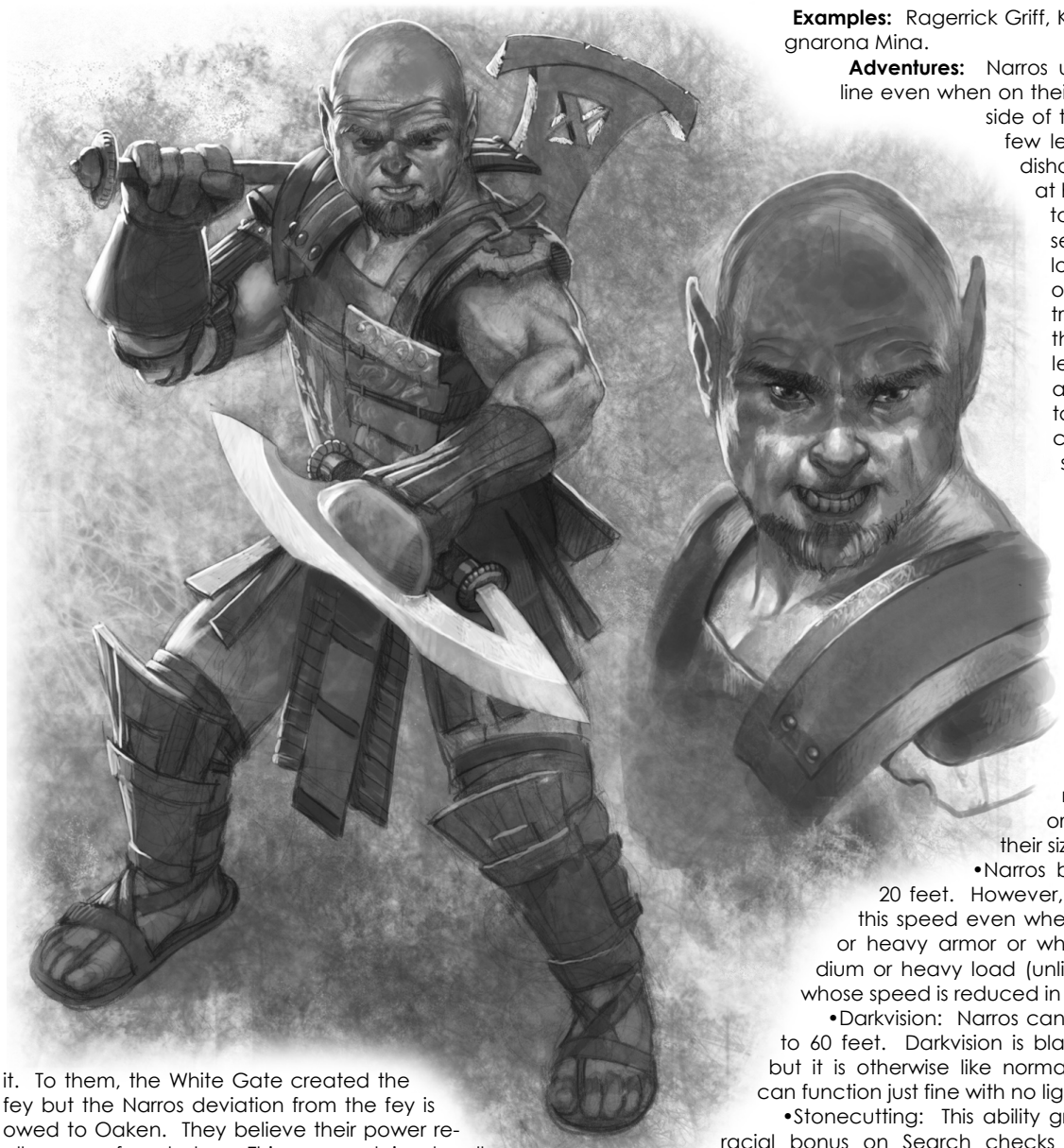
Personality: The narros believe in hard work and hard play. Fathers would work to near death every day. Instead of returning home, they would party and drink until the new day, sleep insufficient hours, and start everything new again. They are extremely regimented in whatever direction they take in life. Mages own more books. Clerics pray longer. Fighters train much more fiercely. They are focused in their view, an irony considering their racial name.

Physical Description: The real difference between dwarves of literature and real narros is that a slight remnant from their past still insists in a high degree of personal grooming. Although often dirty from the mines, they don't sport the trademark large noses with warts and long beards, although facial hair remains common (trimmed neat). They do not possess the heavy trunk torso many would expect although they are still much stronger than other similar bipeds. They simply don't show it. Narros prefer axes and picks to swords. They are slower and less agile then their cousin races. Narros' silvery skin reflects a glitter in sunlight. Their skin tones range usually between peach and pale white. Their ears are long but remain flush to their heads. Their eyes, seemingly always squinting, can open extremely wide and their irises loom large in their sockets, though their color, dull brown and matted grays, don't shine even in the brightest light. Men despise painting their bodies in any way but women often do.

Alignment: Usually Lawful, narros often are good but some take Neutral. Chaotic alignments are a rarity.

Location: Narros live almost exclusively in Canam and Southam and rarely appear anywhere else. Their biggest concentration lies at Fargon, near the Arctic circle. Another large concentration lives in Southam, where the people often clash with the tenenbri.

Religion: The very few narros clerics worship an idol-less god referred to as Oaken-the spirit of Earth. Oaken lives deep underground at the core of the Earth. The narros dogma explains that Oaken, originally a fragment of a much larger being, drifted into the Solar System and the Earth formed around



it. To them, the White Gate created the fey but the Narros deviation from the fey is owed to Oaken. They believe their power really comes from below. This may explain why all narros hate to fly. The root of their abhorrence for the tenenbri leads from a belief that their cousins dug too far and Oaken punished them. In the narros view, tenenbri never got the message.

Languages: All narros speak an ancient derivative of the original Feyspeak called narron.

Names: Unlike gimfen and damaskans, who place little stock in their family names, narros cherish their names more than their given ones. They place their family names first when writing them down and when announcing themselves in public. Because narros families are vast, many outsiders believe narros are not original with their names. Narros refer to each other only by their given names in private or when asked. Married couples call themselves by their given names in their homes. Friends often refer to the family by the additional title Kar (Father/Ruler), Mir (Mother/Mistress), Lan (Son, first born), Sen (Son, any born), or Jes (Daughter, any born). The given names are shorter usually then their family titles, thus making their full names somewhat front-heavy.

Examples: Ragerrick Griff, Kranerose Jibbs, Ungnarona Mina.

Adventures: Narros uphold their discipline even when on their own or when outside of their community. A few leave because of a dishonor encountered at home. They depart to redeem themselves. Those who lost their community or their lord often travel alone across the world as masterless ronin. All narros adventurers maintain an utter dedication to their chosen path, even without a crusade or cause in their hearts.

RACIAL TRAITS

•+2 Constitution, -2 Charisma.

•Medium: As medium creatures, narros have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

•Narros base land speed is 20 feet. However, they can move at this speed even when wearing medium or heavy armor or when carrying a medium or heavy load (unlike other creatures, whose speed is reduced in such situations).

•Darkvision: Narros can see in the dark up to 60 feet. Darkvision is black and white only, but it is otherwise like normal sight, and Narros can function just fine with no light at all.

•Stonecutting: This ability grants a narros a +2 racial bonus on Search checks to notice unusual stonework, such as sliding walls, stonework traps, new construction (even when built to match the old), unsafe stone surfaces, shaky stone ceilings, and the like. Something that isn't stone but that is disguised as stone also counts as unusual stonework. A narros who merely comes within 10 feet of unusual stonework can make a Search check as if he were actively searching, and a narros can use the Search skill to find stonework traps as a rogue can. A narros can also intuit depth, sensing his approximate depth underground as naturally as a human can sense which way is up.

•Weapon Proficiency: Narros receive the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for two Martial Weapons of their choice. They may also treat war axes and urgroshes as martial weapons, rather than exotic weapons. Narros also receive the exotic weapon proficiency feat for the krollish and narros monks may use the krollish as a monk special weapon.

•Sworn Enemy: Narros receive a +2 dodge bonus to AC when fighting Pagus.

•Stability: A narros gains a +4 bonus on ability checks made to resist being bull rushed or tripped when standing on the ground (but not when climbing, flying, riding, or otherwise

not standing firmly on the ground). They are treated as large creatures when dealing with wind effects.

•Final Word: If a narros is reduced to 0 or less hit points by a melee attack, he is able to immediately take a single attack action against an opponent in reach before falling. The narros cannot move with this ability and falls unconscious after the attack is resolved. If the narros is killed by the melee attack, he can still commit his single action, but drops afterward.

•+2 racial bonus on saving throws against poison.

•Automatic Languages: Narron.

•Favored Class: Fighter. A multiclass narros fighter class does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty for multiclassing.

•Avoided Class: Rogue. Narros are not known for their eye-hand coordination. They prefer to face enemies when they kill them.

TENENBRI

Tenenbri are not, by a whole, evil. Unfortunately, a very vocal portion of them are. The narros tell of a city breaching the prohibited depth allowed for mines. This city, whose name fell into obscurity, continued digging deeper and deeper. Then all contact stopped. The surface buildings sat empty. Narros contend the city angered Oaken and retribution came swift and severe. Regardless, the elves later to be called tenenbri vanished under the soil and never returned. How they survived the hammer and arrived to the new Earth remains a mystery. They returned and quickly vanished again.

Tenenbri live their lives almost totally in darkness. They still detect light levels and carry an amazing sensitivity to any significant glare despite being otherwise totally blind. They detect their surroundings through sound and vibrations in the ground. On a boat or in the air, they are almost totally sightless. They seldom appear above ground and almost never venture out during the day.

Unlike most elves enjoying poetry and dance and exhibiting astounding patience, tenenbri believe in actions and passion. They act impulsively with emotion rather than with logic. In this way, they are almost polar opposites with the damaskans. Their music reflects that. Their dance resembles a choreographed march. No instruments, the tenenbri rely in their powerful voices to carry the weight of song. Unlike narros, known for bass voices accentuated by drums, tenenbri music flows purely a cappella. Males sing falsetto (very high pitch) and women offer alto. There are no tenors or bass voices in tenenbri music. Some consider this analogous to a form of physical conditioning as their voices double as echolocation devices.

No one is sure how many tenenbri there are but estimations place them less than three million. Like the narros, tenenbri bury their dead but they usually cremate them first.

Personality: Tenenbri are astoundingly selfish most of the time, thinking usually only of themselves or the group they travel with. When they mate, it is for life and they often go to extremes to protect their loved ones. The extreme cases when tenenbri marry outside their race are often described as avidly passionate. Other words to describe them in a relationship includes hot-blooded, fiery, and lustful.

Physical Description: Unlike the narros, the tenenbri resemble normal elves in physique. What differ are their skin, their demeanor, and their eyes. Tenenbri eyes are glossed over pure white. Their irises fade to near nothing, concealed under cataracts. The entire tenenbri race is blind. The slightest light reflects a glint off the back of their eyes, reflecting a white glow in direct illumination. Their deathly pale skin feels cool to the touch. Though few ever confirm it, their skin tastes salty, a sign in humans of cystic fibrosis, a condition the tenenbri would all probably suffer from if magic did not suppress the gene in their body. They are shorter than most elves but much taller than the dwarvish narros. Their long ears respond to vibrations in the air, detecting movement in almost total darkness. Like the damaskans, their ears are prone to twitch depending on their emotional state. Though their enhanced hearing greatly assists them, it's their connection to the ground which others them the greatest awareness of their surroundings. Because the tenenbri have no real vision to speak of, they care very little of their outward appearance though they still maintain a surprisingly high level of personal grooming. They refrain from flamboyant clothes, preferring simplicity. They rarely employ vibrant colors.

Relations: The majority of tenenbri enjoy life in solitude. Many avoid other races and practice a level of xenophobia bordering on obsessive, though still not as severe as the laudenians. However, a growing population of tenenbri are banding together under a common hatred for surface dwellers. Many feel embracing the darkness will result in greater power for the people. Those tenenbri on their own in Canam often remain humble, knowing the stigma their race brings. They try to be quiet in the corner of the room, and hope no one notices they're there.

Alignment: Tenenbri border between good and evil many times. They often drift towards chaotic. The majority are neutral.

Location: Most tenenbri live under the Lanchian Mountains in Southam. Their caves stretch to every corner of the range. They seldom appear anywhere else.

Religion: Most tenenbri have no faith. Clerics are extremely rare. The ones that do still worship Oaken, believing that they are the evolution of elves instead of the narros.

Language: Tenenbri speak a patois derivative of elvish most elves despise. One fluent in elvish can understand the heavy slang of the tenenbri language.

Names: Tenenbri shed off their family ties the narros keep so dear when relations with their brother species fell apart. Tenenbri only have one name. To verify genetic lines, syllables mark individual similarities. For example two names like Sharajaclypse and Lamaclypse, the ending Clypse denotes their genetic similarity. Most children are raised in communal areas and some tenenbri children in some communities don't even know who their parents are. In larger cities, this is not always the case. Tenenbri that marry outside of their race often change this belief, as they are often not members of their community anyway. It's a complicated system and few outside of the tenenbri understand it completely.

Examples: Sianodell, Mianodell, Farianoda (These would mark similar genetic markings based on the "iano" in their names. Sian and Mian may be sisters but Fari would be an uncle or cousin).

Adventures: Tenenbri that do leave are often outcast for a variety of reasons. Some communities are so fanatical, that even talking to a non-tenenbri may exact such punishment. Virtually all tenenbri found in Canam are those exiled from Southam. Few ever leave by choice. Those that do originate from the few tenenbri communities in Vanaka striving to move away from the growing popular belief that the tenenbri are a master race of elves others should serve. A few of these communities attempt to gain support for their cause from outsiders including the narros, whom often reject the hand of friendship from the tenenbri, regardless of its authenticity.

Even though the tenenbri would be valuable in mines, most narros refuse to employ them. Many gimfen are willing to look past prior hatreds. Tenenbri outside of Southam found

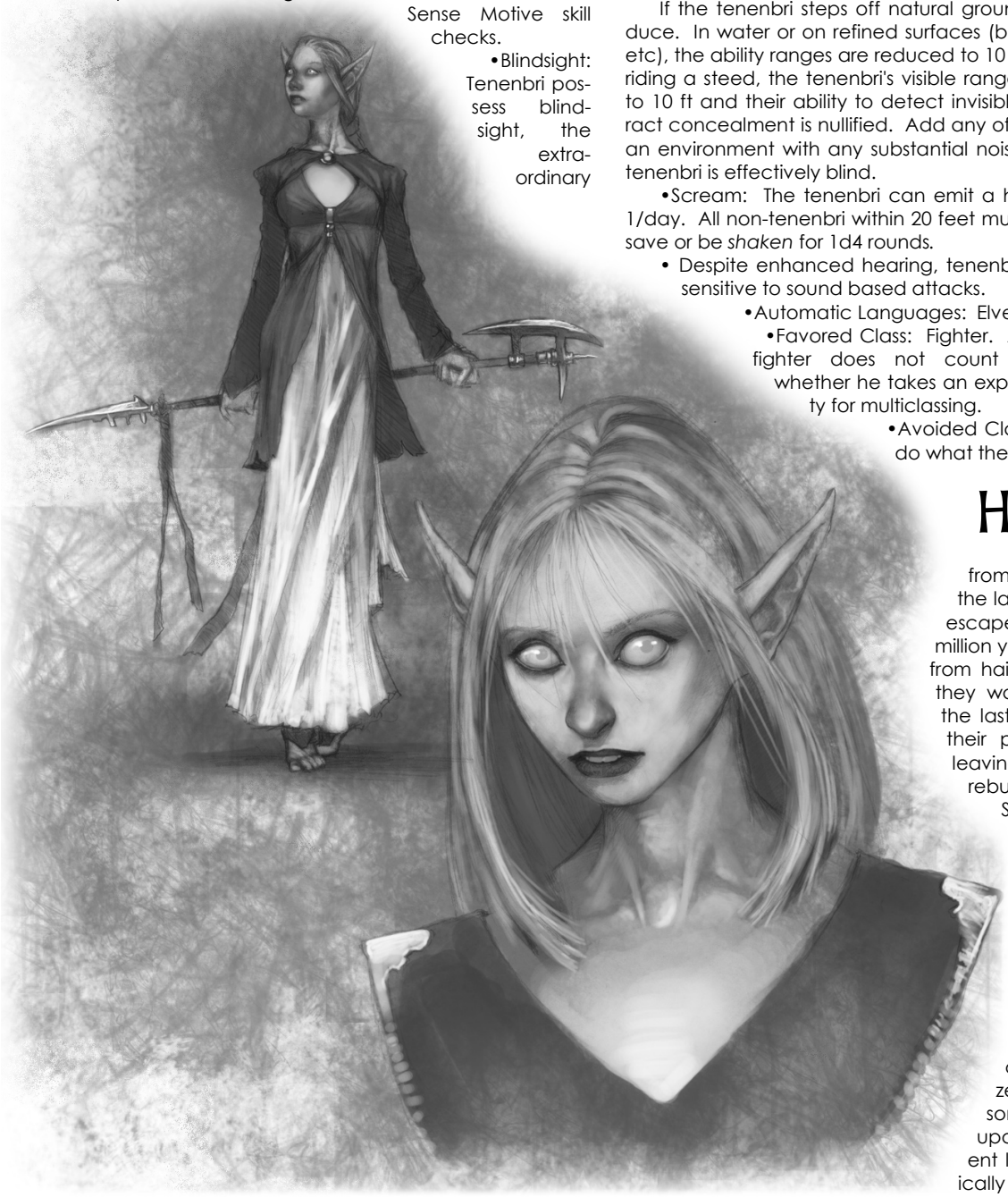
surprising acceptance in echan human kingdoms, unaware of the long-standing hatred the other elves have towards them. Even Limshau, integrated with humans and elves, allows the tenenbri and find their brail books a fascinating addition.

Racial Traits

- +2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution, -2 to Charisma.
- Medium: As medium creatures, tenenbri have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- Tenenbri base land speed is 30 feet.
- Weapon Proficiency: Tenenbri receive the Martial Weapon Proficiency feats for short sword, longsword, rapier, and scimitar.
- Perception: Tenenbri gain a +2 bonus to Listen and Sense Motive skill checks.
- Blindsight: Tenenbri possess blindsight, the extraordinary ability to operate effectively without vision. This ability stems from a necessity since the tenenbri are all blind. Their blindsight comes from sensitivity to ground vibrations in concert with keen hearing. The tenenbri's blindvision extends out to 120 feet. This ability also makes invisibility and concealment (even magical darkness) irrelevant to the tenenbri (though he still can't see ethereal creatures) within 20 feet. Blindsight never allows a tenenbri to distinguish color or visual contrast. A tenenbri cannot read with blindsight. Their entire culture utilizes a brail system not unlike the old human system. However, even blind, tenenbri see the draconic written language- its glowing words illuminate to even those who cannot see. Blindsight does not subject a tenenbri to gaze attacks. Blinding attacks do not penalize the tenenbri either. Blindsight negates displacement and blur effects.

If the tenenbri steps off natural ground, these abilities reduce. In water or on refined surfaces (buildings, boardwalks, etc), the ability ranges are reduced to 10 ft. In the air or when riding a steed, the tenenbri's visible range is also reduced by to 10 ft and their ability to detect invisible targets or counteract concealment is nullified. Add any of these penalties with an environment with any substantial noise pollution, and the tenenbri is effectively blind.

- Scream: The tenenbri can emit a high pitched scream 1/day. All non-tenenbri within 20 feet must make a DC15 Fort save or be *shaken* for 1d4 rounds.
- Despite enhanced hearing, tenenbri are not especially sensitive to sound based attacks.
- Automatic Languages: Elven.
- Favored Class: Fighter. A multiclass tenenbri fighter does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty for multiclassing.
- Avoided Class: None. Tenenbri do what they please.



Humans

Humans emerged from evolution long after the last magical creatures escaped or fell to dust 65 million years ago. They grew from hairy apes to the form they walk with now. After the last great war, most of their population died off, leaving less than 10% to rebuild a new civilization. Some escaped into bastions while most embraced the ways of magic. Many more were killed in the first few decades.

After a thousand years of living on their own, mostly xenophobic of outsiders, the citizens of bastions can sometimes be looked upon in a wholly different light than their magically infused brothers and sisters. Techa-folk often

MANKIND

The majority of bastions and a vast number of humans outside of them endorse natural selection as the theory of choice for the appearance of mankind. Too much evidence pointed to evolution and as time progressed, even many of the religious leaders of the world began to support the idea. Before the gate opened, the world was divided on the origin of man, firmly separated between a scientific theory and a religious belief. It is assumed a substantial percentage of a planet's population not committed to religion converted when mankind faced its own extinction by either their own hands or from forces of darkness emerging from Ixindar. This all changed when Attricana opened. With this new angle on the world, many humans faced new facts unable to ignore: The introduction of the fey and dragons, and a past world and history unknown to them. Some elected to believe their dogma accurate despite contradictory evidence. They concocted extravagant theories claiming the previous age did not exist at all and the new arrivals were demons meant to be repressed or destroyed. Others took these new races and their similarities as the final proof of divine creation, still placing man atop this ladder of progressive superiority. Many older religions did adapt and change their scripture based on the new world. Although some still attempted to use fear to suppress their believers, many took this as an opportunity to start over. With 95% of humanity eliminated by the previous age, the survivors endorsed that Armageddon either had passed or still had yet to come.

To date, the majority of man is controlled by rulers professing a faith in an almighty power. Thankfully, with the exception of a scant few, most use this belief to lead the people in wisdom and kindness and not in fear and lunacy. No longer did the various nations of the world have to fight over relics and lands deemed sacred by some silent divinity. None of those past nations exist today and few of those relics and lands survived. The greatest soil deemed hallow by the greatest religions sat under a hundred feet of water. Many took this as a sign to live for the betterment of all mankind and not die over the buried remnants of forgotten conflicts.

Mankind emerged with nothing. No buildings stood. Not a shred of pavement remained. No corporations or organizations, no clubs or allegiances, nothing that defined mankind as a species, or anchored them to their fidelity to god or country, endured. Fragments of the old age were few and scattered. Everyone remembered their past lives, but to survive they had to set aside their ignorance and stubbornness. Some refused and died praying for deliverance that never arrived. Suicide took many lives in the first few years. Later, when the first fledging communities encountered the first non-humans of the new world, hostilities followed. Many more humans fell under the blade in conflicts they initiated. A pause in their fear and paranoia resulted in a stay of annihilation, preventing man's second near extinction. Eventually, even though some regressed back into that state, these first communities grew enough to sustain themselves.

Though nations changed, ethnic groups continued to grow. Racism had all been eliminated with humanity too few in the face of monsters too many. Bastions formed with wide spectrums of color and creed. Though some cities did separate regions for specific groups, this was not forced upon the population. Outside of the bastion walls, racism within man also nearly vanished. Often enough, it was merely diverted to other species.

The majority of bastion-born believe mankind earned his right for total dominion of the globe and wait for the day when technology will recover the planet again. A few do believe in a shared future where technology can exist side by side with magic but still consider mankind the true proprietors of the world.

In echa, the belief is reversed. While some think the new races are intruding and should be eliminated, many embraced the new world and consider it the utopia and haven predicted in religious texts. Only when the demon hordes and their minions are eliminated and the hell gate closed will this world truly turn into the Eden god promised.

fear magic, some claiming it steals their souls. It flows through and of their body and changes them. The use of magic does change a human. He stops being a creation of science and falls into the same classification as elves or narros. Techa-folk claim this removes them from the human race. Echa-folk claims this is how man is supposed to be. They are both wrong, but that's beside the point.

Until magic infuses a human, by either embracing it as a mage, or wearing it as armor, or wielding it with a sword, a human has a choice whether or not to let the enchanted into his spirit. If he does that, he loses a portion of his own sprit in favor of this infusion.

Natives of techa often seek out adventure within the walls or outside. However, the simple middle class workers fall under the radar in the grand scope of the new Earth.

The player characters choosing a path of non-magic must have access to technology on a regular basis. Without upgrading their technology, techan characters won't fare much better than low-level echans.

Some bastions modify the racial template even more. (Refer to the specific bastion) Echa humans are considered the norm for the world. In total, less than 300 million humans live today, most of them outside of bastions.

Physical Description: Humans continue to be more varied than any other civilized race on Earth. They possess virtually every possible skin color, range in height from 3 feet to a towering, but rare, 7 feet, are thin and fat, and sport a variety of hair colors and styles. Since almost every religion and ethnic group is represented on Canam, a player can select any ethnicity of his choosing. It is suggested, however, upon choosing an ethnic group, the player takes the time to research the unique strengths of the group chosen.

Relations: Human ethnic groups usually accept all other human ethnic groups despite ancient hatreds and conflicts in times before the second hammer. Survivors simply could not afford to continue their wars in the view of the new dangers. Many knew the world was a new place and a blank slate was justified. Few places advocate hatred to other humans, unless they are techan. Techan humans still often act somewhat superior to echan humans. Techan humans leaving willingly are often open to new ideas but isolated ones inside techa think of nothing but themselves and their bastion.

Echan human nations respond well to each other and even though Baruch Malkut holds no ill will to most (Abidan being a major exception), the feelings are not returned. With Darius Konig's doctrine of Sapien Superiority and their murder

and enslavement of thousands of fey, no other human echan kingdom will deal with them. The others maintain good relations with their surrounding fey neighbors. Specific diplomatic ties depend on the fey race nearby. The fey exposed to the humans are usually the most tolerated and welcome. Outside of the big human nations, hundreds of dotted villages and communities across Canam and even the world practice bigotry against the fey ranging from shunning to expulsion to murder.

Alignment: Humans cover the total spectrum. Alignments of techan humans depend on which Bastion they originated from. Many echans outside of civilization are chaotic.

Locations: Humans live almost everywhere. The biggest concentration of them resides in Euras and Canam. They are virtually non-existent in Southam.

Religion: Humans created few religions when they rebuilt their society after Attricana appeared. They stuck with old ones. Thankfully, virtually all-religious zealotry vanished when less than 200 million people survived the war. They quickly banded together. Many old bigotries and arrogances vanished. The holy lands many fought, died, and killed for were simply gone. Sworn enemies quickly put their pasts behind them to rebuild. Many of them found new enemies with arriving echan races from the gates.



The big five religions survived virtually intact. These include Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Chinese Folk Religion, and Buddhism. They remain the majority by huge margins. Smaller faiths (Judaism, Sikhism, Shinto, etc) appear geographically in certain regions. Those embracing echa believe the gate (not all of them refer to it as Attricana) as a lens of their faith and not necessarily a symbol. Those faiths including a heaven believe it exists beyond the light. Those without a heaven in their dogma (or even a god for that matter) believe the gate to be either a reflection of nature or their own soul. Either way, all human clerics following a human religion understand their miraculous powers stem from the gate. Some believe it amplifies their own soul. Others believe it's god's will. In this new world, ancient symbols of faith (the Catholic cross, the Magen David, etc) in the hand of the right individual, can truly accomplish miracles.

Languages: Human camps formed quickly. Many languages died within a few generations. Others merged to create new variations. When before, hundreds of languages dotted the globe, now only a handful remained. Surviving vernacular soon divided into regional slangs and patois, eventually becoming recognized languages themselves with distinct lexicons, syntaxes, and phonetic pronunciations. English emerged the only real surviving dominant dialect in Canam, but regionally endangered language found themselves assimilated into the mother tongue to form geographically bound hybrids like Common (western and northern Canam), Native English (eastern Canam), and Onespeak (southeast Canam). Common, originally an amalgam of English and several other Anglic dialects also merged with segments of the Romanic language across the ocean when the bastions began communicating in the past hundred years. The result is the modern Common, now considered the lingua franca of the human race in Canam, and the language most non-humans pick up when wishing to communicate with mankind.

Names: Human names continue to evolve today. Now with the commingling of many ethnic groups, first and last names can represent one or several cultures.

Examples: Robert Naseen, Kiba Hebrus, Miranda Okama.

Adventures: Humans seek excitement, often enough, for the sheer thrill of it. Ones with devout religious belief may venture out on a crusade, personal, or part of a national movement. Some escaped bastions while others dedicated themselves to entering one. Humans follow whims and dreams more than any other species. They are caught up on causes while other races let it pass. Their short life spans force humans to condense as much life as possible in a short span of time.

RACIAL TRAITS

When creating a human character, a player must declare the character a techan or echan Human. All humans, regardless of techan or echan, have the following features.

- **Medium:** As medium creatures, all humans have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- Human base land speed is 30 feet.
- 1 extra feat at 1st level.
- 4 extra skill points at 1st level and 1 extra skill point at each additional level.
- **Automatic Language:** Geographical Human language. The character gains the human tongue tied to his region of birth and growth (see Skill Languages).
- **Favored Class:** Any. When determining whether a multiclass human takes an experience point penalty, his or her highest-level class does not count.
- **Avoided Class:** None. Humans will do anything.

Techan Humans: Techan humans gain the following exclusive abilities:

- **Cross Culture skills:** For techan characters only, cross culture skills are only cross class skills, and therefore don't cost as much to acquire. Echan humans are the same as any other echan race, and must pay extra to take these skills.
- **Technology Immunity:** Techan humans do not generate their own EDF, and therefore can use any tech level weapons, armor, or devices without disruption. The equipment in question is still susceptible to outside sources or by magic equipment held by the character, but the character itself does not generate an ED-Field.
- **Defense Value:** Techan humans gain a Defense bonus to their AC dependant on the class they take. To offset the major hit bonuses of high-level characters, techan PCs are given a defense bonus dependant on their level that is stacked onto existing bonuses. This is a bonus to AC that is not offered to echan characters. These bonuses remain as long as the PC does not multi-class in magic, hold magic, use magic, wield magic, or protect himself with magic. If this happens, the PC will lose this bonus forever (unless the DM is feeling generous). If the PC is forced magic on his person or if the DM

wants to be kind, the PC can try to avoid magic at all costs and gain 1 point of his original class defense bonus every day until filled again.

Special Note: Magical healing and resurrections falls under the DM's final decision. Making magical healing unavailable to techan characters reduces their survivability. If the group is entirely techan, they should be nearby a bastion, allowing them to purchase healing syringes and medical supplies. If the group is a mix, the DM may allow techan characters to keep their inherent defense bonus if a healing spell is cast on them. It could be explained that the magic restores cells and doesn't stay with the character as possessing magic does. Anything that IMPROVES a character can be defined as an INFUSION and not magic that RESTORES.

BASTION OF ORIGIN

Unlike echans, given a wide range of locations to choose from, techan humans in Canam only have five bastions to claim birth: Angel, Mann, Selkirk, Sierra Madre, and York. Of those, the most common is Angel, known to be the largest bastion on Earth. On the opposite, few techan characters played by players herald from Mann.

Because echan classes are allowed to enhance their characters via class focus (see later), techan characters gain a bonus depending on which bastion they call home. It should be noted that a line must be drawn between a techan human and an echan human. A human that is born in a bastion and later leaves to pursue magical path is an echan human. He chooses a class, a focus, and does not gain the bastion racial traits listed below nor is he classed a techan human for the racial bonuses listed above. Humans following a techan class may improve their character based on which bastion they choose. The character's history will be colored with back-story from said bastion. It should affect which techan class he chooses. If the player wishes to be an immigrant from one bastion to another (like from across the sea from several bastions mentioned (like Porto or Samba) or from another bastion in Canam), they usually choose the traits from the bastion they were born from.

Some of the traits presented are very straightforward, while others require knowing a bit more of how the techan world works to understand. It should be noted that techan players must be able to adapt and improve their gear as they progress. The only way they may match their echan counterparts is with improving the technology they wield.

Characters from lesser-advanced bastions have difficulty learning higher tech but usually understand the outside world better. Characters from advanced bastions may possess higher technology but then worry about interference from saturating magical disruption. Players of techan characters must find a balance to survive in the dangerous outside world of echa.

The majority of techan player groups are on missions from their bastions. Some are nomadic groups trying to survive but many of those turn to magic to sustain themselves, as technology is so unpredictable outside.

ANGEL

Along with York, Angel does not fear the outside world as much as Sierra Madre and Mann. They still insist on keeping that world as far away as possible. They even erected a vast wall to keep the enchanted world out. Angel characters from Genai should be counted as echan humans per the rules. Angel residents still know enough of the outside. Ones leaving are either nomads trying their luck at finding riches or part of a defense force patrolling the outside of the wall, hunting down raiders that plague the forests around the city.

These are the traits of an Angel citizen:

•Preferred enemy: Angel citizens gain a +1 to hit against goblinoids.

•Aircraft Operation: Because of Angel's tall skyscrapers and the people's preferred method of transportation, all Angel characters receive this feat for free.

•Bonus language: Because of a historical connection to the builders that helped construct the city and the mercantile relationship with Genai, all Angel residents gain Asian as a bonus language.

MANN

Mann characters face an uphill struggle. They may not return to their bastion of birth. They are outcast, as Mann does not allow their citizens to leave. The Mann character has escaped. However, they still wish to follow what they know and use technology rather than magic. Mann characters must either take jobs in other bastions (easy since they often know of and / or wield high technology) or they roam the outside world, selling what they find in echa to trade in techa. Gold carries far in places like Angel and York, and Mann outcasts often take residence in the latter. These are the traits of a Mann born citizen:

•The Mann character selects any one class skill. The character adds a +2 bonus to that skill.

•+500 UC in additional gear as the rebel escapes with his hands full of technology.

SELKIRK

One from Selkirk bursts from the womb in darkness and live most of their lives in the mines. Ones that do depart know of narros through trade and military patrols and find their company acceptable. Selkirk seeks to make the Pass of Dianaso safe. Others trek south to find warmer climate and warmer beds. Those that end up taking root around Angel sign up for military duty outside the walls. These are the traits of a Selkirk citizen:

•Unbreakable: The Selkirk character gains the ability to continue to perform actions when he would otherwise be considered unconscious and dying. When the character's hit points reach -1, the Selkirk can perform as though he were disabled, making either an attack action or a move action every round until the character reaches -Con score hit points (and dies) or the character's hit points return to 1 or higher. The character can choose to succumb to unconsciousness if he thinks that doing so might prevent him from taking more damage.

•Low Light Vision: Characters from Selkirk see twice as far as a normal human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination.

SIERRA MADRE

Those from Sierra Madre often run screaming to their bastion. They are the most unprepared for the outside world. Those that find the courage often remain hidden throughout the planet, analyzing what they find and returning it to their home for study. Even though they possess unique technology, they strive to adapt what they find to their system. Because the majority from Sierra Madre follows a faith of internal meditation and personal discovery, many brave the landscape outside to fortify their souls and open their minds. These are the traits of a Sierra Madre Citizen:

•Choose three of the following skills as permanent class skills and receive a +1 competence bonus on checks using

those skills: Balance, Climb, Drive, Jump, Ride, Swim, or Tumble.

YORK

With no walls around, York welcomes tourists and travelers, but secretly laments the use of magic. Those taking advantage of their friendliness and flaunting such gear often find themselves victims of the mob. York characters see passing magic users all the time so neither fear it nor wish its destruction. They made a choice to prefer living their lives with air conditioning, elevators, and parking meters. York citizens leave the city all the time as they may reenter when they wish. They are one of the most commonly seen techans in all of Canam until one gets close to the opposite coast. York is also the most aggressive with their borders. Instead of a great wall, York keeps a vast expanse of open fields patrolled by a large militia of soldiers and the low-tech robots known as zeros. They must stand on constant guard from attacks from dragons and pagus to the north and various other raiders from the west and the seas to the east. They also operate a counter-intelligence organization that monitors activity within the rival bastion of Mann. These are the traits of a York citizen:

•The York character can purchase echan cross culture skills as cross class skills.

•York citizens don't receive any techan penalties to skills when rolling against echans (eg: Diplomacy, Disguise, etc).

•+2 Bonus to Diplomacy rolls. York citizens live their lives growing accustomed to strangers and their traditions.

ORGANIZATIONS

Some Bastions operate outside of their borders. The player group may together decide to sign up under one such organization or travel the world as independents. Both offer advantages. Being signed under an organization offers funds or equipment while independents offer the greatest gift of all, freedom. The DM may select an organization for the player group if the choice affects the game being designed. All the players must consent to the agreement to benefit and the group together receives the bonus, not individual characters.

CRIMSON STARLIGHT

The CS is the military arm of Angel and often take missions outside of the walls. They venture out usually on wheeled all-terrain vehicles, ETVs, or on VERTOL flyers. The CS operates from four huge towers around the outer perimeter of the city and response time to outside attack is measured in only seconds. However, the attacks on the wall subsided in the past century. Goblins diverted to raiding all those passing to and from. This forced the CS to leave the walls and take a more aggressive posture on outside threats. They clash with not only surrounding goblin raiders but with the growing armies of kobolds in the nation of Xixion up north. Of all the bastion organizations, the CS receives the most combat experience. There is never a dull day when basking in starlight is the common saying. Squads are often sent to patrol the great outer forests of Cyon, either through it or over it.

Another branch of CS deals with internal problems dealing with Genai. Rumors tell of a smuggling route leading past the walls to the outside, allowing free passage for those wishing to avoid the main gates. Then there is the matter of the temple, a giant tower in the centre of Genai and the great beast supposedly living underneath it.

The player group signed to work for the Crimson Starlight receives an assault shuttle or nuke truck for free. It is a loan and cannot be sold. They also gain preferred enemy, gaining a +1 to hit against goblinoids.

MERCENARIES

Some people prefer working alone. Though they receive no benefits from governments or corporations, they do set their own clocks and answer to no higher authority. They are on their own in the face of a wild landscape of wonders and monstrosities reserved usually for bedtime tales. Some mercenaries work out of bastions, though many actually travel between them. Some consider themselves wandering souls, looking for a noble fight to involve in while others seek only profit. The group simply decided technology was the future over magic. Alas, these groups often fail early on, as they are unable to replace their technology fast enough when it disrupts or breaks down or they simply fall victim to enemies they had greatly underestimated. Mercenaries, acting heroic or selfish (or both) must keep constant diligence on the acquisition of funds. Jewels, gold, and rare items fetch a high price in bastions and mercenaries need to keep themselves funded and armed.

Players forming a mercenary group gain a 20% discount on all purchases at 1st level and 5% discount on all subsequent purchases with further levels.

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

This group from Sierra Madre is more interested with subversion and intelligence gathering than anything else. Even though flaunting advances few other bastions even dream of, Sierra Madre still lacks many developments even bastions like York claim. This is due to the lack of a threatened survival and a narrow-minded population. Groups sent out from the subterranean bastion often travel north to acquire (steal) technology from others, especially from York and Angel. Mann remains a hard target and most attempting entry are killed upon discovery. The Ministry also tracks all movement above the city. They intercept and deal with forces marching over their soil.

All players working for the MFA receive a maximum level echan insulation modification to all pertinent equipment they purchase at 1st level and a 30% discount to purchasing said modification later.

OROBAS

The Selkirk defense authority, unlike many other interdiction forces from bastions, doesn't consider echans their enemy. Most missions by members of Orobas entail them escorting and protecting narros patrols through the Selkirk controlled section of the Dianaso pass. Orobas personnel are selected usually from the mining population and trained separately. Already used to working in groups, the operatives quickly learn to offset each other's weaknesses and operate as a cohesive unit. They seldom fight amongst themselves and stay together, even when on vacation.

Other missions include scouting and recon outside the Dianaso pass as well as dealing with the encroaching invasion from the kobolds of Xixion. A few groups even went on loan to Angel for a short time.

Orobas operatives receive additional training at 1st level. Whenever an operative strikes a target in combat, all other operatives of Orobas gain a +2 to hit that same target. This applies to both melee and ranged combat. This is not cumulative

YORK SELF DEFENSE FORCE (YSDF)

The largest standing army of Techa in Canam is the York Self Defense Force. They walk the streets keeping the law and defending the fields from impending invasion. They break up

drunken tavern brawls and then lead assaults against attacking dragons. Some escort important echans through the city and forcefully eject others for flaunting the magic the city requests echans keep to an appropriate minimum.

YSDF units are shifted from inside to outside the city to broaden their talents. The most boring job is patrolling the defense installations between York and Mann, which have never sparked a conflict. On the other hand, the northern barracks often suffer from dragon attacks crossing the water straits. The YSDF works alongside the robotic zeros but the droids are never allowed to depart the surrounding York fields of Halyc.

Members of the YSDF receive full value for all techan equipment and weapons they trade in while in York.

MIXED GROUPS

Of course, one could mix both echan and techan players together into one group. Why they would choose to unite is left up the imaginations of the players or DM. One idea could be a shared past between several characters (both raised in Angel, one in Genai, the other in the main city) or a techan out of place in the world or even characters romantically linked. Either way, they attempt to survive together, flying in the face of convention insisting the worlds live apart.

In this situation, the techan must exercise caution and not wield or use magic though surrounded by it. Additionally, the character must be able to return to a bastion on a regular basis to upgrade his technology, as they are not found working in the open world nor can they purchase them from a street vendor in an echan town. The techan or techans also must be careful to keep their more sensitive gear away from the powerful magic items in the group or risk disruption. This problem escalates as levels progress and more powerful technology shorts out more often and more severely. This is despite the shielding techniques some bastions developed. This struggle reflects in the rest of the world as well.

CROSS BREEDS

Logic decrees fey descendants capable of mating with each other with varying success. Fey descendants and humans mate as well, with a lot of help.

MATING

All rules being equal, humans and fey are not biologically compatible even though looking similar. The problem is first with time. All fey races are long lived, embalmed with an amazing degree of patience. Most elf gestations take more than fourteen months, and an opportunity for conception revolves once a year or more, not monthly as for human females. Many fey races refuse to take non-fey mates not out of bigotry, but because of fear of loneliness. Fey mate for life and the idea of outliving the short lifespan of their mate by hundreds or thousands of years frightens them. However, a strange side effect occurs to those rare situations where fey bond for life with a shorter-lived species (to which human is the only one of mention). Throughout all fey species, the process of pair bonding forces both sides to give up part of their soul to the other. The ceremony, differing with each species, can take less than fifteen minutes in a private encounter, to several hours or even days in a public venue. The after effects stay eternally.

Fey descendant marriages result in a sharing of one's soul. Only one side requires a fey. One can be a human or both can be fey, it makes no difference. They can even be of the same sex. After the ceremony, the effects are permanent.

•Both mates know each other's exact position within 5 miles and general direction within 25 miles.

•When together, both sides gain a +1 bonus to all fear checks (stackable with all other fear bonuses).

•The known languages of each side become class skills for the other (paying of the skills are still required).

•The side with the lesser life span lives longer. 20% of the difference between their venerable ages is added to the venerable age of the lesser-lived species. All other age quantities are unchanged. This nugget of information is less common and few outside of the fey know it. The longer-lived side looses that same 20% quantity from their venerable age. It's the trade-off both must be willing to accept. The human lives longer, the elf lives less. This also applies to different elf races with vastly different age limits as well.

•Message (Supernatural, similar to spell) at will. Sides can both whisper messages and receive whispered replies from each other with little chance of being overheard. When each whispers, the whispered message is audible to the other if within range and within sight. Magical silence, 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal (or a thin sheet of lead), or 3 feet of wood or dirt blocks the whisper. The effect transmits sound, not meaning. It doesn't transcend language barriers. Note: To speak a message, one must mouth the words and whisper, possibly allowing observers the opportunity to read lips. The effective range is 1 mile.

•Dreamspeak: After two hours of sleep, both sides can carry on a conversation as if they were next to each other. Both must be in this state so this often only occurs at night. The effect lasts for ten minutes and has no range limit.

•If one side fails a WILL or FORT saving throw, the other must also make the exact save at -5 to the DC (Min DC10) or suffer the same effects. This effect occurs regardless where the other is. In addition, if one fails a WILL or FORT save and the other succeeds, the other still incurs a -2 penalty to further saving throws while the infected suffers from its effects.

•A techan human become an echan human forever. He radiates an EDF and loses his Defense Bonus.

•If one side dies for any reason, not only do all these bonuses vanish (sometimes resulting in the surviving mate dropping dead instantly if their time is up), but they also suffer a -2 to all Will saving throws and -2 to all Fort saving throws for life. This cannot be removed BY ANY MEANS. Re-bonding to a new mate does not recover this penalty and another death compounds further consequences. The shortened life of the longer-lived side stays shortened.

The longest bonding ceremony (taking three days without sleep, exchanging thirty pages of vows) is with the laudenians, whom rarely ever take human mates. Laudenians exchange magical spirit via a special chant cast by a cleric. The shortest ceremony, with the tenenbri and chaparrans, takes less than fifteen minutes. With chaparrans, a tree is planted and the blood of both sides drip into the roots. With tenenbri, the two sides simply mate in private.

Gimfen ceremonies involve some poetry and vow exchanging, drinking from enchanted waters, and prayers to whatever god they worship (if so). Damaskans include vows but also exchange colored ribbons, sashes, or scarves (depending on family tradition), which the married couple wears for life. Limshau custodians specifically also exchange small blades. These blades, not much use in combat, are ornately decorated with merging family symbols. Sometimes offering said ribbon or blade is akin to a marriage proposal.

Humans and fey races cannot reproduce with each other without this ceremony. The bonded souls push past scientific barriers. Humans may not be born enchanted creatures, but they instantly become one when they bond with a fey. Their offspring are as well. Although bonding is technically not necessary between fey races, many frown on married couples not bonding.

Several mobs of humans emerging after Attricana openly hunted elves out of fear and resentment. Humans banded together despite culture and race. Many put aside their differences out of survival. Others banded together because of a common need to find someone to hate.

Several bastions discarded this hatred earlier, preferring to concentrate on their own development. Some continued their mistrust. Even though man suffered horrendous casualties after their war, they still greatly outnumbered the fey races emerging from the gate. The hunting cadres from both echan and techan communities dwindled substantially but they didn't totally fade out. Because elves are immune to all human disease, elf females became sought after for slaves. Sexual merchants bought and sold stock from the backs of carriages for centuries. Many governing bodies attempted to close these crime rings, but rumors point to a few still circulating. Baruch Malkut, for example, still operates several slave rings. Some believe those are urban legends meant to scare elves from leaving their homes.

Although a few have tried, no one has ever successfully forced a bonding in order to extend one's life. Both parties must be willing or else the procedure can never finalize. Elves never jump into marriage and few fey marriages to another fey or human have ever ended in divorce. Even when peers frown and forbid the pairing, once it occurs, nothing more is said on the matter.

Unfortunately, there resides one exception to this rule, the pagus. They somehow found a way to mate with anything successfully, regardless of bonding or not, and they do it often. Pagus can bond for life like all other fey, but this situation is extremely rare and is usually reserved for those few embracing the path of good. Bonding is strictly forbidden in Kakodomania and in any villages run by evil dragons, under penalty of death. The reasons are unexplained. The pagus ceremony, when occurring, looks strangely alluring and involves hours of synchronized chanting from the couple and a dozen friends and allies around. The chants blend into a moan that shakes the ground. Compared to the usual negative views many have of the race, this remains one aspect of the pagus still beautiful.

NOTE: No character can be created at 1st level prebonded without DM authorization.

FEY HYBRIDS

Crossbreeding fey races occur often. Because of many similarities between the many descendant species, common features are always inherited:

- Medium: As Medium creatures, elves have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- Land speed is 30 feet.

Volume 4, Chapter 3 <excerpt>

The fey female is not a scientific concept. It is an artistic viewpoint. Only in this world could such a system actually function. Since they are not evolved, their biology was not derived from a need to spread their genes to future generations. Their creation appears from a romantic whim rooted in patience, not the fevered drive of animals slaved to their hormones.

The fey female cycle is between 12 and 18 months, with longer cycles in older species. Laudenians and chaparrans have the longest cycles while gimfen and damaskans have shorter ones. Although not verified, I have been told the young races like goblins and kobolds have extremely short cycles (the kobold is rumored to be only two weeks).

The fecundity of the fey is based around their relaxed approach to reproduction. Fey simply don't share the animalistic need to create offspring at the rate humans do. Their diet and environment never affect them as all elves tested share this constant fertility rhythm regardless of how or where they were raised. Damaskans surveyed in ten different villages and cities all share the same period length. Unlike human females, fey don't synchronize the menstrual cycles.

Additionally, fertility never reaches a peak with fey females. Once reaching puberty, it's basically like flipping a switch. There is no escalation or crest in their hormone levels. Despite their low conception rate, I have not seen a single case of female or male infertility among them. Miscarriages are nonexistent. Females continue to have the same chance of conception from 50 to 500. Reports in the archives testify to Laudenians having children well into their thousands. Given this, a single laudenian female could potentially have hundreds of offspring. But with their extremely low conception rate, the average laudenian will only give birth to 4 to 5 young through her extended lifespan. Male fey sperm count also does not peak or dip throughout their lives.

Even when in period, successful fertilization rarely occurs. In a group of 1000 non-bonded adult damaskan females followed for eight years, less than 5% got pregnant within four years with another 8% being pregnant over the course of full eight-year study. This occurs when both sides are fey, as fey cannot bear children with non-fey unless bonded.

Bonding, a procedure that can never be scientifically studied, improves these rates substantially. Though fertility cycles do not change, successful conception does increase. A separate study performed at the same time tracked a separate group of 1000 damaskan females bonded to a human or fey. In that group, 25% got pregnant within four years and 45% got pregnant within the eight-year study. Of those successful pregnancies, 15% involved a human parent

It should be noted that fey males also share this reduced fertility. Even given a human female's short menstrual cycle, even when bonded, the success rate of conception is significantly lower than with a human male.

In all these studies mentioned, the females were not actively trying to prevent their pregnancies. Though their cycles are much longer than humans, both male and female fey are able to prevent fertilization by will alone. Females, upon reaching their cycle, seem able to postpone it indefinitely. They cannot hurry it along but they can suspend it. With such hurdles crippling their reproduction, it's no wonder that fey population grew so slowly for the millions of years they were supposedly living on this Earth.

Addendum: I recently talked to an immigrant tilen. She shared that the tilen fertility cycle breaks the needle between 24 and 36 months! Their conception rate is still less than 10% when bonded with a tilen. These odds do not increase unless the tilen bonds with a non-tilen, in which case the rate increases substantially, closer to 50%.

Dr. Shiebal Beverly
Gynecology Professor, Limshau University
Fey Biology Encyclopedia, Limshau Original Print

ROMANCE

Baruch Malkut considers Limshau the greatest threat to their ideals of the world. Not only does Limshau endorse public opinion and free speech, it also approves of the mingling of blood between fey and man. This is seen as nothing less than devil worship by the fundamentalists of Baruch Malkut.

Thankfully, their opinion is in the minority of the planet. The majority of mankind trapped outside of bastion walls looked upon their fey neighbors with captivated eyes. In the first few decades after first contact, many suitors attempted to woo elvish maidens, some for conquest and others for marriage. This seldom worked. Initially, the elves were skittish of mankind. Most initial meetings ended in violence. Eventually, saner minds began to reach out. Even still, the mingling of breeds would not occur for many more decades. In the first century, the entire planetary population of fey-human hybrids could be counted on a single hand. Most of the time the elves refused a human wooer not because of racism, but because of a fear of being alone for the centuries after their mate dies.

No record was ever chronicled about which cross-couple was the first paired, though it is assumed to have been with a damaskan. It probably occurred from shared experiences, as is usually the case on how elves mate. Not a single elvish race or nation condones arranged marriages, not even within their royalty. Fey bond from shared experiences. They establish a connection that overcomes personal beliefs and interests. Most of the time, this remains at mere friendship, though this comradeship can be as resolute as any marriage. Occasionally, this process continues to form an intimate sharing of souls, and the two sides bond for life. This bond surmounts such pesky hurdles as age, sex, or race. Eventually, as humans and elves shared time, bonded cross-couples began to emerge.

In nations like Laudenia and Dawnamoak, pairing elf with human is frowned upon or outright forbidden, mostly due to racial purity and a fear of losing one's blood to another race. This fanatical view is not held by the majority of other fey. Chaparrans, more than laudenians, are often more approachable outside of their nations. Tenenbri are frequently more open the further one travels from the labyrinth of tunnels in Vanaka. Narros discipline and their preferred environment has made interracial couples relatively uncommon. The same goes for gimfen, but with them, it's their visible age that turned some away. This leaves the vast majority of interracial couples from damaskan blood. Since Limshau permitted and encouraged mingling races on every level, the kingdom became the hub of romantic voyages of those looking to pursue exotic tastes.

In the end, most suitors encounter failure. Despite being quixotic, elves are skittish to bond, especially damaskans, known for their distant emotions when in public. Elves often act alien compared to common human customs. They are all brutally honest and find deception rather repugnant. That, coupled with their long lifespans and aged wisdom, has made most wooers apprehensive to speak up. Elves do not fall in love in a day like humans. For them, it takes time and most pursuers don't have the patience for the pursuit. Because of this, cross-couples seldom occur outside the large echan nations. Nearly 99% of all half-elves in Canam are in Limshau. It still accounts for a very small proportion of the kingdom's population. Those doggedly determined to win the favor of an elf's attention can be rewarded with a prize greater than the trophy of the exotic catch or the years the bond offers.

•They gain a +5 racial bonus against sleep effects and can make Listen skill checks while asleep without penalty.

•Sleep: All fey hybrids gain the fey sleeping cycle.

Any additional features depend on the strength of the species' magic and capacity to pass on their distinction to their children. Here is a simple formula:

Pagus > Gimfen > Tenenbri > Damaskan > Narros > Chaparran > Laudenia

This translates to mean that if a pagus mates with any other fey, their children will always have pagus special rules and a laudenian mating (always losing out) will always result in the other race. This doesn't mean the child will look laudenian. Like all children, they will possess certain physical features that resemble both.

Special notes:

•No cross-species mating with the pagus gains the pagus aging benefits (see later).

•Crossbred tenenbri gain their eyesight and low light or darkvision (depending on the other species). They lose blindsight.

HALF-FEY

When humans first found their world invaded by these pointed-eared humanoids, racism quickly followed. Most human communities openly hated the other races. A war broke out but most human communities harboring these feelings turned to xenophobia and became the first bastions. Others that didn't expand with technology either turned in on themselves or were destroyed by predators, as those communities had no allies to turn to (Baruch Malkut being the notable exception). Most human echan civilizations flourishing did so by declaring no ill will to their new neighbors. Initial friction faded slowly with the long-lived races. Laudenia and chaparrans still hold the humans in distrust and seldom communicate with them. Tenenbri avoid everyone altogether equally. Only damaskans and gimfen embraced their new fellow inhabitants.

As mentioned earlier, Humans seldom refer to the fey descendants by their given names (chaparran, limshaun, tenenbri, etc), opting for the more common terms (elf, dwarf, gnome, etc). As predicted, most fey races find these terms derogatory. Damaskans embraced the term as their own, resulting in them referencing themselves as elves. Thus, the term half-elf often comes into place when regarding the crossbreeding of any fey species with a human. Most half-elves embrace the term even if they are with a species that finds the term insulting. Not all do and those born from the rarer species like tenenbri, chaparran, and laudenian often find their lives difficult.

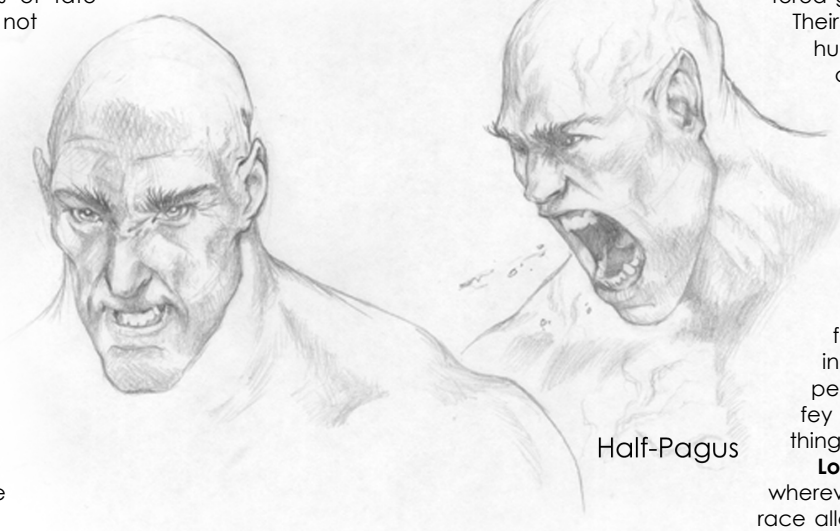
Thankfully, this problem does not occur with damaskans who embrace their children, regardless of who they are. This resulted in a heavy migration of half-breeds to these cities, increasing their population. Limshau found greater numbers

of immigrants considering the heavy populations of chaparrans and laudenians on Canam. Gimfen half-breeds occur more rarely.

Because a half-elf results only from bonded parents, raising one is a blessed affair. The child often grows in a family in love, despite the feelings of the community. Half-elves rarely encounter abuse within the family. They rarely abandon their loyalties. Only acts of fate can result in a half-elf not having a normal childhood.

This, of course, assumes both parents are good. Evil parents can commit whatever atrocities they want to their children.

Personality: Half-fey, as humans, develop their personality more from how they are raised rather than what their racial stereotype denotes. Ones raised in open and welcoming cultures like Limshau grow similar to the other members of the city.



Half-Pagus

I always found fey genetics to be odd. Despite the confusion, their genes do appear to follow rules, just adverse to our own. For damaskans, it seems blonde hair is a dominant trait. This encouraged me to delve deeper into discovering the other qualities of their genes. Did you know that all fey carry a mutation on their 16th chromosome? Well, I assume all fey. I tested all but laudenian and pagus DNA. The FTO gene seems to preclude obesity regardless if the gene is a homozygote or heterozygote. These genetic mutations appear to carry into humans as well as I tested half-breeds from elf and human pairings and found when genetically matched, the elvish zygosity seems to write new rules of dominant and recessive genes.

I know, I know, too technical. I will delve into the details later. But try this one on: Human traits such as baldness and predisposition to addiction and obesity never seem to survive the procedure while some of less repute theorize that elvish genes, dozens of generations earlier, brought blonde hair back to the human race.

Doctor Richard Phelps
Symposium on Echagenetics,
Angel Northern University
940 AE

Physical Description: Half-fey share the most dominant characteristic of their fey parent. Their ear size is half of the human size and the fey parent. They are also between their parent's heights. Their skin tone is always the darker of tones. Magic often times force usually submissive genes into dominance when humans and fey breed. Blond hair will sometimes surpass black, blue eyes over brown. Thankfully, the fey parent filters out genetic defects or inherited disease. Human physical features not seen in elves (like freckles) often pass on though baldness and obesity seldom do. Half-fey may grow beards, regardless of their fey parent.

Relations: Half-fey don't develop nations or communities on their own. They either remain in their communities of birth or venture to others if they are not accepted. Because a half-fey is usually birthed in loving couples, if the culture forces the half-fey out, the entire family usually leaves as well. This happens more in chaparran, tenenbri, and laudenian cultures. In others, the half-fey usually finds acceptance. The most obvious examples of this occur in Limshau, possessing the largest ratio of half-fey on the entire planet, as well as scattered gimfen communities. Their acceptance in human echan cultures depends on said culture's opinion of fey.

Alignment: Because of the way most are raised, many half-fey encounter pleasant upbringings. Thus, very few are evil. Following law or chaos depends more on their fey heritage than anything else.

Locations: Half-fey live wherever elves live, if that race allows them of course. In xenophobic cultures like Laudenia, half-fey are outcast, forced to fend for themselves. The parents often leave before the birth, as bonding with humans in Laudenia results in expulsion. In more accepting cultures like Salvabrooke and Limshau, half-fey are welcomed with open arms. In human circles, feelings towards hybrids depend on how the community responds to integration. Some fearing the fey ostracize the half-breeds as much as the laudenians do. Half-fey rarely attempt entry into bastions. It's never advised.

Religion: Again, religious beliefs of half-fey depend entirely on the parents.

Languages: Half-fey have no language of their own.

Names: Half-fey names depend on how their family raised their child. They may adopt one fey's name trend or combine elements of their human and fey parents together.

Adventures: Half-fey often let the winds call them to the open country. Though longer lived like their fey parent, they still desire to seek adventure like their human progenitor.

Racial Traits

- Medium: As medium creatures, half-fey have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size. This is regardless of their fey parent's stature.
- Half-Fey base land speed is 30 feet.
- 4 extra skill points at 1st level and 1 extra skill point at each additional level.
- Low-Light Vision: A half-elf can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. He retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.
- Elven Blood: For all effects related to race, a half-elf is considered an elf.
- Automatic Languages: Half-elves receive both parents' natural tongue free.
- Favored Class: Any. When determining whether a multiclass half-elf takes an experience point penalty, his highest-level class does not count.
- Avoided Class: None

In addition, the half-fey inherits the following abilities dependant on the parent:

•The half-fey inherits the fey parent's attribute alterations (penalties and bonuses).

•Half human/half tenenbri gain their human parent's eyes. They lose blindsight.

•Half-fey breeding with another half-fey produces another half-fey, using the fey hybrid chart to determine the elvish traits emerging. Half-fey breeding with a pure-breed fey brings on another half-fey, same as mentioned before. A half-fey breeding with a human brings another human into this world. Though they may have certain inherited traits from their elvish parent (eye and hair color), they are still totally human.

•Sleep: Half-fey sleep like normal humans and don't gain elvish sleeping benefits. However, they do require only 5 hours or sleep a night.

Note: Pagus and half-pagus stats can be found in the Monsters section.

SPAWN

Spawn races are ones birthed after the second hammer, some right from the soil. The majority, driven by instinct, continued rhythms dictated by the abstract rules set by their creation. They hardly deviated and rarely became civilized. Most accepted simply being monsters, hunting for food or pleasure. Some quietly vanished into lands where no others venture.

A precious few attempted to civilize. Of those, most died off from neighbors or from their own uncivilized cousins. Though Canam counts several spawn races like the kodiaks and therianthropes as developing near civility, only one is open option for players.

TILEN

The tilen's birth and history is marred in pain, suffering, and mystery. How they came to cherish life from evil points to the tenacity of their spirit. When the white gate burst open, a wave of energy flowed over the Earth. The first spawn race born from this flux occurred, of all places, in the lands around the Necrosea. The tilen emerged in the first century. Originally vampires, when the positive energy hit them, it forced them from the undead. This process did not occur in demons from Kakodomania or from vampires who chose their fate willingly, but only those with hands forced. A precious few awoke from their feral existence and remembered their lives. They regained their souls.

Their blood pulsed once again. Partial color returned to their bodies. Many died trying to escape the darklands. Some survived and vanished. Their determination allowed them to survive to today.

The tilen do not combust under light but are extremely sensitive and avoid it when they can. Their life span stretches more than 500 years. Their conception rate is virtually non-existent, and the only other way to expand their population is to embrace outsiders into their clan and crossbreed. To reproduce outside their species, tilen need to bond not only to humans but to their fey ancestors as well. This is invited by their culture since a tilen female's menstrual cycle is between two and three years. Conception is extremely low, even when bonded to another tilen. This increases by 300% if the tilen is bonded to a non-tilen. Unfortunately, several other nations don't share this open view. For one, tilen genes dominate all others in reproduction. Regardless of the paired species, if a tilen produces offspring with a non-tilen, even if it's a pagus, a tilen always emerges. Their bonding ritual started as a passionate and extended kiss that nearly suffocates the non-tilen partner. As time passed and their civilization developed, this ritual has gotten more complex.

Tilen don't need blood to survive but it is the only way they can heal major wounds since the regenerative rate of their own body is slow. Most tilen are nomadic, hiding from the light and most outsiders. They still show up as undead but not as evil or do they withdraw from holy symbols. Tilen cannot be turned or controlled by any faith. Powerful tilen built hidden towns scattered over the world. Few outsiders know their location.

Tilen spend most of their time fighting back their own untamed natures. They believe they are still one step from regressing back to the undead. It's a fear they carry today, though in their entire history, only one has ever temporarily fallen back to darkness. Tilen fear undead but also despise them. Many turned so far to the path of good that they have vowed to remove the Earth of all undead. They consider necromancers and nihilimancers their sworn enemies.

There are less than 10,000 tilen in the world but their numbers increase quickly.

The women in red. Lilith. I see them. The more I've slain, the more they permeate my dreams, beckoning me away. They cannot match us in combat, preferring to tempt us away in our sleep. Do not take their feminine wiles in kind, men. They fight the only war they know, by seducing us in our dreams. My loins burn every morning, longing for the embrace. The lust shall pass. I will not allow their temptations to overtake others or me. They are lamia, mara, rusalka, banshees—a hundred other names in dozens of other cultures. They lure the innocent and pure with the temptation of virgin pleasures.

You will fall under corruption. Their sweat tastes of wine, their smell of flowers. In a lover's embrace, they caress your loins and scream in pleasure...for a while. And when the moment of final bliss bursts from your manhood, razors in their scabbard will sever a man's sword. They will destroy everything that makes you a man. But yet, they won't release you, remaining their slaves forever, ever so close to death, but never letting you go. Is one night of immorality worth such a price?

Darius Konig
Baruch Malkut
980 AE

Personality: Tilen keep to themselves and seldom advertise their presence outside their own villages. Though almost entirely benign and peaceful, tilen suffer the greatest at the hands of others. Most fey races avoid the tilen and several human villages openly hunt them. Despite this, tilen numbers continue to rise. This is because their demure nature and statuesque good looks have been sought after by those seeking them as mates. This desire is most popular among humans, causing a hostile response by those accusing the tilen as being servants of darkness, mostly from other humans.

Tilen are innocent and few have ever taken a life in anger in their entire history. They are emotional and expressive but rarely lose control of their facilities. Even when they do, it is often in a positive direction and never to endorse an evil act. Tilen are often gripped with fear of a relapse that will turn them back to darkness. They loathe exposing their vampiric traits, which can occur if they are angry or otherwise excited. To them, it unmasks them. Tilen fear that if others were to see them in that state, it would cause a violent reaction and endanger the tilen as well those they care about.



Among allies, friends, or family, tilen are open, honest, gentle, and fiercely loyal. Once they establish a bond in any form, they honor and relish such attachment, knowing perfectly well how rare they are.

Physical Description: Remnants of their past include the fact they are sensitive to light and throw no reflections in mirrors. Tilen are generally thin, almost frail, being they were all once fey. They age at nearly the same rate as humans, reaching adulthood in their twenties but remain in that state for nearly 200 years before slowly aging, though never appearing older than 50 human years. Their slightly pale skin is cool to the touch but not cold or dry or cracked. Their hair is usually bleached gold or white, often streaked with silver. They are very tall, almost appearing stretched, inching laudenians out. Their ears taper long and straight up, though years of necromancy made the edges jagged. Their eyes stand out from their monochromatic skin and (often) attire, reflecting brilliant greens, blue, and even orange but seldom yellow or red. Their eyes often expose a tilen's presence from across a crowded room, as they appear to burst from the shadows from where tilen frequently hide. Though passionate and kind creatures in general, tilen are incapable of crying.

No matter the original fey turned to vampirism, tilen and vampires in general all bear this description, leading many to ask why. Popular theory endorsed by the tilen claim the foreign powers of darkness pushed out the altered forms of the heritage races, resulting in a shape closer to the original fey. Though this theory remains accepted by tilen, many damaskans, laudenians, and chaparrans view this as an insult, all claiming their form to be direct descendants of the original stock. Most humans don't understand the value fey seem to place on their ancestors. The human view is also shared by the gimfen, who simply don't care. The narros and tenenbri never made an official stand on the matter, but secretly disapprove of the tilen claim. The tilen don't assert arrogance or superiority with this contention. In their view, it simply makes sense.

When tilen get excited, by either positive or negative input, their vampiric traits become more exposed. Their eyes change to bright red or yellow and their canine teeth sharpen and extend. Even their nails grow slightly longer. They despise showing this side of themselves, even and especially to those they care about.

Relations: Although some few species accept the tilen, some other cultures, mostly human and especially larger ones based on fostering hate among the population (like Baruch Malkut) view tilen as subversive, planning a clandestine route to destroy all the children of God by breeding them out. They regard the tilen men and women, often statuesque and attractive, as demon masters of seduction—modern day succubi and incubi—whose only purpose is to temp men away from chaste and loyal human marriages, to breed an army of cambion half-breeds.

The fact that more than 85% of all tilen are female, a ratio also shown in their offspring, does not help this growing stereotype. As a result, images of tilen fall under headers on posters declaring them a variety of demons from a wide range of legends and religious books.

Alignment: All good. Tilen cover the broad range of good alignments. Nomads prefer chaotic while most others choose law. Evil tilen no longer stay tilen. They turn back into vampires.

Locations: Almost all adventuring tilen originated from around the Necrosea, though never from inside it. Their villages sit hidden in rock and forest and only proper directions or a tilen guide can locate them. There is one known village in Southam but enough tilen have appeared in Canam to build rumors of a hidden commune.

Religion: The primary faith of tilen resides in the faith of Attricana itself. The gate returned their souls and brought them from the darkness. They owe everything to the light.

Languages: Tilen adopted Common and Elvish as their primary languages.

Names: Tilen shed their previous names when they were pulled back into the light. They discarded any connection with their dark past as well as their fey lineage. The first tilen elders changed their titles, adopting new names. Most are human inspired. Their descendants continue the trend.

Examples: Saleena Kaeris, Zacheria Korvek, Lhamah Cyrose, Mira Diemasko

Adventures: Though the elders frown on discussing the Null time (the time between the Ixindar and Attricana opening), many young tilen remain curious about their heritage. This made several tilen inquisitive about the outside world. Many leaving prefer solitude or hope to be confused with other elves. They keep their unique attributes private. Tilen are faithful to the group they ally with.

RACIAL TRAITS

All player characters portray the descendants a single or several dozens of generations from the original tilen turned from the darkness 1000 years ago. All racial traits as well as average age and age limits presented refer to the children of the first tilen. The elders of the tilen are substantially more powerful. They cannot be player characters.

Tilen possess the following features:

•+2 Strength, -2 Constitution. Tilen do not look physically powerful. Their increased strength appears unnatural.

•Reduced Healing: Effects from healing spells, scrolls, potions, and any other healing effects are halved for tilen. Even natural healing is reduced in this way. Tilen can offset this with Blood Drain.

•Blood Drain (Ex): A tilen can suck blood from a living victim with his fangs by making a successful grapple check. If he pins an enemy, he drains blood, dealing 1 point of damage per tilen character level per round sustaining the grapple. The tilen is cured of half that amount inflicted. If an ally voluntarily offers himself or herself, the ing rate is 1 to 1, with 1 point of damage inflicted heals 1 point of damage to the tilen. The tilen cannot heal more hit points than his current character level per round, nor can he drain more hit points than the target has. It is not clear why willing targets heal tilen greater than unwilling. Tilen subscribe that as another factor of their blessing. It proves that though partially still cursed, they must depend on the kindness of others. Blood Drain operates independently to the above rule, where ing effects are halved. This effect does not turn the victim into a tilen or a vampire.

•Blood Vengeance: A tilen receives a +5 racial bonus to Listen, Sense Motive, Spot and Survival checks when using these skills against all undead and receive a +10 racial bonus to these skills when dealing with vampires specifically (not other tilen). A tilen also receives a +1 bonus to hit and damage rolls against vampires. A tilen is even allowed to roll against identifying a vampire that has shapechanged to its animal form.

•Tilen receive a +2 racial bonus to saves from all Necromancy spells.

•Resistances (Ex): A tilen has resistance to cold 5 and electricity 5.

•Tilen are considered fey and receive all broad fey abilities. They are immune to all mortal disease, receive a +3 bonus to all Knowledge (History) rolls, a +5 racial bonus against sleep effects, and can make Listen skill checks while asleep).

•+4 to Climb, Jump, and Swim skill checks.

•Tilen still show up as undead on detection spells though not actually being undead. Amongst other undead, a tilen can very well be confused for a vampire. Tilen cannot be turned and still read true on alignment detection spells.

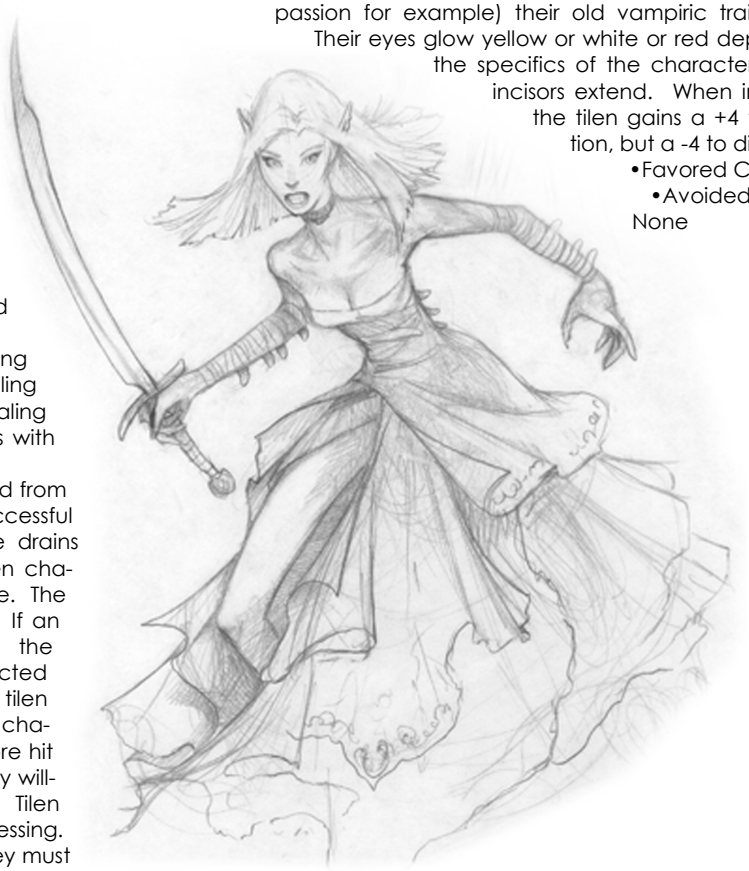
•Darkvision: Tilen can see in the dark up to 120 feet. Darkvision is black and white only, but it is otherwise like normal sight, and tilen can function just fine with no light at all.

•Weaknesses: Exposing a tilen to direct sunlight reduces his vision to 30 feet and he loses all racial skill bonuses. He also suffers an additional -4 penalty to all spot checks and ranged attacks.

When tilen get emotional in any way (as in anger or in passion for example) their old vampiric traits emerge. Their eyes glow yellow or white or red depending on the specifics of the character, and their incisors extend. When in this state, the tilen gains a +4 to intimidation, but a -4 to diplomacy.

•Favored Class: Any.

•Avoided Class: None





Limshau Kawabari was double layered, triple if you counted the cape and hood. Raven only disrobed when bathing was mandatory. Most elves, from chaparran to tenenbri, could never sweat—one condition of many sure to spell doom for the races if the *influence* was lifted. The gimfen, a late fey branch and exception, loved to perspire. They even wiped the sweat from their face before shaking hands. Aiden had gotten used to bathing every single day in Limshau to keep the noses of the resident damaskans from upturning. It was a concession all humans there had made when being accepted in such vast numbers.

In the open, such settlements were forgotten. Though Mahan made it a morning custom to clean himself with a cloth moistened by the morning dew, Aiden preferred the whisper of a spell he had picked up when passing through Bitterblush. Not a single other member of the party had seen Mischa bathe yet. The ranger fell back to a tree, clanked his coat of plates and mail on the wood, and dropped to the ground. Although Aiden thought the fire would be ill advised, Mischa supported the choice, a surprising decision. Aiden's and Raven's supper was of grains and granola, a small rationing from Limshau. Mahan and Mischa enjoyed a variety of cured meats though the word "enjoy" was probably overstated.

Later, Mahan bowed and prayed, and repeated. He did so quietly, whispering the words of his faith. Many of his belief believed mecca had been destroyed. Others claimed it had survived the hammer and the *change* that followed and now rested perched upon a mountain mere inches on the map from where it once sat. Mahan always faced the sun, east or west made no difference. To many Muslims, it was an adequate surrogate. If Mecca had survived, it would be in that direction either way.

Aiden worshiped his idol. His spellbook was crammed with lazy handwriting and expertly drawn calligraphy. The draconic letters which bound his spells and defined his dedication stood out amongst the scribblings. Aiden's last pencil had been worn to its last few inches. He had to remind himself to pick up more from Chen along with a few more pages. Everything had to be perfect. The right lead, the right paper—not any old pulp paper, this needed a rare press exported only in Canam from the Limshau city of Primmer, a mixture of wood pulp and hemp. Some sections required an indelible ink drawn from various metals. It was a costly ingredient required by the book. As the orange light from the sun started to set, the white light from the moon's companion began to govern. Mahan's advice in Limshau carried through and he never pulled out the amulet, regardless of how dark the night was.

Raven settled against an adjacent tree from Mischa. She threw the hood over head to shroud her face. Mischa focused on the elf as she ceased to move. They never shuffled in their sleep, if she was sleeping. Mischa casually picked up a small rock barely the size of a dollar coin and hurled it with significant force at her head. She caught it without bothering to look up.

"You're reflexes are that good," Mischa observed. "I heard about your type. Custodians of the written word, a kingdom of books. Sounds dreadful." Raven kept the rock in her hand but brought it back down. She still refused to aknowledge him.

"How did you get from Tallage to here without passing through Limshau?" Aiden asked.

"I went through to Gnimfall, took a thermal to Kannos and cut down through Salvabrooke," Mischa replied.

By then, Mahan had finished his prayers, folded up his mat, and returned the kufi to his pack. "Any stories during your travels?" he asked.

Mischa looked up and around the forest. These were normal woods. Cyon, the name of this forest, was well known for enchantment, but chaparrans did not live here. It, like Angel, sat in Crax.

"It's too big here," Said Mischa. "There are too many wide open areas. In Euras, all the kingdoms are packed tight, rubbing their borders and going to war over a misspoken phrase. Canam feels a little boring."

I don't know," replied Mahan, "we have our unique brand of evil to contend with. Pagus from the northeast, kobolds and goblins from the north…and there's Baruch Malkut. Although I will admit, that doesn't hold a stick to Kakodomania. I can't image seeing such an expanse of…such nothingness."

"You can't appreciate the randomness and chaos of nature until you see the total absence of it." Mischa had seen it. Mahan and Aiden kept starring at the ranger, unable to form a follow-up question. Mischa finally ended it with, "You should all sleep. I'll remain up. The elf can relieve me."

"Mischa," Said Raven. She stared at him. The others were deep in dreams and Mischa's eyes indicated he had joined them. The human took in huge lungfulls of air. Raven loomed over him, blocking Attricana above. "Mischa," she repeated, "you are sleeping." The fire had died down to near nothing. Despite the white light that swathed the stars in its glare, very little of it survived the trees to the camp. It was barely enough for anyone to see, except hers.

"Human eyes aren't as good as yours," Mischa responded with eyes still closed, "so no reason keeping them open."

"Unless you have the blood of a tenenbri, I doubt you have such senses," Raven responded.

"You weigh 55 lbs and took six steps towards my location. There is a pronounced shuffle in your left leg, due to the extra weight of coins in your side purse. You use both hands with no handicap but you still prefer the right because you placed it on your weapon, meaning you draw it first before the left. Shall I tell you how much money is in your pocket?"

Raven was taken back. She almost sneered back. "I can't abide human arrogance," she said like a disappointed mother.

"You may have the ears and eyes of a cat, elf, but you have no instinc." He still refused to open his eyes. His tone was quiet, but forceful. "You may be aware of the world, but you do not know it. That little stunt you pulled in Antikari. You were quick to stab but lacked the wisdom of consequence. When you pulled the blade and castrated the man, you brought out all the hate and fear of everyone in that room. Fists might have been thrown, a few bruises suffered, but you never would have been taken, violated, or killed. There were too many in that room claiming civility to allow it to happen if you simply played possum. You know how to respond to violence but you were never shown temperance. You see the world but do not understand it." Mischa contemplated he was being a hypocrite. He had killed those unarmed before, the man on the docks, a rapist in Ailoe, but they were all deserved with consequences considered. Kantis measured violence with violence, though escalation is often fueled by the

wickedness of their foe. Mischa had no issues killing those unarmed if warranted. In retrospect, he might have done so to those thugs but at the time, he thought her response was rash. He also didn't know her then. If he respected or treated her as an ally in any way, he might have acted differently. The jury was still out on that.

"You know a lot for a human barely a third into a very short life." Raven responded but there was a flutter in her voice. This was not the snarl she gave in the bar, but the sound of a voice on the edge of breakdown. "That conceit proves you're a waste to this party as a sword. Your presence is the only reason they have not attacked. In that, you served your only purpose. They will not bother us because of your size; such is the only benefit of being human."

Mischa smirked, still with eyes closed. "I know goblins. I fought them more times than you fought your own shadow. They have better ears than you and better eyes than you, especially when in darkness…and they know that. They also assume, as you, that I am a clumsy sword, wielding bravado as his weapon." Mischa took in a deep breath loudly. "The reason we have not suffered an attack is that we have been followed for the past two days. They should have done so us already, so they're waiting, probably until tomorrow evening. Clouds follow heat and while it rains, the night star will be blocked. Even the moon is waning. Then, they'll move to kill you, the only one with night eyes. With water quashing our fires, we'll be helpless."

Mischa exhaled and started again. "In the morning, before your friends wake, I am going to find their trail back to their camp…and I am going to kill every single one of them." Raven's mouth was almost caught gaping. She retreated emotionally behind her walls, any emotion fell from her face save for a slight remnant of embarrassment. A moment passed before Mischa continued. "You lived your life in fancy and naivety. Don't assume you know everything because you read it. And don't disappoint me by indulging the well-worn cliché that all elves are ignorant and judgmental. You are not helping anyone. Only a fool would present you with a blade in fair combat without a comrade behind to stab you in the back. Out here, a single elf is a target. You'll attract slavers, racists, and the deviances of male monsters. Stick to your forests. Stick to your books. Leave violence to men. Now I am going to sleep. Put those senses to good use and wake me if they change their mind."

Raven stood there silent. Her mouth quivered. It never did so before. She wanted to run back to Limshau. She wanted to run from her obligations. What was she doing here?

Goblins were not as tall or as intimidating as the pagus. They were larger than gimfen, stronger to. Unlike the gimfen, adorable with the everlasting gift of youth, goblins appeared decrepit with age the moment they broke from the womb. Their backs were bent, their arms crooked, but they still moved with the speed of grace known to all elves. They grew hair from areas no other elves grew from. A flattened but plump head and oversized mouth meant a face only their own kind could appreciate. More than a hundred teeth, often clean, even, and straight, could squeeze in their ear-to-ear smile, and they often did so, because their spirit of cruelty was so often satisfied. They were wicked, but it made them happy.

Their faculties had already degraded but their wildness did not. They were stronger than they appeared but lacked the intelligence to form a society, so they raided others for their pride. Although not gifted with the ferocious reproductive cycle of their cousin kobolds, goblins were still a growing threat in the western half of Canam. Angel and the crumbling echan house of Torquill were almost completely surrounded by the land claimed as kingdom by the warlord Illicrax Totrad. Cyon was less under this reign and more just a convergence of free goblins wishing to just pillage passers for their possessions.

When Mischa emerged from the clearing to the goblin camp, only one had seen him appear. It might have been a child but to humans, goblins all looked alike. The camp held a half-dozen. Some were probably female; a few were most likely young. Goblins, at over five feet, weren't the diminutive monsters kobolds were. This one was just over four. Its round chubby face smiled at Mischa, the corners of its mouth stretched to only an inch under the eyes. It lips parted, showing thirty teeth with both top and bottom rows perfectly uniform.

It screamed with such a pitch as to shake the needles from nearby trees. The other members of the camp took notice quickly and spotted the giant man. Everything, large and small, grabbed whatever makeshift or stolen weapons they could find. Mischa looked down to the screamer, still squealing. "Run to your people…and arm yourself." He had no idea if the creature understood him, but Mischa's tone was almost soothing. The goblin stopped but still smiled. It turned and ran back to the others now fully armed. They wore mismatched armor too big or too small for them. They clumsily hobbled in a charge towards the ranger. Mischa drew out his blade, the warsword of his father's the elder called Ranushoka but Mischa named the cleaver. They closed in. He let them.

When Mahan and Aiden were woken by the rising sun, they noticed Mischa was gone. Aiden surveyed the camp. The ranger's gear and horse were still present. Raven was standing, leaning against a distant tree, arms crossed, her frown firmly frozen from the past four hours.

Aiden rubbed the morning from his eyes, "Where is he?"

"He left," Raven responded coldly.

"Obviously not far with his horse here. He say where?"

"Yes," she said, unmoving. Aiden approached her slowly. Mahan ignored their conversation. He pulled a wet cloth from a tree branch and began to wipe his face and arms. Aiden almost loomed over the shorter elf but lowered his head to get a better glimpse at her face. She wasn't looking at him.

"What is it?" She didn't answer. He got louder. "Raven?"

"What?" she answered quickly.

"Where is he?"

"Ensuring we are not attacked by goblins tonight."

"He knows that for certain?"

"It is already getting warm this morning," she said with a bitter taste on her lips.

"Well, why didn't he wait for us? He should not be alone for that," Said Aiden. He walked back to this gear and grabbed the book from his pack. Raven still didn't move.

"He insisted on it," she said.

"Insisted?"

Said Raven slowly. "He was specific about that."

"Well, I only needed him for the bravado. I was trying to avoid an actual fight," Said Aiden, pulling his boots over his stained socks.

"Interesting. I thought the same."

"I better see to him." Aiden kept his book in one hand, snatching his coat with the other.

"No need, he is returning now," Said Raven. Mahan removed the musalla from his pack and laid the mat upon the ground.

When Mischa emerged from the growth, Mahan finally took notice.

Mischa was covered in blood from head to toe. Splashes of red covered his shins, his arms, with a very generous spatter across his breastplate. He hadn't worn his helmet and his head was matted and soaked. New cracks and creases in his armor were evident, but none that compromised its effectiveness. He stepped over a large bush and skipped his foot quickly, slightly wincing from a shot of pain.

"Yes, I was very specific," said Mischa, "but the pluck is appreciated, mage." He limped forward. "As thought, they'd been tracking our steps for the better of three days."

"How many were there?" Aiden asked. Mahan approached the ranger.

"At least a dozen, maybe twenty. Big ones to," Mischa lied.

"What happened?" Aiden asked.

"What you expect."

"You murdered them?" Mahan asked, shocked.

"Stave your judgment, cleric," Mischa replied, waving a hand to swat the remark away. "Murder is death unwarranted or undeserved upon one unarmed and unwilling. They meant me harm. They know nothing else."

"Did you kill them all?" Aiden asked.

"If they ran, I would not have pursued. They didn't run."

Mahan stepped past Aiden, closer to the ranger. "Regardless," he said, "how much of that blood is yours?"

Mischa looked over himself. "I believe none of it…but I've been wrong before."

"Let me see your leg," Mahan requested. He kneeled down and grabbed Mischa's leg. Meanwhile, Mischa looked to the elf, refusing to look at him. He puffed a silent laugh.

"You better find a creek," said Aiden. He turned back to finish his daily ritual of reading, eating, and cleaning. "I would rather not walk downwind from you come this afternoon."

"Trust me," Mischa teased, "Old blood is the least of your worries." Mahan had removed Mischa's shin plate and had lifted the mail. Broken rings meant penetration. A gash above the ankle continued to spill into the boot. Mahan slapped his hands together and began to rub them vigorously. Mahan placed one hand over the wound and pinched the wound closed. He placed his other hand over the wound and began to caress the injury. Mischa cringed and squirmed but soon, the pain caused and throbbing before was gone. Mahan pulled his hands away, leaving blood but not even a scar. "When were you going to tell me you were a healer?" he asked.

"The second you needed one," Mahan answered.

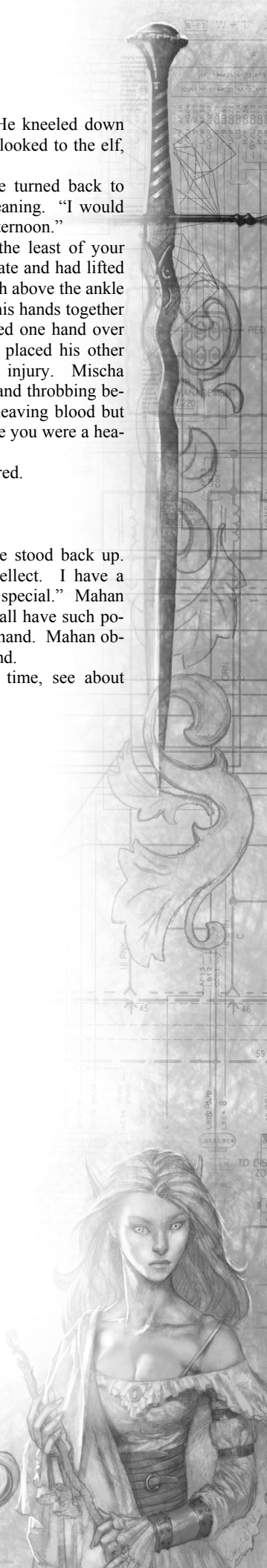
"Such ability is rare, even for one of faith."

"One in a million is the legend."

"Your god give that to you?"

"He gives us everything," said Mahan as he stood back up. "He gives you heft in muscle. Aiden, his intellect. I have a strength all my own. It is neither unique nor as special." Mahan held out his hand and Mischa accepted it. "We all have such potential if properly pushed." Mischa released his hand. Mahan observed the pronounced stain on his once clean hand.

"Appreciated," Said Mischa, "though next time, see about keeping the scar."





CLASSES OF ECHA

The names of the classes and game statistics of the classes in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

It is not our intention to re-write traditional fantasy. Amethyst proposes a normal world of Earth with a fantasy setting forced upon it; therefore, it would be detrimental to create wholly new races and classes against the classical ideas of the fantasy genre. Of course, fighters don't refer to themselves as such and their titles depend on where on Earth they decide to follow this path. They are all still fighters. Some pursue different ideals but the class remains the same. These are the only core classes available. Where once existed sorcerers and wizards, now only mages remain. Druids have been substantially modified. Other core classes appear mistakenly removed. This is not the case. Rangers and Paladins do exist but as prestige classes. Thus, players cannot choose them at first level. Bard has been completely removed from the game. Fret not, for with class focus and prestige classes, combinations are near endless.

Players must understand their importance in the story. 99% of the population are under 10th level, 95% are under 5th level and 90% are 1st and 0 level in regard of these primary PC classes (though many possess numerous levels in NPC classes). Especially in the range of spellcasters, those able to channel energy from the gates only occur in maybe one in 5,000 in the echan population. Usually every major town only boasts one spellcaster of one type, and they don't often exert much power on the level of the great demon casters from across the ocean. A sprawling echan metropolis like Janoah or Limshau may only operate three or four casters, usually mages. As one drifts further from these more densely populated centers, the ratio changes to focus more on druids. Since clerics represent near-sainthood, they remain rare throughout. There are more mages than druids, and more druids than clerics.

CLASS FOCUS

Instead of creating dozens of new classes, Amethyst presents variations on existing Dungeons & Dragons classes from the Players Handbook. The player may only choose a path at 1st character level.

Some regions and locations across the world endorse a specific focus and even some specific titles in certain areas require a certain focus. A player is not required to be from a specific location to take its recommended path nor is he required to take the path if from said location. The player is not obligated to take a class focus if he doesn't wish to.

Table: The Barbarian

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Fast movement, rage 1/day
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Uncanny dodge
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Trap sense +1
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Rage 2/day
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Improved uncanny dodge
6th	+6/+1	+5	+2	+2	Trap sense +2
7th	+7/+2	+5	+2	+2	Damage reduction 1/—
8th	+8/+3	+6	+2	+2	Rage 3/day
9th	+9/+4	+6	+3	+3	Trap sense +3
10th	+10/+5	+7	+3	+3	Damage reduction 2/—
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+3	+3	Greater rage
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+4	+4	Rage 4/day, trap sense +4
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+4	+4	Damage reduction 3/—
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+4	+4	Indomitable will
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+5	+5	Trap sense +5
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+5	+5	Damage reduction 4/—, rage 5/day
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+5	Tireless rage
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+6	Trap sense +6
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+6	Damage reduction 5/—
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+6	Mighty rage, rage 6/day

That being said (and further explained later), the players are enthusiastically encouraged to meld their characters as much into the setting as possible. Integrating more into the setting begets more role-playing opportunities and makes the gaming experience more fulfilling.

Because of these focus paths and the slight alterations made to a few of the classes, they are reprinted in their entirety in the following pages. This book does not unintentionally ignore certain core classes. These are the only ones available.

ECHAN CLASSES

For further depth to these classes, refer to Chapter 3 of the D20 PHB.

BARBARIAN

The barbarian represents any character that prefers pure vigor to all others. Barbarians sometimes are narrow-minded adventure seekers, fighting purely for the rush and adrenaline of the moment, while many are those with passions that simply get the best of them. Seldom do civilized societies encourage such activity so barbarians are often found in corners of the world where survival is deemed more important than, say, law. Barbarians feel their emotions guide them in their actions, though are smart enough to know when to keep them under restraint. They enjoy the thrill of adventure, but not sacrificing their education for that path. All humans deemed it vital to educate their young, no matter where on the globe they lived. They found a calling in life they enjoyed. Barbarians often carry grudges and severe tempers. They are the first to praise, the first to laugh, and the first to fury. They can be valuable allies or feared enemies. They have no code and no rules dictating their actions. They follow their emotions but are not selfish in them, being aware of how their actions can affect others.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Strength is vital to the barbarian, obviously, but for taking the Quickhearted class focus, a high Dexterity is preferred. Constitution is important, regardless.

Alignment: Any nonlawful.

Hit Die: d12.

CLASS SKILLS

The barbarian's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Ride (Dex), Survival (Wis), and Swim (Str). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the barbarian.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A barbarian is proficient with all simple and martial weapons, light armor, medium armor, and shields (except tower shields).

Fast Movement (Ex): A barbarian's land speed is faster than the norm for his race by +10 feet. This benefit applies only when he is wearing no armor, light armor, or medium armor and not carrying a heavy load. Apply this bonus before modifying the barbarian's speed because of any load carried or armor worn.

Rage (Ex): A barbarian can fly into a rage a certain number of times per day. In a rage, a barbarian temporarily gains a +4 bonus to Strength, a +4 bonus to Constitution, and a +2 morale bonus on Will saves, but he takes a -2 penalty to Armor Class. The increase in Constitution increases the barbarian's hit points by 2 points per level, but these hit points go away at the end of the rage when his Constitution score drops back to normal (These extra hit points are not lost first the way temporary hit points are). While raging, a barbarian cannot use any Charisma-, Dexterity-, or Intelligence-based skills (except for Balance, Escape Artist, Intimidate, and Ride), the Concentration skill, or any abilities that require patience or concentration. He cannot cast spells or activate magic items that require a command word, a spell trigger (such as a wand), or spell completion (such as a scroll) to function. He can use any feat he has except Combat Expertise, item creation feats, and metamagic feats. A fit of rage lasts for a number of rounds equal to 3 + the character's (newly improved) Constitution modifier. A barbarian may prematurely end his rage. At the end of the rage, the barbarian loses the rage modifiers and restrictions and becomes fatigued (-2 penalty to

Strength, -2 penalty to Dexterity, can't charge or run) for the duration of the current encounter (unless he is a 17th-level barbarian, at which point this limitation no longer applies.

A barbarian can fly into a rage only once per encounter. At 1st level, he can use his rage ability once per day. At 4th level and every four levels thereafter, he can use it one additional time per day (to a maximum of six times per day at 20th level). Entering a rage takes no time itself, but a barbarian can do it only during his action, not in response to someone else's action.

Also, while in a rage, a barbarian gains a +2 to all intimidate rolls and is immune to all fear effects.

Uncanny Dodge (Ex): At 2nd level, a barbarian retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if he is caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses his Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized. If a barbarian already has uncanny dodge from a different class, he automatically gains improved uncanny dodge (see below) instead.

Trap Sense (Ex): Starting at 3rd level, a barbarian gains a +1 bonus on Reflex saves made to avoid traps and a +1 dodge bonus to AC against attacks made by traps. These bonuses rise by +1 every three barbarian levels thereafter (6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, and 18th level). Trap sense bonuses gained from multiple classes stack.

Improved Uncanny Dodge (Ex): At 5th level and higher, a barbarian can no longer be flanked. This defense denies a rogue the ability to sneak attack the barbarian by flanking him, unless the attacker has at least four more rogue levels than the target has barbarian levels. If a character already has uncanny dodge (see above) from a second class, the character automatically gains improved uncanny dodge instead, and the levels from the classes that grant uncanny dodge stack to determine the minimum level a rogue must be to flank the character.

Damage Reduction (Ex): At 7th level, a barbarian gains Damage Reduction. Subtract 1 from the damage the barbarian takes each time he is dealt damage from a weapon or a natural attack. At 10th level, and every three barbarian levels thereafter (13th, 16th, and 19th level), this damage reduction rises by 1 point. Damage reduction can reduce damage to 0 but not below 0.

Greater Rage (Ex): At 11th level, a barbarian's bonuses to Strength and Constitution during his rage each increase to +6, and his morale bonus on Will saves increases to +3. The penalty to AC remains at -2.

Indomitable Will (Ex): While in a rage, a barbarian of 14th level or higher gains a +4 bonus on Will saves to resist enchantment spells. This bonus stacks with all other modifiers, including the morale bonus on Will saves he also receives during his rage.

Tireless Rage (Ex): At 17th level and higher, a barbarian no longer becomes fatigued at the end of his rage.

Mighty Rage (Ex): At 20th level, a barbarian's bonuses to Strength and Constitution during his rage each increase to +8, and his morale bonus on Will saves increase to +4. The penalty to AC remains at -2.

EX-BARBARIANS

Although a barbarian must begin non-lawful, he does not lose the ability to rage if this changes; but he cannot gain more levels as a barbarian at that point. He retains all the other benefits of the class (damage reduction, fast movement, trap sense, and uncanny dodge). If his alignment does change, the character should consider raging something to avoid unless necessary. If the character insists on raging continuously after the alignment change, the DM may insist the alignment revert to Non-Lawful.

CLASS FOCUS

Ancestral Hunter: This barbarian has been trained from birth to fight the sworn enemy of the barbarian and his people. He despises them with such a degree as to burst in a (almost) hate filled uncontrolled fury upon the sheer opportunity to face them in battle. This focus usually only occurs in isolated cultures constantly at war with aggressors.

At 1st level, the barbarian may select a type of creature from among those given below. The barbarian gains a +2 bonus on Bluff, Listen, Sense Motive, Spot, and Survival checks when using these skills against creatures of this type. Likewise, he gains a +2 bonus on weapon damage rolls against such creatures while in a rage.

Favored enemies available for Canam barbarians choosing this path include: Aberrations, dragons, demons, elves (Must specify, i.e.: damaskan, gimfen, laudenian, narros, tenenbri, etc), giants, goblinoids, humans, pagus, or undead.

Berserker: This nomadic warrior, when seen in warfare, runs ahead of the front line of an army as he often defends only himself. He seldom works well with others and considers the prey in his eyes the only target. He is often irritable and easy to anger.

When a berserker enters a rage, he picks a target. He may only attack that target while in a rage and if the target is killed, the rage ends prematurely (though still counting as a rage per day). He cannot change a target while in a rage, even if the target moves out of range. The berserker can never, by his own choice, leave combat with his target. Either he dies or his target does. Only outside compulsions (spell effects) or a fleeing target may separate them in battle. While attacking his target, the berserker's rage is unchanged, except he no longer receives the AC penalty to his target. Instead, the Berserker suffers a -4 AC penalty to any other combatants attempting to strike the character. The Berserker also gains a +1 bonus to hit his intended kill.

The Quickhearted: Found more often among chaparrans and tenenbri, the quickhearted path eventually migrated into several human communities as well. As the quickhearted dives into combat, he displays a heightened sense of his surroundings. He hears the footfalls of all his enemies, the beating of their hearts, the lungs heaving with exhausted breath. His blood pumps faster, his muscles quiver and spasm. The quickhearted bursts with speed and agility unseen, weaving through his enemies, delivering quick and deadly blows, like a cheetah racing through a herd of prey.

The quickhearted's rage alters as follows: In a rage, a quickhearted temporarily gains a +4 bonus to Dexterity, a +2 morale bonus on Will and Reflex saves. He also loses his Str bonus to damage (though retains them for skills) but is replaced by his Dexterity bonus instead. While raging, a barbarian cannot use any Charisma- or Intelligence-based skills (except for Intimidate), the Concentration skill, or any abilities that require patience or concentration, nor can he cast spells or activate magic items that require a command word, a spell trigger (such as a wand), or spell completion (such as a scroll) to function. He can use any feat he has except Combat Expertise, item creation feats, and metamagic feats. A fit of rage lasts for a number of rounds equal to 5 + the character's Constitution modifier. A quickhearted may prematurely end his rage. At the end of the rage, the quickhearted loses the rage modifiers and restrictions and becomes fatigued (-2 penalty to Strength, -2 penalty to Dexterity, can't charge or run) for the duration of the current encounter (unless he has greater rage, at which point this limitation no longer applies; see below). At 11th level, when the barbarian gains Greater Rage, his Dexterity bonus increases to +6, and his morale bonus to Will and Ref saves increase to +3. At 20th level, when

Table: The Cleric

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day [1] 0	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st	+0	+2	+0	+2	Turn or rebuke undead	3	1+1	—	—	—	—	—
2nd	+1	+3	+0	+3		4	2+1	—	—	—	—	—
3rd	+2	+3	+1	+3		4	2+1	1+1	—	—	—	—
4th	+3	+4	+1	+4		5	3+1	2+1	—	—	—	—
5th	+3	+4	+1	+4		5	3+1	2+1	1+1	—	—	—
6th	+4	+5	+2	+5		5	3+1	3+1	2+1	—	—	—
7th	+5	+5	+2	+5		6	4+1	3+1	2+1	1+1	—	—
8th	+6/+1	+6	+2	+6		6	4+1	3+1	3+1	2+1	—	—
9th	+6/+1	+6	+3	+6		6	4+1	4+1	3+1	2+1	1+1	—
10th	+7/+2	+7	+3	+7		6	4+1	4+1	3+1	3+1	2+1	—
11th	+8/+3	+7	+3	+7		6	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1	2+1	1+1
12th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8		6	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1	3+1	2+1
13th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8		6	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1	2+1
14th	+10/+5	+9	+4	+9	Holy Gift (Level 1)	6	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1	3+1
15th	+11/+6/+1	+9	+5	+9		6	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1
16th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10		6	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1	3+1
17th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10	Holy Gift (Level 2)	6	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1
18th	+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+11		6	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1	4+1
19th	+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+11		6	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1
20th	+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+12	Holy Gift (Level 3)	6	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	5+1	4+1

[1] In addition to the stated number of spells per day for 1st- through 9th-level spells, a cleric gets a domain spell for each spell level, starting at 1st.
The "+1" in the entries on this table represents that spell. Domain spells are in addition to any bonus spells the cleric may receive for having a high Wisdom score.

the barbarian gains Mighty Rage, his Dexterity bonus increases to +8 and his morale bonus on Will and Ref saves increase to +4.

Weapon-Bonded: From birth, this warrior is trained to fight with a specific type of weapon. He is seldom taught little else. He grows up from youth knowing every possible technique involving that particular weapon. This skill translates to carrying a fraction of competent skill into the moment while in a rage.

The weapon-bonded chooses a specific type of weapon (longsword, greatsword, greataxe, etc). The exact weapon itself may change through life but the weapon type may not. While in a rage, the weapon-bonded gains the Weapon Focus feat (+1 to hit) with said chosen weapon. At 8th level, the weapon-bonded may also take the Fighter feat, Greater Weapon Focus (adding an additional +1), to this same weapon.

CLERIC

Clerics, priests, and rabbis—a dozen names scattered across many cultures—started simply as followers of a faith. Through the majority, they channel no divine power. Some dedicate their entire lives to the pursuit of their faith, and receive no blessings or rewards for their piety. Meanwhile, a scarce few do. Not only that, but a few with no official standing in the church, ones never ordained, or even ones defrocked, may be sanctified with an astounding power. They believe the magic they cast comes from a power above. They believe themselves blessed with an embodiment of their god's will. All their power stems from within. In various religions, these unique individuals go by special titles: Saint, guru, sant, bhagat, arhat, paramahamsa, mahatmas, or tzadik. Estimations place that less than 50 individuals, human and non, across Canam, are so glorified.

Their spells require virtually no actions from the caster. Clerics must adhere to the canon of their faith or else lose the gift of spellcasting their deity invests in them. The variety of clerics and priests in the world are as wide as the faiths they worship.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: A cleric needs high Wisdom to cast more spells, a high constitution for more hit points, and a high Charisma for increased power with turning or rebuking undead.

Alignment: Any. A cleric's alignment is recommended to be within one step of his deity's. He may then justify their actions by the word of god, however he desires.

Hit Die: d8.

CLASS SKILLS

The cleric's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (history) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Profession (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Domains and Class Skills: A cleric who chooses the Knowledge domain adds all Knowledge (Int) skills to the list. A cleric who chooses the Trickery domain adds Bluff (Cha), Disguise (Cha), and Hide (Dex) to the list. See Faith in Amethyst, below, for more information.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (2 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the cleric.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Clerics are proficient with all simple weapons, with all types of armor (light, medium, and heavy), and with shields (except tower shields).

A cleric who chooses the War domain receives the Weapon Focus feat related to his deity's weapon as a bonus feat. He also receives the appropriate Martial Weapon Proficiency feat as a bonus feat, if the weapon falls into that category.

Aura (Ex): A cleric emanates a particularly powerful aura corresponding to his alignment (his alignment, not necessarily his deity's).

Spells: A cleric casts divine spells, which are drawn from the cleric spell list. However, his alignment may restrict him from casting certain spells opposed to his moral or ethical beliefs; see Chaotic, Evil, Good, and Lawful Spells below. A cleric must choose and prepare his spells in advance (see below).

To prepare or cast a spell, a cleric must have a Wisdom score equal to at least 10 + the spell level. The Difficulty Class for a saving throw against a cleric's spell is 10 + the spell level + the cleric's Wisdom modifier. Like other spellcasters, a cleric can cast only a certain number of spells of each spell level per day. His base daily spell allotment is given on Table: The Cleric. In addition, he receives bonus spells per day if he has a high Wisdom score. A cleric also gets one domain spell of each spell level he can cast, starting at 1st level. When a cleric prepares a spell in a domain spell slot, it must come from one of his two domains (see Faith in Amethyst, below).

A cleric meditates or prays for his spells. Each cleric must choose a time at which he must spend in quiet contemplation or prayer dictated by his faith to regain his daily allotment of spells. Time spent resting has no effect on whether a cleric can prepare spells. A cleric may prepare and cast any spell on the cleric spell list, provided that he can cast spells of that level, but he must choose which spells to prepare during his daily meditation.

All cleric spells have somatic components.

Domains and Domain Spells: A cleric chooses two domains. If a cleric is not devoted to a particular deity, he still selects two domains to represent his spiritual inclinations and abilities. The restriction on alignment domains still applies.

Each domain gives the cleric access to a domain spell at each spell level he can cast, from 1st on up, as well as a granted power. The cleric gets the granted powers of both the domains selected.

With access to two domain spells at a given spell level, a cleric prepares one or the other each day in his domain spell slot. If a domain spell is not on the cleric spell list, a cleric can prepare it only in his domain spell slot.

Spontaneous Casting: A good or a neutral cleric can channel stored spell energy into healing spells that the cleric did not prepare ahead of time. The cleric can "lose" any prepared spell that is not a domain spell in order to cast any cure spell of the same spell level or lower (a cure spell is any spell with "cure" in its name).

An evil cleric can't convert prepared spells to cure spells but can convert them to inflict spells (an inflict spell is one with "inflict" in its name).

Chaotic, Evil, Good, and Lawful Spells: A cleric can't cast spells of an alignment opposed to his own. Spells associated with particular alignments are indicated by the chaos, evil, good, and law descriptors in their spell descriptions.

Turn or Rebuke Undead (Su): Any cleric, regardless of alignment, has the power to affect undead creatures by channeling the power of his faith through his holy (or unholy) symbol or through sheer will (if this faith abstains from symbols). See Turn or Rebuke Undead in the D20 PHB. A good cleric or a neutral cleric can turn or destroy undead creatures. An evil cleric instead rebukes or commands such creatures.

A cleric may attempt to turn undead a number of times per day equal to 3 + his Charisma modifier. A cleric with 5 or more ranks in Knowledge (religion) gets a +2 bonus on turning checks against undead.

Holy Gift: At levels 14, 17, and 20, the cleric is bequeathed a great reward for loyalty and faith. This is bestowed in the form of a unique power exclusive to clerics. He may activate this ability once per day. The spell-like effect requires no components to cast other than somatic (unless stated otherwise in the description). The spell(s) are replicated exactly as detailed in the Players Handbook. A cleric cannot apply any metamagic feats to the spell effects of Holy Gift.

Saving throws against these effects are wisdom based. The 14th level ability is counted as spell level 7, the 17th level ability is counted as level 8, and the level 20th ability is counted as level 9.

At 14th level, the cleric may choose one of the following spell-like abilities.

Blasphemous aura: The cleric channels the power of his dark god to force his shadow to not only envelop his form, but expand out as a growing mass where light refuses to settle. The swelling shadow creeps up the legs of others, seeping through their armor and soul. Creatures within feel the corrupt thoughts of the caster flowing into their minds, wracking their bodies in pain, drawing out the very essence of their psyche. This effect replicates the Blasphemy spell in all respects. It also generates a protection from Good in the same radius per the spell. It is an evil ability.

Exorcism: The cleric demands that any influence evil holds on another to be severed. The cleric infuses the target with a greater light so intense, any effects caused by evil are washed away. The target feels stronger; the will of their soul returns to them. This replicates Greater Restoration in all respects except it also removes curses and diseases and any possession from charm or dominate person.

Faith Healer: By just placing his hand on an injured creature, the cleric directs his aura to re-grow severed limbs, heal any injury, and imbue the subject with an overall feeling of wellness. Those witnessing or receiving this great gift usually stop cursing the god or gods in general. This replicates Regenerate in all respects. It also casts Heal on the target.

Light of Creation: A cleric grows with an inner power so tremendous it explodes brilliantly from his symbol or his very core spirit. This light washes like a wave across those nearby, restoring their bodies of virtually any injuries. Brothers near death rise up, ready to believe and convert if not already. This effect replicates Cure Serious Wounds, Mass in all respects. The targets are also blessed (per the spell). This is a good ability.

Wave of Death: A cleric waves his palm to his enemies. A shield rises in the sky, and those affected see the sun blotted out. Within the darkness, a great claw drops from the eclipse, reaching into their bodies and gripping their heart. A cold grasp is the last most ever feel. This replicates Inflict Serious Wounds, Mass in all respects. The cleric also receives Death Knell (per the spell) if a target is killed by this action. This is an evil ability.

Word of God: The cleric whispers or screams a chant in a language foreign to all, sounding more like gibberish than anything else. His words echo even in the smallest rooms. Evil creatures hearing the word scream in pain as the word's very presence eats away at their existence. This replicates Holy Word in all respects. The area is also consecrated. This is a good ability.

At level 17, the Cleric may also choose one of the following spell-like effects:

Avatar: The cleric glows with a brilliance reserved usually only for deities and angels. For a brief moment, the holy character acts as a surrogate for the divine, raising his power and the wills of those around him. Most denizens of darkness can neither approach nor even look at the cleric in this state. They shield their eyes and run screaming from the avatar. This replicates Holy Aura in all respects. All allies within the range of the aura also gain Align Weapon (per spell) to all their weapons. This is a good ability.

Call Down the Sun: The cleric calls to the sun above and appears to drag it down into his grasp. The sun vanishes from the sky, draping those in darkness. A second later, the star explodes barely a foot off the ground, as large as it appeared in the sky. The searing light and heats blinds and burns those around. This effect replicates Sunburst in all respects. It also inflicts double damage to Undead.

Daimonizomai: The cleric brings forth the wills and souls of Ixindar. They pass through him, from him, to those he opposes. Some swirl around the cleric, protecting him from harm, while others invade those around. The emerging demons look so horrifying as to cause the innocent to claw out their own eyes rather than be forced to look upon them. This replicates Unholy Aura in all respects. The cleric may also replicate a Dominate Person (per spell) instantly on a target in range. This is an evil ability.

Fires of Heaven: The cleric raises his voice to the sky. He calls down the very aura of the sun. From the great star, huge sheets of flame fall to earth. This holy flame scars neither the earth nor the plants growing from it, but sears the flesh of the wicked. This replicates Fire Storm in all respects. The cleric can also bring down a single Flame Strike from heaven as well (per spell). All damage, though appearing as fire, is entirely holy or unholy (depending on alignment)

Greater Light of Creation: As before, except god's gift grows brighter and wider. This replicates Cure Critical Wounds, Mass in all respects. Targets affected are also blessed (per spell).

Greater Wave of Death: As before, except the claws appear fiercer. The talons are larger but the fingers are more withered. The subjects also find the grasp lifts them from the ground, trying to pull their very souls from their body. To others, the subject rises from the ground, screaming in utter agony, and slumping to the earth, unable to recount the trauma of the act. This replicates Inflict Critical Wounds, Mass in all respects. The cleric also receives Death Knell (per the spell) if a target is killed by this action. This is an evil ability.

At level 20, the cleric may also choose one of the following spell-like effects:

Act of God: The cleric does not commit this action, he merely requests it and stands back. One of this power holds the constant ear of the divine. The entire world bends to this location. Storms converge, winds blow, and the earth tears apart. Boiling rocks flow from cracks. Searing water rains from above. Electricity cackles between closing clouds of black, striking down anything exposed. Frozen rocks pummel the ground. As the cleric raises his arms to Heaven, this great blot almost erases this location from the map. This replicates Storm of Vengeance and Earthquake in all respects.

Domination: The cleric stares at a subject. By the very will of faith, the cleric's soul begins to resonate in sympathy with the subject. They became nearly as one. The victim feels his actions forced, as if possessed, except they feel as they wish the actions to be committed. This replicates Dominate Monster in all respects except that the cleric does not need to maintain concentration on the subject to keep control.

Hold the World: The cleric screams for the sun and moon to stop. They freeze. The Earth stops rotating. Every process and action on the globe briefly halts except for the cleric, for he is in command of time itself. Not only that, he can also reverse time, just enough to prevent a single mistake. This effect replicates Time Stop in all respects except the cleric may instead reverse the last full round, forcing all targets within 60 feet of the caster to replay his last full round.

Revivification: Of all the magic cast in this world, dragging a soul back from the afterlife is the riskiest, costliest, and one of the most powerful. The cleric need only rest his hands on the deceased. The cleric acts as a conduit the power channels through. He is weakened as he offers his own energy to facilitate the process. The cleric must have taken Faith Healer at 14th level to be eligible to choose this Holy Gift.

This effect replicates Raise Dead in all respects. Casting the spell drains the cleric of 1000 XP. The XP cost may be drained from a single willing target other than the caster. The one making the sacrifice must be touching the body as well. In this world, this is the ONLY safe way to bring someone back from the dead. After casting (and the subject risen), both the subject and caster are immune to all negative classed spells and succeed all Fort and Will saving throws they are forced to make, regardless of the source, for a full minute.

Sympathetic Vibrations: The cleric's soul is so attuned to his faith, he is able to control virtually anything and everything he touches. In the extreme, he is able to merely point or touch a target to cause all of nature to turn on it. Everything right and normal with the world reverses, causing what keeps the victim alive and normal nonexistent. Its very form turns traitor. Its blood boils. Its breath turns to acid. Its very cells attack each other. Bones break, brittle as chalk. After a short time, what remains seldom lives long. This replicates Implosion in all respects. Although not defined as evil, good creatures should take caution in its use considering the massive pain it causes its target. If the saving throw succeeds, the target is still struck by Harm (per spell).

Vampire: The cleric raises an arm and opens his hand to a creature. In a great lungful, the caster inhales, breathing in the soul of the victim. The targets breath is stolen; his skin dries and flakes and even his hair grows white and ages. The target's eyes roll pallid, and blood oozes from every orifice. The cleric takes in the energy to strengthen his own. This replicates Energy Drain in all respects. It also curses the subject, if not killed, via the Bestow Curse spell. The caster gains +10 temporary hit points per level drained. This is an evil ability.

EX-CLERICS

A cleric who grossly violates the code of conduct required by his god may be excommunicated or laicized by his church, members of the clergy, or even his parishioners. He may be considered a criminal and have his sacramental character placed in question or even have his spiritual mark retracted. However, he does not lose his spells and class features as long as the character can justify his actions in accordance to his interpretation of the faith in question. He may still gain levels as a cleric.

In this regard, a DM may permit such drastic alterations as an alignment change or even a flip a choice to turn or rebuke Undead or cast inflict or cure wounds.

CLASS FOCUS

Crusader: The crusader inspires the masses. He marches along the front line of an army, motivating troops and rousing faith in the cause. A crusader still loves preaching the power of his faith, usually reserving such displays for when potential combat occurs. He doesn't suppress this ability in combat either and often leads charges, standing proud, commanding holy warriors into battle, further solidifying his status among the others. A crusader lives his life to lead and so dedicates himself to the hopeful day when he controls armies of his own.

The crusader gains the skill Perform (Oratory) as a class Skill. This involves winding epic tales of faith, courage, and fidelity, screaming great speeches moments before a great battle. The crusader also gains the ability Inspire Courage (Su). A crusader with 3 or more ranks in his Perform skill can use his skill in speeches and rousing acts of faith to inspire cou-

rage in his allies (excluding himself), bolstering them against fear and improving their combat abilities. To be affected, an ally must be able to hear the crusader's speech. The effect lasts for as long as the ally hears the crusader talk and for 5 rounds thereafter. An affected ally receives a +1 morale bonus on saving throws against charm and fear effects and a +1 morale bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls. At 8th level, and every six crusader levels thereafter, this bonus increases by 1 (+2 at 8th, +3 at 14th, and +4 at 20th). This is a mind-affecting ability.

Demon Hunter: The demon hunter believes the true face of darkness resides in the twisted images of demons, not undead. He dedicates his life in his faith to the destruction of the forces of evil. Many of faith advocate this, believing the armies of Ixindar are the realizations of hell itself. Of course, there are those believing in such power wishing to swell in the power of Ixindar. They ally with demons and understand their strengths to such an extent to even be able to control their thoughts and actions.

A demon hunter converts his ability to Turn or Rebuke Undead (Su) from undead to demons and fiends permanently. The hunter, regardless of alignment, has the power to affect demons by channeling the power of his faith through a holy (or unholy) symbol or through sheer will (if his faith abstains from symbols). A good hunter or a neutral hunter can turn or destroy demons. An evil hunter instead rebukes or commands such creatures.

A demon hunter may attempt to turn demons a number of times per day equal to 3 + his Charisma modifier. A demon hunter with 5 or more ranks in Knowledge (religion) gets a +2 bonus on turning checks against demons.

Fanatic: The fanatic thinks of nothing other than upholding his faith against the heathens of the world. He may even subscribe that redemption falls only to the worthy. A fanatic seldom breaks a combat stance to heal or support an ally unless said ally shares the same faith and / or comes under heavy damage. A truly noble fanatic wishes to help the needy but believes destroying one's enemy is the best way to accomplish that.

A fanatic may select the War domain as one of his two domain choices. He must still adhere to his faith's doctrine otherwise. Whether or not this fanatic remains in the good graces of his church or people is up to the player or, more so, the DM. The War domain is unavailable to other clerics.

Hermit: Some faiths insist on discarding weapons and earthly possessions. Sometimes this choice falls to the holy character himself. This does not mean the cleric is unarmed or worthless in a fight. Although he would often avoid direct conflicts, sometimes one must raise his fists to defend those who cannot defend themselves. The hermit does not invite combat, but rather abandons such combat gear and restraints that wear heavily on his soul, preferring to strike with the greatest weapons his belief gives, his body and soul.

The hermit loses all the cleric's armor and shield proficiencies. He also loses all weapon proficiencies except for club, crossbow (light or heavy), dagger, hand axe, javelin, kama, nunchaku, quarterstaff, sai, shuriken, siangham, and sling. When wearing armor, using a shield, or carrying a medium or heavy load, a hermit loses all his unique hermit abilities. When unarmored and unencumbered, the hermit adds his Wisdom bonus (if any) to his AC. This bonus increases by 1 for every five hermit levels thereafter (+2 at 10th, +3 at 15th, and +4 at 20th level). These bonuses to AC apply even against touch attacks or when the hermit is flat-footed. The hermit loses these bonuses when he is immobilized or helpless, when he wears any armor, when he carries a shield, or when he carries a medium or heavy load.

Also, at 1st level, a hermit gains Improved Unarmed Strike as a bonus feat. A hermit's attacks may be with either fist interchangeably or even from elbows, knees, and feet. This means that a hermit may even make unarmed strikes with his hands full. There is no such thing as an off-hand attack for a hermit striking unarmed. A hermit may thus apply his full strength bonus on damage rolls for all his unarmed strikes. Usually a hermit's unarmed strikes deal lethal damage, but he can choose to deal nonlethal damage instead with no penalty on his attack roll. He has the same choice to deal lethal or nonlethal damage while grappling. A hermit's unarmed strike is treated both as a manufactured weapon and a natural weapon for the purpose of spells and effects that enhance or improve either manufactured or natural weapons. These do not stack with similar monk abilities.

Missionary: This follower of the faith doesn't consider himself the right wing extremists of others. He seldom enlists others for the glory of combat and rarely joins an army bent for war. Surprisingly though, a missionary handles himself almost or equally as well in situations where he must protect himself or those who need defending. This is due to his calling, forcing him from the church and the faithful, to venture as a nomad or among others sharing the cause, into the wilderness of the outside world. There, he would not seek the believers but the atheists. He would appear not as the prancing paladin marching proud and tall, but a simple follower, wise beyond his years.

In fact, many of his type approach areas of need and depart without ever expressing his belief or preaching his cause. In his eyes, being loyal by the doctrine of his faith and helping those less fortunate, even to the point of raising weapons against evil, comes before attempting to preach to the potentials. He neither requires conversion as a prerequisite for offering wisdom or assistance nor agreement with his beliefs as a condition for friendship and loyalty. He arrives to help first.

Almost all towns almost everywhere welcome the missionary described here. Of course, fanatics and paladins may enter claiming the same title. The missionary is well educated and survives alone in the dangers of the wild when others run screaming or die in the cold. A missionary receives Survival as a class skill and receives a +1 bonus to it as well as a +1 bonus to Diplomacy, Knowledge (History) and Knowledge (Religion) skill rolls. He also receives Speak Language as a class skill.

DRUID

Druids follow a faith older than any recorded. Before any deities made their presence known, druids worshipped the first obvious choice, the world around them. In that, they hold as much spirituality as the most devout cleric. In the modern world, druids harness the very essence of the planet, focusing it to create and destroy. Druids are often nomadic and their belief system stems entirely from the environment. There are very few druids around Kakodomania, as almost all, even the evil ones, believe the land of "melted earth" destroys the fabric of nature. Druids do not follow gods but still channel their power from the gate, using the Earth as a lens for their abilities. The few evil druids in the world believe themselves to be overlords of nature, approaching godhood themselves.

How druids channel energy stems from their bonds with nature, specifically with intelligent animal spirits that form in the world from etherealness. Druids believe an entire world watches Earth shifted just slightly, sharing the same soil but invisible to everything. Druids pull their power by making an allegiance with intelligence from that realm.

Table: The Druid

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day 0	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st	+0	+2	+0	+2	Spirit Bond, nature sense, wild empathy	3	1	—	—	—	—	—
2nd	+1	+3	+0	+3	Woodland stride	4	2	—	—	—	—	—
3rd	+2	+3	+1	+3	Trackless step	4	2	1	—	—	—	—
4th	+3	+4	+1	+4	Resist nature's lure	5	3	2	—	—	—	—
5th	+3	+4	+1	+4	Wild shape (1/day)	5	3	2	1	—	—	—
6th	+4	+5	+2	+5	Wild shape (2/day)	5	3	3	2	—	—	—
7th	+5	+5	+2	+5	Wild shape (3/day)	6	4	3	2	1	—	—
8th	+6/+1	+6	+2	+6	Wild shape (Large)	6	4	3	3	2	—	—
9th	+6/+1	+6	+3	+6	Venom immunity	6	4	4	3	2	1	—
10th	+7/+2	+7	+3	+7	Wild shape (4/day)	6	4	4	3	3	2	—
11th	+8/+3	+7	+3	+7	Wild shape (Tiny)	6	5	4	4	3	2	1
12th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8	Wild shape (plant)	6	5	4	4	3	3	2
13th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8	A thousand faces	6	5	5	4	4	3	2
14th	+10/+5	+9	+4	+9	Wild shape (5/day)	6	5	5	4	4	3	3
15th	+11/+6/+1	+9	+5	+9	Timeless body, wild shape (Huge)	6	5	5	5	4	4	3
16th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10	Wild shape (elemental 1/day)	6	5	5	5	4	4	3
17th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10		6	5	5	5	5	4	4
18th	+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+11	Wild shape (6/day, elemental 2/day)	6	5	5	5	5	4	4
19th	+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+11		6	5	5	5	5	5	4
20th	+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+12	Wild shape (elemental 3/day, Huge elemental)	6	5	5	5	5	5	4

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Like a cleric, a druid requires Wisdom to increase spell casting. Since they only wear light and medium armor, a high Dexterity is also recommended.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d8.

CLASS SKILLS

The druid's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Listen (Wis), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Speak Language (none), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Swim (Str). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A druid is proficient with the following weapons: club, dagger, dart, quarterstaff, scimitar, sickle, shortspear, sling, and spear. He is also proficient with all natural attacks (claw, bite, etc) of any form he assumes with wild shape (see below). With the exception of chaparran characters, a druid in Amethyst is allowed to wear metal armor and shields but is still limited to light and medium armor.

Bonus Languages: A druid gains the bonus language elven.

Spirit Bond (Su): A druid begins play with an animal companion selected from the following list: badger, camel, dire rat, dog, riding dog, eagle, hawk, horse (light or heavy), owl, pony, snake (Small or Medium viper), or wolf. This animal is a loyal companion that accompanies the druid on his adventures. In truth, this companion is formed from etherealness, called into this world when the druid peered into the great ocean and invited a spirit to assist him. This spirit channels magic to the druid and is able to do so no matter the distance between the two or even if the creature's physical form is slain.

A 1st-level druid's companion looks completely typical for its kind except as noted below. As a druid advances in levels, the animal's power increases as shown on the table. If a druid releases his companion from service, he may gain a new one by performing a ceremony requiring 24 uninterrupted hours of meditation.

A druid of 4th level or higher may select from alternative lists of animals (see below). Should he select an animal companion from one of these alternative lists, the creature gains abilities as if the character's druid level were lower than it actually is. Subtract the value indicated in the appropriate list header from the character's druid level and compare the result with the druid level entry on the table to determine the animal companion's powers. (If this adjustment would reduce the druid's effective level to 0 or lower, he can't have that animal as a companion.)

In these ways, the spirit acts exactly as an animal companion from the D&D PHB, except that if the animal is slain, the body will turn to mist, and the companion will automatically reappear the next morning assuming the druid is in open wilderness. If the druid is not in the open wilderness or if suppressed by an anti-magic field, the companion will not return until the druid returns to a normal state. The animal spirits are effectively immortal. These bonded spirits are not the same as other animal companions or the creatures summoned by the druid's spell casting. Those are either real animals or simulated animals temporarily created from etherealness and living only as long as the spell exists. Animal spirits are considered magical beasts.

Spells: The world of Amethyst contains reduced spell casting. There are no druidic spells above the 6th spell level and a druid cannot cast any foundation spells. A druid casts divine spells that are drawn from the druid spell list. His alignment may restrict him from casting certain spells opposed to his moral or ethical beliefs; see Chaotic, Evil, Good, and Lawful Spells. A druid must choose and prepare his spells in advance (see below).

To prepare or cast a spell, the druid must have a Wisdom score equal to at least 10 + the spell level. The Difficulty Class for a saving throw against a druid's spell is 10 + the spell level + the druid's Wisdom modifier.

Like other spellcasters, a druid can cast only a certain number of spells of each spell level per day. His base daily spell allotment is given on Table: The Druid. In addition, he receives bonus spells per day if he has a high Wisdom score. A druid prepares and casts spells the way a cleric does, though he cannot lose a prepared spell to cast a cure spell in

its place (but see Spontaneous Casting, below). A druid may prepare and cast any spell on the druid spell list, provided that he can cast spells of that level, but he must choose which spells to prepare during his daily meditation.

All druid spells feature material components, sometimes a simple as a quick grab of soil from the ground. He gains his spells through his spirit bond. This creature grants and channels spells to the druid. The physical form of the creature is only an anchor in our world in order to help the druid better and is not required to channel spells. If slain, the creature still accompanies the druid until it can return in physical form.

Spontaneous Casting: A druid can channel stored spell energy into summoning spells that he hasn't prepared ahead of time. He can "lose" a prepared spell in order to cast any summon nature's ally spell of the same level or lower.

Chaotic, Evil, Good, and Lawful Spells: A druid can't cast spells of an alignment opposed to his own. Spells associated with particular alignments are indicated by the chaos, evil, good, and law descriptors in their spell descriptions.

Nature Sense (Ex): A druid gains a +2 bonus on Knowledge (nature) and Survival checks.

Wild Empathy (Ex): A druid can improve the attitude of an animal. This ability functions just like a Diplomacy check made to improve the attitude of a person. The druid rolls 1d20 and adds his druid level and his Charisma modifier to determine the wild empathy check result. The typical domestic animal has a starting attitude of indifferent, while wild animals are usually unfriendly.

To use wild empathy, the druid and the animal must be able to study each other, which mean that they must be within 30 feet of one another under normal conditions. Generally, influencing an animal in this way takes 1 minute but as with influencing people, it might take more or less time.

A druid can also use this ability to influence a magical beast with an Intelligence score of 1 or 2, but he takes a -4 penalty on the check.

Woodland Stride (Ex): Starting at 2nd level, a druid may move through any sort of undergrowth (such as natural thorns, briars, overgrown areas, and similar terrain) at his normal speed and without taking damage or suffering any other impairment. However, thorns, briars, and overgrown areas that have been magically manipulated to impede motion still affect him.

Trackless Step (Ex): Starting at 3rd level, a druid leaves no trail in natural surroundings and cannot be tracked. He may choose to leave a trail if so desired.

Resist Nature's Lure (Ex): Starting at 4th level, a druid gains a +4 bonus on saving throws against the spell-like abilities of fey type.

Wild Shape (Su): At 5th level, a druid gains the ability to turn himself into any small or medium animal and back again once per day (gimfen may turn into tiny creatures). His options for new forms include all creatures with the animal type. This ability functions like the polymorph spell, except as noted here. The effect lasts for 1 hour per druid level, or until he changes back. Changing form (to animal or back) is a standard action and doesn't provoke an attack of opportunity.

The form chosen must be that of an animal the druid is familiar with. A druid loses his ability to speak while in animal form because he is limited to the sounds that a normal, untrained animal can make, but he can communicate normally with other animals of the same general grouping as his new form. (The normal sound a wild parrot makes is a squawk, so changing to this form does not permit speech.)

A druid can use this ability more times per day at 6th, 7th, 10th, 14th, and 18th level, as noted on Table: The Druid. In addition, he gains the ability to take the shape of a Large animal at 8th level, a Tiny animal at 11th level, and a Huge animal at 15th level.

The druid may freely advance the hit dice of the wild shape form (gaining in other abilities as well as size per the rules of Increasing Hit Dice located in Monster Manual) if the creature is able to be advanced in this way. The wild shape form must still conform to the limitations of hit dice and size of the druid. The new form's Hit Dice can't exceed the character's druid level initially, however, at 10th level, the Hit Dice of the shape increases by +2, at 15th level it increases again to +4.

At 12th level, a druid becomes able to use wild shape to change into a plant creature with the same size restrictions as for animal forms. (A druid can't use this ability to take the form of a plant that isn't a creature.)

At 16th level, a druid becomes able to use wild shape to change into a small, medium, or large elemental (air, earth, fire, or water) once per day. These elemental forms are in addition to his normal wild shape usage. In addition to the normal effects of wild shape, the druid gains all the elemental's extraordinary, supernatural, and spell-like abilities. He also gains the elemental's feats for as long as he maintains the wild shape, but he retains his own creature type.

At 18th level, a druid becomes able to assume elemental form twice per day, and at 20th level, he can do so three times per day. At 20th level, a druid may use this wild shape ability to change into a Huge elemental.

Venom Immunity (Ex): At 9th level, a druid gains immunity to all poisons.

A Thousand Faces (Su): At 13th level, a druid gains the ability to change his appearance at will, as if using the alter self spell, but only while in his normal form.

Timeless Body (Ex): After attaining 15th level, a druid no longer takes ability score penalties for aging and cannot be magically aged. Any penalties he may have already incurred, however, remain in place. Bonuses still accrue, and the druid still dies of old age when his time is up.

EX-DRUIDS

A druid who ceases to revere nature loses all spells and druid abilities (including his animal companion, but not including weapon, armor, and shield proficiencies). He cannot thereafter gain levels as a druid until he atones.

THE DRUID'S ANIMAL COMPANION / SPIRIT BOND

A druid's animal companion / spirit bond is different from a normal animal of its kind in many ways. A druid's animal companion is superior to a normal animal of its kind and has special powers, as described below.

Class Level	Bonus HD	Natural Armor Adj.	Str/Dex Adj.	Int	Special
1st–2nd	+0	+0	+0	6	Link, share spells
3rd–5th	+2	+2	+1	7	Evasion
6th–8th	+4	+4	+2	8	Devotion
9th–11th	+6	+6	+3	9	Multiattack
12th–14th	+8	+8	+4	10	
15th–17th	+10	+10	+5	11	Improved evasion
18th–20th	+12	+12	+6	12	

Animal Companion Basics: Use the base statistics for a creature of the companion's kind, but make the following changes.

Class Level: The character's druid level. The druid's class levels stack with levels of any other classes that are entitled to an animal companion for the purpose of determining the companion's abilities and the alternative lists available to the character.

Bonus HD: Extra eight-sided (d8) Hit Dice, each of which gains a Constitution modifier, as normal. Remember that extra Hit Dice improve the animal companion's base attack and base save bonuses. An animal companion's base attack bonus is the same as that of a druid of a level equal to the animal's HD. An animal companion has good Fortitude and Reflex saves (treat it as a character whose level equals the animal's HD). An animal companion gains additional skill points and feats for bonus HD as normal for advancing a monster's Hit Dice.

Natural Armor Adj.: The number noted here is an improvement to the animal companion's existing natural armor bonus.

Str/Dex Adj.: Add this value to the animal companion's Strength and Dexterity scores.

Intelligence: Druid animal companions don't do tricks. They are intelligent creatures resembling the animal in question but tapping into an unseen realm. The companion gains an intelligence score based on the druid's level. This intelligence attribute replaces the creature's current intelligence, even if the original entry's stat is higher.

Link (Ex): The animal companion and the druid communicate via telepathy. Because of the companions heightened intelligence, it does not need to be controlled.

Share Spells (Ex): At the druid's option, he may have any spell (but not any spell-like ability) he casts upon himself also affect his animal companion. The animal companion must be within 5 feet of his at the time of casting to receive the benefit. If the spell or effect has a duration other than instantaneous, it stops affecting the animal companion if the companion moves farther than 5 feet away and will not affect the animal again, even if it returns to the druid before the duration expires.

Additionally, the druid may cast a spell with a target of "You" on his animal companion (as a touch range spell) instead of on himself. A druid and his animal companion can share spells even if the spells normally do not affect creatures of the companion's type (animal).

Evasion (Ex): If an animal companion is subjected to an attack that normally allows a Reflex saving throw for half damage, it takes no damage if it makes a successful saving throw.

Devotion (Ex): An animal companion gains a +4 morale bonus on Will saves against enchantment spells and effects.

Multiattack: An animal companion gains Multiattack as a bonus feat if it has three or more natural attacks and does not already have the feat. If it does not have the requisite three or more natural attacks, the animal companion instead gains a second attack with its primary natural weapon, albeit at a -5 penalty.

Improved Evasion (Ex): When subjected to an attack that normally allows a Reflex saving throw for half damage, an animal companion takes no damage if it makes a successful saving throw and only half damage if the saving throw fails.

Alternative Animal Companions

A druid of sufficiently high level can select his animal companion from one of the following lists, applying the indicated adjustment to the druid's level (in parentheses) for purposes of determining the companion's characteristics and special abilities.

4th Level or Higher (Level –3)

Ape / Baboon (animal)	Dire badger
Bear, black (animal)	Lizard, monitor (animal)
Boar (animal)	Snake, constrictor (animal)
Cheetah (animal)	Wolverine (animal)

7th Level or Higher (Level –6)

Bear, brown (animal)	Dire wolf
Dire wolverine	Eagle / Owl, Giant
Crocodile, giant (animal)	Lion (animal)
Dire ape	Tiger (animal)
Dire boar	Worg

10th Level or Higher (Level –9)

Bear, polar (animal)	Shambling Mound
Dire lion	Snake, giant constrictor (animal)
Griffon	Winter Wolf

13th Level or Higher (Level –12)

Dire bear	Unicorn
Elephant (animal)	

16th Level or Higher (Level –15)

Dire tiger	Gray Render

Class Focus

Alpha / Hive: On the opposite side of the spectrum from shapeshifter is the alpha. This path allows the druid to command several, if not maybe legions, of animals under his care. The animals carry the shared spirit of the spirit bond, though only one will channel the voice of the spirit. The alpha prefers nature's inhabitants to people and often fails in public gatherings, especially when flanked by various creatures from across the land.

Although all druids receive their standard animal companion, an alpha also receives his hit dice in additional animal companions from the same list. All the animal companions (including the first) progress half as fast as normal companions, rounded up (every 2 levels of Druid counts only as 1 to the companions' additional abilities). All other rules apply.

The hive works exactly the same way except his animal companion list is replaced with any vermin or swarm. He may include any combination of creatures up to the hive's druid level +2 in hit dice. The spirit bond is the combined sentience of the entire mass. Like the alpha, the creatures chosen only advance every 2nd level. The hive may also reselect his hive mass every morning. If he wishes, he may sit and meditate, and replace any number of hit dice in creatures with others as long as the total hit dice is no higher than the druid's level +2. The hive does not need to search for followers; they come to him.

Elemental Tuner: This path is not exactly chosen as it is a matter of fate. A druid, called to this path, begins with a natural harmony for his surroundings. His ears listen to what no other ears hear. He acquires the ability to master a specific facet of the world. He gains control of the elements of nature themselves. He may draw lightning from the sky, control the waves of the sea, or shake the ground to dust. He may even shape flames to his will. However, these specialists only listen to the resonance of one of these elements.

An elemental tuner chooses one domain from among the following: Air, Earth, Fire, or Water. Each domain gives the druid access to a domain spell at each spell level he can cast, from 1st on up, as well as a granted power. The tuner also may replace his animal companion with a small elemental of the same type as his domain.

The elemental tuner is not able to use his wild shape ability until 16th level, when he can change into an elemental matching his domain.

Forest Defender: The druid decides to take a more aggressive approach to those who wish to do nature harm. The defender still prefers his spells but no longer runs or hides from a direct fight. He either started with some fighting skills or developed them later in life after embracing the natural world. He began training in the combat arts. This probably sparked from an incident in his past when he couldn't defend the world he loves from those who would destroy it. He raised his simple weapon, only for it to be knocked away in futility. Perhaps this increased skill came from a wise teacher whom believed a shepherd occasionally must defend his flock, even if that flock be trees.

The forest defender gains proficiency with all bows (long and short) and all crossbows except heavy. He also receives hide and move silently as class skills and receives a +2 inherent bonus to them.

Shapeshifters: Often loners, shapeshifters are so in tune with the animal kingdom that they pass between shapes at will. Sometimes, it's unclear if a shapeshifter ever assumes his real form. Shapeshifters often lead distant nomadic camps deep in the wilderness. With groups, he proves invaluable as he is able to change into whatever form he needs to suit the demands of the encounter. Obviously adept in the wild, a shapeshifter also may dedicate themselves to air or even the sea. Chaparrans adore this class and their druids often dive into this path.

Shapeshifters gain Wild Shape sooner and can activate it more often than other druids.

Shapeshifter Level	Special
1st level	Animal companion, nature sense, wild empathy, Wild shape (1/ day)
3rd level	Woodland stride
5th level	Trackless step, Wild shape (2 / day)
6th level	Resist nature's lure
7th level	Wild shape (Large)
8th level	Wild shape (3 / day)
10th level	Wild shape (4/day)
12th level	Wild shape (5 / day)
14th level	Venom immunity, Wild shape (Tiny)
15th level	Wild shape (Elemental 1 / day, Plant)
16th level	Wild shape (6 / day, Elemental 2 / day)
18th level	Wild shape (Elemental 3 / day)
20th level	A thousand faces, Wild shape (7 / day)

The effect still operates as a Polymorph spell unless otherwise stated here or in the Players Handbook.

FIGHTER

A fighter translates to any warrior with a broad range of abilities. Fighters include gladiatorial combatants, mercenaries, cavaliers, partisans, and men-at-arms. They know all blades and all armor. Their goals and motivations are as varied as sands on a beach. Of all classes, the fighter encompasses the broadest range. No two necessarily need be alike.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: A fighter gains power by taking advantage of his assets. A higher Dexterity is as useful as a high strength as long as the fighter takes advantage of those high scores. Constitution is vital regardless of the path the fighter takes.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d10.

CLASS SKILLS

The fighter's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Ride (Dex), and Swim (Str). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (2 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Table: The Fighter

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Bonus feat
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Bonus feat
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Bonus feat
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	
6th	+6/+1	+5	+2	+2	Bonus feat
7th	+7/+2	+5	+2	+2	
8th	+8/+3	+6	+2	+2	Bonus feat
9th	+9/+4	+6	+3	+3	
10th	+10/+5	+7	+3	+3	Bonus feat
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+3	+3	
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+4	+4	Bonus feat
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+4	+4	
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+4	+4	Bonus feat
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+5	+5	
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+5	+5	Bonus feat
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+5	
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+6	Bonus feat
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+6	
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+6	Bonus feat

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the fighter.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A fighter is proficient with all simple and martial weapons and with all armor (heavy, medium, and light) and shields (including tower shields).

Bonus Feats: At 1st level, a fighter gets a bonus combat-oriented feat in addition to the feat that any 1st-level character gets and the bonus feat granted to a human character. The fighter gains an additional bonus feat at 2nd level and every two fighter levels thereafter (4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, and 20th). These bonus feats must be drawn from the feats noted as fighter bonus feats. A fighter must still meet all prerequisites for a bonus feat, including ability score and base attack bonus minimums.

These bonus feats are in addition to the feat that a character of any class gets from advancing levels. A fighter is not limited to the list of fighter bonus feats when choosing these feats.

CLASS FOCUS

Bowman: A bowman, although skilled in melee combat, prefers the accuracy of ranged fighting. He believes no dishonor lies in not offering a cleave target to charging foes. Better to take them at range than risk personal or allied life and limb. Often times, when working for a state, the bowman's weapons are assigned; but a true bowman either gains his early in life or manufactures it on his own. Either his culture supports such a belief or the bowman considers it a personal obsession. This belief stems to either traditional bows, short or long, or even crossbows. This distinction depends on the culture the bowman was raised in. Seldom do elves use crossbows, and longbows are not often seen in large human populations featuring fortifications. A bowman is not useless in me-

lee and always keeps a blade nearby when ranged combat is no longer viable.

The bowman receives a 50% discount on a single bow purchase at character creation. He also does not provoke an attack of opportunity if using a crossbow or shortbow in close combat.

Cavalier: Some traditions match a young fighter to a steed early in life. The squire and mount live their lives responsible for the other, ever loyal to the end. They form an unspoken bond and never leave each other's side save for the odd tavern wench. More often than not, cavaliers prefer the company of their animals rather than people and often sleep in stables, as horses make great alarms.

From there, the path may alter. Some train their horses to fight alongside others. The mount may learn to adapt to the weight of a lance or the encumberment of barding. Some become iron-willed in the face of danger, throwing hoof and bulk at anyone threatening them or their master. Of course, this need not be even a horse, as a donkey or riding dog is also acceptable.

The cavalier receives a 50% discount for purchasing a mount at character creation. The cavalier also gains a +1 to all Ride skill checks. He also receives an additional bonus to Ride skill checks when using the Mounted Combat feat (which they must still select). The bonus is +1 at 1st level and an additional +1 every third level after (4, 7, 10, etc).

Juggernaut: The juggernaut cares nothing about nature or any gods. He sleeps with his sword and gains the morning energy slashing at the air and shadow rather than at a table, sipping tea. He may not believe in warmongering but does know the benefits of wielding such weapons in the modern age. Bastions protect their own. Outside of the walls, one must wield a blade to survive. A juggernaut sleeps with one eye open and seldom ever gets a full night's rest. In the open field, he guards the casters and protects the fire. He spends more time in his armor then out. Even when casually passing through town or enjoying a meal does he seldom allow himself to be separated from his arms or armor. He carries no unique bonds with his equipment, as they are simply tools to be used. The juggernaut simply wishes to maximize his potential in combat. He practices daily to hone his abilities to maximize his capacity in combat and know that, when at the peak of his skill, there will never be a day for him out of work. Every village, town, or city they visit has a use for him.

A juggernaut is ready for combat at a moment's notice. He prepares his armor before he sleeps, able to don it at a moment's call. A juggernaut never needs help to don his armor. He is specialized with donning heavy armor in less time than a rogue puts on his shoes. The juggernaut, when donning medium or heavy armor, only requires 1 minute (10 rounds) to be fully ready. If he dons his armor hastily, medium armor requires only 2 rounds and heavy armor only requires 5. However, because of this ability, the juggernaut cannot employ help to reduce this time further.

Juggernauts also gain a +2 to armor check penalties (to a maximum check penalty of +0).

Virtuous Warrior: He may not be gifted by divine magic, but as a soldier of faith, the virtuous warrior remains righteous. He stands proud as a devoted follower of his morals and beliefs. He follows the rules of nobility and chivalry as devoutly as magically sanctified clerics, though binding himself to a religion is not necessary. He need not declare devotion in a god to have principles or values or have faith in a cause. One that is religious usually aspires to greatness, hoping his belief will find favor in God's eye and rain similar blessings as his clerical brothers.

A virtuous warrior must be of a good alignment. He gains Diplomacy, Knowledge (Religion/Philosophy), and Perform (Oratory) as class skills. He also receives a +2 bonus to all Will saves from spells or spell-effects instigated by an evil opponent.

Weaponmaster: Commonly found across the world is the weaponmaster or master of arms. While a few dedicate their lives to books or faith for magic and others grow with a natural affinity for the power from the gate or the land around, most are not so lucky. All they offer is what they possess, and the sword, axe, or hammer is the cheapest and quickest way to earn a reputation. Most wielding the blade are nothing more than peasants with a sharpened edge of wrought iron. A select few train with their weapons day and night, gaining an expertise to rival the commoner. How they focus their skills depends on the weapon or weapons they use and in the direction they concentrate that power.

A Weaponmaster may select ONE of the following abilities.

Off-Hand Defense: If the weaponmaster sacrifices his off-hand attack, he gains a +1 shield bonus to AC. For every additional off-hand attack available that is sacrificed, the weaponmaster gains an additional +1 bonus. This ability stacks with the Two-Weapon Defense feat if chosen.

Savant: The savant's dedication to arms is unmatched, able to expand the capacity of simple weapons. Swords—The savant's can alternate the weapon type of all swords, changing them from slashing to piercing or bludgeoning as a free action.

Hammers—If a hammer inflicts a successful critical strike, it causes the target to be shaken for one round (a -2 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks).

Axes—On a charge, the savant wielding an axe in an attack may ignore his opponent's armor bonus equal to the savant's strength bonus on the initial strike.

Reach Weapons—All reach weapons may alternate as double weapons, rendering the off-hand strike as a club. The weapon no longer has reach when turned into a double weapon. This must be committed before initiating an attack. This ability cannot be used with weapons able to strike into adjacent squares already (like spiked chain).

Improved Buckler: The weaponmaster no longer suffers a -1 penalty to wielding a weapon two-handed due to the extra weight of the buckler. He can also use the buckler with shield bash.

Wilderness Nomad: The nomad spends most of his time alone, away from the noises of society. He is not a hermit, but one that simply prefers smaller groups or villages rather than large bustling communities and cities. He sometimes settles in farms or small towns or wanders through the plains and forests. Without the protection of numbers or of spell casting, the nomad learned how to protect what he claims as his own. This range of protection may only be limited to himself but may sometimes include a family, a group of allies, or even a forest or a community that the nomad resides in. He avoids long-term connections to anyone or any place but will not reject them if presented in a favorable manner. He seldom requires help but will welcome it when offered. However, he despises debt and the obligations of reimbursement, whether by money, by tasks, or by loyalty. Trust is earned, not owed, in the eyes of a nomad.

Because of his preference to nature rather than people, a nomad often prefers the company of others of a sympathetic nature and often disagrees with those taking advantage of the gifts surrounding them. He frequently makes allies with other wandering souls, especially druids.

Table: The Mage

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day 0	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Scribe Totem, Bonus Feat, Focus Totem	3	1	—	—	—	—	—
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3		4	2	—	—	—	—	—
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3		4	2	1	—	—	—	—
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4		4	3	2	—	—	—	—
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Bonus feat	4	3	2	1	—	—	—
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5		4	3	3	2	—	—	—
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5		4	4	3	2	1	—	—
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6		4	4	3	3	2	—	—
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6		4	4	4	3	2	1	—
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Bonus feat	4	4	4	3	3	2	—
11th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Foundation Spell Capacity	4	4	4	4	3	2	1
12th	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8	Bonus feat	4	4	4	4	3	3	2
13th	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8		4	4	4	4	4	3	2
14th	+7/+2	+4	+4	+9	Bonus feat	4	4	4	4	4	3	3
15th	+7/+2	+5	+5	+9		4	4	4	4	4	4	3
16th	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10	Bonus feat	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
17th	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10		4	4	4	4	4	4	4
18th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11	Bonus feat	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
19th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11		4	4	4	4	4	4	4
20th	+10/+5	+6	+6	+12	Bonus feat	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

The wilderness nomad gains Knowledge (nature), Move Silently, Hide, and Survival as class skills and gains +2 inherent bonus to all of these skills.

MAGE

The term mage covers a wide spectrum of spellcasters and magic users across the world. They may wish to protect good or destroy everything around. However, they still follow one common belief: the gates contain unlimited power and they sit waiting to be harnessed. Unlike druids (gaining power from the gate via nature) or clerics (gaining power from the gate via faith), mages channel energy directly. Mages discovered, long ago, that certain shortcuts exist to channel the potent energies from the gates. These came in the form of words in the ancient language of the dragons. Some take seconds to spout while others take hours, but by understanding the potential and workings of the verse, a mage can channel immense power in specific ways to create amazing affects that break every natural law of science.

Mages all share a common desire to study the behavior of these ancient words and discover new ways to utilize their potential. Some spellcasters believe they walk the path to understanding the ways of the universe while some mages claim they understand it better than any others that channel power from these realms. Alternate spellcasters often believe mages simply shortcut their power but there is no denying mages possess the greatest spells in the world.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Though a good Constitution and Dexterity is always important, for mages, the greatest asset is a high Intelligence. A high Intelligence affects the power of a mage's spells and how many of those spells he can cast.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d6.

CLASS SKILLS

The mage's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Knowledge (all skills, taken individually) (Int), Profession (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Mages are proficient with all simple weapons and with light armor but not with medium or heavy armor or shields. Light armor does not interfere with a mage's movements, but medium and heavy do, which can cause his spells to fail.

Spells: A mage casts arcane spells that are drawn from the mage spell list. A mage must choose and prepare his spells ahead of time (see below).

To learn, prepare, or cast a spell, the mage must have an Intelligence score equal to at least 10 + the spell level. The Difficulty Class for a saving throw against a mage's spell is 10 + the spell level + the mage's Intelligence modifier.

A mage can cast only a certain number of spells of each spell level per day. His base daily spell allotment is given on Table: The Mage. In addition, he receives bonus spells per day if he has a high Intelligence score.

A mage may only know a certain number of spells. Unlike druid spells, few mage spells require material components and few require somatic components. They all require verbal components.

Scribe Totem: At 1st level, a mage gains Scribe Totem as a bonus feat.

Bonus Feats: At 1st, 5th, 10th, and every two levels after, a mage gains a bonus feat. At each such opportunity, he can choose one of the following feats: any metamagic feat, any item creation feat, Combat Casting, Foundation Spell, Greater Spell Focus, Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Counterspell, Magical Aptitude, Skill Focus, Spell Focus, Spell Mastery, Spell Penetration. The mage must still meet all prerequisites for a bonus feat, including caster level minimums.

These bonus feats are in addition to the feats that a character of any class gets from advancing levels. The mage is not limited to the categories of item creation feats, metamagic feats, or Spell Mastery when choosing these feats.

Focus Totem: A mage's intelligence allows the recall of massive amounts of information. However, in the world of Amethyst, mages do not require daily study from a book. He only requires hardened study once for each spell. A mage finds fascination in the history of magic, believing rules exist in

a seemingly unpredictable form. It is almost a scientific study of the ways of magic.

Non-human mages discovered long ago that certain words in vocal and written form channel immense energies from the gates. This power laid with the dragons for millions of years before the fey pursued this path. These words, found in the ancient tongue of the first language ever spoken, draconic, connect to specific energies-akin to spells. A mage must first understand how the word works in all ways, absorbing its meaning into his soul. The books of a spell caster reflect this knowledge learned. The bigger the library, the greater the understanding the mage possesses of the arcane arts.

The final key relies on the power word. The mage inscribes the word on his focus totem and memorizes it. When the mage speaks that word, the energy channels through the totem and the spell is cast. The most common focus totem is the spellbook. However, different cultures insist on different focus totems.

A mage begins play with a focus totem containing all 0-level mage spells plus three 1st-level spells of his choice. For each point of Intelligence bonus the mage has, the focus totem holds one additional 1st-level spell of his choice. At each new focus level, he gains two new spells of any spell level or levels that he can cast (based on his new mage level) for his totem.

Each level equates a symbol in the draconic language. O-Level spells resemble simple singular symbols, therefore taking virtually no space on the totem. The higher the spell level, the longer the word. To understand a word translates to one day per spell level for study of the word and its meaning. After that, the word's inscription on the totem carries potential.

A mage can only cast spells if his totem lays in possession (i.e.: holding it or simply touching it). The word in physical form must be in hand when the mage speaks it. If the totem is stolen or sundered, the mage is powerless. A mage stealing another's totem could result in copying the symbols. The thief mage still must take time to study them. As he learns from them, each word is removed from the totem and is transferred to the new totem.

However, additional spells must be found by quests. Certain high level spells are so rare; they can only be found inscribed on unique items spread around the world. Sometimes, mages must quest for them as others would quest for magic weapons. A mage's honor insists these items either remain in their location, or be taken to Kirjath-Sepher for storage. The mage must be able to cast the spell to inscribe the word on his focus totem.

Foundation Spell Capacity: At 11th level, the Mage is able to cast foundation spells and is able to select Foundation Spell as one of his metamagic feats.

SCHOOL SPECIALIZATION

A school is one of nine groupings of spells, each defined by a common theme. If desired, a mage may specialize in one school of magic (see below). Specialization allows a mage to cast extra spells from his chosen school, but he then never learns to cast spells from some other schools. A specialist mage can prepare one additional spell of his specialty school per spell level each day. He also gains a +2 bonus on Spellcraft checks to learn the spells of his chosen school.

The mage must choose whether to specialize and, if he does so, choose his specialty at 1st level. At this time, he must also give up two other schools of magic (unless he chooses to specialize in divination; see below), which become his prohibited schools. A mage can never give up divination to fulfill this requirement.

Spells of the prohibited school or schools are not available to the mage, and he can't even cast such spells from scrolls, or fire them from wands. He may not change either his specialization or his prohibited schools later.

The eight schools of arcane magic are abjuration, conjuration, divination, enchantment, evocation, illusion, necromancy, and transmutation. Spells that do not fall into any of these schools are called universal spells.

Abjuration: Spells that protect, block, or banish. An abjuration specialist is called an abjurer.

Conjuration: Spells that bring creatures or materials to the caster. A conjuration specialist is called a conjurer.

Divination: Spells that reveal information. A divination specialist is called a diviner. Unlike the other specialists, a diviner must give up only one other school.

Enchantment: Spells that imbue the recipient with some property or grant the caster power over another being. An enchantment specialist is called an enchanter.

Evocation: Spells that manipulate energy or create something from nothing. An evocation specialist is called an evoker.

Illusion: Spells that alter perception or create false images. An illusion specialist is called an illusionist.

Necromancy: Spells that manipulate, create, or destroy life or life force. A necromancy specialist is called a necromancer. Necromancy is automatically classed as a prohibited school and players may not select it nor choose necromancy spells unless certain strict requirements are met, specifically, corrupting one's soul and locating the spells in question (see the Necromancy feat).

Transmutation: Spells that transform the recipient physically or change its properties in a more subtle way. A transmutation specialist is called a transmuter.

Universal: Not a school, but a category for spells that all Mages can learn. A mage cannot select universal as a specialty school or as a prohibited school. Only a limited number of spells fall into this category.

ARCANE SPELLS AND ARMOR

Mages do not know how to wear most armor effectively. They may use light armor without penalty.

If desired, mages can wear heavier armor (though they'll be clumsy in it); or they may gain training in the proper use of armor (with the various Armor Proficiency feats-medium, and heavy-and the Shield Proficiency feat). They can also multiclass to add a class that grants them armor proficiency. Even if a mage is wearing armor with which he is proficient, it might still interfere with spellcasting.

Armor restricts mages. The armor and shield descriptions list the arcane spell failure chance for different armors and shields.

CLASS FOCUS

For a mage, his focus path depends on the totem he chooses for himself. Specific totems offer certain additional abilities depending on their type. The mage must purchase these items during character generation. If he doesn't have the money, he cannot choose it as his totem. (If the item becomes mastercraft per the rules for armor, staff, or weapon, the mage need not pay the extra cost). A mage can change his totem later but it takes time and money. He must purchase the new item and invest 300 gp in materials. Transferring the spells also takes significant time (a day per spell). Totems can never be spread over multiple pieces (so it could never be armor).

The Book: The most common totem on Earth is the book. It is the most powerful totem and the easiest to master. Huge

schools dot the planet dedicated to this belief. Mages using book totems, more than any other mage, believe that power from Attricana and Ixindar has its own rules and is not totally random, which means it can be eventually understood. Book mages remain popular with almost all fey, especially damaskan. Many humans use them as well.

Remember, all mages carry books, but the final draconic power words rest inscribed in the book mage's totem. As a result, it does not follow the same rules as spellbooks from the PHB and can hold all the spells the Mage will ever cast.

Because the book mage studies the science of magic more intently than any other mage, he gains a +1 bonus to all DCs for spells he casts. Because of the ease of studying the spellbook, the book mage only requires 30 minutes mediation instead of the standard hour every morning. Preparing, learning, and writing down more spells later also has the time halved. Because of the ease of access, the book mage gains a +1 bonus to all spellcraft rolls and a +2 bonus to all knowledge (arcane) rolls.

The Shield: Although the mage cannot use armor as a totem, he can choose a shield. The symbols start usually on the inside but as the mage learns more spells, they must eventually start to cover the front as well. As a result, this totem can never be a buckler. Very few cultures use the shield. The only notable examples are a few narros cities.

A mage choosing a shield focus gains proficiency with said shield but only with this specific shield (if the mage chooses a light steel shield, it's only this light steel shield and no other light steel shields he finds along the way). The shield can only be light steel, wooden, magnarros, coruthill, or angelite. The shield is counted as mastercraft. The item may be enchanted later but counts as a +1 shield already for the purposes of enchanting later (though not receiving said bonuses). The shield mage receives a reduction in his Arcane Spell failure chance of 5% for that shield and also gains a +1 bonus on all opposed spell checks.

The Staff: Outside of the book, the staff is one of the most common totems used. It was the second totem (after the book) that found circulation. Many less civilized communities capable of competent mages sometimes use the staff. A staff also remains popular with the traveling mage, as it's less clumsy and more effective outside of the book or weapon. Staff totem mages continue to stay fashionable with many fey races including chaparran and tenenbri, the latter using the staff almost exclusively. Although the book is the most favorable choice by in large, wandering adventurers see the staff more than any other.

Although considered a weapon, the staff falls into its own category. The mage is proficient with the staff for combat. The quarterstaff counts as being mastercraft. The item may be enchanted later but counts as a +1 weapon already for the purposes of enchanting later (though not offering any magical bonuses in combat).

When preparing spells, the mage selects one chosen spell slot. That spell is infused into the staff, ready to fire off when the final power word in spoken. This single spell, when finally cast, is boosted by +2 mage class levels, increasing damage, save DCs, range, etc. This spell is not stored and vanishes by the new day, forcing the mage to select another spell.

The Weapon: Although choosing a weapon appears seemingly without penalty, the benefits are double edged. A mage with a weapon totem fills himself with a need to wield it in combat, even though a mage could never match a fighter one-on-one. Weapons can be sundered and using a weapon, especially one to be enchanted later, places all the mage's possible power into a single item that can be taken away. This does not stop a large number of mages from using weapons, although most of these do not study the arts of the arcane with as much dedication as others. Weapon totem mages are less powerful in casting than book or staff totem mages. In spite of this, many human cultures embrace the weapon totem.

The mage choosing a weapon gains proficiency with said weapon (if not already so) but only with this specific weapon (if the mage chooses a longsword, it's only this specific longsword and no other longswords he finds along the way). The weapon cannot be a gauntlet or a light melee weapon. It also cannot be a ranged weapon or a spiked chain. The weapon must be composed mostly of wood and/or steel (or magnarros, coruthill, or angelite). The weapon is counted as mastercraft. The item may be enchanted later but counts as a +1 weapon already for the purposes of enchanting later (though not offering any magical bonuses in combat).

Also, if the Mage wishes, he may turn a ready to cast spell requiring a ref save into a touch attack. The focus weapon MUST deliver the touch attack directly, though need not actually do any damage. The spell turns into a target only spell (no area effect or channeling), striking the target directly. That target no longer receives a ref save to avoid effects. If this ability is used, the weapon itself does not do damage.

MONK

A wide line exists between the barbarian and monk. Where the barbarian lets his emotions control his actions, often indulging in whatever desire fills his brain, monks exercise discipline over their mind and body. They never lose control of their emotions like barbarians do. Where barbarians push their energy outward in rage, monks channel all power inwards. Where barbarians think in a straight line, monks think circular. They possess an awareness of the world around them, keeping their spirits tightly confined in the ring of their control. They
maintain a constant discipline dictated by their faith. Faith need not be in a god, but in spirituality itself. Monks adopt a strict ascetic life, renouncing worldly pursuits and pleasures, dedicating their time to discipline and personal spiritual discovery. The monks in question here are a unique group where their discipline includes the study of martial arts as most are, by a majority, nonviolent. Their entire discipline focuses their mind, turning their body into a weapon without the need for swords or armor.

Many people question where magic originates from or how individuals channel magic. Mages shortcut any personal journey of faith or discipline and prefer straight dedication and study, connecting it to an almost science. Clerics channel it through a deity and druids through an animal companion. But as swords and armor hold magic, people can as well be so possessed. Monks represent such a focus that through personal will, they increase their own magical potential. However, because of the limits of such a focus, this process never results in spell casting or flamboyant actions of magic.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Of all classes, the monk requires the most abilities to operate effectively. He needs a high Dexterity and Wisdom as both improve AC. Constitution is required for hit points and Strength is needed to deliver greater blows.

Alignment: Any Lawful

Hit Die: d8.

Table: The Monk

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Flurry of Blows Attack Bonus	Unarmed Damage[1]	AC Bonus	Unarmored Speed Bonus
1st	+0	+2	+2	+2	Expanded Weapon and Armor Proficiencies, Bonus feat, flurry of blows, unarmed strike	–2/–2	1d6	+0	+0 ft.
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+3	Bonus feat, evasion	–1/–1	1d6	+0	+0 ft.
3rd	+2	+3	+3	+3	Still mind, Ignore Hardness (4)	+0/+0	1d6	+0	+10 ft.
4th	+3	+4	+4	+4	Ki strike (magic), Slow fall 20 ft.	+1/+1	1d8	+0	+10 ft.
5th	+3	+4	+4	+4	Purity of body	+2/+2	1d8	+1	+10 ft.
6th	+4	+5	+5	+5	Bonus feat, Slow fall 30 ft.	+3/+3	1d8	+1	+20 ft.
7th	+5	+5	+5	+5	Kip up, Ignore Hardness (8),	+4/+4	1d8	+1	+20 ft.
8th	+6/+1	+6	+6	+6	Slow fall 40 ft.	+5/+5/+0	1d10	+1	+20 ft.
9th	+6/+1	+6	+6	+6	Improved evasion	+6/+6/+1	1d10	+1	+30 ft.
10th	+7/+2	+7	+7	+7	Ki strike (lawful), Ignore Hardness (12), Slow fall 50 ft.	+7/+7/+2	1d10	+2	+30 ft.
11th	+8/+3	+7	+7	+7	Last stand, Greater flurry	+8/+8/+8/+3	1d10	+2	+30 ft.
12th	+9/+4	+8	+8	+8	Power Surge Slow fall 60 ft.	+9/+9/+9/+4	2d6	+2	+40 ft.
13th	+9/+4	+8	+8	+8	Ignore Hardness (16),	+9/+9/+9/+4	2d6	+2	+40 ft.
14th	+10/+5	+9	+9	+9	Slow fall 70 ft., Kip up	+10/+10/+10/+5	2d6	+2	+40 ft.
15th	+11/+6/+1	+9	+9	+9	Quivering palm	+11/+11/+11/+6/+1	2d6	+3	+50 ft.
16th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+10	Ignore Hardness (20), slow fall 80 ft.	+12/+12/+12/+7/+2	2d8	+3	+50 ft.
17th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+10	Timeless body	+12/+12/+12/+7/+2	2d8	+3	+50 ft.
18th	+13/+8/+3	+11	+11	+11	Slow fall 90 ft.	+13/+13/+13/+8/+3	2d8	+3	+60 ft.
19th	+14/+9/+4	+11	+11	+11	Power Surge	+14/+14/+14/+9/+4	2d8	+3	+60 ft.
20th	+15/+10/+5	+12	+12	+12	Threshold, Slow fall any distance	+15/+15/+15/+10/+5	2d10	+4	+60 ft.

[1] The value shown is for Medium monks. See Table: Small or Large Monk Unarmed Damage for Small or Large monks.

CLASS SKILLS

The monk's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str), and Tumble (Dex). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the monk.

Expanded Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: Monks are proficient with club, crossbow (light or heavy), dagger (normal and punching), hand axe, javelin, kama, kukri, mace (light), nunchaku (or chain whip), quarterstaff, sai, shortspear, shortsword (saber or double-edged), shuriken, siangham, sling and spear. Monks are not proficient with any armor or shields. When wearing armor, using a shield, or carrying a medium or heavy load, a monk loses his AC bonus, as well as his fast movement and flurry of blows abilities.

AC Bonus (Ex): When unarmored and unencumbered, the monk adds his Wisdom bonus (if any) to his AC. In addition, a monk gains a +1 bonus to AC at 5th level. This bonus increases by 1 for every five monk levels thereafter (+2 at 10th, +3 at 15th, and +4 at 20th level). These bonuses to AC apply even against touch attacks or when the monk is flat-footed. He loses these bonuses when he is immobilized or helpless, when he wears any armor, when he carries a shield, or when he carries a medium or heavy load.

Flurry of Blows (Ex): When unarmored, a monk may strike with a flurry of blows at the expense of accuracy. When doing so, he may make one extra attack in a round at his highest base attack bonus, but this attack takes a -2 penalty, as does each other attack made that round. The resulting modified base attack bonuses are shown in the Flurry of Blows Attack Bonus column on Table: The Monk. This penalty applies for 1 round, so it also affects attacks of opportunity the monk might make before his next action. When a monk reaches 5th level, the penalty lessens to -1, and at 9th level, it disappears. A monk must use a full attack action to strike with a flurry of blows.

When using flurry of blows, a monk may attack only with unarmed strikes or with special monk weapons (club, dagger (normal and punching), handaxe, kama, kukri, mace (light), nunchaku, quarterstaff (or Sanjiegun), sai, shortspear, shortsword, shuriken, siangham). He may attack with unarmed strikes and special monk weapons interchangeably as desired. When using weapons as part of a flurry of blows, a monk applies his Strength bonus (not Str bonus x 1-1/2 or x 1/2) to his damage rolls for all successful attacks, whether he wields a weapon in one or both hands. The monk can't use any weapon other than a special monk weapon as part of a flurry of blows.

In the case of the quarterstaff or weapons with the Wuxia monk (see below), each end counts as a separate weapon for the purpose of using the flurry of blows ability. Even though the quarterstaff requires two hands to use, a monk may still intersperse unarmed strikes with quarterstaff strikes, assuming that he has enough attacks in his flurry of blows routine to do so. When a monk reaches 11th level, his flurry of blows ability improves. In addition to the standard single extra attack he gets from flurry of blows, he gets a second extra attack at his full base attack bonus.

Unarmed Strike (Ex): At 1st level, a monk gains Improved Unarmed Strike as a bonus feat. A monk's attacks may be

with either fist interchangeably or even from elbows, knees, and feet. This means that a monk may even make unarmed strikes with his hands full. There is no such thing as an off-hand attack for a monk striking unarmed. A monk may thus apply his full Strength bonus on damage rolls for all his unarmed strikes.

Usually a monk's unarmed strikes deal lethal damage, but he can choose to deal nonlethal damage instead with no penalty on his attack roll. He has the same choice to deal lethal or nonlethal damage while grappling.

Table: Small or Large Monk Unarmed Damage

Level	Damage (Small Monk)	Damage (Large Monk)
1st–3rd	1d4	1d8
4th–7th	1d6	2d6
8th–11th	1d8	2d8
12th–15th	1d10	3d6
16th–19th	2d6	3d8
20th	2d8	4d8

A monk's unarmed strike is treated both as a manufactured weapon and a natural weapon for the purpose of spells and effects that enhance or improve either manufactured weapons or natural weapons. A monk also deals more damage with his unarmed strikes than a normal person would, as shown on Table: The Monk. The unarmed damage on Table: The Monk is for medium monks. A small monk deals less damage than the amount given there with his unarmed attacks, while a Large monk deals more damage; see Table: Small or Large Monk Unarmed Damage.

Bonus Feat: At 1st level, a monk may select either Improved Grapple or Stunning Fist as a bonus feat. At 2nd level, he may select either Combat Reflexes or Deflect Arrows as a bonus feat. At 6th level, he may select either Improved Disarm or Improved Trip as a bonus feat. A monk need not have any of the prerequisites normally required for these feats to select them.

Evasion (Ex): At 2nd level or higher if a monk makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. Evasion can be used only if a monk is wearing light armor or no armor. A helpless monk does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Fast Movement (Ex): At 3rd level, a monk gains an enhancement bonus to his speed, as shown on Table: The Monk. A monk in armor or carrying a medium or heavy load loses this extra speed.

Ignore Hardness (Ex): At 3rd level, monk's unarmed attacks may ignore 4 points of an enemy's or an object's hardness. At 7th level, this increases to allow the monk to ignore 8 points of hardness. This increases again to ignore 12 points of hardness at 10th level, and 16 points at 13th level. Finally, at 16th level, the monk may ignore 20 points, effectively turning his hands into angelite (adamantine), per the rules of the special material. This is hardness, not damage reduction unless where angelite (adamantine) is concerned.

Still Mind (Ex): A monk of 3rd level or higher gains a +2 bonus on saving throws against spells and effects from the school of enchantment.

Ki Strike (Su): At 4th level, a monk's unarmed attacks are empowered with ki. His unarmed attacks are treated as magic weapons for the purpose of dealing damage to creatures with damage reduction. Ki strike improves with the character's monk level. At 10th level, his unarmed attacks are also treated as lawful weapons for the purpose of dealing damage to creatures with damage reduction.

Slow Fall (Ex): At 4th level or higher, a monk within arm's reach of a wall can use it to slow his descent. When first using this ability, he takes damage as if the fall were 20 feet shorter than it actually is. The monk's ability to slow his fall (that is, to reduce the effective distance of the fall when next to a wall) improves with his monk level until at 20th level he can use a nearby wall to slow his descent and fall any distance without harm.

Purity of Body (Ex): At 5th level, a monk gains immunity to all diseases except for supernatural and magical diseases.

Kip Up (Ex): A monk at 7th level can stand up from a prone position as a free action.

At 14th level, the monk can never fall down unless denied his Dex bonus to AC. He flips instantly back to his feet without falling.

Improved Evasion (Ex): At 9th level, a monk's evasion ability improves. He still takes no damage on a successful Reflex saving throw against attacks, but henceforth he takes only half damage on failed saves. A helpless monk does not gain the benefit of improved evasion.

Last stand (Ex): At 11th level, once per day, the monk may delay damage dealt by a single attack or effect for a number of rounds equal to his Wisdom bonus.

Power Surge (Ex): At 12th level, the monk may temporarily enhance a single physical ability score (Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution). The monk increases this ability by 1d4+1 points (an enhancement bonus). This increase lasts for a number of rounds equal to his Wisdom bonus. At the end, the monk is fatigued for 1d4+1 rounds.

At 19th level, the monk may increase two physical ability scores but after is fatigued for 1d6+2 rounds. He can add both boosts on one attribute.

Quivering Palm (Su): Starting at 15th level, a monk can set up vibrations within the body of another creature that can thereafter be fatal if the monk so desires. He can use this quivering palm attack once a week and he must announce his intent before making his attack roll. Constructs, oozes, plants, undead, incorporeal creatures, and creatures immune to critical hits cannot be affected. Otherwise, if the monk strikes successfully and the target takes damage from the blow, the quivering palm attack succeeds. Thereafter the monk can try to slay the victim at any later time, as long as the attempt is made within a number of days equal to his monk level. To make such an attempt, the monk merely wills the target to die (a free action), and unless the target makes a Fortitude saving throw (DC 10 + 1/2 the monk's level + the monk's Wis modifier), it dies. If the saving throw is successful, the target is no longer in danger from that particular quivering palm attack, but another one at a later time may still affect it.

Timeless Body (Ex): Upon attaining 17th level, a monk no longer takes penalties to his ability scores for aging and cannot be magically aged. Any such penalties that he has already taken remain in place. Bonuses still accrue, and the monk still dies of old age when his time is up.

Threshold (Ex): A 20th-level monk may shake off or avoid a single massive hit. Once a day, if the monk is inflicted with damage resulting in his death or knockout, he is reduced instantly to one hit point.

EX-MONKS

A monk who becomes non-lawful cannot gain new levels as a monk but retains all monk abilities. Like a member of any other class, a monk may be a multiclass character, but multiclass monks face a special restriction. A monk who gains a new class or (if already multiclass) raises another class by a level may never again raise his monk level, though he retains all his monk abilities.

CLASS FOCUS

Enlightened Monk: As a Monk reaches the zen of his belief, he becomes harmonious with the world around, able to master his body to such a degree as to defy the very laws of nature that affect him. With a simple tap of his foot, the enlightened breaks the bonds of Earth. The wind is his ally and his tool. With barely any effort over a run, the enlightened may leap vast distances, almost to the point of appearing in flight. This is an ancient belief known as Qing Gong, enabling the enlightened to be nimble on his feet, able to scale walls with ease. For some, this talent comes easy. For others, it's a long process involving years of training including walking and running for hours laden with heavy weights and scaling up increasingly steep gradients. Eventually, the monk's command over his own body reaches a zenith and becomes light as a feather, able to balance on thin branches and stride across water.

The enlightened monk's jump distances are doubled. He also is considering running even while stationary for the purposes of performing a long jump. At 15th level, the enlightened monk may run across water. He can't however, remain stationary while on it.

Holy Monk: The Holy monk is a powerful weapon against evil. He worships the power of good in its annihilation of the wicked. Unlike many of the nonviolent order, a holy monk is the most seen outside, battling the forces of evil, especially when on the hunt for demons and their followers.

A holy monk must choose a deity as a cleric does, though he does not receive any bonuses from said selection. Instead, the holy monk's Ki Strike alters to make all unarmed strikes count as good at 4th level as well as magic. He must also be a good-aligned character. All other rules regarding Ki Strike still apply normally. The holy monk also delivers additional holy damage, which only affects evil targets. The damage bonus is +1 at 1st level, +2 at 5th level, +3 at 10th level, +4 at 15th level and +5 at 20th level. This damage boost does not channel through monk weapons and is for unarmed strikes only.

Note: The alternate may also occur, allowing one to create an unholy monk, which mirrors the holy monk.

Qi Monk: The monk's stillness of mind allows him to channel powerful energies through his body. Only when his mind is focused and his discipline absolute can he direct a specific energy from his attacks. This monk gains these abilities from a deity he chooses to worship, from the world around which he respects, or from the power of his own mind, the latter being the most common.

A Qi monk chooses a specific energy type at 1st level. He may never choose another and it remains his focus for his entire life. The possible choices include: Fire, Ice (Cold), Thunder (Sonic), or Lightning. When the monk's unarmed strikes count as magical, he may also count them as the additional energy type. He may suppress this effect. He also receives a damage bonus of the energy type in questions. The damage bonus is +1 at 1st level, +2 at 5th level, +3 at 10th level, +4 at 15th level and +5 at 20th level. This elemental attack and damage boost does not channel through monk weapons and is for unarmed strikes only.

Sohei Monk: Throughout the history of fey and man, individuals appear with claims of invulnerability. Stories claim them made of iron or stone and are such usually added to their title. Some claimed to be resistant to arrow or gunfire while others claimed to wield limbs resistant to breaking or snapping. These unbreakable monks are known to flaunt their ability and take joy in announcing said titles to others. Despite their claim to hold classes teaching such ability, very few actually succeed. More humans exhibit this ability than fey.

At 4th level, the unbreakable monk gains Damage reduction 1/-. This increases to 2/- at 8th level, 3/- at 12th level, 4/- at 16th level and 5/- at 20th.

Wuxia Monk: The monk of wuxia is considered a hero. He fights for noble causes and is not one to stand idly by and allow the innocent to suffer. Of course, some fall into corruption, forcing them to duel with their honor-bound brothers. Followers seldom remain in meditation high in the mountains. He wanders, looking for causes, and hopefully, adventure. He deviates from the normal, usually non-violent monk, and often initiates conflicts as well as ends them. This monk loves sparring and often can be found aggressively dueling with allies to test their mettle and skill. Though this is not a requirement for friendship, it goes a long way to match a wuxia monk in combat. Even enemies matching their skills in a fair duel will garner respect.

The wuxia monk may choose ONE of the following weapons to be proficient in. It also counts as an exclusive monk weapon for the purposes of flurry of blows: halberd (or Ji), longspear, longsword, three-section staff (or Sanjiegun), spiked chain, two-bladed sword, or trident. The three-section staff (Sanjiegun) counts as a spiked chain in all respects except it delivers bludgeoning damage instead of piercing. If the chosen weapon is a reach weapon, it can be used in adjacent squares.

ROGUE

Despite many attempts to glorify the trade, thieves are still thieves. They sneak around, stick blades in the unexpecting, and pilfer from the pockets of the unaware. Although some find uses in nobler professions, most still wander crowded gatherings, pocketing what they can steal and hoarding what they possess.

When not indulging themselves in the temptations of theft, some rogues find use in adventuring parties, disabling traps, searching for hidden doors, and gleaning what they can in treasure when others look elsewhere. Others pursue this path purely for the adventure and find the additional skills a happy side effect.

Many elves pursuing this path often leave their homes in search of a calling few others hear. Gimfen found a profession they excel at and many that leave their communities follow the path of the thief, even though not all of them steal for a living. It matters little as they all work the same muscles anyway.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: More than anything else, the rogue must be light on his feet. A high Dexterity is a must. Because of his wide range of skills, Intelligence is also of vital importance. Because of his low AC, he should also have a good Constitution.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d6.

CLASS SKILLS

The rogue's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Appraise (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disable Device (Int), Disguise (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Forgery (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (local) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Open Lock (Dex), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str), Tumble (Dex), Use Magic Device (Cha), and Use Rope (Dex). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (8 + Int modifier) x 4.

Table: The Rogue

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+0	+2	+0	Sneak attack +1d6, trapfinding
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+0	Evasion
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+1	Sneak attack +2d6, trap sense +1
4th	+3	+1	+4	+1	Uncanny dodge
5th	+3	+1	+4	+1	Sneak attack +3d6
6th	+4	+2	+5	+2	Trap sense +2
7th	+5	+2	+5	+2	Sneak attack +4d6
8th	+6/+1	+2	+6	+2	Improved uncanny dodge
9th	+6/+1	+3	+6	+3	Sneak attack +5d6, trap sense +3
10th	+7/+2	+3	+7	+3	Special ability
11th	+8/+3	+3	+7	+3	Sneak attack +6d6
12th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4	Trap sense +4
13th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4	Sneak attack +7d6, special ability
14th	+10/+5	+4	+9	+4	—
15th	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+5	Sneak attack +8d6, trap sense +5
16th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+5	Special ability
17th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+5	Sneak attack +9d6
18th	+13/+8/+3	+6	+11	+6	Trap sense +6
19th	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+6	Sneak attack +10d6, special ability
20th	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+6	—

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 8 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the rogue.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Rogues are proficient with all simple weapons, plus the hand crossbow, rapier, sap, shortbow, and short sword. Rogues are proficient with light armor, but not with shields.

Sneak Attack: If a rogue can catch an opponent when he is unable to defend himself effectively from his attack, he can strike a vital spot for extra damage. The rogue's attack deals extra damage any time his target would be denied a Dexterity bonus to AC (whether the target actually has a Dexterity bonus or not), or when the rogue flanks his target. This extra damage is 1d6 at 1st level, and it increases by 1d6 every two rogue levels thereafter. Should the rogue score a critical hit with a sneak attack, this extra damage is not multiplied. Ranged attacks can count as sneak attacks only if the target is within 30 feet.

With a sap (blackjack) or an unarmed strike, a rogue can make a sneak attack that deals nonlethal damage instead of lethal damage. He cannot use a weapon that deals lethal damage to deal nonlethal damage in a sneak attack, not even with the usual -4 penalty.

A rogue can sneak attack only living creatures with discernible anatomies-undead, constructs, oozes, plants, and incorporeal creatures lack vital areas to attack. Any creature that is immune to critical hits is not vulnerable to sneak attacks. The rogue must be able to see the target well enough to pick out a vital spot and must be able to reach such a spot. A rogue cannot sneak attack while striking a creature with concealment or striking the limbs of a creature whose vitals are beyond reach.

Trapfinding: Rogues (and only rogues) can use the Search skill to locate traps when the task has a Difficulty Class higher than 20. Finding a nonmagical trap has a DC of at least 20, or higher if it is well hidden. Finding a magic trap has a DC of 25 + the level of the spell used to create it. Rogues (and only rogues) can use the Disable Device skill to disarm magic traps. A magic trap generally has a DC of 25 + the level of the spell used to create it. A rogue who beats a trap's DC by 10 or more with a Disable Device check can study a trap, figure out how it works, and bypass it (with his party) without disarming it.

Evasion (Ex): At 2nd level and higher, a rogue can avoid even magical and unusual attacks with great agility. If he makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. Evasion can be used only if the rogue is wearing light armor or no armor. A helpless rogue does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Trap Sense (Ex): At 3rd level, a rogue gains an intuitive sense that alerts him to danger from traps, giving him a +1 bonus on Reflex saves made to avoid traps and a +1 dodge bonus to AC against attacks made by traps. These bonuses rise to +2 when the rogue reaches 6th level, to +3 when he reaches 9th level, to +4 when he reaches 12th level, to +5 at 15th, and to +6 at 18th level. Trap sense bonuses gained from multiple classes stack.

Uncanny Dodge (Ex): Starting at 4th level, a rogue can react to danger before his senses would normally allow him to do so. He retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if he is caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses his Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized. If a rogue already has uncanny dodge from a different class he automatically gains improved uncanny dodge (see below) instead.

Improved Uncanny Dodge (Ex): A rogue of 8th level or higher can no longer be flanked. This defense denies another rogue the ability to sneak attack the character by flanking him, unless the attacker has at least four more rogue levels than the target does. If a character already has uncanny dodge (see above) from a second class, the character automatically gains improved uncanny dodge instead, and the levels from the classes that grant uncanny dodge stack to determine the minimum rogue level required to flank the character.

Special Abilities: On attaining 10th level, and at every three levels thereafter (13th, 16th, and 19th), a rogue gains a special ability of his choice from among the following options.

Crippling Strike (Ex): A rogue with this ability can sneak attack opponents with such precision that his blows weaken and hamper them. An opponent damaged by one of his sneak attacks also takes 2 points of Strength damage. Ability points lost to damage return on their own at the rate of 1 point per day for each damaged ability.

Defensive Roll (Ex): The rogue can roll with a potentially lethal blow to take less damage from it than he otherwise would. Once per day, when he would be reduced to 0 or fewer hit points by damage in combat (from a weapon or other blow, not a spell or special ability), the rogue can attempt to roll with the damage. To use this ability, the rogue must attempt a Reflex saving throw (DC = damage dealt). If the save succeeds, he takes only half damage from the blow; if it fails, he takes full damage. He must be aware of the attack and able to react to it in order to execute his defensive roll-if he is denied his Dexterity bonus to AC, he can't use this ability. Since this effect would not normally allow a character to make a Reflex save for half damage, the rogue's evasion ability does not apply to the defensive roll.

Improved Evasion (Ex): This ability works like evasion, except that while the rogue still takes no damage on a successful Reflex saving throw against attacks henceforth he henceforth takes only half damage on a failed save. A helpless rogue does not gain the benefit of improved evasion.

Opportunist (Ex): Once per round, the rogue can make an attack of opportunity against an opponent who has just been struck for damage in melee by another character. This attack counts as the rogue's attack of opportunity for that round. Even a rogue with the Combat Reflexes feat can't use the opportunist ability more than once per round.

Skill Mastery: The rogue becomes so certain in the use of certain skills that he can use them reliably even under adverse conditions. Upon gaining this ability, he selects a number of skills equal to 3 + his Intelligence modifier. When making a skill check with one of these skills, he may take 10 even if stress and distractions would normally prevent his from doing so. A rogue may gain this special ability multiple times, selecting additional skills for it to apply to each time.

Slippery Mind (Ex): This ability represents the rogue's ability to wriggle free from magical effects that would otherwise control or compel him. If a rogue with slippery mind is affected by an enchantment spell or effect and fails his saving throw, he can attempt it again 1 round later at the same DC. He gets only this one extra chance to succeed on his saving throw.

Feat: A rogue may gain a bonus feat in place of a special ability.

CLASS FOCUS

Assassin: The assassin is not one for morals. Some may claim some personal dignity for not killing women or children, but in the end, their chosen career seals their low ethical standards. An assassin takes contracts to eliminate others from the world. Sometimes they commit these actions for money while others do so for the service of a government or king. They seldom work well with others unless the contract at the time necessitates the hiring, or the allegiance of allies. Some work for guilds while others operate independently. A few traveling with adventurers either turned from their path by choice or were forced by betrayal. Perhaps they accepted commissions but later refused, forcing the guild to place a bounty on his head. Maybe an assassin had his fill of death and wished a higher moral calling. Either way, an assassin need not always be evil. Many either are, or carry a gift of neutral blankness to commit actions. Assassins chose this career because they are good at it.

The assassin is allowed to use poisons with no chance of accidentally poisoning himself in the process. He is also trained in the use of the garrote. He gains a +3 for all grapple checks when using that weapon and gains +1d6 sneak attack damage when using it. To use the garrote, an assassin must strike from behind and succeed in a grapple check. The garrote does only 1 point of damage (+Strength bonus), relying on sneak attack damage for its potency. Every round the assassin maintains the grapple allows him to roll for sneak damage until the grapple is broken.

Bandit: This warrior refuses to play fair. In combat, he looks for the weak spot. He stabs others in the back and does not care if an opponent is armed or not. When faced against an intractable enemy, this warrior would rather beat a hasty retreat than stare an opponent down. He cherishes his shield more than his sword and would use a bow when available because it keeps one out of harm's way. The bandit's life means far more to him than any others except maybe a wife and/or child if those are attached by choice rather than by force. He would rather to stand on the last line of an army, preferable around a king also wishing to avoid direct combat. A bandit need not be a coward avoiding a fight, as he will often attack first, usually if his victory and survival is assured. Because of this moral choice, a bandit seldom pushes his combat training to be aggressive, preferring defense as a better stance.

A bandit is proficient with all simple and martial weapons and with light and medium armor. He is also proficient with all shields.

Pathfinder: Don't accuse the pathfinder of being a rogue or thief, as he considers his occupation an honorable profession. He fills a niche in the new age. As rumors of riches of every type appearing in dungeons and caves spread across the world, some found a calling to lead others into these realms. Acquiring treasure is helpful, but more money is to be found taking others in as well. The survival of the group is of secondary importance and a pathfinder is always paid in advance. At the start of a fight, the pathfinder seldom offers himself as a target, preferring to avoid and escape, leaving the others to their fates. The one path this character never forgets is his own way out, even if others cannot follow.

A pathfinder does not always lease himself out. He may join by choice, able to apply his unique skills to help the others when needed. He still usually avoids a fair fight.

The pathfinder must choose a terrain to be specialized in. He may choose dungeon, forest, or urban city. The pathfinder gains +2 bonus on Listen, Search, and Spot checks when in his terrain of specialty. A pathfinder who merely passes within 5 feet of a secret or concealed door is entitled to a Search check to notice it as if he were actively looking for it. A pathfinder also gains his terrain as a Knowledge class skill (Nature or Dungeoneering).

Thief: Although many rogues claim a more noble life than the stereotype entails, many are truthfully little more than thieves. They pick pockets, stealing when necessary (and when fun). They lie, cheat, and usually betray everyone around them, including their friends. The adage of honorable thieves is a rumor and a falsehood perpetuated by thieves in order to lull others into a false sense of security. The truth is that few people ever encounter a thief that will not turn against everyone they know for profit or personal gain. Some are smart, articulate, and the most successful ones could live lucrative lives outside of this professional if the draw of the theft did not appeal to them.

A thief receives only a -10 penalty for sleight of hand checks as a free action instead of -20. He also takes only half as long for Disable Device checks.



CLASSES OF TECHA

The names of the classes and game statistics of the classes in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content. Elements are taken from D20 Modern SRD.

The borders between societies and the divisions of classes are no more apparent than with the walls separating the magic and enchantment of echa and the industry of techa. The few human souls to survive the punishment of nature banded together. Those with simple methods, forced to embrace magic, quickly integrated into the new world forming around them. Others refused to accept the conventions of a chaotic world. Some survived possessing knowledge granting them stature in some communities. These communities grew fast, rich in lost wisdom of old man. They renounced the new ways of magic and began to rebuild. Soon, word spread and those possessing such treasures sought out their kin, banding together to fight back the enchanted light. Some fell under the arms of raiders. Some grew and eventually reached a status enabling them to fight off such miscreants. The towns grew to cities, then to fortresses to defend themselves. Eventually, only those possessing valuable knowledge of techa, or someone born and raised with such an upbringing, were allowed to live in or even enter these cities. Unlike the old capitals of man, the new bastions paved no roads to their neighbors. With the increase in monsters and mayhem, caravans crawled to a halt. Radio communication became impossible with the existence of the Enchantment Disruption Field-An aura cast down from the gate preventing the bastions of techa from communicating or operating their technology outside of their cities.

Over a thousand years of independent development, the great techan metropolises came to resemble countries themselves, as different from each other as they are from the villages of elves and dwarves around them. Some established ties with their foreign non-human neighbors. Others walled themselves in paranoid xenophobia. They struggle with personal conflicts, turning to fascism to keep control, while others, in the joy of superior development, rose to levels unheard of before by man. Struggling to regain what was once lost, the "pure humans" of techa seek to regain their dominance of the globe they once took advantage of. The uphill climb continues. Man lost the Earth, lost the sky, and lost the heavens. When Attricana opened, it threw everything into chaos. The few satellites still in orbit broke down or simply vaporized in the atmosphere.

Natives of techa often seek adventure within the walls or without. However, the simple middle class workers fall under

the radar in the grand scope of the new Earth. The only classes listed are those aspiring for greatness, exhibiting greatness, or having greatness thrust upon them.

NEW RULES

BASTIONS AND TECH LEVELS

Techan natives all originate from bastions. No two cities are alike and bear so little in common with each other that determining their origin is vital. A player must indicate which bastion the character is from. Each bastion carries a unique ideology, reflected in their technology and attitudes. Technology translates into tech levels. The higher the level, the more advanced the technology.

Before the PC dives into Mann to snag some pulse rifles and anti-grav packs, it is time to point that the higher the TL, the higher the cost. Some items are rarer than others, no matter where they originate. This is explained with the items and weapons later.

Many bastions offer additional abilities usually in the form of knowledge skills. A techan player should choose a bastion origin for the same reason an echan player would pick a class focus. It is up to DM's discretion to allow an echan PC to be from a bastion and gain those abilities, as there is no reason for them to be removed when choosing an echan class (other than the Defense Bonus mentioned below).

Bastions rules are listed in their own chapter later.

DEFENSE BONUS

The Defense Bonus is added to a techan's armor class and remains present even if the character is caught flat-footed or if the attack circumvents physical armor. It is only lost if the character gains magical abilities or uses magical items of any kind.

CLASS ABILITIES

All techan class abilities are extraordinary. None are magical.

BRUTE

The brute is not really a barbarian, but a very large example of an individual dedicating his life to the pursuit of physical stamina and strength. He is large, intimidating, and usually sacrifices education for physical training. This demographic of techan is most commonly found in bastions that support and encourage such activity. They are almost nowhere to be found in higher tech bastions. A brute is never sent out of bastions on his own. He augments a team but never leads them. He is not known for tact and is usually the most fanatical loyalist in a city. When not tied to a bastion, a brute's only tie to his past is his reliance on technology, otherwise he risks falling under echan influences, as many end up doing when left to fend for themselves. Along with scouts, a brute possesses the greatest chance to survive on his own once his technology fades away. A brute is the best techan class because of his narrow-minded dedication to fighting and violence.

Role: The brute backs up his commander. He seldom desires recognition for his actions nor does he seek promotion. In the military, he refuses to sit down for the humdrum of officer training. He carries the largest weapons, wears the heaviest armor, and often leads charges or backs up smaller units with a powerhouse of heavy weapons. He should not be expected to offer wisdom to a delicate situation. This is not to say he is dumb, just his bulk of size is required more than his diplomatic skills. If not bound into a military unit, the brute is a hefty ally with a stiff price, as he knows he can swing the side of fight.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Like barbarians, the brute needs a high strength as well as a hefty constitution. Even though able to wear armor, brutes also require a high dexterity.

Alignment: Any nonlawful.

Hit Die: d12.

CLASS SKILLS

The brute's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Demolitions (Int), Drive (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (history, local) (Int), Listen (Wis), Pilot (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Table: The Techan Brute

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Armor and Improved Weapon Proficiencies	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Uncanny Dodge	+1
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Bonus Feat	+2
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Elemental Resistance	+2
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Improved Uncanny Dodge	+3
6th	+6/+1	+5	+2	+2	Bonus Feat	+3
7th	+7/+2	+5	+2	+2	Damage Reduction 1/—	+4
8th	+8/+3	+6	+2	+2	Combat Sense	+4
9th	+9/+4	+6	+3	+3	Bonus Feat	+5
10th	+10/+5	+7	+3	+3	Damage Reduction 2/—	+5
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+3	+3	Elemental Resistance	+6
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+4	+4	Bonus Feat	+6
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+4	+4	Damage Reduction 3/—	+7
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+4	+4	Sudden Action	+7
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+5	+5	Bonus Feat	+8
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+5	+5	Damage Reduction 4/—	+8
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+5	Elemental Resistance	+9
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+6	Bonus Feat	+9
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+6	Damage Reduction 5/—	+10
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+6	Improved Charge	+10

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: A brute begins play with the Simple Weapons Proficiency feat and the Personal Firearms Feat. They are also proficient with all armor including power. The brute treats all longarms as one-handed weapons and can use a heavy weapon with two hands without a brace. Super heavy weapons require a mount.

Elemental Resistance: The brute ignores an amount of damage equal to his Constitution modifier against a specific element type. The element of choice includes cold, electricity, or fire, or sonic. The brute chooses one at 4th level and can choose another at 11th and 17th level. They cannot be the same, as they do not add up.

Bonus Feats: At 3rd, 6th, 9th, 15th, and 18th level, the brute gains a bonus feat. They may be any Fighter Feats as described in the PHB.

Combat Sense: The brute at 8th level may designate a single opponent during his action and receive a +1 competence bonus on attacks against that opponent. The brute can select a new opponent on the following round.

Sudden Action: A brute at 14th level can, once a day, focus his effort to burst into sudden action when the situation calls for it. The brute changes his place in the initiative order, moving higher in the count by a number less than or equal to his class level. The brute can declare the use of this ability at the start of any round.

Improved Charge: A brute at 20th level can make a charge without having to move in a straight line. All other charge rules apply.

FACEMAN

Diplomats are facemen, so are con artists. The distance between the two is not as wide as one might think. He seldom fights, preferring to talk others into doing it for him. Most don't know what a faceman is really like, as his disposition and personality hides behind many facades and few know the real one underneath. Assume several identities. A faceman either starts his life as a criminal or salesman, as both rely on firing the same patterns of brain cells. Some may choose life in the military where they take a prestigious role in one of the many intelligence agencies formed by the governments, including counter-intelligence groups.

The faceman may walk in full combat gear, gleaning information from sources, or enter a hostile area perfectly hidden as a member of the opposition. This same personality sometimes turns rebellious. He may be drummed out of the military for running games of chance from the barracks or smuggling weapons from armories. Regardless, the faceman believes his strength relies in his mind and not brute force. He is the best techan class as he often leads the group into the outlands. He fronts conversations, and often dedicates the group to many dangerous tasks.

Role: A faceman often leads the techan party. He is required for diplomacy with the echans the group will encounter in their travels. He keeps the group inline and if in the military, often undertakes training at the bastion's OCC (Officer Command College). If he is independent, the faceman is required to barter deals and haggle with buyers. The faceman usually speaks the most languages and knows the most customs to prevent any unnecessary insults. As he often speaks for the group, outsiders assume he is in charge even if he isn't.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: The faceman must be smart. He must have a good instinct for dealing with others as well as being charismatic enough to convince others of his good intent. A high intelligence and wisdom as well as a good charisma are vital.

Alignment: Any

Hit Die: d6.

CLASS SKILLS

The faceman's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Computer Use (Int), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disguise, Drive (Dex), Escape Artist (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (all skills, taken individually) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Speak Language (none), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str), and Tumble (Dex)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (8 + Int Modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional level: 8 +Int Modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: A faceman begins play with the Simple Weapons proficiency feat and the personal firearms feat. He is also proficient in light and medium armor.

Skill Bonus: The faceman can choose a number of skills equal to his Intelligence modifier and gain a +2 bonus to those skills. They may be cross class or cross culture skills.

At 14th level, he may again choose a number of skills equal to his Int modifier. He may then take 10 with these skills even if stress and distractions would normally prevent him from doing so.

Inspire Courage: At 2nd level, the faceman looks like a leader and speaks like a leader. Not only does he receive a +2 to all Diplomacy skills to all Humans, the faceman can also inspire them to hold steadfast in danger. If the faceman is able to give a speech for a full minute before a conflict, all allies who hear the speech receive a +2 morale bonus to all fear checks. At 10th level this bonus increases to +4 and at 18th level, it increases to +6. The speech is assumed great; the player is not required to actually give it.

Captivate: The faceman at 3rd level gains the ability to temporarily fascinate a target using words and intimidation. The target must have an Intelligence score of 3 or higher to be susceptible to a captivate attempt, must be within 30 feet of the character, and must be able to see, hear, and understand the faceman. To captivate, the faceman must use an attack action and make a Charisma check (DC 15). If the roll succeeds, the target can try to resist. The target resists the captivation attempt by making a Will saving throw (DC 10 + faceman's class level + faceman's Cha bonus). If the saving throw fails, the faceman becomes the target's sole focus. The target pays no attention to anyone else for 1 round. This focusing of the target's attention allows other characters to take actions of which the captivated target is unaware. The effect ends immediately if the target is attacked or threatened.

A faceman can concentrate to keep a target captivated for additional rounds. The faceman concentrates all his effort on the task, and the target gets to make a new Will save each round. The effect ends when the character stops concentrating, or when the target succeeds on the save.

React First: Starting at 4th level, a faceman gains the ability to react first when trying to make a deal or mediate a settlement. The faceman must make contact and speak to the participants before the start of combat. If he does this, he gains a free readied action that allows the faceman to make either a move or attack action if either side in the negotiation (other than the faceman) decides to start hostilities. The faceman gets to act before any initiative checks are made, in effect giving him the benefit of surprise.

Table: The Techan Faceman

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+0	+0	+2	+2	Skill Bonus	+1
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+3	Inspire Courage	+1
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+3	Captivate	+2
4th	+3	+1	+4	+4	React First	+2
5th	+3	+1	+4	+4	Integration	+3
6th	+4	+2	+5	+5	Fast-Talk	+3
7th	+5	+2	+5	+5	Conceal Motive	+4
8th	+6/+1	+2	+6	+6	Talk Down	+4
9th	+6/+1	+3	+6	+6	Dazzle	+5
10th	+7/+2	+3	+7	+7	Inspire Courage, Flawless Disguise	+5
11th	+8/+3	+3	+7	+7	No Sweat	+6
12th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8	Taunt	+6
13th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8	Coordinate	+7
14th	+10/+5	+4	+9	+9	Skill Bonus	+7
15th	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+9		+8
16th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10	Sow Distrust	+8
17th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10	Inspiration	+9
18th	+13/+8/+3	+6	+11	+11	Inspire Courage	+9
19th	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+11		+10
20th	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+12	Perfect Disguise, Talk Down.	+10

Integration: The faceman at 5th level knows so much about other cultures, including echan ones, that he receives no penalty when dealing with any echan cultures. The penalty for forgery, disguise, and diplomacy are nullified. He must speak the language and master regional accents

Fast-Talk: At 6th level, the faceman's eloquence with words allows him to deceive others with easy. He applies half his level as a bonus on any Bluff or Diplomacy checks the faceman makes while attempting to lie, cheat, or otherwise bend the truth.

Conceal Motive: A faceman at 7th level gets to add a bonus equal to his faceman level whenever he opposes a Sense Motive check or resists spell effects to reveal his thoughts or the truth. The faceman is allowed to attempt a save even when the effect denies such a save.

Talk Down: A faceman of 8th level or higher can talk his way out of trouble. Either prior to the start of hostilities or during combat, the faceman can talk down a single opponent within 15 feet of his position or otherwise able to hear the faceman's voice. The target must be able to understand the faceman. That opponent immediately stops fighting and reverts to an indifferent attitude regarding the faceman and the situation in general. Any hostile action by the faceman or by one of the faceman's allies directed at the opponent allows the opponent to act as he sees fit.

To initiate this talent, the faceman must spend a full-round action talking to his opponent. The opponent makes a Will saving throw. The DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 faceman's class level + faceman's Charisma bonus. If the save fails, the opponent stops fighting. If the save succeeds, the opponent continues as normal. At 15th level, a faceman can talk down a number of opponents equal to his Charisma bonus within 15 feet of his position or within 15 feet of a television, radio, or telephone broadcasting the faceman's message. At 20th level, the range extends to 30 feet and covers all opponents who can hear and understand the faceman's voice. This ability only affects humans and humanoids of civil disposition.

Dazzle: At 9th level, the faceman has the ability to dazzle a target through sheer force of personality, a winning smile, and fast-talking. The target must have an Intelligence score of 3 or higher to be susceptible to a dazzle attempt, must be within 30 feet of the faceman, and must be able to see, hear, and understand the faceman. To dazzle a target, the faceman must use an attack action and make a Charisma check (DC 15), adding 1/2 his faceman level as a bonus. If the Charisma check succeeds, the target can try to resist. The target resists the dazzle attempt by making a Will saving throw (DC 10 + faceman's class level + faceman's Cha bonus). If the save fails, the target receives a -1 penalty on attack rolls, ability checks, skill checks, and saving throws for a number of rounds equal to the character's level.

Flawless Disguise: At 10th level, the faceman's ability to alter his appearance is near flawless. He can change himself to resemble almost any medium sized humanoid, although no one specific. He gains a +5 to all Disguise rolls.

No Sweat: Starting at 11th level, once a day, a faceman can roll an additional 1d6 to add to any d20 roll desired.

Taunt: The faceman at 12th level has the ability to temporarily rattle a target using insults and goading. The target must have an Intelligence score of 3 or higher to be susceptible to a taunt, must be within 30 feet of the character and must be able to hear and understand the character. To taunt a target, the faceman must use an attack action and makes a Charisma check (DC 15), adding 1/2 his faceman level as a bonus. If the check succeeds, the target can try to resist.

The target resists the taunt by making a Will saving throw (DC 10 + 1/2 faceman's class level + faceman's Cha bonus). If the save fails, the target becomes dazed (unable to act, but can defend normally) for 1 round. A taunt can be played on an opponent any number of times.

Coordinate: The faceman at 13th level has a knack for getting people to work together. When the faceman can spend a full round directing his allies and makes a Charisma check (DC 15), the character provides any of his allies within 30 feet a +1 bonus on their attack rolls and skill checks. The bonus lasts for a number of rounds equal to the faceman's Charisma modifier. The faceman can coordinate a number of allies equal to one-half his level, rounded down (to a minimum of one ally).

Sow Distrust: A faceman of 16th level or higher can turn one character against another. The faceman must spend a full-round action and know the name of the character he is attempting to persuade as well as the name of the character toward which the target's distrust will be directed. The target must be able to hear and understand the faceman. The target makes a Will save. The DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 faceman's

Table: The Techan Infiltrator

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+0	+0	+2	+0	Sweep, Assassination (+1d6)	+1
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+0	Evasion	+2
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+1	Improved Stealth	+2
4th	+3	+1	+4	+1	Assassination (+2d6)	+3
5th	+3	+1	+4	+1	Uncanny Dodge	+4
6th	+4	+2	+5	+2	Improved Stealth	+4
7th	+5	+2	+5	+2	Assassination (+3d6)	+5
8th	+6/+1	+2	+6	+2	Improved Evasion	+6
9th	+6/+1	+3	+6	+3	Improved Stealth	+6
10th	+7/+2	+3	+7	+3	Assassination (+4d6)	+7
11th	+8/+3	+3	+7	+3	Increased Speed	+8
12th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4	Improved Stealth	+8
13th	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4	Assassination (+5d6)	+9
14th	+10/+5	+4	+9	+4	Slippery	+10
15th	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+5	Improved Stealth	+10
16th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+5	Assassination (+6d6)	+11
17th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+5	Increased Speed	+12
18th	+13/+8/+3	+6	+11	+6	Improved Stealth	+12
19th	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+6	Assassination (+7d6)	+13
20th	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+6	Slip from any bond	+14

class level + faceman's Charisma bonus. If the target fails the save, his attitude toward the other designated character worsens by one step: helpful turns to friendly, friendly to indifferent, indifferent to unfriendly, unfriendly to hostile (see the Diplomacy skill). The target makes a Will save whenever the faceman uses this talent against him. As long as the target continues to fail the Will save, the faceman can continue taking full-round actions to worsen the target's attitude toward a designated character. When the target's attitude drops to hostile, he attacks the designated character. A successful Will save doesn't restore previous attitude shifts, but it does render the target immune for 24 hours to further attempts by the faceman to sow distrust. The faceman can't use this talent on his allies.

Inspiration: The faceman at 17th level can inspire his allies, bolstering them and improving their chances of success. An ally must listen to and observe the faceman for a full round for the inspiration to take hold, and the faceman must make a Charisma check (DC 15). The effect lasts for a number of rounds equal to the faceman's Charisma modifier. An inspired ally gains a +2 morale bonus on saving throws, attack rolls, and damage rolls. A faceman cannot inspire himself. The faceman can inspire a number of allies equal to one-half his faceman level, rounded down (to a minimum of one ally).

Perfect Disguise: At 20th level, the faceman's discipline allows him to resemble any humanoid of medium sized. With the use of makeup and voice alteration, the faceman can be made to look like anyone in those parameters, even someone specific. He receives a +10 to all Disguise rolls.

INFILTRATOR

An Infiltrator is not a thief. He does not hide in the crowd, picking pockets and robbing the less fortunate in back alleys. He is trained in stealth and is one of the few classes that can integrate into echan societies without raising any eyebrows. Some creep into other cultures, make friends, and when the order is given, kill them. Others simply observe, record, and return the data for tacticians or scientists. From some bastions, networks of observers never involve or take action in other cultures. Some may believe the extermination of rival outside leaders is vital to their bastion's security. The Infiltrator is the most important class of a team of techans as he enters areas others fear to tread and is usually the first one to enter a dangerous area outside of the bastion, of which there are many.

Role: In a team, the Infiltrator operates mostly as a spy. He approaches by stealth into enemy camps or communities. He also operates alone from the group mostly, taking orders and vanishing. In combat, he remains out of sight and operates as a sniper, striking targets from afar. Though he can sometimes lead a group, it is unlikely. Of all other classes, an infiltrator works best along with a faceman as their skills complement each other. In the field of counter-intelligence, whenever two operatives in the field are teamed up, there are always an infiltrator and a faceman. Even when bastions send out teams into the echan wilderness, they begin with an infiltrator and a faceman and then fill the rest of the group as needed. Usually the third choice is a recon. Only when the group grows above three does a group start consisting of medics, soldiers, or other fighting classes.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: The infiltrator needs dexterity above all else to remain hidden and move in silence. Intelligence and charisma is also useful as sometimes the best way to conceal ones purpose is to lie.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d6.

CLASS SKILLS

The infiltrator's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Appraise (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Computer Use (Int), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disable Device (Int), Disguise (Cha), Drive (Dex), Escape Artist (Dex), Forgery (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (History, Local) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Open Lock, Perform (Cha), Pilot (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Swim (Str) and Tumble (Dex).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (8 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 8 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the infiltrator.

Table: The Techan Martial Artist

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Flurry of Blows Attack Bonus	Unarmed Damage	Defense Bonus	Unarmored Speed Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+2	+2	Unarmed Strike, Flurry of Blows	–2/–2	1d6	+1	+0 ft.
2nd	+2	+3	+3	+3	Evasion, Fast Movement	–1/–1	1d6	+2	+0 ft.
3rd	+3	+3	+3	+3	Flying Kick,	+0/+0	1d6	+2	+10 ft.
4th	+4	+4	+4	+4	Ignore DR 2	+1/+1	1d8	+3	+10 ft.
5th	+5	+4	+4	+4	Bonus Feat	+2/+2	1d8	+4	+10 ft.
6th	+6/+1	+5	+5	+5	Martial Smash	+3/+3	1d8	+4	+20 ft.
7th	+7/+2	+5	+5	+5	Ignore DR 3	+4/+4	1d8	+5	+20 ft.
8th	+8/+3	+6	+6	+6	Bonus Feat	+5/+5/+0	1d10	+6	+20 ft.
9th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+6		+6/+6/+1	1d10	+6	+30 ft.
10th	+10/+5	+7	+7	+7	Ignore DR 4	+7/+7/+2	1d10	+7	+30 ft.
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+7	+7	Bonus Feat	+8/+8/+8/+3	1d10	+8	+30 ft.
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+8	+8	Martial Smash	+9/+9/+9/+4	2d6	+8	+40 ft.
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+8	+8	Ignore DR 5	+9/+9/+9/+4	2d6	+9	+40 ft.
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+9	+9	Bonus Feat	+10/+10/+10/+5	2d6	+10	+40 ft.
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+9	+9	Iron Fist	+11/+11/+11/+6/+1	2d6	+10	+50 ft.
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+10	+10	Ignore DR 6	+12/+12/+12/+7/+2	2d8	+11	+50 ft.
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+10	Bonus Feat	+12/+12/+12/+7/+2	2d8	+12	+50 ft.
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+11	+11	Martial Smash	+13/+13/+13/+8/+3	2d8	+12	+60 ft.
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+11	+11	Ignore DR 7	+14/+14/+14/+9/+4	2d8	+13	+60 ft.
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+12	+12	Bonus Feat, Iron Fist	+15/+15/+15/+10/+5	2d10	+14	+60 ft.

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: The infiltrator begins play with the Simple Weapons Proficiency feat and the Personal Firearms Proficiency Feat. He also is proficient with all sniper weapons. He is also proficient with all light armor.

Sweep: An Infiltrator gains a +4 circumstance bonus on Spot checks within 30 feet of the infiltrator.

Assassination: The infiltrator gains the Sneak Attack ability per the Rogue class from PHB. However, the Infiltrator can use his ability beyond the 30-foot range when employing any mastercraft ranged weapon with a sniper scope. When utilizing such a weapon, the infiltrator may extend his assassination range indefinitely.

Evasion: At 2nd level, the infiltrator gains the Evasion ability. If he makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. A helpless infiltrator does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Improved Stealth: At 3rd level, the infiltrator receives a +2 bonus to all Move Silently and Hide skills. Every three levels past that gains an additional +1 to both skills, finally reaching +7 at 18th level.

Uncanny Dodge: At 5th level, the infiltrator gains the Uncanny Dodge ability. He retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if he is caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses his Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized.

Improved Evasion: At 8th level, an infiltrator gains the Improved Evasion ability. When subjected to an attack that normally allows a Reflex saving throw for half damage, the infiltrator takes no damage if it makes a successful saving throw and only half damage if the saving throw fails.

Increased Speed: At 11th level, the infiltrator base speed increases by 5 feet. At 17th level, the infiltrator's base speed increases by another 5 feet (10 feet total).

Slippery: At 14th level, the infiltrator gains a +4 to all Escape Artist checks or from Grapple checks.

Slip from any bond: At 20th level the infiltrator instantly passes all grapple checks and cannot be pinned. He also receives a +10 to all Escape Artist checks.

MARTIAL ARTIST

A martial artist, outside of a bastion, understands the dangers of technology. He believes in the balance of science and magic. If sides were drawn, he would choose science. He may employ weapons but understands against the enemies outside, the lack of technology is science's best edge against magic. The martial artist deals with personal discipline and gains no magical powers. Where the monk uses his talents to focus his mind, the martial artist focuses his mind to be better at his talents. The martial artist, though not gaining the supernatural abilities of the monk, offsets this deficiency with fewer constraints. He is not bound by any belief system. He can wear armor and still perform without fault as well as wield firearms. The martial artist is the best techan class as he maintains his power regardless of his location in the world or the state of his gear.

Role: A martial artist, like the brute, seldom takes a leadership role. However, he does not operate alone, preferring to work in tandem with other members. A martial artist is almost exclusively a close fighter. As a result, he often takes roles as a bodyguard to a commander in the field. He is also teamed up with infiltrators or brutes to offer balance to their abilities, forming into a focused well-trained pair with few weaknesses.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Above everything else, the martial artist needs a high Dexterity, as it adds to their ability to strike and avoid being hit. Strength and constitution is of a secondary importance. Wisdom is not as big a concern as with monks.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d8.

CLASS SKILLS

The martial artist's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Handle Animal (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (History, Local) (Int), Move Silently (Dex), Perform (Cha),

Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str), Tumble (Dex).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: A martial artist receives the Personal Firearms Proficiency and Simple Weapons Proficiency as well as being proficient in light armor.

Unarmed Strike: The martial artist gains the Unarmed Strike ability the same as the monk. A martial artist's attacks may be with either fist interchangeably or even from elbows, knees, and feet. This means that a martial artist may even make unarmed strikes with his hands full. There is no such thing as an off-hand attack for a martial artist striking unarmed. A martial artist may thus apply his full Strength bonus on damage rolls for all his unarmed strikes.

Usually a martial artist's unarmed strikes deal lethal damage, but he can choose to deal nonlethal damage instead with no penalty on his attack roll. He has the same choice to deal lethal or nonlethal damage while grappling.

Flurry of Blows: The martial artist gains the Flurry of Blows ability at the expense of accuracy. When doing so, he may make one extra attack in a round at his highest base attack bonus, but this attack takes a -2 penalty, as does every other attack made that round. The resulting modified base attack bonuses are shown in the Flurry of Blows Attack Bonus column on Table: Techan Martial Artist. This penalty applies for 1 round, so it also affects attacks of opportunity the martial artist might make before his next action. When a martial artist reaches 5th level, the penalty lessens to -1, and at 9th level it disappears. A martial artist must use a full attack action to strike with a flurry of blows.

When using flurry of blows, a martial artist may attack only with unarmed strikes, special monk weapons (club, dagger (normal and punching), handaxe, kama, kukri, mace (light), nunchaku, quarterstaff (or Sanjiegun), sai, shortspear, shortsword, shuriken, siangham). He may attack with unarmed strikes and special monk weapons interchangeably as desired. When using weapons as part of a flurry of blows, a martial artist applies his Strength bonus (not Str bonus x 1-1/2 or x 1/2) to his damage rolls for all successful attacks, whether he wields a weapon in one or both hands. The martial artist can't use any weapon other than a special monk weapon as part of a flurry of blows.

In the case of the quarterstaff, each end counts as a separate weapon for the purpose of using the flurry of blows ability. Even though the quarterstaff requires two hands to use, a martial artist may still intersperse unarmed strikes with quarterstaff strikes, assuming that he has enough attacks in his flurry of blows routine to do so. When a martial artist reaches 11th level, his flurry of blows ability improves. In addition to the standard single extra attack he gets from flurry of blows, he gets a second extra attack at his full base attack bonus.

Evasion: The martial artist gains the Evasion ability the same as the monk. At 2nd level or higher, if a martial artist makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. Evasion can be used only if a martial artist is wearing light armor or no armor. A helpless martial artist does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Fast Movement: The martial artist gains the Fast Movement ability same as the monk. At 3rd level, a martial artist gains a bonus to his speed, as shown on Table: Techan Martial Artist. A martial artist in armor heavier than light or carrying a medium or heavy load loses this extra speed.

Flying Kick: At 3rd level, a martial artist can use a charge to deliver a devastating flying kick to an opponent. At the end of this charge, the martial artist adds his class level as a bonus to the damage he deals with an unarmed strike.

Ignore DR: The martial artist at 4th level ignores 2 points of an opponent's DR, regardless of its type. This increases by one every 3 levels, finally reaching 7 at 19th level.

Bonus Feats: At 3rd level and every 3rd level after that, the martial artist gets a bonus feat. The bonus feat must be selected from the following list, and the martial artist must meet all the prerequisites of the feat to select it:

Acrobatic, Agile, Alertness, Athletic, Blind Fight, Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Grapple, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Snatch Arrows, Spring Attack, Stunning Fist, and Toughness.

Martial Smash: At 6th level, the martial artist increases melee damage (lethal or non). He receives +2 bonus damage to all melee damage. At 12th level, this increases to +4 and, at 18th level, it increases to +6.

Iron Fist: At 15th level, a martial artist may increase the damage he deals to a single opponent with a single unarmed strike in combat. The martial artist declares the use after making a successful unarmed strike. The damage is +1d6 + Strength bonus and can only be used as many times a day = to the martial artist's Dexterity modifier. At 20th level, this ability improves. The martial artist now adds the result to all successful attacks he makes in a round for as many rounds = to his dexterity modifier.

MECHANIC

As a techan group grows large and stays away from their bastion, the need for a good mechanic grows. He helps operate the more complicated technology from higher tech bastions. However, his most important duty tasks him with keeping the technology of the group stable and free of disruption. The mechanic must rewire circuitry and clean battery leads as magic continually degrades the techans' advantage. The mechanic may also modify existing technology to suit other needs or to make it more resistant to the EDF around.

No mechanic has anything of fantasy about them.
They often can be seen hauling a huge backpack of loose parts, like some technological Johnny Appleseed. He has more tools hanging off him than the soldier has guns...or fingers.

A mechanic is the best class as they keep the technology in the groups care running. Without the mechanic, the group's advantage would break down, leaving them to the prey of the world of magic.

Role: The mechanic is not one for combat. He usually finds value during and after engagements, quickly repairing technology in the face of EDF. The more advanced the group, the more a mechanic is needed. When the group requires his presence every day, he becomes the most needed member, more so than even the medic. Wounds heal on their own in time, but technology continues to fail.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Like the medic, the mechanic must rely on his brains almost all the time. Gut instinct is useful to. Both Intelligence and Wisdom are needed in high supply, with the former a much greater priority.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d6.

Table: The Techan Mechanic

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Weapon and Armor Proficiencies, Specialized, Widget Bag	+1
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	Adept Mechanic	+1
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+3	Overdrive, Quick Repairs	+2
4th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Superior Mastercraft	+2
5th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Adept Mechanic	+3
6th	+4	+2	+2	+5	Quick Repairs (Battery)	+3
7th	+5	+2	+2	+5		+4
8th	+6/+1	+2	+2	+6		+4
9th	+6/+1	+3	+3	+6	Superior Mastercraft	+5
10th	+7/+2	+3	+3	+7		+5
11th	+8/+3	+3	+3	+7		+6
12th	+9/+4	+4	+4	+8		+6
13th	+9/+4	+4	+4	+8		+7
14th	+10/+5	+4	+4	+9	Superior Mastercraft	+7
15th	+11/+6/+1	+5	+5	+9		+8
16th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+5	+10		+8
17th	+12/+7/+2	+5	+5	+10		+9
18th	+13/+8/+3	+6	+6	+11		+9
19th	+14/+9/+4	+6	+6	+11		+10
20th	+15/+10/+5	+6	+6	+12		+10

CLASS SKILLS

The mechanic's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Computer Use (Int), Craft (Int), Demolitions (Int), Disable Device (Int), Drive (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Knowledge (all) (Int), Profession (Wis), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (8 + Int modifier) x4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 8 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

The following features pertain to the mechanic class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: The mechanic is proficient with light and medium armor. He also receives the Personal Firearms Proficiency feat.

Specialized: At 1st level, the mechanic chooses one of his class skills and gains a +2 bonus to that skill.

Widget Bag: The mechanic at 1st level always keeps pieces handy for on-site repairs. At 1st level, he keeps on hand enough parts for 500 UC worth of repairs. These parts cannot be sold or traded. They are as useless to others as spell components. The bag weighs 5 lbs. They cannot be disrupted and work with any parts the mechanic attempts to repair. He can increase the size of his widget bag later by investing in more widgets. Every 500 UC adds another 1 lb. Once invested, the mechanic does not get this value back. When he scavenges technology, the DM may award a certain value in UC of additional widgets.

Adept Mechanic: The mechanic's penalty to repair or modify any technology from a foreign bastion is reduced by 2. At 5th level, this is reduced by another 2, (a reduction of 4).

Overdrive: The mechanic of 3rd level may attempt to temporarily overdrive a battery-operated weapon or device, offering it a quick boost at the sacrifice of its operational lifespan. The mechanic makes the appropriate Craft check (whichever is appropriate for the device in question), the mechanic can temporarily improve its performance at the risk of causing the machine to need repairs later. The DC for the Craft check depends on the type of improvement being made, as shown on the table below.

The mechanic performs the modifications in 10 minutes per 5 DC (30 DC = 1 hour). The mechanic cannot take 10 or take 20 on this check right away. At 10th level, he can take 10, at 20th level, he can take 20. If the check succeeds, the effect of the improvement lasts for a number of minutes equal to his mechanic class level, beginning when the object is first put into use. The mechanic selects the single improvement he wants to make before making the check. After the duration of the effect ends, the machine reverts to its previous state and a repair chance percentile roll is made. The result of this roll indicates whether the machine requires repairs before it can be used again. The Craft DC to repair the item later is the same as the DC to modify it.

Improvement*	Craft DC**	Repair Chance (d%)
Ranged Weapons		
+1 to damage	15	01–25
+2 to damage	20	01–50
+3 to damage	25	01–75
+4 to damage	30	01-100***
+5 ft. to range increment	15	01–25
+10 ft. to range increment	25	01–50
+20 ft to range increment	30	01-75
Electronic Devices		
+1 equipment bonus	15	01–25
+2 equipment bonus	20	01–50
+3 equipment bonus	25	01–75
Vehicles		
+1 on initiative checks	20	01–25
+1 to maneuver	25	01–50
+2 to maneuver	30	01–75
Power Armor		
+2 to strength	25	01–50
+4 to strength	30	01-75
+6 to strength	35	01-100***
+1 to max Dex bonus	20	01-25
+2 to max Dex bonus	25	01-50
+3 to max Dex bonus	30	01-75
+4 to max Dex bonus	35	01-100***

*All bonuses are considered techan bonuses.
**Not including modifiers for foreign or new technology
***100 indicates the item WILL break down after the time expires.

Quick Repairs: In the heat of combat, a mechanic of 3rd level can enact quick repairs on a disrupted piece of technology (he pulls out the blown resister and jams in a coin). If

Table: The Techan Medic

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+0	+2	+0	+2	Natural Healer, Head Down	+0
2nd	+1	+3	+0	+3		+1
3rd	+2	+3	+1	+3	Healing Expert	+1
4th	+3	+4	+1	+4	Evasion	+2
5th	+3	+4	+1	+4	Delay Poison	+2
6th	+4	+5	+2	+5		+3
7th	+5	+5	+2	+5	Experienced Injector	+3
8th	+6/+1	+6	+2	+6	Healing Expert	+4
9th	+6/+1	+6	+3	+6		+4
10th	+7/+2	+7	+3	+7	Uncanny Dodge	+5
11th	+8/+3	+7	+3	+7	Healing Expert	+5
12th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8		+6
13th	+9/+4	+8	+4	+8	Experienced Injector	+6
14th	+10/+5	+9	+4	+9		+7
15th	+11/+6/+1	+9	+5	+9	Healing Expert	+7
16th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10	Minor Medical Miracle	+8
17th	+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+10	Medical Master	+8
18th	+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+11		+9
19th	+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+11	Experienced Injector	+9
20th	+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+12	Major Medical Miracle	+10

the mechanic attempts to force the item to work, he must make the appropriate craft check. The DC is 20 +2 for each tech level of the item. If he succeeds, the item functions as normal. This roll can only free up minor jammed or major jammed technology and cannot recover lost battery charges. This process takes 1 full round action. Major Jammed items increase the DC by 5.

If a success, the item functions and is rendered immune to further EDF for 3d4 rounds. Only items jammed can be repaired in this way. Broken or destroyed items cannot be hastily fixed. The item works for a while. After 3d4 rounds, it breaks. Attempting repairs sooner will not stave this effect.

At 6th level, the mechanic can change the battery if the item requires as part of this action.

Superior Mastercraft: At 4th level, the mechanic becomes adept at creating mastercraft objects. He applies this superior mastercraft ability to one of his Craft skills. From this point on, he can improve the mastercraft features of an existing object by making a Craft check and paying the costs.

When successfully completed, a mastercraft object provides an additional +1 bonus to the quality of an already mastercraft object of the same type. Weapons receive an additional +1 techan bonus to hit. Armor does not improve its armor check penalty but instead gains a +1 to AC. Any device offering an equipment bonus is given an additional +1 techan bonus. The DC for improving technology is as follows.

Item	Craft DC	Cost of improvement	Time to complete
Electronic Devices	20	+500 UC	1 hour
Weapons	25	+1000 UC	2 hours
Armor	25	+500 UC	1 day

At 9th level, the mechanic can add the mastercraft ability to another Craft skill, or he or he can improve his ability in the skill selected at 4th level, so that his mastercraft objects provide an additional +2 bonus (for a total of +3).

At 15th level, the mechanic adds another +1 bonus to his mastercraft ability. If the Mechanic focuses this ability on the +2 techan bonus Craft skill, his mastercraft objects now provide an additional +3 bonus (for a total of +4).

To apply an additional +2 or +3 bonus, the Craft DCs, costs, and time to completion increase.

Techan Enhancement	DC	Cost	Time
+2 (+3 total)	+5	X5	X2
+3 (+4 total)	+10	X10	X4

The mechanic may take 10 or even 20 if the group wishes to wait that long. The additional bonus only applies to one person. The item is configured for optimum balance for a specific subject. The item counts only as mastercraft in any other hands and the mechanic must start from scratch to configure the weapon to another person. Unfortunately, the only way to apply the superior mastercraft ability for use in everyone is to construct the item from the ground up, which requires much more time, better facilities, and more money. The preferred option in this case is to just purchase the superior item at a shop.

MEDIC

Not the kind that walk around in white coats in clean surgical rooms, a medic described here walks around in fatigues with a medical kit on his back, avoiding gunfire while administering care when needed, firing back when necessary. A medic takes ownership of the group he is assigned to, healing and protecting them whenever necessary. His loyalty to life usually stems to the brothers and sisters in his care, not the enemies trying to kill them. For him, laying low and avoiding com
bat is an art form. He is the most important class for a techan team because he keeps the others alive.

Role: An extended mission outside of a bastion wall should always carry a medic. His involvement is necessary to the survival of the team. Since techan teams don't carry potions of healing or clerics, they need a medic to tend to the injured. A medic never leads a group and is often near the commander when in the field. Along with the mechanic, the medic utilizes the highest technology.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: Of all attributes, Wisdom is the most needed as it allows the medic to be a better healer. Intelligence comes a

close second, as you can't have as many ranks in the Heal skill without a good Int score.

Alignment: Any Good.

Hit Die: d8

CLASS SKILLS

The medic's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Drive (Dex), Gather Information (Int), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (arcane, History, sciences, tactics, technology) (Int), Listen (Wis), Pilot (Dex), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), and Survival (Wis)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the medic.

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: A medic begins play with Simple Weapons Proficiency and Personal Firearms proficiency. He is also proficient with all light armor.

Head Down: As a standard action, the medic gains x2 their WIS bonus to AC.

Natural Healer: A medic's capacity to treat injuries increases with their knowledge of human anatomy. When healing humans (techans or echans), the medic receives the following bonus on their Heal Skill rolls. The medic must employ a first aid kit or a medical kit to use these abilities:

Long Term Care: Using Natural Healer with long-term care allows an increase of hit point recovery = the amount the Medic beat his Heal skill roll (DC15). This is added to the normal healing rate for Long-term care (x2 natural healing). (E.g.: The medic with a roll of 25 = +10 hit points healed over the subject's natural healing x2)

Treat Poison: Using Natural Healer with Treat Poison allows the medic to use half his medic level as a competency bonus against the Poison DC, regardless of which roll is higher, the subject's or the medic's.

Treat Disease: Using Natural Healer with Treat Disease allows the medic to use half his medic level as a competency bonus against the disease's DC, regardless of which roll is higher, the subject's or the medic's.

Treat Injury: The medic may also administer emergency care after a battle or even in the middle of an extended engagement. It takes a full round to administer treatment including a quick diagnostic and a variety of minor drug injections. A simple action may include administering a morphine booster, or snapping a dislocated limb back into place. One may take 10 or 20 for this check. The medic makes a heal roll and cures the following damage depending on his roll.

Heal roll	Hit points recovered
15	1d4 + Medic's Wis bonus
20	2d4 + Medic's Wis bonus
25	2d6 +Medic's Wis bonus
30	3d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
35	4d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
40	5d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
45	6d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
50	7d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
55	8d6 + Medic's Wis bonus
60	9d6 + Medic's Wis bonus

Treat Injury may only be used on a specific subject once per day, though Treat Injury may be used on others. The Natural Healer must be declared before the skill roll is made and the ability used. The medic can use this ability 1/day per level of medic + the medic's WIS bonus (E.g.: 2nd level Medic with a Wisdom of 16 can use the Healing Touch ability 5 times a day).

Healing Expert: At 3rd level, the medic receives a +2 bonus on all Heal skill checks. This increases to +3 at 8th level, +4 at 11th level, and +5 at 15th level.

Experienced Injector: At 7th level, the medic's ability to administer drug injections improves. He receives a +2 competency bonus to successfully administering drugs without side effects.

At 13th level, this ability increases to +4 hit points. At 19th level, this increases again to +6.

Evasion: At 4th level, the medic gains the evasion ability. If he makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. A helpless medic does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Delay Poison: At 5th level, the medic can, once a day, delay any poison affecting a subject per the delay poison spell. This effect lasts 1 hour / per medic level.

Uncanny Dodge: At 10th level, the medic gains the uncanny dodge ability. He retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if he is caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses his Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized.

Medical Master: When making a heal skill check, a medic of 17th level or higher may take 10 even if stress and distractions would normally prevent him from doing so.

Minor Medical Miracle: At 16th level, a medic can save a character killed. If the medic is able to administer aid within rounds since the character's death = the medic level, he can make a heal check. The DC for this check is 35, and the medic can't take 10 or take 20. If the check succeeds, the dead character can make a Fortitude save (DC 15) to stabilize and be restored to 0 hit points. If the medic fails the skill check or the patient fails the save, the dead character can't be saved.

Major Medical Miracle: At 20th level, a medic can revive a character that has been killed. If the medic is able to administer aid within 20 minutes of the character's death, he can make a Heal check. The DC for this check is 45, and the medic can't take 10 or take 20. If the check succeeds, the dead character can make a Fortitude save (DC 20) to stabilize and be restored to 1d6 hit points. If the medic fails the skill check or the patient fails the Fort save, the dead character can't be restored.

RECON

The recon, or scout, serves a bastion, though seldom lives in one. He believes the best way to keep a bastion safe is to keep it informed. He sometimes leads a nomadic life, perhaps not swearing loyalty to any one bastion, but instead moving from one to another, helping those when required. He often looks like an echan, keeping incognito, revealing technology only when necessary. Often times, a recon is employed from a bastion allied echan city where he remains with the local population. He may also live near the outer perimeter, keeping in contact with allies outside. When chosen for a team, the recon is a vital member. The recon is the best techan class because of his adaptability and the fact he keeps the rest of the party from being surprised.

Role: When part of a team, the recon keeps the technology of the party safe from disruption by preventing ambushes and sudden close encounters. He also offers wisdom, as he is often the most experienced member of the team when outside of bastion walls. In a military group, the recon receives separate training from the rest but not as different as the faceman or infiltrator. Some regard the recon as military elite,

Table: The Techan Recon

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+2	+0	Track, Adaptive, Language Adept	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+3	+0	Survival (+2)	+2
3rd	+3	+3	+3	+1	Endurance	+2
4th	+4	+4	+4	+1	Lucky	+3
5th	+5	+4	+4	+1	Adaptive	+3
6th	+6/+1	+5	+5	+2	Survival (+3)	+4
7th	+7/+2	+5	+5	+2	Evasion	+4
8th	+8/+3	+6	+6	+2	Swift Tracker	+5
9th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+3	Uncanny Dodge	+5
10th	+10/+5	+7	+7	+3	Adaptive, Survival (+4)	+6
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+7	+3		+6
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+8	+4	Jury-Rig (+2)	+7
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+8	+4	Camouflage	+7
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+9	+4	Survival (+5)	+8
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+9	+5	Adaptive	+8
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+10	+5	Jury Rig (+4)	+9
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+5	Hide in Plain Sight	+9
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+11	+6	Survival (+6)	+10
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+11	+6		+10
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+12	+6	Jury Rig (+6)	+11

specialized in guerilla warfare. Non-military recons walk that tightrope between the two worlds.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: The recon requires high scores in almost all faculties to be truly effective. Dexterity and Strength is vital for combat, stressing more Dexterity when in need. Intelligence and Wisdom reflects a recon's experience of the outside world and Constitution is vital in every sense.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d8.

CLASS SKILLS

The recon's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Computer Use (Int), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Knowledge (geography, arcane, history, tactics) (Int), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Pilot (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), Swim (Str), and Use Rope (Dex).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (8 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 8 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A recon is proficient with all simple and martial weapons, and with light armor, medium armor, and shields (except tower shields). He also receives the Personal Firearms feat.

Track: The recon gains Track as a bonus feat (refer to D&D PHB).

Language Adept: The recon may choose echan languages without paying the increased penalty for being a techan.

Endurance: At 3rd level, the recon gains Endurance as a bonus feat (refer to PHB).

Swift Tracker: At 8th level, the recon gains the swift tracker class ability. A recon can move at his normal speed while following tracks without taking the normal -5 penalty. He takes only a -10 penalty (instead of the normal -20) when moving at up to twice normal speed while tracking.

Camouflage: At 13th level, the recon gains the camouflage ability. He can use the Hide skill in any sort of natural terrain, even if the terrain doesn't grant cover or concealment.

Hide in Plain Sight: At 17th level, the recon, while in any sort of natural terrain, can use the hide skill even while being observed.

Adaptive: The recon gains the ability to quickly learn new skills. He may choose one cross-class skill. It now becomes a class skill. He gains this ability again at 5th, 10th, and 15th

Survival: The recon at 2nd level, gains a +2 competency bonus to any survival checks. This increases by an additional +1 every 4 levels (6th, 10th, 14th, 18th).

Lucky: At 4th level, the recon can, once per day, re-roll any failed saving throw, ability check, or skill check. The second result must be used, regardless of its result.

Evasion: At 7th level, the recon can avoid even magical and unusual attacks with great agility. If he makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. A helpless recon does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Uncanny Dodge: At 9th level, the recon can react to danger before his senses would normally allow him to do so. He retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if he is caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses his Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized.

Jury-Rig: At 12th level, the recon gains a +2 competency bonus on craft skill checks made against temporary repairs or jury-rigged repairs. This bonus increases to +4 at 16th level and +6 at 20th level.

SOLDIER

The soldier encompasses a wide range of techan classes, including mercenary, rifleman, officer, mechanized pilot, battalion commander, and gun-crazed thrill seeker. He is not necessarily in the armed forces of a specific bastion nor does he have to hold any form of rank, honorary or official. He can join the front line of a massive military complex or be the weapon man of a small interdiction party. No other techan class carries the variety of weapon skills as the soldier. If it fires arrows, bullets, laser blasts, or plasma bottles, the soldier knows how to use it. The only downside is that the soldier is not known for his overwhelming people skills. To him, diplomacy often flows from the barrel of a gun. A soldier is the best

Table: The Techan Soldier

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Bonus feat	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Bonus feat	+2
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1		+2
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Bonus feat	+3
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1		+3
6th	+6/+1	+5	+2	+2	Bonus feat	+4
7th	+7/+2	+5	+2	+2		+4
8th	+8/+3	+6	+2	+2	Bonus feat	+5
9th	+9/+4	+6	+3	+3		+5
10th	+10/+5	+7	+3	+3	Bonus feat	+6
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+3	+3		+6
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+4	+4	Bonus feat	+7
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+4	+4		+7
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+4	+4	Bonus feat	+8
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+5	+5		+8
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+5	+5	Bonus feat	+9
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+5	+5		+9
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+6	+6	Bonus feat	+10
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+6	+6		+10
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+6	+6	Bonus feat	+11

class as he uses the most technology and fires the most guns, which is why someone makes a techan class in the first place.

Role: Although one would assume the soldier takes control of a techan team, this is seldom the case. In combat situations, of course, the soldier often leads the group, but steps aside when the last enemy combatant falls. He may be the most loyal or least patriotic member of the party, depending on his moral standing. The soldier prefers to harness the best weapons, leaving the rest of the technologically adept to handle the other machines.

GAME RULE INFORMATION

Abilities: For a soldier, his ranged weapon, and his survivability in combat rely on a high Dexterity above all else. A high constitution is another recommended ability to enhance survival. Unless the soldier plans on extended melee combat, strength is not as useful to them.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d10.

CLASS SKILLS

The soldier's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Demolitions (Int), Drive (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (history, tactics) (Int), Listen (Wis), Navigate (Int), Profession (Wis), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), Swim (Str)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: Soldiers gain proficiencies in all light armor, medium armor, and heavy armor. He also gains Exotic Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency, and Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Bonus Feats: The soldier gets to choose a feat at 1st level, 2nd level, and every 2nd level past that the same as the fighter from PHB. It must be one of the selected fighter feats from the PHB or one of the following: Burst-Fire, Dead-Aim, Skip Shot, Vehicle Combat, Vehicle Expert.



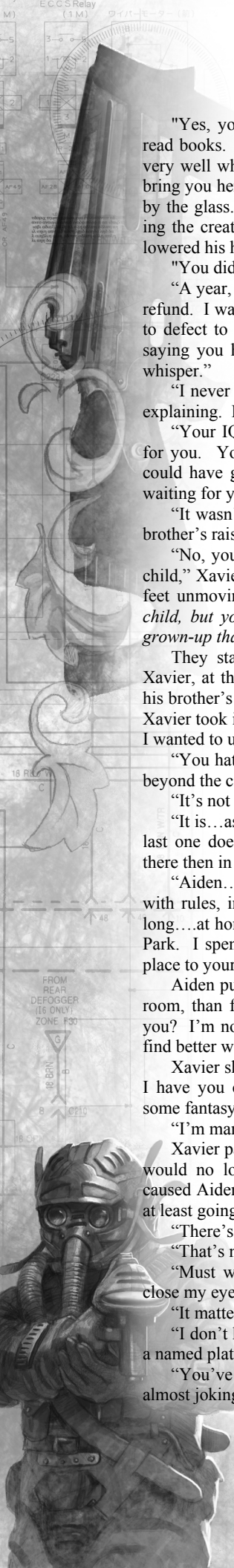
Aiden stared at the creature. Its skin was pulled tightly across its face. Its once normal human teeth had grown out a full extra inch, preventing a closed jaw. Blistered and bloodshot eyes bulged from lidless sockets. Whatever hair the original had fell out long ago. All the flesh from the fingertips was withered, leaving the last two digits to exposed bone, sharpened as a pencil. Almost the entire muscle structure had shriveled. The astounding force with which it struck the barricade glass proved a hidden strength. The scream it attempted through torn and decaying chords came garbled, spraying fragments of muscle and mucus onto the glass. Bloody tatters of internal organs leaked from various holes across the sunken torso as the beast expelled another screech. Scraps of synthetic blue and grey cloth hung from the trunk, legs, and most of the shoulder. The tiny fraction of the monster's remaining intellect was directed through the glass and it thought of nothing else than to breach the walls and devour what it saw on the other side. The ten-centimeter thick transparency could withstand a greater assault than the steel reinforced grey brick wall around the other sides of the room. The creature ignored the other two just like it in the small cell.

Aiden recognized the patch on another beast. The yellow streaks on the badge rose up parallel but tapered out at the top like a trumpet, the badge of the Angel Starlight division. Aiden glanced to the identical patch on his brother's grey and blue uniform. Aiden opened his mouth to ask. His lips started to form "who?" but no sound came out.

Xavier's muscle and military boots made him look taller than his younger brother, though in truth, they were equal. He wore the red beret indicative of his captain's rank. He stood alone with Aiden in the detention area. A partition on a nearby wall offered a great view of the outer Angel wall, over the massive expanse of rolling hills covered in towering trees and goblins. The buildings and stores erected by the banished and the unworthy of entrance hugged the walls, out of sight from the window.

Xavier stared at his brother. They shared the same hair, the same eyes, even the same slightly bulging ears. Aiden's facial growth covered up the remaining differences. He could have shaved it with his simple spell, but had thought days earlier to let it grow. The elder brother loomed over his blood and answered, "A patrol sortie in no man's land set down to investigate an abandoned camp. They cut themselves off. When a rescue mission arrived, we found that. I mean that...the other two were from the rescue party."

"I know what those are." Aiden responded. He kept his eyes on the undeath.



"Yes, you do," Xavier said. "Yes of course you do. You read books. You explored that world. Yes, I believe you know very well what they are, how they work, how they kill. I didn't bring you here to ask you. I don't care." Xavier slapped a switch by the glass. Shutters lowered quickly and slammed shut, draping the creatures in darkness. Aiden turned to his brother. He lowered his head and raised his eyes to maintain contact.

"You didn't convince me then, you won't now," Said Aiden.

"A year, Aiden. A year. Nothing. The university refused the refund. I was interrogated. They suspected you might have tried to defect to another bastion. York. Selkirk. Some were even saying you had been corrupted by some goddamned enchanted whisper."

"I never expected to you to understand. So I never bothered explaining. I left school because it wasn't what I wanted."

"Your IQ was what, 150, 160. You had everything waiting for you. You didn't need to follow Dad's path like me. You could have gone into sciences. You had a grant waiting for—waiting for you—at Fukabari. What the hell?"

"It wasn't what I wanted?" Aiden kept his voice calm as his brother's raised.

"No, you wanted a fucking dream. You're such a child. A child," Xavier stressed. Aiden wanted to leave, but he found his feet unmoving. *Nothing has changed, you may think me as a child, but you're still only slightly older. You're no more the grown-up than I.*

They stared, not at each other. Aiden at Xavier's chest. Xavier, at the window to the forest beyond. Xavier gently took his brother's head and brought it to his chin. He held him firmly. Xavier took in a lungful. "I love you, Aiden. You're my brother. I wanted to understand, but you never tried to explain."

"You hate it out there," said Aiden, pushing away. "Outside, beyond the city. You despise what the world's become."

"It's not our world."

"It is…as much as it's theirs. Just because we screwed up the last one doesn't mean we are not welcome. More people live there then in here."

"Aiden…It's just a dream. This is the real world. A world with rules, in stone like they should be. That's where you belong….at home, with me. We'll get a new place, close to Tower Park. I spend most of the week here, so you'll have the whole place to yourself. Have a party, get some girls."

Aiden pulled even further away, out of reach. He orbited the room, than finally pointed back. "You really have no idea, do you? I'm not fifteen. And I'm not you. Out there," he tried to find better words but failed, "makes sense to me."

Xavier shook his head in spasm. "Are you a lunatic? Should I have you committed? Faeries, dragons, magic? This is not some fantasy work by a hack. You're gonna get killed."

"I'm managing."

Xavier paused and dropped his voice. He was still angry, but would no longer show it. He muttered softly, which almost caused Aiden strain to listen after the barrage of shouting. "You at least going to visit the grave?"

"There's nothing there," Aiden replied.

"That's not the point."

"Must we need a location to remember? Why can't I just close my eyes?"

"It matters."

"I don't know about you, but I doubt Mom's soul is bound to a named plate in a wall with a thousand strangers."

"You've always been pigheaded," Xavier still said quietly, almost jokingly.

"I'm not the one who struck our first, second, and third foster fathers," came the rebuttal, also jokingly. *Were we speaking as brothers again?*

"At least I never ran away."

"I didn't. I wasn't escaping. You keep thinking I was running *from* something. Yeah, I miss pre-packaged food and video games. You have no idea how much I missed flush toilets. They have holes with buckets of water." That was a story in of itself. Aiden did feel like a child in the presence of Xavier, so he spoke simply as one. "I like it out there."

"But that means walking away from your own kind."

Aiden paused and pushed through his teeth, "Those in Angel…are not my kind."

"I wish I could understand you."

"Few can, I guess."

"Mom could."

"Moms always can. She knew I had a crush on Lara Romano before I did."

"You had a crush on Lara Romano?" Xavier asked.

"What was wrong with that?" Aiden argued.

"You were like, eight."

"So?" he laughed.

"Did you ever tell her?"

"When I was sixteen, I think."

Xavier thought about it. "Is that when she stopped talking to us?"

"Yeah, about that time."

They just stared. They were always brothers. Aiden could not forget what he had done. *You made my life hell for fifteen years.* Even now, Aiden could feel it. *You can't even look at my clothes. The spellbook you made me leave at the door. My friends that accompanied me. I saw that look you gave Raven. You shot her that look white men gave minorities a thousand years ago. Were you the one who would tolerate them and speak slurs to their backs, or were you the one to pull the lever at the gallows? Were we fucking? Did you want to know? You assumed we were? You had me checked for EDF as if her touch stained my soul. Maybe I should tell you we were just to see the reaction.*

And what was your reaction with the disruption field. Did it show you I had gone to their side? Did you know about the spellwork, of what I could do? Did you know I could never come back?

"You didn't come here for me," Xavier finally said. "So why?"

"I need a lift." Aiden interrupted, his voice escalated.

Xavier jumped in without a beat, raising the wager in volume, "That old man's still alive. You can get to Genai without me—"

"But my friends cannot—"

"Friends?!" Xavier snapped and orbited the room like a pacing dog preparing to strike, "Brandishing armor and blade. Hanging skins off their backs. Some friends you keep." He turned back to Aiden and pointed out the window to the trees, "And what did you think you'd find out there?"

Aiden smirked in disbelief and shrugged, "You assumed I was seeking anything. I wasn't. You think' I'm staying—I'm not."

Xavier tightened his lips and nodded. "I know." he said. A moment passed. Xavier leaned back against the shutters. The vibrations of the monster's thumping on the other side pulsed through the wall. Aiden refused to settle. Xavier continued, "What is so special about this?" he exhaled and almost whispered, "You're a romantic geek. You want to wield a sword, cast

spells, and fuck an elf. So do it, grow up...and start a life that makes sense." Xavier straightened up and stepped to his brother, adding and accentuating with every pause, "Help me. Help the city. Help us. You know? Mankind."

Aiden blurted out a laugh, "Yeah, cause you know, we did a great job when we ran things."

"Oh, right, you're the expert on history. You wouldn't know. You've been running from it since mom died."

"I did not run because of Mom," Aiden pushed through his teeth

"No. You ran because of me." *How closed do you have to be? You have an iron definition of maturity I will never fill. If to grow up, I have to abandon that world, then I shall remain who I am, and take your judgment as gospel.*

Aiden stepped closer, enough to share breath. "I need a lift into Genai. Can you help me or not?

"Not until I'm done. Is this what you want for us? What conceivable fantasy world do you want to relish which we teeter on extinction? Every moment, we balance on a knife-edge. One grand sweep and we lose everything. Don't you care about your own people?"

Aiden ignored it the best he could. He finally settled and asked, "Are you going to help me?"

Xavier closed his eyes. He rubbed his closed right with the palm of this hand, perhaps frustrated, perhaps tired. He pulled the beret off with two fingers and ran the others through his hair. He slapped the hat down at his leg. He opened his eyes again to look at Aiden.

The assault shuttle broke through the forest of towering skyscrapers, towards the smaller district of Genai. This variation of the shuttle was designed to shepherd people into the primitive village and was shielded for that effect. Aiden had to stay in the back with the others despite Xavier's preference to have him in front. The door had to be sealed, leaving the four of them locked in a cell. The wall had been reinforced with a variety of materials known to be resistant to enchantment. As such, even though the black walls looked unremarkable, they were freezing to Raven's touch.

Xavier had decided to take them alone, refusing a copilot. He pulled rank. The craft belched a racket but little pollution. There was one turbine mounted in the nose, two others abreast on mounts. Stubby wings were bent down and back. The cockpit was large enough for Xavier, a copilot behind him, and a third passenger next to if need be. The mantat was simple, but effective. It was also armed. A 20mm chain gun tracked Xavier's helmet as he saw the last towers vanish behind him.

Plasma screens behind the craft flashed various adverts, selling products from watches to digital cameras. They were quickly overtaken by wooden billboards of herbal remedies and pet stores. These boards hung by the few larger buildings in Genai. The shuttle dropped to drift by them. The echo off the buildings carried to the ground. Below, thousands crammed a busy marketplace. The shops were barely larger than open closets, selling dried fish, powdered animal parts, and inexpensive variations of Angel quality merchandise, though none of any noteworthy advancement. The keepers of these stores were laid back, smoking cigarettes and enjoying a cup of tea, some shirtless given the heat of the day. They, along with the crowds, all looked up as the machine screamed by. Kids pointed in delight. Their parents shouted in disgust.

The engines swiveled downward, casting their bellowing roar directly to the masses. Some covered their ears. Others increased their curses. Running lights under the craft began to flash. In a circular pattern, they lights converged to a central point. They continued their pattern as the vessel found a stationary position above. The mob knew what to do. Regardless of the states of affairs or the dealings of their daily lives, they had to accommodate the techans in the city around them. It was condition that permitted them to stay. A thousand years ago, they helped build the first, second, and third of Angel's walls. Genai was their payment—safety in the walls while freedom in their lives. The only exception was the tolerance of the surrounding technology, and the introgression of the occasional shuttle.

From the bottom of the craft, a cylindrical case was lowered from a cable. It dropped to the center of the clearing the crowds had offered. The case unlatched and an expanding ring of arms and joints enlarged to occupy the opening. Telescoping bars grew from the ring every few feet, a red blinking light flashed on each one. With a landing location firmly set, the shuttle finally started to descend. Dust and debris flew into faces and stores. The gathering of shoppers was so dense, they couldn't run from the eruption. The craft sank behind its fenceline. Landing wheels dropped out and cushioned the fall. A moment later, the side hatch opened and lowered to form stairs.

Aiden left first. He glanced at Xavier's reflection in the cockpit glass. He nodded but said nothing. The sun was still bright and Aiden squinted to adjust. He stepped down as the others followed. Part of the telescoping fenceline retracted, allowing for the group to leave. The engine was still humming. Aiden lead the group out. The fence closed behind them as they were swallowed by the mob.

They were not invisible. Mischa was taller than anyone by several inches and their arrival was not subtle enough to be ignored. None of the natives said anything. Passing walkers stared. Shopkeepers followed them as they slipped by. The road was relatively straight and far ahead was the tallest structure in the town, the temple of Genai. The pyramid topped with a pagoda tower could be seen from any vantage in the village. Mahan had been smiling the moment he entered the crowd. Raven felt the most comfortable she had felt in weeks. It reminded her of home. The eyes were not as comforting. Most of these residents had never seen an elf. Mischa marched through the people, guarded heavily with a stiff lip and huffed stance.

Aiden finally left the market to duck into the alley to David Tong Chen's biblio. It hadn't changed in a hundred years, doubtful anything would happen in one. The story was that David was the latest in a long line of historians in Genai and the building was the second oldest in the city, right after the temple itself. Chen denounced the claim, saying the building was only 400 years old. The door, as always, was unlocked. Mischa looked obviously unimpressed. He had half-expected such a noteworthy figure would take the temple as his home. Somewhat disappointing he had allotted for this dump. It was only slightly more modern than the wood and thatch houses dotting the world outside. The entry was of old wood and stuck if closed too long. Without a brace holding it in place, the door shifted back and forth, only staying still when the bar was dropped at night. Mischa pondered what worth this historian could possibly, what value was his keep. *If he has jars of dog testicles in brine, I'm leaving.*



NEW SKILLS AND FEATS

NEW SKILLS

Only a few new skills and feats have been added, and only when no alternative presented itself. A few have been modified, like the expanded language skill. While the skill titles and game mechanics are open content, the new descriptions are considered closed content. Several are taken from the D20 Modern SRD

Table: New Skills

Skill	Untrained	Key Ability
Computer Use	No	Int
Craft (electronic)	No	Int
Craft (mechanical)	No	Int
Craft (Power Armor)	No	Int
Craft (Techan Armor)	No	
Craft (vehicles)	No	Int
Craft (Techan Weapons)	No	Int
Demolitions	No	Int
Drive	Yes	Dex
Knowledge (sciences)	No	Int
Knowledge (tactics)	No	Int
Pilot	No	Dex
Windcalling	No	Wis

CROSS CULTURE SKILLS

Although the rules of cross class skills are well known, cross culture skills are not. Cross culture skills are not only rare for a class, they are rare for an entire culture, in this case, techans or echans. For each side, certain skills are extremely rare if not impossible to learn without available tutors to teach the skill. No matter how smart he is, it is simply not easy for an elf to learn how to drive a techan vehicle properly. More so, most techan cross culture skills require the use of technology that stops working in the hands of most echans. Because of advances made in education developed alongside technology, there are far more techan cross culture skills than echan cross culture skills.

Most echans will never need to purchase ranks in cross culture skills. If an echan wishes ranks in a techan cross culture skill, or if a techan wishes ranks in an echan cross culture skill, they must spend 3 points for every rank in the skill (instead of the 2 points usually required for cross class skills). This is not just limited to fey, as echan humans also face this hurdle. The maximum rank for cross culture skills is the same as cross class skills (half of the character's level, rounded down).

Echan Cross Culture Skills	Techan Cross Culture Skills
Spellcraft (Int)	Computer Use (Int)
Use Magic Device (Cha)	Craft (Electronic) (Int)
Windcalling (Wis)	Craft (Mechanical) (Int)
	Craft (Power Armor) (Int)
	Craft (Techan Armor) (Int)
	Craft (Techan Weapons) (Int)
	Craft (Vehicles)
	Demolitions (Int)
	Drive (Dex)
	Pilot (Dex)

COMPUTER USE (INT)

Check: Most normal computer operations don't require a computer use check. However, searching an unfamiliar network for a particular file, writing computer programs, altering existing programs to perform differently (better or worse), and breaking through computer security are all relatively difficult and require skill checks.

Action	DC	Time
Defeat Computer Security	20+	1 minute+
Computer Hacking	25+	1 minute+
Alter Files	20+	10 minutes+
Degrade Programming	20+	10 minutes+
Write Programming	15+	1 hour+

Special: A character can take 10 when using the computer use skill. A character can take 20 in some cases, but not in those that involve a penalty for failure. (A character cannot take 20 to defeat computer security).

CRAFT

Along with the echan craft skills, which any techan can pick up, there are several techan specific skills that allow them to craft and repair their technology. These are: electronic, mechanical, power armor, techan armor, techan weapons, and vehicles. All techan craft skills are trained only. Like their echan equivalents, techan craft skills may produce mastercraft objects but are limited to a +1 bonus unless the character is a mechanic.

Craft (Electronic): Electronics include computer work, electronic locks, and wiring work for techan gear. This skill allows a character to build and repair electronic equipment from scratch, such as audio and video equipment, timers, listening devices, or radios and communication devices. When building an electronic device from scratch, the character describes the kind of device he wants to construct, then the DM decides whether the device is simple, moderate, complex, or advanced compared to current technology.

Special: A character without an electrical tool kit takes a -4 penalty on Craft (electronic) checks if the item is TL 1 or 2. Craft rolls cannot be made without a kit on items more advanced than TL2.

Craft (Mechanical): This skill allows a character to build and repair mechanical devices from scratch, including engines and engine parts and other gadgets with moving parts. When building a mechanical device from scratch, the character describes the kind of device he or he wants to construct, then the DM decides if the device is simple, moderate, complex, or advanced compared to current technology.

Special: A character without a mechanical tool kit takes a -4 penalty on Craft (mechanical) checks if the item is TL 1 or 2. Craft rolls cannot be made without a kit on items more advanced than TL2.

Craft (Power Armor): This skill allows a character to build and repair high tech power armor. Power armor is the domain of bastions with a high tech level, so a character must be from a bastion of said level to even take this skill at 1st level. Unlike other craft rolls, power armor is so advanced, that the player must replicate an existing armor offered in the book and cannot design one totally from the ground up.

Special: A character without a mechanical and electronic tool kit cannot make Craft (power armor) checks.

A player from a lower tech level CAN select this skill at further levels granted he has had enough exposure to the technology (GMs discretion).

Craft (Techan Armor): This skill allows a character to build and repair armor from bastions. This is different than power armor and is far simpler.

Special: A character without a mechanical tool kit takes a -4 penalty on Craft (mechanical) checks but only with armor that has mechanical components.

Craft (Techan Weapons): This skill allows a character to build and repair weapons, from basic ballistic firearms to laser rifles.

Special: A character without a mechanical tool kit takes a -4 penalty on Craft (mechanical) checks if the item is TL 1 or 2. Craft rolls cannot be made without a kit on items more advanced than TL2. Some weapons require an electronic tool kit as well. The same rules above apply.

Craft (Vehicles): This skill allows a character to build and repair various vehicles, from simple gas powered wheeled cars to maglev trains.

Special: A character without a mechanical tool kit takes a -4 penalty on Craft (mechanical) checks if the item is TL 1 or 2. Craft rolls cannot be made without a kit on vehicles more advanced than TL2. Some vehicles require an electronic tool kit as well. The same rules above apply.

Special—Foreign Tech Levels: Though any techan can learn to operate technology he encounters, he may find repairing or crafting technology from foreign sources a little daunting. The bastion of the character's origin carries a Tech level. To make any craft rolls dealing with technology from a foreign bastion, regardless of its tech level, carry an immediate +2 penalty to the DC. If the bastion tech level is higher, it also adds an additional +5 for every level above the character's origin. Characters cannot craft any technology from scratch that is above their tech level unless they have had an identical item to study (GM discretion).

At 5th character level, a character is able to ignore this tech level penalty up to a difference of 1 tech level. At 10th character level, this increases to 2. At 15th level, it increases again to 3. At 20th level, it increases to 4. The penalty for foreign bastions is never nullified. (Eg: A 10 level mechanic from TL2 dealing with a TL4 from a foreign bastion only suffers the +2 penalty to craft DCs, not +12)

Recovering Object Hit Points: An appropriate Craft check may be used to recover lost hit points from damaged items. The DC to repair an item's hit points is a base DC10 to recover 1 hit point in 10 minutes. With modifying the DC, this recovery increases. Every time the DC is increased by 5, an additional 1d4 hit points is recovered. The time also increases by 1 hour by every 5 DC raised. The repair costs = 5 UC/Tech Level for every hit point attempted to recover. If the roll fails, the DM may roll the hit point recovery anyway to incur a cost penalty to wasted supplies.

Eg: A Craft (Power Armor) check is made at DC20 to recover 2d4+1 hit points of damage on an Apostle motor slave (TL5). Succeeding, the rolls results in 7 hit points recovered, costing 175 UC.

Repairing Jams and Breaks: Most repair checks are made to fix complex electronic or mechanical devices. The DC is set by the DM. In general, simple repairs have a DC of 10 to 15 and require no more than a few minutes to accomplish. More complex repair work has a DC of 20 or higher and can require an hour or more to complete. Making repairs also involves a monetary cost when spare parts or new components are needed. If the DM decides this isn't necessary for the type of repair the character is attempting, then no cost is needed.

Broken items are reduced to 0 hit points if they have listed hit points. Items with no hit points listed that are repaired require no additional work. Items with listed hit points are raised to 1 hit point and may require additional work to recover lost hit points

Repair Task (Example)	Cost*	Repair DC	Time
Moderate (mechanical or electronic component, minor jam by EDF)	10%	15	10 min.
Complex (major jam by EDF)	25%	20	1 hr.
Advanced (cutting-edge mechanical or electronic device, broken technology by EDF)	50%	25	5 hr.

* Percentage of original value of item being repaired.

Try Again?: Yes, though in some specific cases, the DM may decide that a failed repair check has negative ramifications that prevent repeated checks.

Special: A character can take 10 or take 20 on a repair check.

Time: See the table for guidelines. A character may attempt fast repairs but the DC increases. Reducing the repair time by 25% increases the DC by 5. Reducing the repair time by 50% increases the DC by 10. Increasing the repair time by 75% increases the DC by 15. Time is rounded up to the nearest round.

Demolitions (Int) Trained Only

Check: Setting a simple explosive to blow up at a certain spot doesn't require a check, but connecting and setting a detonator does. Also, placing an explosive for maximum effect against a structure calls for a check, as does disarming an explosive device.

Set Detonator: Most explosives require a detonator to go off. Connecting a detonator to an explosive requires a demolitions check (DC 10). Failure means that the explosive fails to go off as planned. Failure by 10 or more means the explosive goes off as the detonator is being installed. A character can make an explosive difficult to disarm. To do so, the character chooses the disarm DC before making his check to set the detonator (it must be higher than 10). The character's DC to set the detonator is equal to the disarm DC.

Place Explosive Device: Carefully placing an explosive against a fixed structure (a stationary, unattended inanimate object) can maximize the damage dealt by exploiting vulnerabilities in the structure's manufacture. The DM makes the check (so that the character doesn't know exactly how well he has done). On a result of 15 or higher, the explosive deals double damage to the structure. On a result of 25 or higher, it deals triple damage to the structure. In all cases, it deals normal damage to all other targets within its burst radius.

Disarm Explosive Device: Disarming an explosive that has been set to go off requires a demolitions check. The DC is usually 10, unless the person who set the detonator chose a higher disarm DC. If the character fails the check, he or he does not disarm the explosive. If the character fails by more than 5, the explosive goes off.

Special: A character can take 10 when using the demolitions skill, but can't take 20.

A character with the Cautious feat and at least 1 rank in this skill receives a +2 bonus on all Demolitions checks.
A character without a demolition kit takes a -4 penalty on Demolitions checks.

Time: Setting a detonator is usually a full-round action. Placing an explosive device takes 1 minute or more, depending on the scope of the job.

Drive (Dex)

Check: Routine tasks, such as ordinary driving, don't require a skill check. A character makes a check only when some unusual circumstance exists (such as inclement weather or an icy surface), or when the character is driving during a dramatic situation (the character is being chased or attacked, for example, or is trying to reach a destination in a limited amount of time).

The character cannot attempt a drive roll if he is denied his Dex bonus to AC.

Try Again?: Most driving checks have consequences for failure that make trying again impossible.

Special: A character cannot take 10 or 20. A character with the Vehicle Expert feat gets a +2 bonus on all Drive checks.

There is no penalty for operating a general-purpose vehicle. Other types of vehicles (heavy wheeled, powerboat, sailboat, ship, and tracked) require the corresponding Surface Vehicle Operation feat, or the character takes a -4 penalty on Drive checks.

Time: A drive check is usually a move action but situations may change depending on the action.

Knowledge (Int) Trained Only

Along with the echan knowledge skills, which any techan may choose, several new knowledge skills have emerged.

Religion/Philosophy: Replacing the PHB entry, this revised version includes liberal arts, ethics, philosophical concepts, and the study of religious faith, practices, and experiences. Someone need not take it whom actually has faith in a specific religion

Sciences: Astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, physics, etc. Techan-raised characters add their TL of origin to their roll as a competency bonus.

Tactics: Techniques and strategies for maneuvering forces in combat.

Technology: Current developments in cutting-edge devices, as well as the background necessary to identify various technological devices.

Try Again?: No. The check represents what a character knows, and thinking about a topic, a second time doesn't let the character know something he never knew in the first place.

Pilot (Dex) Trained Only

Check: The character can control and maneuver the various types of aircraft that wander the sky. He may be proficient in only one type (via the feat) but he knows the ins and outs of many other variations. All maneuver rolls and control rolls (being in storms for example) use this skill.

Restraint: All on board suffer -4 to all Physical actions including -4 to all Dex modifiers to AC.

Knocked Down: Same as DMG. All characters inside or on the ship must make a Fort save of the same DC or be

Windstorm	DC	Result
Light Wind	10	Restraint
Moderate Wind	15	Restraint
Strong Wind	20	Restraint
	15	Knocked Down
Severe Wind	25	Restraint
	20	Knocked Down
	15	Blown Away
Windstorm	30	Restraint
	25	Knocked Down
	20	Blown Away
	15	Crash
Hurricane Wind	35	Restraint
	30	Knocked Down
	25	Blown Away
	20	Crash
Tornado	40	Restraint
	35	Knocked Down
	30	Blown Away
	25	Crash
Rain	10	Restraint
Duststorm (Light) *	15	Sand Damage
Duststorm (Heavy)*	20	Sand Damage
Thunderstorm (Light)*	15	Lightning
Thunderstorm (Heavy)*	20	Lightning
* Combine with wind effects.		

knocked down Prone, taking 1d4 points of damage. Those outside pass or fail must still make a fort save or suffer the wind effects listed in the DMG. All on board suffer -4 to all Physical actions including -4 to all Dex modifiers to AC.

Blown Away: Same as DMG. All characters inside or on the ship must make a Fort save of the same DC or be battered for 2d6 points of damage. Those outside pass or fail must still make a fort save or suffer the wind effects listed in the DMG. All on board suffer -8 to all Physical actions including -8 to all Dex modifiers to AC.

Crash: All characters inside or on the ship must make a Fort save of the same DC or be battered for 2d6 points of damage. Those outside pass or fail must still make a fort save or suffer the wind effects listed in the DMG. All on board suffer -8 to all Physical actions including -8 to all Dex modifiers to AC. The vessel cannot handle the strain and suffers 4d10 points of damage. It is also pushed down 2d6x10 feet. Another roll may be made at that point. If it strikes the ground, it takes another 8d10 points of damage and everyone on board must make Fort saves (Same DC) or suffer 4d10 points of damage (Save for half).

Sand Damage: Sand batters the vessel takes 2d10 (Light) or 4d10(Heavy) points of damage.

Lightning: Lightning strikes the craft. Everyone on board must make a REF save at the same DC or be struck as well. The craft will take (1d10) d8 dice of damage and anyone on board that fails takes (1d10) d8 dice as well.

Avoiding Damage: The pilot roll is also used to avoid damage. Whenever at outside force fires upon the craft, the pilot may make a Pilot roll to avoid the damage. The hit difficulty for the opponent = the skill roll result of the Pilot with any maneuver modifiers for the vehicle controlled. All vehicles have a base armor which is the lowest number this could be.

Special: A character can take 10 when making a Pilot check, but can't take 20. A character with the Vehicle Expert feat gets a +2 bonus on all Pilot checks. There is no penalty for operating a general-purpose fixed-wing aircraft. Other types of aircraft (heavy aircraft, helicopters, jet fighters, and spacecraft) require the corresponding Aircraft Operation feat, or else the character takes a -4 penalty on Pilot checks.

Time: A Pilot check is a move action.
Try Again: Per attack or after a minute of storm.

Speak Language (None) Trained Only

Languages: Human camps formed quickly after Attricana's return. Many languages had died instantly, others faded within a few generations. Some merged to create new variations. Before, hundreds of languages dotted the globe, now only a handful remained. Surviving vernacular soon divided into regional slangs and patois, eventually becoming recognized languages themselves with distinct lexicons, syntaxes, and phonetic pronunciations. English emerged the only real surviving dominant language in Canam, but regional endangered tongues found themselves assimilated into geographically-bound hybrids like Common (western and northern Canam), Native English (eastern Canam), and Onespeak (southeast Canam). Common, originally an amalgam of English and several other anglic dialects also merged with segments of the Romanic language across the ocean when the bastions began communicating in the past hundred years. The result is the modern Common, now considered the lingua franca of the human race in Canam, and the dialect most non-humans pick up when wishing to communicate with humans.

With the continents far apart, and communication cut off with magical fields, cultures found themselves growing further distant. The languages emerging sound like a mish-mash of several older ones. Usually these languages grew from the bastions and spread to the outlying cultures. All bastions

Languages, their Alphabets, and where they are spoken

Language	Typical Speakers	Alphabet
Kakonin*	Demons, Najafi, Necrosea	Kakonin
Draconic	Dragons (See below)	(See below)
Aquan*	Water-based creatures	Elven
Asian	(Cantonese, Mandarin, Japanese, Korean) Kuraukou-Puru, Genai, Svenkayna	Asian
Common	(English, German, French, Spanish) All known bastions, most echan human kingdoms	English
Reptilian*	Trogs, Reptilans, Air-Based creatures	Reptilian
Narron*	Narros, Ogres, Giants, Goblins, Hobgoblins, bugbears,	Narron
Elven *	All Elves	Elven
Gimfen*	Gimfen, Spriggan	Narros
Native English	(English, Dutch) Eastern Canam	English
Indic	(Hindi, Punjabi, Urdu) Manindra , Avinash Mithil	Indic
Onespeak	(English, Spanish, Latin) South East Canam, Baruch Malkut	English
Paggin *	Pagus, Demons	Elven
Romanic	(French, Italian, Portuguese, Romanian, Spanish) Porto, Akoya, Hapura, Ashahael, Castle Bozrahn,	Romance
Semitic	(Acadian, Arabic, Aramaic, Hebrew) Trinitas, Samba, Amenta	Semitic
Slavic	(Belorussian, Bulgarian, Czech, Polish, Russian, Serbo-Croatia, Slovak, Ukrainian) Kantis, Krebet, Svenkayna, Ulaid, Necrosea	Slavic
Sylvan *	Dryads, Brownies, Centaurs, Satyrs, Kobolds	Elven

*Non Human language / Cross Culture Skill

usually have Common as a second language for all high-ranking officers and diplomats.

Action: Not applicable.

Try Again: Not applicable. There are no Speak Language checks to fail. The Speak Language skill does not work like other skills.

Languages work as follows.

•You start at 1st level knowing one language (based on your race), plus an additional number of languages equal to your starting Intelligence bonus.

•You can purchase Speak Language just like any other skill, but instead of buying a rank in it, you choose a new language that you can speak. Since it is a cross-class skill (except for a few characters), one must spend 2 points to acquire the skill. Echan exclusive languages to a techan are cross culture skills and cost 3 points to acquire the skill.

•You don't make Speak Language checks. You either know a language or you don't.

•A literate character can read and write any language he speaks. Each language has an alphabet, though sometimes several spoken languages share a single alphabet.

Draconic falls separately from all other languages.

The damaskan Orthoglossy does not accompany elven but you may still purchase the ability if you know elven by spending an additional skill point.

WINDCALLING (INT) TRAINED ONLY

Check: You can discern the location of the Laudenian Sky Keeps. Those who travel across the sky not only learn the location of sky keeps but also possess an instinctual knowledge of when and where they appear. It is one thing to contain an encyclopedic knowledge of where they are located but another to know their drifting routes, calculating their courses in response to air currents and the individual keep's waypoints. Few keeps maintain static locations so maps are useless. The skill roll alters the region's format since no DM should ever have to keep track of the course and locations of a dozen keeps across the planet.

A DM can discern a location or roll randomly (d10: 1-North, 2-North East, etc. 10-re-rolls). Ports will never be less than 100 km from a Bastion or an evil location.

Skill Roll	Nearest Port is…
Under 15	1d4x100 + 700 km away
15 – 20	1d4x100 + 500 km away
21 – 25	1d4x100 + 300 km away
26 – 30	1d4x100 +200 km away
31+	1d4x100 km away

Try Again: You cannot try again for 2d4 days.

Special: You cannot take 10 or 20 on this skill.

Synergy: If you have the Airsense feat, you gain a +2 bonus on Windcaling checks

Untrained: Cannot be used untrained.

NEW FEATS

ADVANCED FIREARMS PROFICIENCY

Prerequisite: Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Benefit: The character can fire any personal firearm on autofire without penalty (provided, of course, that it has an autofire setting).

Normal: Characters without this feat take a -4 penalty on attack rolls made with personal firearms set on autofire.

AIRCRAFT OPERATION

Select a class of aircraft (air barges, feng-fu flyers, heavy aircraft, helicopters, jet fighters, spacecraft, thermals & zeppelins). The character is proficient at operating that class of aircraft.

Prerequisite: Pilot 4 ranks.

Benefit: The character takes no penalty on Pilot checks or attack rolls made when operating an aircraft of the selected class.

Normal: Characters without this feat take a -4 penalty on Pilot checks made to operate an aircraft that falls in any of these classes, and on attacks made with aircraft weapons. There is no penalty when the character operates a general-purpose aircraft.

Special: The character can gain this feat multiple times. Each time the character takes the feat, the character selects a different class of aircraft. Echans cannot choose the feat for advanced aircraft and can only choose them for air barges, feng-fu flyers, and thermals & zeppelins.

AIRSENSE

Benefit: Before you see I, before you hear it—vibrations in the wind, the reverberations of frequencies normal ears cannot detect—you feel it. Airsense is the uncanny sense to detect object and planetary conditions well before others can while in the air. Airsense becomes useful to improve Spot or Listen checks where the difficulty is too great. They can also detect storm changes or the onset of dangerous weather from miles away.

When a character with this feat is in the open (outside) and in flight, all spot and Listen DCs are halved. In addition, when a character is in the open, he can detect storm changes out to 1 km / character level.

BUILDER

Benefit: Pick two craft skills. The character gets a +2 bonus on all checks with those skills.

Special: The character can select this feat twice. The second time, the character applies it to the two skills he or he didn't pick originally.

BURST FIRE

Prerequisites: Personal Firearms Proficiency, And Advanced Firearms Proficiency.

Benefit: When using an automatic firearm with at least five bullets loaded, the character may fire a short burst as a single attack against a single target. The character receives a -4 penalty on the attack roll, but deals +2 dice of damage. Firing a burst expends five bullets and can only be done if the weapon has five bullets in it.

Normal: Autofire uses five bullets, targets a 10-foot-by-10-foot area, and can't be aimed at a specific target. Without this feat, if a character attempts an autofire attack at a specific target, it simply counts as a normal attack and all the extra bullets are wasted.

Special: If the firearm has a three-round burst setting, firing a burst expends three bullets instead of five and can be used if the weapon has only three bullets in it.

DEAD AIM

Prerequisites: Wisdom 13, Far Shot.

Benefit: Before making a ranged attack, the character may take a full-round action to line up his shot. This grants the character a +2 circumstance bonus on his next attack roll. Once the character begins aiming, he can't move, even to take a 5-foot step, until after the character makes his next

Table: New Feats

Feats	Type	Benefit	Prerequisite
Advanced Firearms proficiency	General	Fire any personal firearm on autofire without penalty.	Personal Firearms Proficiency
Aircraft Proficiency	General	Proficient in the use of a specific aircraft	Pilot 4 ranks
Air-sense	General	All Listen and spot DCs are halved if in flight.	
Builder	General	Character gains a +2 bonus on 2 Craft skills	
Burst Fire	General	Fire a short burst of five bullets as a single attack against a single target.	Personal Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency
Dead Aim	General	Before making a ranged attack, the character may take a full-round action to line up their shot.	Wisdom 13, Far Shot
Educated	General	The character gets a +2 bonus on two Knowledge skills.	
Exotic Firearms Proficiency	General	Proficient in a specific class of firearm.	Personal Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency
Foundation Spell	Metamagic	Learn and cast one Foundation spell.	Caster level 10th
Personal Firearms Proficiency	General	Fire any personal firearm without penalty.	
Rapid Reload	General	Same as D&D feat except it applies to firearms as well	Proficiency with weapon
Rapid Shot	General	Same as D&D feat except applies to firearms as well	Dexterity 13, Point Blank Shot.
Scribe Anchor	Item Creation	Inscribe power words of any spell on an Anchor.	Caster level 1st. Scribe Totem
Scribe Totem	Item Creation	Inscribe power words of any spell on a Totem	Caster level 1st
Skip Shot	General	Skip a bullet off a flat surface and strike a target	Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency
Strafe	General	Affect an area four 5-foot squares long and one square wide with gunfire.	Personal Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency.
Surface Vehicle Operation	General	No penalty on Drive checks or attack rolls made when operating a surface vehicle of the selected class.	Drive 4 ranks
Vehicle Combat	General	Negate hits on vehicle with drive or pilot roll.	Drive 6 ranks or Pilot 6 ranks,
Vehicle Expert	General	+2 bonus on all Drive checks and Pilot checks.	

attack, or the benefit of the feat is lost. Likewise, if the character's concentration is disrupted or the character is attacked before his next action, he loses the benefit of aiming.

Normal: Characters gain no bonus to taking a round to aim.

EDUCATED

Benefit: Pick two Knowledge skills. The character gets a +2 bonus on all checks with those skills.

Special: The character can gain this feat multiple times. Each time, the character selects two new Knowledge skills.

EXOTIC FIREARMS PROFICIENCY

Choose a specific weapon listed in the Techa Weapons chapter requiring this feat. This includes all heavy and superheavy weapons, unique ranged weapons, and unique weapons

Prerequisites: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency.

Benefit: The character makes attack rolls with the weapon normally.

Normal: A character that uses a weapon without being proficient with it takes a -4 penalty on attack rolls.

Special: A character can select this feat as many as he wishes. Each time a character takes the feat, he or he selects a different weapon.

FOUNDATION SPELL [METAMAGIC]

Prerequisite: Arcane caster level 11th.

Benefit: You can choose and cast one foundation Spell. Foundation spells are extremely rare, powerful spells only found on unique items scattered over the world. Few exist in public libraries. To be able to cast a foundation Spell, one must first find one. A character must be able to locate the spell in game. These are found as Anchors. Mages are the only classes that can handle foundation spells.

The caster can transfer these to his Totem. This feat must then be chosen for that spell. He can now cast that foundation spell once a day.

Special: Choosing this feat again allows a second casting a day for a foundation spell already chosen (max 2/day) OR once a day for a new foundation spell is one if located.

Normal: The caster can still cast 1 foundation spell once a day provided he has one. Without taking this feat and selecting the spell in question costs the caster 1000 XP every single time it is cast (in addition to any XP cost the spell may already have).

PERSONAL FIREARMS PROFICIENCY

Benefit: The character can fire any personal firearm listed in the Techan Weapons chapter without penalty.

Normal: Characters without this feat take a -4 penalty on attack rolls made with personal firearms.

SCRIBE ANCHOR [ITEM CREATION]

Prerequisite: Caster level 5th. Scribe Totem.

Benefit: You can inscribe power words of any spell that you know on an anchor. Scribing a totem is free save for time

required but only the inscriber can cast from it. An anchor can resemble any form of totem or can resemble the clichéd scroll. To scribe an anchor is exactly the same way as scribing a scroll except the base price of an anchor is its spell level x 100 gp. You must also spend 1/5 of this base price in XP. Foundation Spells count as spell level 10.

Anchors never vanish when read or copied. However, one cannot cast from it like a scroll. An anchor is only used by mages to share spells. The mage's obsession with knowledge encourages this belief.

SCRIBE TOTEM [ITEM CREATION]

Prerequisite: Caster level 1st.

Benefit: You can inscribe power words of any spell that you know on your totem. Scribing a totem is free save for time required but only the inscriber can cast from it.

SKIP SHOT

Prerequisites: Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Benefit: If the character has a solid, relatively smooth surface on which to skip a bullet (such as a street or a concrete wall), and a target within 10 feet of that surface, the character may ignore cover between the character and the target. However, the character receives a -2 penalty on his attack roll, and the character's attack deals -1 die of damage.

Special: The surface doesn't have to be perfectly smooth and level; a brick wall or an asphalt road can be used. The target can have no more than nine-tenths cover for a character to attempt a skip shot.

STRAFE

Prerequisites: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Firearms Proficiency.

Benefit: When using a firearm on autofire, the character can affect an area four 5-foot squares long and one square wide (that is, any four squares in a straight line).

Normal: A firearm on autofire normally affects a 10-foot-by-10-foot area.

SURFACE VEHICLE OPERATION

Select a class of surface vehicle (heavy wheeled, powerboat, ship, or tracked). The character is proficient at operating that class of vehicle. The heavy wheeled class includes all kinds of trucks and tractor, as well as wheeled construction vehicles (such as earth movers) and wheeled armored vehicles (such as some armored personnel carriers). Tracked vehicles include bulldozers, tanks, and other military vehicles.

Prerequisite: Drive 4 ranks.

Benefit: The character takes no penalty on Drive checks or attack rolls made when operating a surface vehicle of the selected class.

Normal: Characters without this feat take a -4 penalty on Drive checks made to operate a surface vehicle that falls under any of these classes, and to attacks made with vehicle weapons. There is no penalty when you operate a general-purpose surface vehicle.

Special: A character can gain this feat as many times as he likes. Each time the character takes the feat, he selects a different surface vehicle.

VEHICLE COMBAT

Prerequisites: Dexterity 13, Drive 6 ranks or Pilot 6 ranks, Vehicle Expert.

Benefit: The same as Mounted Combat. A character may use his Drive or Pilot roll to avoid incoming attacks. Instead of using the vehicle's defense AC, he may roll his drive or Pilot skill (minus the vehicles maneuverability) to avoid the strike. He must declare this before the enemy fires. If the drive roll fails, the attack still must surpass the vehicles defense AC. A Character can only attempt this against 1 incoming attack per full round.

Special: Taking this feat multiple times allows one additional use per full combat round.

VEHICLE EXPERT

Benefit: The character gets a +2 bonus on all Drive checks and Pilot checks.



Aiden pulled on the doors with little effort and both opened. Minx instantly assaulted him. She was tall, athletic, more so since last time she greeted Aiden. She embraced him, not like a brother. Aiden paused with hands still out. She hung off him. *Please don't kiss me. Please don't kiss me. Please don't kiss me.* She kissed him.

"Oh, so good to see you," she shouted with no accent. She was fluent in several tongues, but her father was an Angel architect that married a local flower he met by casual on a visit. English was her mother tongue. "Chen said you'd be back today." She held him tight.

"He did?" Aiden asked back as simply as he could. He finally held her. She was his friend, after all, and how could she know the situation. *What situation?*

She finally detached and looked him over. "Wow…you've grown,"

Aiden furrowed his brow, confused. "It hasn't even been a year."

"Trust me, you were still a kid when you left, you even got stubble." She even flicked his whiskers when she said that. Aiden lightly brushed her hand away at the annoyance. Minx never brought up their solitary tryst. She wasn't ashamed and appreciated Aiden's gratitude afterward. If only he had known there would be an eleven year dry spell. It's hard to miss something if you have never known it.

"Bloody hell, would you stop that, Minx," Said Aiden as he smiled.

"I'm only teasing." She finally left his eyes to view his friends. Mischa's shadow practically cast her darkness, but it was the elf that caught her attention first. So thin and frail in Minx's eyes but even though elvish voices never lied, their bodies were the worst of cheats.

She kept her smile. "So…introductions, please."

"Yes, don't be rude son," said Mahan as he stepped from Mischa's silhouette into the light.

"Ming Xia Wen," Aiden announced, "this is Mahan Farris Varcon." He only nodded to Mischa. "Mischa Romanov." He

paused for a moment as he considered the next few moments. How well will Raven read Minx, and vice-versa? Did either of them really care? "And Raven Strongbow."

"What a colored group," Minx said as quickly. "Allies from every corner. You must have really travelled." She moved her eyes back but they settled on Mahan. He stepped forward and she accepted his hand. He placed his other on hers.

"*Assalamu Alaykum*," he greeted in his unchanged tongue.

"*Koni Hao* and peace be with your stranger," she answered to his growing smile.

"My name has been spoken," Mahan answered, "strangers we no longer are." He bent his head and said curiously, "Minx?"

"An endearing nickname used by friends…please us it."

Aiden stepped in. "I've known Minx since…" *Since a month after a Mom.* "Well, for a long time."

"His whole life," she added, "well, the part of his life that mattered." *Well put. She was right.*

"Are you of the city or the village," Mahan asked.

"I am Genai…like Aiden. I don't have an ident card."

"So you've never left the city?"

"I never said that. You've travelled for weeks, I take it?"

"Months," Aiden answered.

"Years," Mischa answered.

"Care for a soft bed?" she asked. Mischa contemplated spouting something dreadfully inappropriate. He stayed quiet as Aiden answered for the group.

"Care for a meal made with love. Care for a drink from a clean glass. Care for a flush toilet most of all."

"You will have all of that here. Come." She led them into the library. Though the books behind Chen's desk would have certainly changed, as they would were rotated weekly, nothing else had jostled from their spots. A few lamps were proving some illumination but bright bands of light compensated as they punched through imperfections in the building. Though the books never got wet, the floor would often collect standing water when it rained.

The bottom two floors were of a single room stacked two storeys high with tomes from two ages. Chen's desk sat on one side. Several reading tables occupied another empty spot. A kitchen hole filled in a crevice not crammed with books. Minx walked there.

"Autumn festival starts tomorrow, not much for revelry tonight, so a quiet night in a walled room will welcome you, for tomorrow, there be celebration."

"Where's Chen?" Aiden asked.

"Away on affairs. He'll be back tomorrow. I've made steamed buns and dumplings." She reached the tiny kitchen and pulled the top off a bamboo steamer. Half dozen others darkened with moisture sat on a table. More were coming. The kitchen was far enough from the books to prevent damage from the heat and steam. The entire level was for living among the books. Aiden got used to that, and when he saw how the damaskans at Limshau lived, it was a comfortable transition. They had books everywhere—shelves on every wall, even in lavatories and kitchens. Mahan immediately took a seat at the table.

"You made this much?" Aiden asked.

"He said you were arriving with friends," she answered. Aiden shook his head, dumbfounded. *Perhaps this would convince Mischa.* Alas, he was distracted by the pearl-white steamed buns and the grey and brown dumplings. Minx announced and pointed like a waitress.

"We got vegetables, pork, and shrimp."

"Pork," Mischa asked, "from a pig?"

"Last I checked. Shrimp's from the Angel fisheries but the pork and vegetables are local. They're fresh…and hot."

The entire table had grown accustomed to the sticks. Mahan was all about respect, but opted to the clean utensils he always kept with him. Mischa had no such contingency. He impaled a dumpling with a single jade stone stick like an assassin striking his prey.

Minx had placed all the remaining steamers on a stone turntable. There were rice and wheat flour dumplings, steamed mushrooms stuffed with chestnuts, and spring rolls from recipes unchanged for two thousand years.

"It's good to see you again," Minx repeated to Aiden, ignoring Mischa's crass.

"Indeed," he said before taking in a dumpling whole.

"You going to take in the temple?"

He swallowed. "I've seen it." Minx stared at him. He wasn't sure what she was getting at. She raised both brows. Aiden was dumb in situations like this. It finally dawned on him and he looked across the table. "Oh…yes, well, I guess we could go."

"The temple of Genai," Raven was elated like a wide-eyed youth, "Not many of us have been inside."

"Then truly and literally a noteworthy event, custodian," said Mahan.

"I would not dream of attempting it. Custodians protect. Librarians record. But I am honored to go."

Mischa refused to look at anyone other than his plate and the massive bun of flour and meat he crammed into his hole. "You obviously didn't note the climb," he said.

As the meal ran to its final moments, Aiden addressed Mahan through a chew. "You coming?"

Mahan slowly savored his morsel and took his time to swallow before answering. "I heard a promise of a flush toilet. What an extravagance I shan't refuse." Aiden was surprised. Was Mahan avoiding the temple? Mahan answered the silent question. "Seriously, the meal jostled something begging to escape. I'm surprised you have been there. You'll go again? You know it's religious?

"Fairly certain I won't burst into flames, Mahan. It's to Asian dragons. You have issues?" Aiden still asked.

"I have concerns with those worshiping fire, the darkness of Ixindar, and the wickedness of Mengus. Worshiping a living dragon able to command water and wind and all the manners of creatures under its glare…Can't deny it's a credible argument."

"Really?"

"I won't kowtow if you're curious. I only bend the knee to the almighty, for I only bow my strength to the true god. I will not condemn them or even fault them for worshipping such a noble and kind creature, but it is not god." He directed himself to Minx. "No offense, maam."

"None considered," she answered. "I'm Buddhist."





PRESTIGE CLASSES

A games master is more than welcome to allow any prestige class from any D20 publication as long as there are no setting specifics in the prestige class. Any generic prestige class (Blackguard, Arcane Archer, Swashbuckler, etc.) is more than welcome unless the DM overrides the choice. It is the DM's final decision. Unlike core classes, many prestige classes here are region or race specific. The character must meet all requirements to select said class. Some are techan while most are echan.

Many might wonder why firearms are not more common among the nations of echa. Beyond the advances of magic, any magic-inept could pick up a rifle and use it. The problem arose with knowledge. Simply put, when Attricana opened, mankind separated, and those with the knowledge banded together. They created bastions. The ability to construct and maintain firearms proved valuable and these knowledged folk gained admittance. This left the outsiders at a disadvantage, as they possessed no firearms to defend themselves, forcing them to adapt to what they acquired themselves. Eventually, the knowledge trickled down and a few learned how to make rudimentary weapons. Many kept this knowledge secret in hopes to monopolize an industry. Firearms and the capacity to build and maintain them are still rare and the sale of ammunition is even rarer. Further, echan magic carries an ability to make a mockery of science. Gunpowder often runs a risk of simply not exploding.

The names and game statistics of the prestige classes in this chapter are considered Open Game Content. The background descriptions are designated as Closed Content.

ECHAN PRESTIGE CLASSES

BARUCH THUGGEE

In the kingdom of Baruch Malkut, marshes and swamps cover most of the landscape. Only a massive landscaping effort by the population allowed the connection of distant towns and cities by roadways. Soon, the military and more nefarious rebels found ways to take advantage of this terrain. They mastered subterfuge and stealth. When a few finally escaped their land, they took their training along with them. A few found a calling beyond simple thievery and murder. They found employ within the military, working as spies or assassins. They can practice this talent in almost any field, even though specialized in the swampy terrain of their homeland.

Table: The Baruch Thuggee

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+2	+0	Sneak attack +1d6, Greater Feint
2nd	+2	+3	+3	+0	
3rd	+3	+3	+3	+1	Bonus Feat
4th	+4	+4	+4	+1	
5th	+5	+4	+4	+1	Sneak attack +2d6
6th	+6	+5	+5	+2	
7th	+7	+5	+5	+2	Bonus Feat
8th	+8	+6	+6	+2	
9th	+9	+6	+6	+3	Sneak attack +3d6
10th	+10	+7	+7	+3	Sand in the Eye

Thuggees leaving the Blessed Kingdom for any reason often find their title a burden or a curse. Declaring yourself one in Limshau or Gnimfall may likely net you jail time or expulsion. A few human-centered kingdoms may permit their entry. They must keep their identity secret, either because of a mission they are on, or to prevent a lynching. Most following this path by choice seldom have problems using their training to gain themselves personal benefit. Their morals and values are already stretched. If under tutelage in the military, their first task is to sneak into a rival city (usually in Limshau) and slay a figure of importance and escape without pinning blame on their own land. The training explains that most humans cannot withstand the magical interrogation techniques of the fey if captured. Many have taken their own lives in sight of their homeland, and no one murdered by the elite thuggees has ever been traced back to Baruch Malkut. This indoctrination only falls to the elite thuggees, the ones with special training, before finding assignment. A few rare cases found the final deed abhorrent to their nature. They escaped, carrying their training with them into the outside world. Some try to find new lives in humble paths while others take their guidance to pursue a nobler course. This path, though possible, is extremely rare. Ones that do vanish are declared traitors and bounties are placed upon their heads.



On the battlefield, thuggees bob and weave through combat, hunting down and taking out enemy officers, demoralizing the enemy.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Baruch thuggee, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

Origin: The character must be from a city in Baruch Malkut.

Skills: Move Silently 8 ranks, Hide 8 ranks

Feat: Improved Feint

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Class Skills

The thuggee's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Move Silently (Dex), Ride (Dex), and Swim (Str). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Baruch thuggee.

Greater Feint (Ex): At 1st level, the thuggee gains a +2 bonus to bluff checks when using feint.

Sneak Attack (Ex): If a thuggee can catch an opponent when he is unable to defend himself effectively from his

attack, he can strike a vital spot for extra damage. The thuggee's attack deals extra damage any time his target would be denied a Dexterity bonus to AC (whether the target actually has a Dexterity bonus or not), or when the thuggee flanks his target. This extra damage is 1d6 at 1st level, and it increases by 1d6 every two thuggee levels thereafter. Should the thuggee score a critical hit with a sneak attack, this extra damage is not multiplied. Ranged attacks can count as sneak attacks only if the target is within 30 feet. This ability stacks with existing previous sneak attack abilities if the character possesses them.

With a sap (blackjack) or an unarmed strike, a thuggee can make a sneak attack that deals nonlethal damage instead of lethal damage. He cannot use a weapon that deals lethal damage to deal nonlethal damage in a sneak attack, not even with the usual -4 penalty.

A thuggee can sneak attack only living creatures with discernible anatomies-undead, constructs, oozes, plants, and incorporeal creatures lack vital areas to attack. Any creature that is immune to critical hits is not vulnerable to sneak attacks. The thuggee must be able to see the target well enough to pick out a vital spot and must be able to reach such a spot. A thuggee cannot sneak attack while striking a creature with concealment or striking the limbs of a creature whose vitals are beyond reach.

Bonus Feat: At 1st level, a thuggee gets a bonus combat-oriented feat. The thuggee gains an additional bonus feat at 7th level. These bonus feats must be drawn from the feats noted as fighter feats. A thuggee must still meet all prerequisites for a bonus feat, including ability score and base attack bonus minimums.

These bonus feats are in addition to the feats that a character of any class gets from advancing levels. A thuggee is not limited to the list of fighter bonus feats when choosing these feats.

Sand in the Eye (Ex): The thuggee, if forced into a fair fight, tries desperately to change that. Once per day per point of Dexterity bonus (Eg: Dex 18 = 4/day), the thuggee may take a move action against a target to distract them. The target is considered flat-footed until their next turn. Colorful description is encouraged by the player. Being flat-footed allows the thuggee's next strike to allow sneak attack damage. The thuggee cannot do more than one Sand in the Eye per opponent per day.



BILATERAL INTEGRATED GNOMISH ENGINEERING EXPERTEER

For some reason, gimfen developed a way to prevent their own existence from shorting out technology. This permitted them a very slow progression to develop industry. They were one of the very last species to break off from the first few fey branches. They like to claim that their stock's capacity to hold technology without disruption proves them to be the final form of the fey-the end result, the ones meant to escape the cradle of Earth.

The inherent problem with this theory falls with the fey's natural imperceptiveness of technology. They developed a language, a culture, and an expanding empire. They forged swords, laid down roads, and erected communities. However, after a certain point, they simply stopped. Any desire to fashion an industry falls in the face of their mechanical inability. Some claim this stems from a lack of scientific evolution preventing an instinctual drive to better themselves and their community. Despite their wisdom and creative brilliance with poetry and song, they lack the drive to push and dominate their world, a natural byproduct of a short-lived evolved species.

The gimfen, although developing a resistance to technology, still lacked the creativity to develop their own, especially in comparison to the fast pace of mankind. For thousands of years they languished with the few advances they were able to stumble upon through mere luck. All of that changed when they returned and discovered humanity. These short lived ape-men found industry and technology second nature. Gimfen cannot innovate, but they can replicate. After gleaning every nugget of information they

Table: The Bilateral Integrated Gnomish Engineering Experteer

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Widget Bag, Adaptation (TL1)
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+3	Adaptation (TL2)
4th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Quick Repairs
5th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Adaptation (TL3)
6th	+4	+2	+2	+5	
7th	+5	+2	+2	+5	Adaptation (TL4)
8th	+6/+1	+2	+2	+6	
9th	+6/+1	+3	+3	+6	Adaptation (TL5)
10th	+7/+2	+3	+3	+7	Adaptation (TL6)

could acquire, they soon started to adapt what they learned to operate outside the walls of bastions in the land of magic.

The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer (BIGEE) is the final result of this growth. The gimfen prefer to use their race title rather than gnome, as some consider the term insulting, claiming they look nothing them, but most accept the term. They all despise the acronym and prefer the lengthy title. The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer, instead of hiding inside or underneath the grind towers of Gnimfall or the dozens of other communities around Canam, embark into the outside world with this newfound knowledge. There, he travels the world, finding technology he can either use outright, or return home to his people. His greatest ability is his knack for reverse engineering human technology he en counters and modifying it to operate without disruption in the lands of magic. Most experteers employ this ability in the field of high tech weapons but some employ it with standard gear as well. They are limited to what they can adapt as the end result is usually clumsier and substantially larger than the original. Bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteers are an unusual sight in Canam. Rare though they are, their presence proves that technology's eventual dominance over magic, though lengthy, is inevitable.

Hit Die: d6.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer, a character must meet all of the following criteria.

Skills: 8 ranks in two of the following Craft skills: electronic, mechanical, power armor, techan armor, vehicles, or techan weapons.

Race: Must be gimfen.

CLASS SKILLS

The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Craft (Techa & Echa) (Int), Demolitions (Int), Disable Device (Int), Drive (Dex), Profession (Wis), Speak Language (none), Research (Int), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis).

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 8 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

The following features pertain to the bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer class.

Widget Bag: The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer at 1st level always keeps pieces handy for on-site repairs. At 1st level, he keeps on hand enough parts for 500 UC worth of repairs. These parts cannot be sold or traded. They are useless to others (like spell components). The bag weighs 5 lbs. They cannot be disrupted and work with any parts the bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer attempts to repair. He can increase the size of his widget bag later by investing in more widgets. Every 500 UC adds another 1 lbs. Once invested, the bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer does not get this value back. When he scavenges technology, the DM may award a certain value in UC of additional widgets.

Quick Repairs (Ex): In the heat of combat, a bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer of 4th level can enact quick repairs on a disrupted piece of technology (he pulls out the blown resister and jams in a coin). If the bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer attempts to force the item to work, he must make the appropriate craft check. The DC is 20 +2 for each tech level. If he succeeds, the item functions as normal. This roll can only free up jammed technology and cannot recover lost battery charges. This process takes 1 full round action. If a success, the item is rendered immune to further EDF for 3d4 rounds. Only items jammed can be repaired in this way. Broken or destroyed items cannot be hastily fixed. The item works, for a while. After 3d4 rounds, it breaks.

Adaptation (Ex): The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer learns how to reverse engineer technology he acquires and gains the ability to rebuild it with increased insulation and redundant electronics and gears for it to operate in ED fields without disruption.

The gimfen must first find or purchase a piece of technology with a rated tech level. The gimfen dismantles the item and reassembles it. The new item replicates the old in every way except it grows in size and weight. As a result, many large items cannot be converted. As the gimfen acquires more levels in bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer, he is able to adapt higher tech items.

The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer must have 7 + (TL of item) in skill ranks in the appropriate item to adapt it. The time to accomplish the adaptation is one day (8 hours of hard work) per tech level of item. The bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer must also invest gp = 25% the original cost of the item (round up).

Its weight increases by 100% if it weighs less than 10 lbs, +50% if it weighs between 10 lbs and 50 lbs, and +25% if it weights over 50 lbs.

Weapons: Because gimfen are small creatures, they must convert weapons to fit their miniature form. Handguns become longarms. Longarms become heavy weapons. Heavy weapons become super heavy mounted weapons. Super heavy mounted weapons cannot be adapted as they would be too large for an adventuring party to carry (though rumors suggest a few grind towers have them built in). Unique weapons and grenades cannot be adapted. Weapons requiring tripods when adapted automatically come with one during the procedure.

Power Armor: Because the increased weight and the need to adapt it to gimfen appendages, power armor's max Dex bonus is reduced by 1 and the armor check penalty incurs a -2 penalty.

Medical gear and professional equipment cannot be adapted. Neither can battery cells as they benefit from the shielding of the adaptation while inside the weapon (EDF checks are only for batteries when outside of equipment). The gimfen should purchase an EDF muffler bag. Batteries cannot be adapted, as the procedure would drain the battery in the process.

As the bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer increases in levels, he is able to adapt higher tech items. The original item being adapted is not retained, as it is taken apart and incorporated into the new shape. This new shape is no longer sleek or beautiful. It is ugly, clumsy, and heavy. It spits and whines and creaks with every movement, seemingly on the verge of blowing apart at any second, even though never doing so.

Bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer adapted technology looks clumsy, with exposed tubes and cables running to backpack mounted insulated power packs. Goggles are massive helmet assemblies. Armor hobbles around quickly, shifting weight left and right like a drunken narros. Worse, the style of adaptation is unique to each character. Only that specific gimfen knows exactly how he adapted the item and attempts to teach others the technique results in utter confusion for anyone other than a gimfen with equal craft ranks. Even if explained, the exact supplies would be required, including the original item.

Further, the item adapted is so fragile and requires so much fine-tuning by the original gimfen that if the item is given to another to use, it breaks after a round. Not even another gimfen could figure out the eccentricities of the device before it fails. As a result, the gimfen can neither lend nor sell their monstrosities to anyone and they are useful only to them.

They must spend 5 UC or GP from their Widget bag each week for every piece of adapted technology they possess to keep them running. This price continues even if the item works or not. They break if not maintained.

A bilateral integrated gnomish engineering experteer is also proficient with using their adapted technology if they don't have the proficiency with it previously. If they have a laser gun, they are proficient with that specific adapted laser gun, and not the original nor others they find along the way.

Results: Adapted technology gains a +10 to all EDF rolls. They are immune to most disruption rolls but may still roll in the presence of an EMP weapon, a disruption spell, or if an attempt is made to enchant the item.

JANOAHN KNIGHT

On the bridge Tethuss, the holy warriors of Janoah live their lives in defense of a single cause-to protect the south from the pagus hordes threatening to sweep down the continent. Though some braved the waters or pushed through the mountains, most still believe the fortresses of Janoah is the easiest way to cross.

The knights on the wall, behind the buttresses, and manning the bridge, never initiate invasion. They are seldom taken from their footing. Further, their defensive stance turns into an offensive one and opponents find themselves facing a fortress of shields covered in spikes and blades.

This knight looks to his shield as his primary ally. By combining their efforts, many knights can link to form a fortress against attack. This practice began with the first assault across the bridge, where thousands of pagus ran across to attack the walls. The front line facing the hordes were ill equipped and the wall behind had yet to be completed. The phalanx held fast, with the front warriors standing guard with light shields on each arm while lines behind held onto long spears. The pagus could neither push
nor break the wall and the battle was quickly won.

To date, few have ever bested a Janoahn knight in shield and sword combat. They are proud to stand on Tethuss and few ever leave the fortress. Some do though, venturing either across the bridge, or south from the city. The reasons may be his own but his shield represents his honor, so is seldom separated from it. He avoids mounted combat and prefers to be charged rather than the one charging.

Soon, an entire industry stemmed from this art form. Shields built and released from Janoah found



Table: The Janoahn Knight

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Shield Lock
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Phalanx
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Improved Shield Proficiency
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Rooted Defense
6th	+6	+5	+2	+2	
7th	+7	+5	+2	+2	Lockdown
8th	+8	+6	+2	+2	Light Fortification
9th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Shield Lock
10th	+10	+7	+3	+3	Total War

circulation across Canam. Even a pagus was once seen using one. Only the Knights on the Bridge can wield them properly.

Hit Die: d10.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a Janoahn knight, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Feats: Shield Proficiency, Improved Shield Bash,

Location: Must be born in Janoah or trained by one from there.

CLASS SKILLS

The Janoahn knight class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Ride (Dex), Swim (Str). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

Shield Lock (Ex): At 1st level, if four or more Janoahn knights link their shields and form a wall, their front arcs receive an additional +2 to AC. At 9th level, this increases to +3. If any member of the wall is successfully overrun, sundered, or departs, forcing the wall to number less than four, the wall breaks and the bonus is lost. The wall members also receive a +4 bonus against bull rush.

Improved Shield Proficiency (Ex): The Janoahn knight ignores the armor check penalty for all shields except for tower shield. They also count a heavy shield as a light weapon.

Phalanx (Ex): The Janoahn knight, while in a maintained shield lock, may use two-handed reach melee weapons as a one handed reach weapon. This ability refers to simple and martial weapons only. They must have taken the weapon focus feat on the selected weapon to receive this bonus.

Rooted Defense (Ex): The knight at 5th level gains a +2 bonus to AC against charges. Shield spikes also do double damage when readied and used against a charging character. The knight also receives an additional +2 against Bull Rush attempts (+6 if in shield lock).

Lockdown (Ex): The knight at 7th level receives a +4 bonus against overrun and sunder attempts.

Light Fortification (Ex): At 8th level, the Janoahn knight receives Light Fortification 25%. As a result, damage from sneak attacks or from critical strikes is reduced to normal damage 25% of the time. If his armor already features Light fortification, it increases to 50%. Moderate Fortification is not improved at all.

Total War (Ex): At 10th level, The Janoahn knight in a maintained shield lock may use two-handed reach melee weapons as a one handed weapon. They threaten both adjacent foes and foes 10 feet away with said weapon. This ability refers to simple and martial weapons only.

If they instead use a standard one-handed simple or martial melee weapon in a maintained shield lock, they may apply 1.5x their strength bonus on damage. They must have taken the weapon focus feat on the selected weapon to receive this bonus.

LIMSHAU CUSTODIAN

Behind the white walls of Limshau, elite forces of guardians patrol the hallways, defending knowledge and people against those wishing to destroy such a noble existence. Because of the tight confines of narrow city streets and alleys, this elite force eventually developed a discipline revolving around fast movement and quick decisive strikes at critical enemy spots.

Initially, the servants of Limshau, those responsible for the organization and defending of knowledge, referred to themselves simply as librarians, a title continued today. Modern librarians carry an encyclopedic recall of every book they are exposed to the in the wing they call home. Librarians often remain in a certain wing of the city for their entire lives and few ever shuffle. After a random attack from a large and somewhat organized goblin force left a section of the geology branch in ruins, Ravenar decreed that a specific echelon

Table: The Limshau Custodian

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+0	+2	+0	Limshau Expertise, Limshau Defense
2	+2	+0	+3	+0	
3	+3	+1	+3	+1	Main-gauche
4	+4	+1	+4	+1	Evasion
5	+5	+1	+4	+1	Gravity Focus
6	+6	+2	+5	+2	Compound Attack
7	+7	+2	+5	+2	Gravity Focus
8	+8	+2	+6	+2	Reflex Action
9	+9	+3	+6	+3	Gravity Focus
10	+10	+3	+7	+3	Flurry Assault

of elite librarians be trained exclusively in combat, relegating their librarian skills to a lesser importance.

The new discipline incorporated an agile battle stance, able to maximize maneuverability in a restricted field of movement. Heavy armor weighed down combatants and blocked the advance of reinforcements. Shields also proved a hazard. Soon, pure speed became the greatest ally, along with the insight to anticipate and counter a foe's every move and attack. Lighter weapons were the preferred choice. Companion weapons found themselves in off-hands for defense and counter-attack and the practice stuck.

The final lesson, and the greatest evolution of this discipline, involved maximizing the entire combat arena as a platform to hold a combat stance. By focusing their inherent magical prowess, the warriors gained the capacity to alter their personal center of gravity, effectively allowing them to walk on walls or even on the ceiling. The discipline of the custodians finally found form. In their natural habitat, the custodian can hardly find an equal. They soon discovered how effective their abilities were when sent outside the city.



A custodian places one's priorities on the freedoms of all. Speech, the written word, is a worthy cause for a custodian to die for. Some abandoned those beliefs. Turning away from their great city, these rogues seek adventure for their own satisfaction, but no evil soul survives the training process without being discovered, and it is seldom necessary to hunt deserters down.

A Loyal custodian outside the walls stands ever vigilant to fight for the freedom and the retrieval of information. Often being sent on fact-finding missions or quests to retrieve priceless tomes, a crusading custodian climbs the tallest mountains and digs into the deepest dungeons to seek their treasure. An independent soul often still believes in the values of his training, but seeks personal adventure more than the acquisition of knowledge for his people.

Hit Dice: d10

Requirements

To qualify to become a custodian, a character must meet all of the following criteria.

Alignment: Any good.

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Skills: Tumble 8 ranks, Balance 8 ranks

Feats: Two-Weapon Fighting, Martial Weapon Proficiencies (short sword, longswords), Light Armor Proficiency, Weapon Finesse

Special: Must be from Limshau.

Class Skills

The custodians class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Jump (Str), Knowledge (Any) (Int), Ride (Dex), Swim (Str) and Tumble (Dex)

Skill Points at Each level: 6 + Int Modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Limshau custodian.

Limshau Expertise (Ex): A custodian at 1st level is allowed to use weapon finesse with all Limshau weapons. When wearing any Limshau armor, the armor's max Dex bonus increases by +2.

Limshau Defense (Ex): At 1st level, while wearing light or no armor and wielding no shields, the Limshau custodian may add his intelligence bonus to his armor class up to a maximum of his level in Limshau custodian.

Main-gauche (Ex): The custodian at 3rd level is able to use one offhand strike if limited to a single action. Main-gauche can be used during spring attack.

Evasion (Ex): A custodian gains evasion at 4th level. If exposed to any effect that normally allows a character to attempt a Reflex saving throw for half damage, the custodian takes no damage with a successful saving throw. Evasion can only be used if the custodian is wearing light armor or no armor. If the custodian already has evasion, he gains improved evasion.

Gravity Focus (Sp): For brief moments, the custodian enters a Zen state of heightened awareness. His heart beats



faster. His muscles twitch and quiver. He is able to surge his body and mind to spectacular speeds.

For as many rounds as his Intelligence bonus, the custodian enters gravity focus. At 5th level, he may enter focus 1 / day. During that time, his base speed doubles and he gains a +15 bonus to Balance, Climb, Jump, and Tumble checks.

At 7th level, the custodian may enter focus 2 / day, and gains all the abilities from 5th level. Plus, using tumble during movement is not limited to 20ft distance. The custodian can also walk on walls.

At 9th level, the custodian may enter focus 3 / day. He gains all the abilities from 7th level plus jump distances are no longer limited by height. The custodian can also walk on ceilings.

Compound Attack (Ex): At 6th level, when the custodian makes a charge, he can follow with a full attack.

Reflex Action (Ex): At 8th level, when the custodian chooses to ready an action, he can choose to ready a full-attack action.

Flurry Assault (Ex): at 10th level, as many times as day as the custodian's Int Bonus, the custodian may take a move action as well as a full action in a round. They may take all of their attacks along their movement.

NIHILIMANCER

With the exception of dragons, every creature must come to terms with the eventual expiration of their life. Time ticks away for all. It hunts all living creatures down. Many obsess through their days to extend their lives, even for a little bit. They spend so much to lengthen their existence, they waste what little they have. Even for fey, some capable of living for thousands of years, an end still approaches accompanied by increasing panic and dread. Some take measures to extend their lives, but no route to stave off death exists that is not marred in evil.

One path lies with the undead. Pursuing this path promises absolute immortality by turning one completely over to the other side, to which a vampire is the most powerful. Certain problems exist with this path. The result is a despicable creature, known for xenophobia and isolation. The process is long and complicated, leading some others to attempt another route.

Catch? Why should there be a catch? Why would Ixindar want to betray you? It promised the world and its riches for the taking. You want virgins, rape them. You want money, steal it. It only promises strength in spirit, beauty in skin. You wish not to be ugly; it will make you beautiful. Followers flock to follow in your shadow. Any woman you wish will worship the vigor in your loins. Eat your fill and never gain weight. Cut your skin, for you shall never scar. Live without worry, for you shall never die.

Catch? Why must there be a catch? The others insist a catch, for evil must act so, according to them. They insist drawbacks for they never offer what we can. Only when comfortable with the knowledge of everlasting life and the will to accomplish anything can one truly be free.

Catch? The only one I see deals with occupying newfound time. The others force rules, insisting on them, calling them morals and virtues and values. In truth, desires exist because our souls want them. Why hold back? Embrace your cravings. Wallow in your tastes to whatever extreme they lead. Enjoy your life, for it will never end.

And tell others.

This way is better.

Maximillion Gabbithax
The Ars Pravus Grimoire

This leads to corrupt magic—known as corrupt draconic—the dark magic that duplicates normal magic but channels from Ixindar instead of Attricana. In order to channel this power, a caster must embrace its potential, allowing it to saturate his very soul. His very essence becomes rooted to the

CORRUPT DRACONIC (ATAR DRACO SIGILIA)

No one doubts the dragons blessed the world with the power of their words. Their very language channeled from the white gate the essence of god's power (though the god portion was often in doubt). However, the adverse also exists. Draconic possesses the capacity for the glorious and the atrocious. The forces directed from Ixindar also utilize the ancient tongue. The letters do not reflect and scatter the sunlight, but rather draw it in. They feel cold to the touch and when seen in all three dimensions, cast shadows that draw in the surrounding heat. Fingers have been known to freeze if touching the letters for too long.

These symbols channel the dark power of Ixindar. Many ask why. How is simple. Everyone places the blame solely on Mengus. But why did he use the power of draconic to channel negative energy? Since most of the planet isn't sure what Mengus is, some theorized he must be a dragon as well, or at least was one at some point. Events proclaim his arrival with the great wave and the subsequent migration. Dragons had reigned on the planet for millions of years before his arrival. If this was so, then Mengus could have never been a dragon. If Mengus was no dragon, then how did he land with the knowledge to not only utilize ancient draconic but also be able to corrupt it as quickly? Some use this reasoning to justify the deification of both sides (Amethyst and Mengus). They are either gods or avatars of such, perhaps even angels, one under grace and the other fallen.

The fact remains that corrupt draconic exists as an alternate way to pursue magic. The majority of spells one may channel from Attricana may also channel through Ixindar instead, utilizing the mirror prose. Some specific spells on either side are unique and don't have duplicates on the opposite. For those wishing to pursue the negative side, one must first locate the symbols of atar draco sigilia. Unlike the positive, well-known words, corrupt draconic is not easy to come by and only a few locations are known to exist across the world. Kakodomania would be the obvious first choice, though its remote and dangerous location forces those pursuing the path to seek alternatives. These locations are known only to a few and they are not advertised publicly as opposing forces diligently seek to eliminate them. Knowledge of these symbols is required for any serious pursuit of the dark arts (Necromancy, Nihilimancy, etc).

dark gate. It tempts many, promising everlasting life and immense power with very little personal sacrifice. There is no small print, no bewitching, no double-dealing, and no secret price. The dark pact promises eternal life, so one's soul is never used as a bargaining chip. Signing a deal with the evil of Ixindar promises power, charisma, and youth. If one is willing to embrace the darkness, it asks for nothing else.

The nihilimancer embraces the black arts. He seeks out the seals of corrupt draconic, atar draco sigilia. Learning from them, he is able to reverse the very polarity of his soul to channel magic from Ixindar, much as demons and typhox dragons do. The process is complicated. The seeking out of these rare symbols is lengthy itself. To channel the power from Ixindar as a caster requires neither a personal sacrifice nor a protracted oath of loyalty to any demon or dark god. All that is required is will to do whatever is needed to extend one's own power. As it stems from an obsession to extend one's life, almost all the world's dark casters are human. There were never nihilimancers before man appeared.

Hit Dice: d6.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a nihilimancer, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Alignment: Any evil (Lawful recommended).

Skills: Knowledge (Arcana) 8 ranks, Decipher Script 8 ranks.

Special: The character must have had extensive knowledge of corrupt draconic and possess a corrupted soul bound to Ixindar. They must also have the supplies and money to create the neverborn (see below).

Spells: Able to cast 3rd level Arcane spells. Access to the Necromancy school of magic.

CLASS SKILLS

The nihilimancer's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (all skills taken individually) (Int), Perform (Cha), Speak Language, Spellcraft (Int).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the nihilimancer prestige class.

Spells per Day/Spells Known: When a new nihilimancer level is gained, the character gains new spells per day (and spells known, if applicable) as if he had also gained a level in the spellcasting class he belonged to before he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit

Table: The Nihilimancer

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Nethercraft, Shaping the Void	+1 level of existing class
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3		+1 level of existing class
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3	Primal Negotiations +1	+1 level of existing class
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4		+1 level of existing class
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Enslavement	+1 level of existing class
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5	Primal Negotiations +2	+1 level of existing class
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5		+1 level of existing class
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6		+1 level of existing class
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6	Primal Negotiations +3	+1 level of existing class
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Physical Transcendence	+1 level of existing class

a character of that class would have gained. This essentially means that he adds the level of nihilimancer to the level of some other spellcasting class the character has, then determines spells per day, spells known, and caster level accordingly.

Shaping the Void: At 1st level, the nihilimancer may create a neverborn servant. The neverborn acts as the nihilimancer's focus totem. As long as the neverborn remains within 50 feet per caster level, the neverborn counts as if it were in the nihilimancers possession for the purposes of casting arcane spells. The nihilimancer is also immune to the effects of an Antimagic field.

If the neverborn dies, the nihilimancer may perform the ritual again to create another neverborn. The nihilimancer loses all class abilities and spells until another neverborn is created. See "Evolution of Evil" for information on the neverborn.

Nethercraft: Any arcane spell cast by the nihilimancer gains the negative descriptor, due to the nature of his focus totem, and the method in which spells are prepared. Nihilimancers cannot cast "Good" descriptor spells. Negative spells do not generate EDF but cannot be suppressed by antimagic fields.

Primal Negotiations (Ex): The neverborn is capable of gleaning many rituals from unknown sources connected to the void, and shares these with the nihilimancer. These rituals serve to increase the nihilimancers force of will.

As the nihilimancer gains levels, his Wisdom and Charisma scores increase as noted on table: nihilimancer. These are natural enhancements.

Enslavement (Su): The servants of Mengus distrust nihilimancers and many are outright hostile to them. As a nihilimancer's power over the essence of Ixindar grows, his neverborn servant teaches him to harness that energy and those creatures created from it.

When a nihilimancer reaches 5th level, he gains the supernatural ability to rebuke creatures with negatively polarized souls (demons, pagus, typhox dragons and intelligent undead). He may use this ability a number of times equal to 3 + his Charisma modifier. He rebukes as a cleric of equal level to his caster level.

Physical Transcendence (Su): At 10th level, the nihilimancer no longer ages. He gains regeneration (1). All damage is treated as non-lethal. The only way to kill a nihilimancer is to render him unconscious through non-lethal damage and deliver a coup de grace attack.

This benefit of time is limited to the lifespan of the neverborn and if it is killed or if the fey organs within it degrade (before replacement), the nihilimancer suffers 1 point of charisma drain (no save) every day until the nihilimancer is reduced to zero or is able to recreate or sustain its neverborn.

PALADIN

The opposite of barbarians, a paladin fights only when necessary. He carries a strict faith in himself or in the religion he is associated with and swears absolute loyalty to that devotion and its tenets. He believes the shields of truth and virtue protect better than any armor forged by man.

A paladin need not be tied to a lord, house, or kingdom. He may wander the world, dispatching evil when encountered. Oddly enough, though trained from an early age to fight, a paladin often avoids violence unless necessary. Even though a stereotype exists claiming a paladin egotistical and vain, the majority are far from this cliché. He remains humble, giving of himself to those in need, regardless of the strain on body and soul.

Pride is a sin not often seen in the modern paladin. When one sees arrogance and condescension in a lowly warrior or even a fully knighted lord claiming membership in a paladin order, this declaration of virtue spills from a liar's lips.

A paladin stands as the iconic knight of legend, the quintessential guardian in shining armor known previously only in story and myth. He possesses neither a specific creed nor a code. Across many barriers of language and culture, such a valiant defender reveals himself through his determined purpose, ironclad beliefs, and unwavering integrity. He maintains his moral fiber, especially when those morals are the most inconvenient. The paladin respects the laws of his faith, not necessarily the laws of where he resides. If they are in conflict, the paladin's morals take precedence. A paladin believes in chivalry and honor, mercy and valor. He will never take the life of one unarmed. He will always prefer to protect the innocent, the poor, or the weak over the defeat of his enemies. Courage is important but a paladin must temper that courage with common sense-to know when to fight and when not to. The paladin must maintain his faith in the integrity and kindness of civilized people and / or to his god or gods. He may not need to pray every single hour nor does his faith require him to pray a specific way in a specific tongue. Since a good and merciful god never asks a follower to die needlessly, the paladin is not required to die for his faith, his lord, or even for his own honor. He only willingly dies to protect others or to defeat evil in whatever forms it takes.

Though rare, one may follow no gods at all. He claims he requires neither the promise of eternal reward nor the threat of everlasting damnation to behave in a manner that is selfless or even "holy." Whatever power taps the shoulder of a potential paladin, it is capable of seeing into the heart and finding the goodness that resides within.

A paladin gives to charity but not to the point of poverty. He will be courteous to others, forgive the sins of anyone if asked in sincerity, and act in humility of his own strengths and abilities. The paladin of legend must also be loyal to his brothers, to his sworn lord, or most importantly, to any woman he takes as wife. A paladin is not celibate but seldom takes

Table: Paladin

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Virtuous Arsenal, Aura of Courage, Divine Perception
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	+1 level Divine Spell Progression of existing class OR Exalted Path
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Pure body
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	+1 level Divine Spell Progression of existing class OR Exalted Path
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Inspire Greatness
6th	+6	+5	+2	+2	+1 level Divine Spell Progression of existing class OR Exalted Path
7th	+7	+5	+2	+2	
8th	+8	+6	+2	+2	+1 level Divine Spell Progression of existing class OR Exalted Path
9th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Inspire Heroics
10th	+10	+7	+3	+3	+1 level Divine Spell Progression of existing class OR Exalted Path, Sanctified



lovers or seeds bastards. If exceptions occur, his morals demand the paladin support and care for whatever family he has.

The paladin follows simple edicts: benevolence, faith, humility, integrity, loyalty, mercy, and patience. The paladin must adhere to these and keep the standards he himself wishes to uphold. Breaking any of these ideals brings upon a personal shame even if no others witness the act. If allies attempt to convince the paladin the act was morally justified, the paladin's own guilt may prevent absolution. He never looks for an excuse to bypass his morals. If an enemy asks for forgiveness, the paladin must accept it unless the request is not genuine. The paladin must never slay an enemy unarmed or helpless, never turn against an ally for selfish motives, and never ignore those in need.

A paladin may appear in the most unlikely of circumstances, rising seemingly spontaneously to confront the darkness. He may emerge unexpectedly in the midst of grief and loss as an avenger and guardian, or may wander for years or decades, drawn towards his destiny before finally manifesting his abilities. This, combined with their relative rarity, propensity to wander, and short life expectancy, has made the source of their abilities almost impossible to study.

Though many may claim divine power and declare their actions were bequeathed from a higher order, few are true paladins. There are less in this world than one might think, as god seldom invests his veneration with uncertainty. If one acts commonly against his ethics on a whim or professes his honor justifies acts others claim criminal, chances are he is a paladin in title only.

Hit Dice: d10

Requirements

To qualify to become a paladin, a character must meet all of the following criteria.

Alignment: Lawful good.

Skills: Perform (Oratory) 8 ranks, Knowledge (Religion/Philosophy) 8 ranks.

Feat: Weapon Focus (any martial or exotic weapon) OR Improved Unarmed Strike.

Special: A player choosing this class is expected to follow the guidelines and beliefs put forth above. Play the class with respect. Don't sully this one.

Class Skills

The paladin's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (nobility and royalty) (Int), Knowledge (religion/philosophy) (Int), Perform (Oratory) (Cha), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), and Sense Motive (Wis).

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

At first level, a paladin must behave with charity, temperance, forbearance, and honor. He must conduct himself at all times in a manner that is consistent with a Lawful Good alignment with the following additional restriction: a paladin may not instigate conflict and only uses force in self-defense, the defense of allies, or the defense of the helpless or innocent.

All of the following are class features of the paladin.

Virtuous Arsenal (Su): At 1st level any weapon that the paladin wields becomes both lawful and good aligned for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction for as long as the paladin wields it. If the paladin can cast spells, his spells acquire [Lawful] and [Good] spell descriptors.

Aura of Courage (Su): The paladin at 1st level is immune to fear (magical or otherwise). Each ally within 10 feet of him gains a +4 morale bonus on saving throws against fear effects. This ability functions while the paladin is conscious, but not if he is unconscious or dead.

Divine Perception (Su): At 1st level, the paladin gains a sacred bonus to Sense Motive checks equal to the paladin's Wisdom modifier.

Spells per Day/Spells Known: When a new paladin level is gained, the character gains new divine spells per day (and spells known, if applicable) if he had also gained a level in the divine spellcasting class he belonged to before he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefits a character of that class would have gained. The paladin does not gain the ability to cast divine spells unless previously able to do so.

Exalted Path (Su): If the paladin cannot, or wishes not to progress in spell casting, he may instead follow the exalted path, taking one of the abilities listed below. A character able to cast spells previously may alternate. Each ability lasts for as many rounds as the paladin's Wisdom modifier. Paths may be chosen in any order though several require other paths as prerequisites. He may only use each ability once per day. Each time the paladin uses an exalted ability, he generates a powerful lawful good aura that cannot be concealed or hidden in any way. This white radiance acts as a light spell for the duration of the ability and 1d4 rounds afterward.

To activate an exalted path ability takes a free action, however certain rules must be followed:

Paladin Level 2: The paladin cannot operate more than one exalted ability at any time. He may prematurely end one to begin another, also as a free action, though the terminated ability still counts as a use per day.

Paladin level 6: The paladin may activate two exalted abilities at once instead of one. He may prematurely end the two together to begin others, also as a free action, though the terminated abilities still count as uses per day. The two abilities must be activated on the same round.

Paladin Level 10: The paladin may activate four exalted abilities at once instead of two or one. He may prematurely end the four together to begin others, also as a free action, though the terminated abilities still count as uses per day. The four abilities must be activated on the same round. Also, the paladin's radiance during the duration is upgraded from a light spell to a daylight spell for the length of the ability and 1d4 rounds afterward.

Aftereffects: After an exalted ability ends (naturally or prematurely), the paladin must make a fort save or suffer the following effects. Single ability—DC15 or suffer fatigue until rested. Two abilities simultaneously—DC20 or suffer exhaustion until rested. Four abilities simultaneously—DC25 or the Paladin drops to 0 hit points instantly and falls unconscious regardless of feats taken, spells currently in effect, or if employing the hero rule (see later). No matter the healing process, the paladin cannot by roused from his slumbering state for 2d6 minutes. Upon waking, he suffers 2d4 points of ability damage to all his physical abilities (Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution).

Further exalted abilities cannot be used until the paladin has fully recovered from ability loss.

The available exalted abilities are as follows:

Supreme Tolerance: The paladin gains unseen fortitude when facing certain death square in its eyes. He gains temporary hit points equal to his character level x3. These hit points are removed first when taking damage.

Armor of Glory: The paladin shrugs off all but the greatest blows. He screams in defiance against mortal injuries, striking fear in enemies confronted with such mettle. The paladin gains DR 5/Evil, which increases to DR 10/Evil at 10th level. He also gains spell resistance equal to his character level +10.

Prerequisites: Supreme Tolerance

Wrath of Will: The paladin wields his weapon with remarkable skill and force never before encountered. Any weapon the paladin wields that strikes an evil opponent may automatically confirm a critical strike without having to re-roll. This effect does not apply to any weapon already enchanted with a magical effect related to critical hits, such as a keen weapon or a vorpal sword. The paladin may automatically confirm a critical strike 3 times while Wrath of Will is in effect.

Line in the Sand: The paladin declares his intentions with words or a firm stance of defiance against the approaching evil. Any enemy struck by an attack of opportunity from the paladin ends its movement within the threatened square and is automatically tripped (per the attack). Any tumble checks to move past a square threatened by the paladin have their Skill DCs raised by the paladin's combined attack bonus (BAB, ability, feats, spells, and primary weapon enhancement). This ability only works on opponents up to one size category larger than the paladin. The paladin may move while this ability is activated.

Divine Strength: Channeling an inner light, the paladin brings forth all remaining might of mind and muscle, saving nothing for his recovery and victory march later. The paladin's Wisdom bonus is applied to all melee damage rolls for the duration of the effect against evil opponents.

Prerequisites: Wrath of Will.

Faithful Bodyguard: The paladin swears loyalty to and protection of a specific person (must be a living target). His fidelity is so absolute, he will gladly lay his life for the other. At the beginning of the ability, the paladin selects a single ally within 10 feet. The paladin subjects himself to all attacks in the ally's stead. If the attack hits the paladin, he takes damage normally. If it misses, it also misses the ally. The paladin cannot change his ally for the duration of the ability.

Last Stand: Surrounded on all sides by evil, the paladin will not fall. Impalements, severed limbs, mortal wounds aplenty-the paladin cares not. Despite how much damage the paladin receives, despite how many hit points he has left, even if well past -10 (or -Con if using the Hero rule), the paladin is alert and able to commit full round actions. The paladin automatically passes all fort saves for death from massive damage and all death effects do not take effect until Last Stand expires. After Last Stand expires, the paladin must acknowledge the effect/s of damage and spells sustained, even if he drops stone cold dead.

Prerequisites: Armor of Glory

Pure Body (Ex): The paladin at 3rd level becomes immune to all diseases, including supernatural and magical diseases.

Inspire Greatness (Su): At 5th level, the paladin's beaming charisma and rousing words inspires greatness in a single willing ally within 30 feet, granting him extra fighting capability. For every three character levels beyond 5th level (including past paladin level 10), the paladin can target one additional ally with a single use of this ability. To inspire greatness in others, the ally/allies must see the paladin and hear the stirring words of his speech. The paladin does not gain this ability for himself. He must also pass a DC20 Perform (Oration) skill check.

The effect lasts for as long as the ally hears the paladin and for 5 rounds thereafter. A creature inspired with greatness gains 2 bonus Hit Dice (d10s), the commensurate number of temporary hit points (apply the target's Constitution modifier, if any, to these bonus Hit Dice), a +2 competence bonus on attack rolls, and a +1 competence bonus on Fortitude saves. The bonus Hit Dice count as regular Hit Dice for determining the effect of spells that are Hit Dice dependant. Inspire greatness is a mind-affecting ability. He may activate this ability once per day / 3 character levels. The speech

requires at least a full round action to commit though the paladin may take 10 or even 20 for a truly awe-inspiring opus. The paladin may affect more allies if they are less powerful. One ally counts as two if both are less than 4 hit dice or lower than the paladin.

Inspire Heroics (Su): At 9th level, the paladin can inspire tremendous heroism in a single willing ally within 30 feet. For every three character levels beyond 9th level (including past paladin level 10), the paladin can inspire heroics in one additional creature. To inspire greatness in others, the ally/allies must see the paladin and hear the stirring words of his speech. The paladin does not gain this ability for himself. He must also pass a DC25 Perform (Oration) skill check.

A creature so inspired gains a +4 morale bonus on saving throws and a +4 dodge bonus to AC. The effect lasts for as long as the ally hears the paladin and for 5 rounds thereafter. Inspire heroics is a mind-affecting ability. He may activate this ability once per day / 3 character levels. The speech requires at least a full round action to commit though the paladin may take 10 or even 20. By increasing the Perform (Oration) skill check to DC35, the paladin may combine the effects of both Inspire Heroics and Inspire Greatness. The paladin may affect more allies if they are less powerful. One ally counts as two if both are less than 4 hit dice or lower than the paladin.

Sanctified (Su): At 10th level, because of his consecrated body, a slain paladin is blessed with a permanent gentle repose effect (per spell). Slain paladins cannot be turned into any undead, regardless of their state (even if hacked into pieces). No part of a paladin's body may be used in any corrupt/necromancy spell or spell-like effect. If used as ingredients in a neverborn or cipher, the construct still awakens but cannot be controlled. It also becomes good aligned. Neverborns cease becoming totems.

EX. PALADINS

If the paladin wanders from these constraints in a moment of weakness or due to a tragic conflict of circumstances, the paladin loses all paladin abilities and will remains so until atoned.

This castigation comes not from divine punishment, but from a personal choice to redeem one's self for the actions committed. A paladin dishonors himself by his cowardly actions and seeks redemption.

The paladin must rest and seek to cleanse his soul by its stain. There is no set ritual or sacrifice, nor can one simply cast a spell and magically whisk away one's personal duty for salvation. This penance falls to the DMs discretion as the severity of the breach dictates the extent of the redemption. It should be noted that this form of atonement should only be granted once. Paladins learn their lessons quickly. Until salvation is found, he may not progress any further in levels as a paladin. He regains his abilities and advancement potential if he atones for his violations.



RANGER

Rangers are a broad classification of several types of adventurers. They are nomads, drifters, bandits, horsemen, scouts, and sentinels. Rangers connect themselves with the environment they inhabit for the time they are there. They travel light, fast, and by stealth. They survive in environments where others suffer. They know the ways of wilderness and often call home the realms avoided by other travelers. They share with the druids a zeal for nature but don't possess the intense dedication resulting in increased spellcasting. Rangers excel with the arrow. What they accomplish with the bow is nothing short of extraordinary. No one beats the ranger at ranged combat.

Despite the cliché, rangers can be found everywhere on Earth, even in the largest echan cities. They find uses everywhere. However, most still wander the lands, searching for a path or party or simply, an adversary.

Hit Die: d8.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a ranger, a character must meet all of the following criteria.

Skills: Knowledge (nature) 8 ranks, Survival 8 ranks, Handle Animal 6 ranks.

Feats: Weapon Focus (Bow)



Proficiency: Any bow.

CLASS SKILLS

The ranger's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Knowledge (dungeoneering) (Int), Knowledge (geography) (Int), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), Swim (Str), and Use Rope (Dex).

Skill Points at Each Level: 6 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the ranger.

Spells: If the previous class going into ranger possessed spell levels, the character is able to continue that spell progression as if gaining levels in the original class. The ranger gains additional spells every second level. The ranger does not gain spell casting unless he possessed them before going into the class.

Track: A ranger gains Track as a bonus feat at 1st level.

Wild Empathy (Ex): A ranger can improve the attitude of an animal. This ability functions just like a Diplomacy check to improve the attitude of a person. The ranger rolls 1d20 and adds his ranger level and his Charisma bonus to determine the wild empathy check result. The typical domestic animal has a starting attitude of indifferent, while wild animals are usually unfriendly.

To use wild empathy, the ranger and the animal must be able to study each other, which means that they must be within 30 feet of one another under normal visibility conditions. Generally, influencing an animal in this way takes 1 minute, but as with influencing people, it might take more or less time.

The ranger can also use this ability to influence a magical beast with an Intelligence score of 1 or 2, but he takes a -4 penalty on the check.

Improved Bow Combat (Ex): At 1st, 4th, 7th, and 10th level, the ranger may choose one of the following feats. He must meet all the requirements of the feat: Dead Aim, Far Shot, Improved Critical (Long bow or Short bow), Improved Precise Shot, Manyshot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Shot on the Run.

When the ranger has five of any of these feats, he may opt to choose one of the following special abilities instead. The ranger loses all benefits of these abilities when wearing medium or heavy armor:

Greater Improved Critical: The critical rating of the selected bow increases by +1. This requires having the Improved Critical feat and is added to that ability. Choosing this ability again allows it use to another weapon. They do not stack on the previous weapon.

Channel Strength: The ranger is able to use 1/2 his strength bonus (rounded down) to any bow to increase

Table: The Ranger

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spell Progression
1st	+1	+2	+2	+0	Track, Wild empathy, Improved Bow Combat	
2nd	+2	+3	+3	+0		+1 level of existing class
3rd	+3	+3	+3	+1	Dead eye (1/day)	
4th	+4	+4	+4	+1	Improved Bow Combat	+1 level of existing class
5th	+5	+4	+4	+1	Woodland stride	
6th	+6	+5	+5	+2	Swift tracker, Dead Eye (2/day)	+1 level of existing class
7th	+7	+5	+5	+2	Improved Bow Combat	
8th	+8	+6	+6	+2	Camouflage	+1 level of existing class
9th	+9	+6	+6	+3	Dead Eye (3/day)	
10th	+10	+7	+7	+3	Improved Bow Combat	+1 level of existing class

damage. When using a compound bow, its strength rating is 1.5 times the number listed for damage rolls (rounded down). If 1/2 his strength bonus for damage is higher, he may use that instead.

Damage Penetration: The ranger may choose one of the following damage penetrations. All his arrows, regardless of their type, always count as this type in addition when penetrating damage resistance: Silver, Cold Iron, Angelite (adamantine), Good, or Evil. The ranger may only select this ability once.

Power Arrow: The ranger gains the Power Attack feat exclusively with the bow. Like the feat, the ranger must have a strength of at least 13 and the attack bonus shifted to damage cannot exceed his base attack bonus.

Pass Through: If the ranger kills a target with an arrow shot, he is able to strike another target behind but in a straight line from the ranger to the original target with the same arrow. He rolls to strike again, taking into account the new range and suffering a -4 penalty from his current base attack bonus. This may only occur once per arrow. The ranger must have selected Power Arrow previously to gain this ability. If he chooses this ability a second time, he gains the additional ability to continue the Pass Through effect through as many targets as the Ranger's Strength bonus. He may not choose this ability a third time.

Fighter Feat: The ranger may choose one the following fighter exclusive feats. He may ignore the fighter level prerequisite for selecting said feat, though he must still adhere to other conditions (like other feats). The feat(s) chosen MUST apply to a bow: Weapon Specialization, Greater Weapon Focus, or Greater Weapon Specialization. He may select this ability multiple times, each time adding an additional feat or choosing the same feat to apply to a different bow.

Dead Eye (Ex): The ranger is able to automatically confirm a critical attack with an arrow shot. If the ranger rolls a critical threat, he may immediately declare it a critical hit without rerolling. He may do use this ability 1 / day at 3rd, 2 / day at 6th, and 3 / day at 9th. The ranger loses all benefits of this ability when wearing medium or heavy armor.

Woodland Stride (Ex): Starting at 5th level, a Ranger may move through any sort of undergrowth (such as natural thorns, briars, overgrown areas, and similar terrain) at his normal speed and without taking damage or suffering any other impairment. However, thorns, briars, and overgrown areas that are enchanted or magically manipulated to impede motion still affect him.

Swift Tracker (Ex): Beginning at 6th level, a ranger can move at his normal speed while following tracks without taking the normal -5 penalty. He takes only a -10 penalty (instead of the normal -20) when moving at up to twice normal speed while tracking.

Camouflage (Ex): A ranger of 8th level or higher can use the Hide skill in any sort of natural terrain, even if the terrain doesn't grant cover or concealment.

Hide in Plain Sight (Ex): While in any sort of natural terrain, a ranger of 10th level or higher can use the Hide skill even while being observed.

RAGRAK, NARROS

Despite legends and fairy tales, dwarves are not unkempt or dirty. They take pride in their appearance and their vocation and seldom break their disciplined lives for merriment or debauchery, lest they bring dishonor to their names. Though many approach this dedication to mining and the acquisition of goods and power for said family, some approach this dedication to the noble path for defending their house and the innocent. Narros soldiers all follow a strict code of honor, but a few blessed take their discipline to an

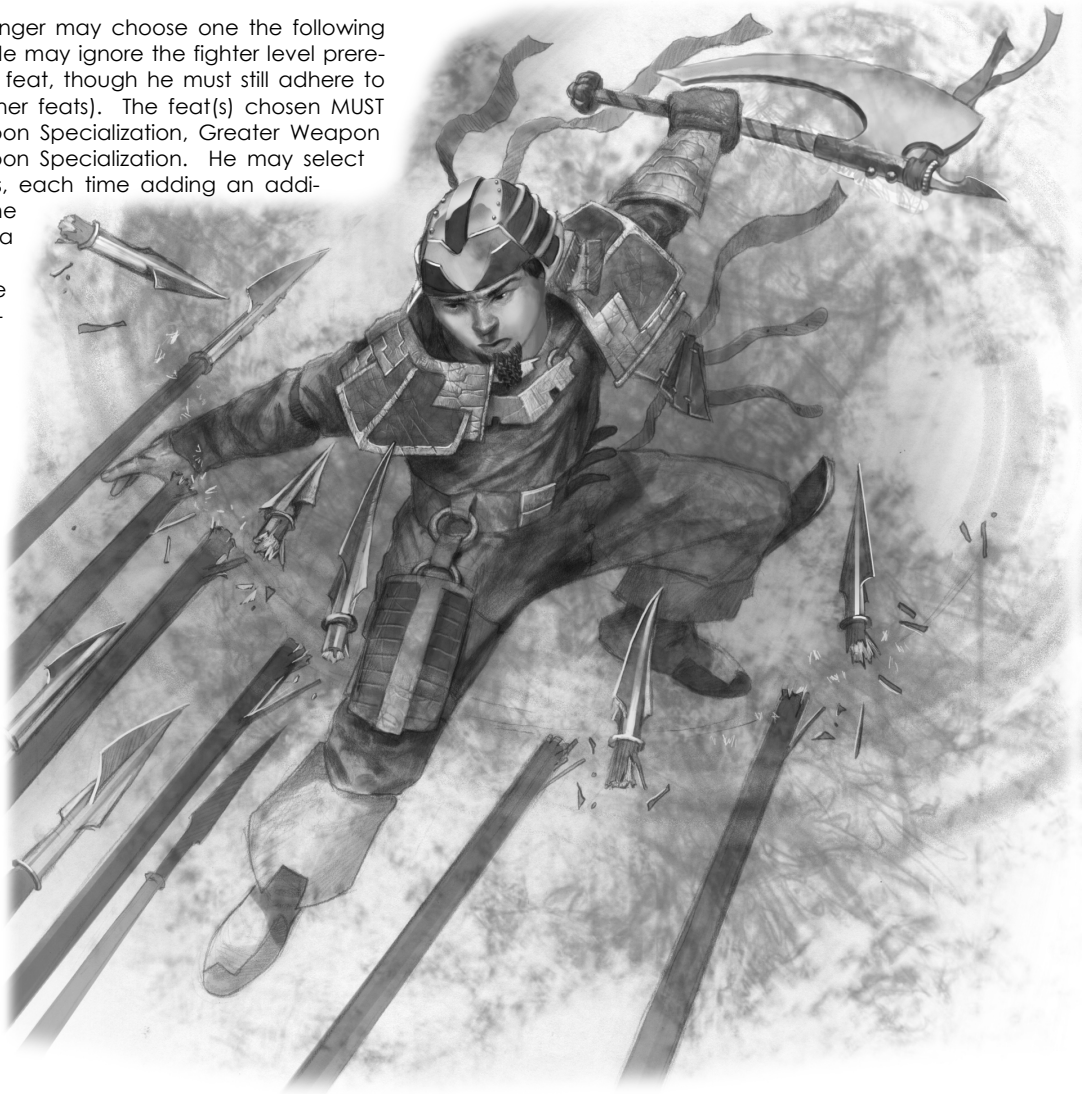


Table: The Narros Ragrak

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Sudden Strike (+1d6, +1 to hit)
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Improved Combat Expertise
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Sudden Strike (+2d6, +2 to hit)
6th	+6	+5	+2	+2	
7th	+7	+5	+2	+2	Slice Arrows
8th	+8	+6	+2	+2	
9th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Sudden Strike (+3d6, +3 to hit)
10th	+10	+7	+3	+3	Wade

amazing degree of devotion. All his life, he has lived alongside his blade. The crest on his shield is father and mother. His house is an ideal he will defend to the end. He wakes to don his armor and seldom removes them save for sleep or death. He refuses to take mates and refuses to father children. His defense of the house and realm take precedence over his carnal desires. To break these oaths not only brings dishonor to one's self, but to the house and family as well. If such a code is broken, or if the house and or lord are destroyed, the follower becomes a masterless ronin. Often outcast, he leaves his lands to either find a cause or to live by the sword. Some continue their code while others do their best just to stay alive.

Many human cultures find the similarity between the narros noble warrior and the Asian samurai similar. Many wandering narros ronin declare themselves samurai if asked. This title connects to their honor in ways the narros word, ragrak, could no longer do.

Hit Die: d10.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a narros ragrak, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Feats: Cleave, Combat Expertise, Weapon Focus (any two-handed weapon).

Race: A narros but not necessarily from any specific city.

CLASS SKILLS

The ragrak's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Ride (Dex), Swim (Str), Survival (Wis). See Chapter 4: Skills in the D20 PHB for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the narros ragrak.

Sudden Strike: The ragrak, if he holds his action to the instant a specific enemy strikes, gains a bonus to damage to his held attack. At 1st level, the damage bonus is +1d6 to his first strike. He may do this once per combat. At 5th level, this bonus increases to +2d6. At 9th level, it increases again to +3d6. The ragrak may only use this ability if wielding his primary weapon 2-handed. The first strike also gains a +1 to hit with each Sudden Strike level (+3 at 9th level).

Improved Combat Expertise: At 2nd level, the ragrak is so adept in using his blade to deflect enemy attacks; he is more efficient in the practice. If the ragrak wields his primary weapon two handed, he receives +2 dodge bonus to AC for reducing every +1 to hit using Combat Expertise. The maximum bonus to AC using this ability is the character's ragrak level (at 10th level, the ragrak may add up to +10 to AC at a sacrifice of 5 from his attack bonus). This is an expanded rule of Combat Expertise and is part of that feat. The ragrak cannot remove more than 5 from his base attack bonus total, as per the feat.

Eg: A 2nd level ragrak pulls 5 from his attack bonus and applies 6 to his AC (4 from normal Combat Expertise, 2 from this ability). Being 2nd level, removing 1 from the ragrak's BAB offers him a +2 to AC. The remaining 4 removed from BAB only offers a +4 to AC (on a 1-to-1 basis).

Slice Arrows: At 6th level, the narros ragrak gains the Deflect Arrows feat when using his weapon two-handed. He neither needs the requirements for the feat nor can he use it with any other than his primary weapon two-handed.

Wade: The ragrak at 10th level slices and carves his way through enemies, as he approaches his target of choice. Once per round, the ragrak may take a single 5-foot step between cleaves.

URMAGE

Laudenians make a very arrogant assertion that their people were the pioneers of the mage path. They gleaned the power of draconic from their deities. This legend alters depending on those telling. Other laudenians, as well as many other fey, claim Erufu or Oaken gave them the power of draconic words. Other stories deviate slightly, saying the elvish gods stole them from the dragons, or gave them to the

Table: The Urmage

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spell Progression
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Superiority	+1 level of existing class
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	Dispel of Opportunity	+1 level of existing class
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3		+1 level of existing class
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Grounding	+1 level of existing class
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Dispel of Opportunity	+1 level of existing class
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5		+1 level of existing class
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5	Seize Magic	+1 level of existing class
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6	Dispel of Opportunity	+1 level of existing class
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6		+1 level of existing class
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Unmaking	+1 level of existing class



dragons to give to the elves. Regardless, the laudenians always maintain that they received the words first and established the use of totems followed by all mages across the world both in the previous age and in the current one.

This fact is unfortunately correct. Despite the many claims by other races, laudenians did forge the first totems and their system of spellcasting spread to all the other cultures. They usually used staves. It wasn't until the damaskans picked up the technique that there were any other styles of totems used. Within a few centuries, every fey species had mages, using every type of totem one could design.

But the laudenians always claimed they started it and still carry the truest form of the craft. The oldest and the elite casters of the laudenians are their order of urmages. The urmages avoid combat whenever possible. They abhor direct bloodshed and hate getting their cloaks dirty. They prefer distance, not offering a target if it can be avoided. They rain fire from a safe observation point, avoiding armor and weapons and anything else against the pure form of spell casters.

Hit Dice: d4

Requirements

To qualify to become an urmage, a character must meet all of the following criteria.

Spells: Ability to cast 3rd level arcane spells. Must be able to cast Dispel Magic.

Skills: Spellcraft 8 ranks, Knowledge (Arcana) 8 ranks

Feats: Spell Focus (Any one school), Skill Focus (Spellcraft), Improved Counterspell.

Origin: Must be laudenian.

Totem: Must select staff.

Class Skills

The urmage's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Knowledge (all skills, taken individually) (Int), Profession (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int).

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the laudenian urmage prestige class.

Armor and Weapon Proficiencies: The urmage cannot use any urmage class features while wearing any armor.

Spells per Day/Spells Known: When a new urmage level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if he had also gained a level in the previous arcane spellcasting class in which he could cast 3rd-level spells before adding the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit a character of that class would have gained.

Superiority (Ex): At 1st level, the urmage adds his Int bonus to dispel checks, up to a maximum of his urmage class level.

Dispel of Opportunity (Su): An urmage of 2nd level may lose a prepared spell of 3rd level or greater to immediately cast Dispel Magic to counterspell another spellcaster's spell. This happens as if the urmage had a prepared action to counterspell. The urmage must know Dispel Magic to be able to cast it in this manner. This counts as the urmage's next turn's actions. He is already considered to have acted once his turn comes around. Once the urmage learns Greater Dispel Magic, he can lose a spell of 6th level to use Greater Dispel for the check. At tenth level, he can use Unmaking for this ability as well. This counts as a use of Unmaking if he does. The urmage

Table: The Angel Sniper

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+0	+2	+0	Ranged Sneak Attack +1d6, Range Increase	+1
2nd	+2	+0	+3	+0	Keen Bullets	+1
3rd	+3	+1	+3	+1	Ranged Sneak Attack +2d6	+2
4th	+4	+1	+4	+1	Advanced Aim +2	+2
5th	+5	+1	+4	+1	Ranged Sneak Attack +3d6, Consistent Aim 1/day	+3
6th	+6	+2	+5	+2	Free Attack	+3
7th	+7	+2	+5	+2	Consistent Aim 2/day, Advanced Aim +4	+4
8th	+8	+2	+6	+2	Ranged Sneak Attack +4d6	+4
9th	+9	+3	+6	+3	Banked Shot, Consistent Aim 3/day	+5
10th	+10	+3	+7	+3	Ranged Sneak Attack +5d6	+5

can use this ability 1/day at 2nd level, 2/day at 5th level, and 3/day at 8th level.

Grounding (Su): An urmage at 4th level can choose to take a -10 penalty on a targeted dispel check. If the check succeeds, the highest-level spell that is dispelled is also grounded out. The subject of the targeted dispel suffers 1d6 points of damage per spell level of the dispelled spell.

Seize Magic (Su): Once per day when countering a spell as it is cast with Dispel Magic or Greater Dispel, the urmage can take a -10 to the dispel check to seize the spell. When the urmage seizes the spell, it is not dispelled. The urmage takes control of it. The save DC and damage are as from the original caster. All selectable parameters of the spell such as target and shape are chosen by the urmage. The urmage is treated as the caster for all other intents and purposes.

Unmaking (Sp): Once per day, at 10th level, the urmage is able to unravel the magical power of a target. The range is 100 ft. + 10ft/ urmage level. Unmaking requires a dispel check like Dispel Magic, but there is no maximum caster level. Unmaking can be used two ways.

Counterspell: If targeted to be used as a counterspell, it counters the spell being cast and stops all spellcasting or spell-like abilities from being used by the target for 1d4 rounds.

Target: If directed at a target, Unmaking immediately strips all magic spells and spell-like effects from the target. This applies to positive and negative effects. It also suppresses magic items, spell casting, and spell-like abilities on the target for 1d4 rounds.

Item: If used against a specific unattended item (not carried by someone) via touch, Unmaking suppresses all trace of magic for 2d6 days and the urmage makes a caster level check. The level check is the % chance that the item is suppressed for 2d6 years.

TECHAN PRESTIGE CLASSES

All techan prestige class features are extraordinary.

ANGEL SNIPER

The Angel outer wall is one of the greatest works of construction in the known world. A monstrous barricade 400 meters tall surrounds the city, accented by kilometer tall defense towers able to see off as far as Antikari. Around several gatehouses, flanking towers prevent even the largest armies from an easy assault. The wall is not solid, being filled with an intricate network of battlements and sniper holes. Most of the goblin raiders migrating towards the wall never see their enemies. The angel sniper takes them out while the goblins are still deep in the forest. An Angel soldier learns how to steady his heart and hand when holding the weapon he trained on since enlisting. He surpasses all other snipers on Earth, even those from the xenophobic city of Mann, a bastion also boasting a



Table: The Selkirk Brawler

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Bear Hug, Grapple Damage (1d8)	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Bone Breaker	+1
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1		+2
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Grapple Damage (1d10)	+2
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Neck Snap	+3
6th	+6	+5	+2	+2	One Hand	+3
7th	+7	+5	+2	+2	Grapple Damage (2d6)	+4
8th	+8	+6	+2	+2	Bone Breaker	+4
9th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Head Slam	+5
10th	+10	+7	+3	+3	Grapple Damage (2d8), Damage Penetration	+5

great defensive wall.

Most Angel snipers carry out their tours inside or on the walls of the bastion. Seldom do they ever leave the safety of their city. Almost every single mission outside the walls, whether in shuttle or in a scrambler, carries at least one sniper with them. Rival bastions have copied their discipline and training, yet the result has never been duplicated.

Hit Die: d8.

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become an Angel sniper, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.
Skills: Hide 6 ranks, Spot 6 ranks
Feats: Far Shot, Precise Shot, Dead Aim
Origin: Must be from Angel.

CLASS SKILLS

The sniper's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Escape Artist (Dex), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Spot (Wis), Swim and (Str).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the Angel sniper prestige class.

Ranged Sneak Attack (Ex): Any time the sniper's target is denied his Dexterity Bonus to AC (whether or not he has a dexterity bonus), the sniper's ranged sneak attack deals extra damage. The extra damage is +1d6 at 1st level, and +1d6 every two levels after that.

Range Increase (Ex): With each level the sniper gains, the range increments of all his projectile weapons increase by 10 feet.

Keen Bullets (Ex): At 2nd level, all projectiles the sniper fires behaves as if they were keen weapons in addition to any other properties they may possess. This effect does not stack with other keen effects or improved critical.

Advanced Aim (Ex): At 4th level, the sniper gains a +3 bonus on his attack rolls against a target by careful aiming. Advanced aim is a full round action. No additional bonus exists for spending more than one round aiming. At 7th level, this bonus increases to +4.

Consistent Aim (Su): Once per day, a 7th level sniper can re-roll one attack roll that he has just made with a projectile weapon. He must keep that result, even if it is worse than the original roll. He can use this ability twice a day at 7th level and three times a day at 9th level.

Free Attack (Ex): Starting 6th level, once per round, whenever an ally within line of sight gains an attack of opportunity upon a foe, the sniper can make one ranged attack against the same foe, at his highest attack bonus, as a free action.

Banked Shot: At 9th level, the sniper can fire a shot at a target within 20 feet of a wall (but not adjacent to the wall) and treat the target as if flat-footed for purposes of AC and damage inflicted. The sniper may also ignore cover between the character and the target. The surface doesn't have to be perfectly smooth and level; a brick wall or an asphalt road can be used. This is a full round action since it is extremity difficult. The feat replaces the feat skip shot if the sniper has taken it. There is no reduction to hit or damage using this ability.

SELKIRK BRAWLER

Isolated for hundreds of years, the miners of Selkirk learned to make the most of what they had around. Their greatest asset was their brute strength and unfaltering will. Nowhere was this reflected more than in their national sport, Selkirk rugby. Every union in the bastion operates a team and the seasons never technically end, they just continue on and on. There is no downtime and seldom a moment's rest. Everyone plays; everyone wins; everyone loses.

The only population not on the field or on reserves for the team serves in the military. Since the entire population rotates, everyone serves as well. Fairly quickly, the same approach warriors fought on the game field translated to how warriors fought on the battlefield. This strategy continued outside of the bastion. Considering the massive disruption field caused by the terrain and the hidden city of Laudenia, somewhere nearby, little of the Selkirk technology operated outside of their mountain, forcing them to adapt to melee combat not unlike the echan narros they often traveled with. Although many from Selkirk still insisted on carrying heavy weapons and heavier armor, a few preferred to translate their game skills onto the combat field. When the Selkirk miners first arrived at Thos Thalagos, the narros were impressed with the great skill of the miners in unarmed combat. The Selkirks brought over another pastime the narros there quickly embraced, wrestling, which continues today. Oddly enough, the miners from both lands square off evenly matched. This brought more of the unarmed fighters out from Selkirk to brave the echan mountains to try their talents against the narros. Soon after, the Selkirk brawler became a common sight on all caravans from the bastion and almost every citizen leaving the city knows how to maintain a headlock.

Hit Dice: d12

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a Selkirk brawler, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Feats: Improved Unarmed Strike, Improved grapple, Weapon focus (grapple)

Table: Sierra Madre Martial Gunslinger

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+0	+2	+0	Martial Gunplay (1d6)	+1
2nd	+2	+0	+3	+0	Canny Defense	+1
3rd	+3	+1	+3	+1	Martial Gunplay (1d8)	+2
4th	+4	+1	+4	+1	Improved Two Weapon Fighting.	+2
5th	+5	+1	+4	+1	Mobility, Martial Gunplay (1d10)	+3
6th	+6	+2	+5	+2	Greater Two Weapon Fighting	+3
7th	+7	+2	+5	+2	Elaborate Parry, Martial Gunplay (2d6)	+4
8th	+8	+2	+6	+2	Flurry of Shots, Rapid Reload	+4
9th	+9	+3	+6	+3	Martial Gunplay (2d8)	+5
10th	+10	+3	+7	+3	Concentrated Shot	+5

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Origin: Must be from Selkirk.

CLASS SKILLS

The brawler's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are: Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Demolitions (Int), Drive (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (history, local) (Int), Listen (Wis), Pilot (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str)

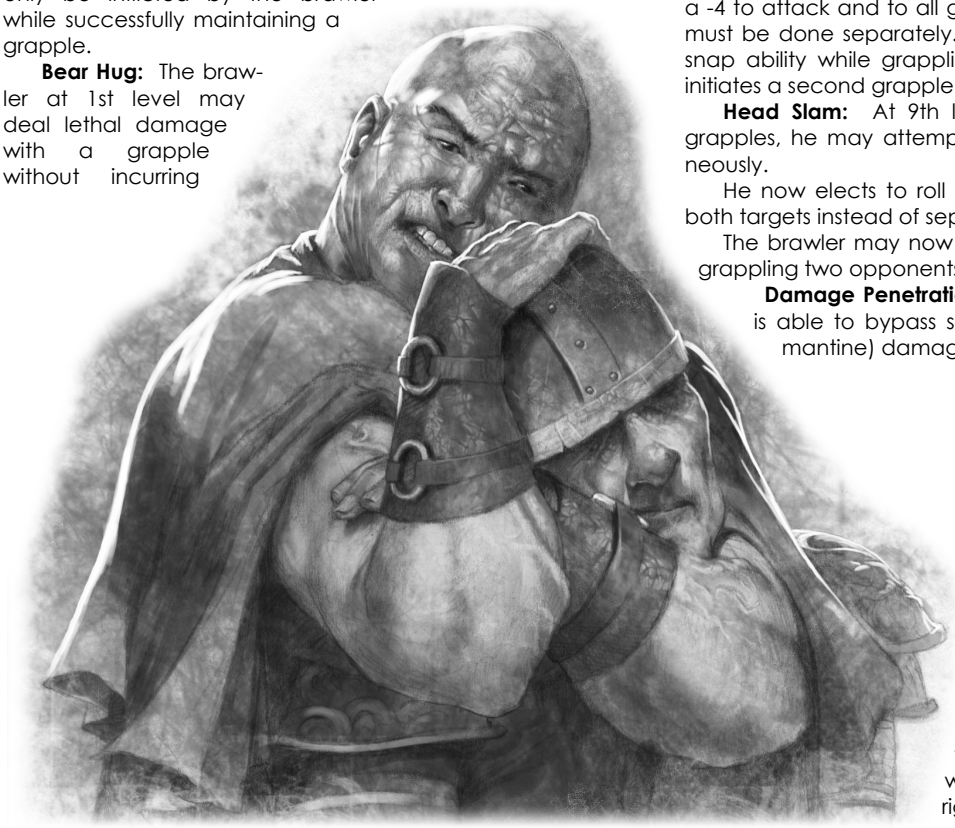
Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the Selkirk brawler prestige class.

Increased Grapple: The damage inflicted by a brawler while maintaining a grapple increases. At 1st level, the damage is 1d8. It increases to 1d10 at 4th level and to 2d6 at 7th level. Finally, at 10th, it increases to 2d8 points of damage. This damage replaces normal unarmed damage and can only be inflicted by the brawler while successfully maintaining a grapple.

Bear Hug: The brawler at 1st level may deal lethal damage with a grapple without incurring the -4 penalty.



Bone Breaker: At 2nd, the brawler gains the Weapon Specialization feat for grapple damage. At 8th level, the brawler gains the Improved Weapon Specialization feat towards his grapple damage.

Neck Snap: At 5th level, Instead of rolling for damage after successfully grappling an opponent, the brawler may instead attempt a neck snap. The target must have a neck and not be immune to critical damage (like undead). The target must make a Fort save at DC = 10 + brawler level or be instantly reduced to -1 hit points and fall unconscious. The brawler may use this ability once per day per 2 brawler levels.

One Hand: The brawler of 6th level no longer suffers consequences while in a grapple he initiates. He still threatens squares, he keeps his Dex bonus to AC, and he is able to move his full movement. However, attempting so forces an opposed grapple roll. He may move up to 1/2 his full movement without an opposed grapple roll.

Further, the brawler may initiate a second grapple with a second target. If he attempts such an action, he suffers a -4 to attack and to all grapple rolls to both targets. All rolls must be done separately. The brawler cannot use the neck snap ability while grappling two opponents. If the brawler initiates a second grapple, he no longer threatens squares.

Head Slam: At 9th level, if the brawler maintains two grapples, he may attempt to damage both targets simultaneously.

He now elects to roll once for grapple and damage for both targets instead of separately.

The brawler may now also use the neck snap ability with grappling two opponents.

Damage Penetration: While in a grapple, the brawler is able to bypass silver, cold iron, and angelite (adamantine) damage resistance.

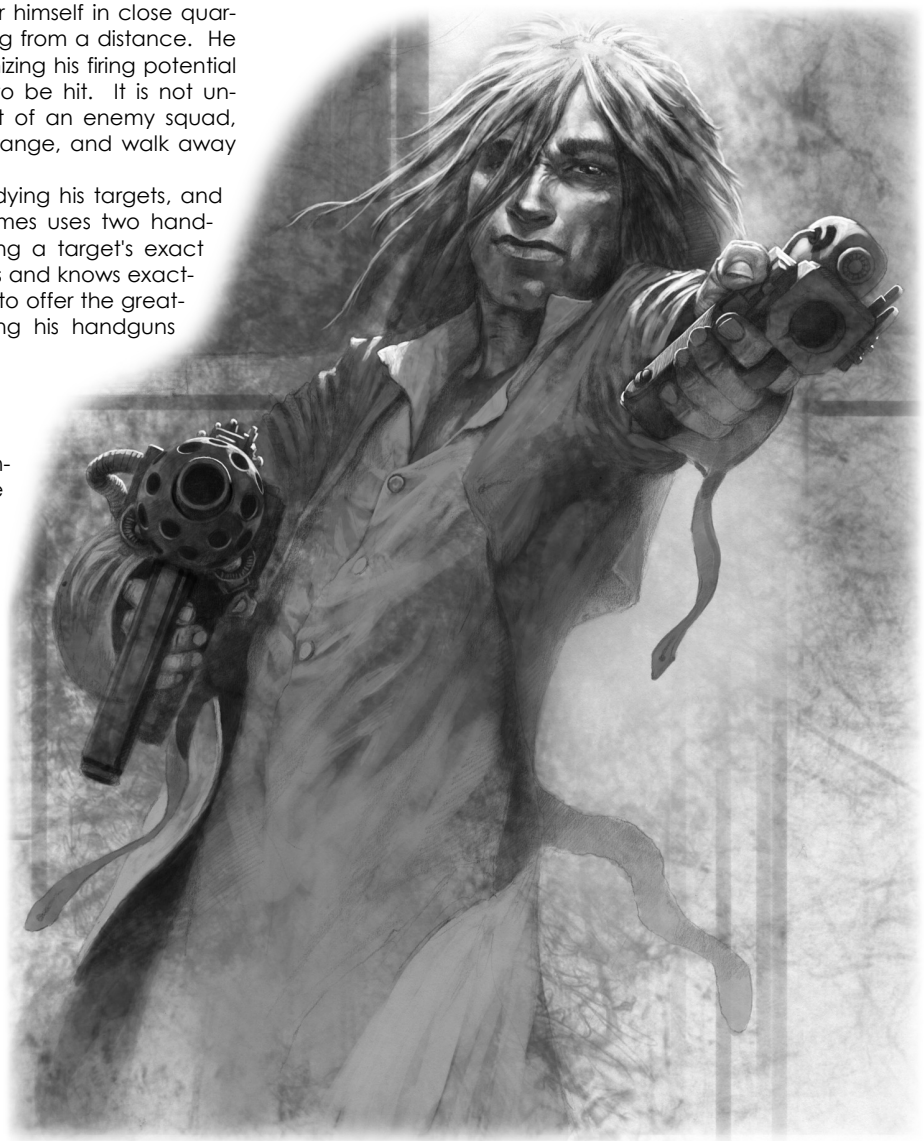
SIERRA MADRE MARTIAL GUNSLINGER

From the spherist culture of Sierra Madre comes the martial gunslinger. A martial gunslinger believes his abilities to be naturally canny skills developed over years of hard training and discipline. His abilities amplify with hidden powers channeling through his inane capacity to always be in the right place at the right time in close combat to place a perfect shot.

A martial gunslinger prefers to offer himself in close quarters, preventing his enemies from striking from a distance. He maneuvers himself to get close, maximizing his firing potential while reducing the capacity for him to be hit. It is not unheard of for one to jump in the midst of an enemy squad, take every one down at point blank range, and walk away without a scratch.

To do that, he must get close, studying his targets, and making every shot count. He sometimes uses two handguns, often firing without even knowing a target's exact position. He studies a scene in seconds and knows exactly where to stand and in what position to offer the greatest level of defense while also making his handguns lethal with even a single shot.

Hit Die: d10.



REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a martial gunslinger, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Tumble: 8 ranks

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Feats: Two-Weapon Fighting or, Personal Firearms Feat, Weapon Focus (Specific Handgun), Point Blank Shot. Note: A Martial Artist can supplement the requirements Two Weapon Fighting with their Martial Artist ability.

Origin: Must be from Sierra Madre.

CLASS SKILLS

The martial gunslinger class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Innuendo (Wis), Jump (Str), Tumble (Dex), Listen (Wis), Spot (Wis).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the martial gunslinger prestige class.

Martial Gunplay: A martial gunslinger's handgun(s) become extensions of his body. The gunslinger now becomes proficient with using his handgun(s) as clubs. The pistol does 1d6 damage at 1st level, increasing in damage as the gunslinger advances levels. For martial artists, the weapon(s) act as being unarmed for the purposes of unarmed combat.

A gunslinger may instantly switch from pistol damage to living weapon damage without dropping the firearm(s). He still retains his two weapon fighting ability and does not provoke attacks of opportunity. The weapon(s), when fired, still count as melee weapons in regards to two-weapon fighting feats. The gunslinger cannot use Martial Gunplay with the two-weapon fighting feat or the feats Rapid Shot or Manyshot. The martial gunslinger is limited to targets within 30 feet if using this ability with ranged weapons. He also cannot use this ability with any weapons larger than handguns.

Canny Defense (Ex): When not wearing medium or heavy armor or using a shield, a martial gunslinger adds his Intelligence bonus (if any) to his AC. If a martial gunslinger is caught flat-footed or otherwise denied his Dexterity bonus, he also loses his Canny Defense bonus.

Improved Two Weapon Fighting: At 3rd level, the martial gunslinger gains the Improved Two Weapon Fighting Feat if not already chosen. The gunslinger may now use this feat along with martial gunplay.

Mobility (ex): A Martial Gunslinger gets a +4 dodge bonus to Armor Class against attacks of opportunity caused when he moves out of or within a threatened area. A condition that makes him lose his Dexterity bonus to armor class (if any) also makes him lose the dodge bonus.

Off Hand Parry (Ex): When using the full attack option, a martial gunslinger can sacrifice his off-hand attack in exchange for a +2 dodge bonus to AC. This stacks with the Intelligence and Dex bonus listed above.

Elaborate Parry (Ex): At 7th level, if the martial gunslinger chooses to fight defensively or use all out defense in melee combat, he gains an additional +1 dodge bonus to his AC for each class level of Martial Gunslinger he has advanced in.

Greater Two-Weapon Fighting (Ex): The martial gunslinger can make a third attack with his offhand weapon, albeit with a -10 penalty. This may be used alongside martial gunplay.

Flurry of Shots (Ex): In lieu of his regular attacks, once per day a martial gunslinger of 9th level or higher can fire a single shot at each and every target within 30 feet, to a maximum of



one target for every martial gunslinger level he has earned. Each attack uses the gunslinger's primary attack bonus, and each enemy may only be targeted by a single shot. In addition, the gunslinger cannot use his precise strike with this maneuver. He also can only fire as many shots as he has in his armed weapon/s.

Rapid Reload (Ex): At 8th level, a martial gunslinger can reload a firearm as a free action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity.

Concentrated Shot: At 10th level, if the martial gunslinger wishes, all the damage caused by all the attacks at a single target in a single combat round may be added together to a single damage amount. The gunslinger holds back all damage rolls until rolling all his hit rolls to a target. After determining how many hit, the character rolls all the damage together as a single amount. The gunslinger may combine attacks at different targets but can only roll damage after all attack rolls have been made.

YORK GUN DANCER

Those in York cope with echan encroachment daily. The natives watch as travelers walk along the main avenue from the west gates to the docks. York continually deals with racial violence between the natives and the foreign invaders from the outside, even if those refugees are humans. The income from the docks and immigrants force many to tolerate the migrating population. For the military and police, they are taught early on that most of their weapons will break down or be ineffective to most forces attacking their city. With training from those skilled in echa, the York military developed a system of analyzing enemies and determining the most sensitive place to strike with the most damage.

The gun dancer is a slang term stuck to those few individuals exhibiting remarkable skill in this field. There is no rank or school where one acquires the title. The nickname is affixed only to those emerging with a prowess exceeding the others, a natural grasp of the skills, as if never needing to be taught. One is able to examine a target in a blink and discern the perfect point on the target to inflict the greatest harm.

In addition, the gun dancer develops a harmony with the area around him, offering him greater attention to his surroundings. This allows the gun dancer to avoid hits while still maintaining his concentration on the target. They seldom need to remain still in combat, constantly moving from cover to cover, always with a vital enemy spot firmly locked in their crosshairs.

Hit Die: d10.

Table: York Gun Dancer

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Gun Dance, Precise Strike (+1D6)	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Fluke shot (2)	+1
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Improved Reaction	+2
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Precise Strike (+2D6)	+2
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Evasion, Fluke shot (4)	+3
6th	+6	+5	+2	+2	Free Attack	+3
7th	+7	+5	+2	+2	Precise Strike (+3D6)	+4
8th	+8	+6	+2	+2	Fluke shot (6)	+4
9th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Soft Spot	+5
10th	+10	+7	+3	+3	Precise Strike (+4D6), Eye Shot	+5

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a gun dancer, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Feats: Weapon Focus (Any Personal Firearm), Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot.

Origin: Must be from York.

CLASS SKILLS

The gun dancer's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Ride (Dex), Tumble (Dex), Balance (Dex) and Bluff (Cha), Spot (Wis)

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the York gun dancer prestige class.

Gun Dance: When not wearing medium or heavy armor or using a shield, a gun dancer adds his wisdom bonus (if any) to AC. If a gun dancer is caught flat-footed or otherwise denied his Dexterity bonus, he also loses this bonus.

Precise Strike (Ex): At 2nd Level, the gun dancer gains the extraordinary ability to strike precisely with his focused personal firearm, gaining a bonus 1d6 damage added to his normal damage roll. Only the first shot per combat round is eligible for this bonus. Any creature immune to critical hits is not vulnerable to a precise strike.

At 4th level, it increases to +2D6. At 7th level, it increases to +3d6. At 10th level, it increases to +4d6.

Fluke Shot: Starting at 2nd level, the gun dancer is able to place a shot in such a way at a target as to avoid a near impervious defense. The dancer ignores 2 points of an enemy's DR, regardless of its type(s).

At 5th level, the gun dancer ignores 4 points of an enemy's DR, and at 8th level, the dancer ignores 6 points of an enemy's DR.

Improved Reaction: at 3rd level, the gun dancer gains an additional +2 to initiative. This ability stacks with improved initiative.

Evasion (Ex): At 5th level or higher if a gun dancer makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. Evasion can be used only if the gun dancer is wearing light armor or no armor. A helpless dancer does not gain the benefit of evasion.

Free Attack: At 6th level, once per round, whenever an ally within line of sight gains an attack of opportunity upon a foe, the Gun Dancer can make one ranged attack against the same foe, at his highest attack bonus, as a free action.

Soft Spot: At 9th level, the critical rating of any weapon the dancer has selected as his weapon focus feat is increased by +1. This stacks with improved critical.

Eye Shot: At 10th level, once per day, the gun dancer may confirm a single critical threat roll without re-rolling to hit.



"What?" Aiden asked back.

"You may scale the steps," one said while bowing. Aiden's mouth creaked open. He looked to the other two, unaware as to why Aiden's was so stunned.

"Us?"

The monk smiled an innocent smile concealing no wickedness or lies. He whispered through his smirk. "Aiden…Raven…and Mischa may enter the temple."

Aiden's mouth continued to fall. Finally, a push from an annoyed ranger persuaded him to climb. So they did. The walk proved why none of the temple monks were fat. The steps were steep and short. Mischa and Raven were with breath but Aiden made up for it in his fatigue.

"I'm not a knight, crucify me," he said between pants as they reached the top. As their eyes adjusted to the darkness under the eave, they saw the long descent that awaited them, as a double-helix spiral staircase orbited around a massive shaft that lead deep into the pyramid. The opening into the temple was so massive, the pagoda atop barely concealed it.

Aiden pondered what to do next. Aiden could see Raven was equally as astonished, but unlike him, she wasn't afraid. She desperately wanted to climb down. Aiden took the initiative before Mischa and began to descend.

There were no supports for the staircase. It spun around in open air until reaching the bottom. The only light came from torches perched on posts at the base, and from the little light beading from the opening up top. Not even the walls could be seen in this darkness. *Is it always like this*, Aiden thought.

"There's nothing here," Mischa concluded, slowly turning. "Some mystical beast they keep, must be a shrew around here. Watch your…dragon." Aiden and Raven snapped their heads around to see the head emerging from where Mischa had first seen it.

Gold and blue scales, long white whiskers, a forked tongue with a tiny spark a flame, bright blue eyes, a majestic head twice the size of an oxen cart moved from the shadow. Its coiling snake-like body followed behind, nearly floating in the air, four white-as-ivory claws barely scratched the marble surface. It stared at the group. Aiden's gape was followed by the other two. Raven squeaked first. "To see one in a lifetime—"

"Is a blessing," Aiden finished. "To have seen two—"

"But I am the same one," spoke the resonating bellow of the beast. The growl was deep and moved through their very souls. Raven's response was near automatic. Religious or not, she dropped her head and nearly bent a knee.

"Eyes up, Raven. I am not god. Do not fear my gaze." Genai spoke. She lifted her head slowly.

She repeated Mahan's claim. "A very credible argument."

"As he said," spoke Genai. If god is infinite, then I am as far from his supremacy as you. Those who worship may do so. I would rather them believe in me than in nothing or rather than something worse."

"One of the Yok-ani nine," said Mischa. He knew the legend, and he was losing his fear, replacing it with growing contempt.

"I am Genai-Dilong, and yes," spoke Genai.

"We are humble at your feet," Aiden tried to say calmly, but came out mumbled.

"Only because I am tall, child." Its eyes shifted to Mischa, mouth and ass firmly clenched. "A stalwart stance noble fighter," spoke Genai. "Is it fearlessness you flaunt or indifference?"

"Wisdom beyond ages," Mischa answered, "power overwhelming and you wither your years away in a cave."

Aiden snapped his head around with an anger never seen before. "Mischa! Respect!"

"For a lazy god, I show nothing of the sort."

"Whatever others claim him, he's an elder! You have—"

"My elders are dead and with proven strength."

"And the world continues," Genai interrupted the argument.

Mischa didn't know if the response was an insult. He didn't care and cleared his mind. His accusation was as biting as he could make. "The greatest kingdom in the world, mountains as keeps full of dragons and their armies. They do nothing as Ixindar grows."

"Should I also ask you why all of humanity has not followed suit at your lead. We are individuals, are we not?"

"Humanity can't shake the pillars of heaven when they scream."

"I've known a few humans who would refute that," spoke Genai. Mischa was building up for another ran, but Genai cut him off. "And if all of my kind swept into Kakodomania, into the very heart of Ixindar, you would have an empty kingdom where dragons once claimed, for we would be a finger against their fist. As was Kantis."

"We held back the darkness," Mischa growled, though less than before.

"And you did so with honor…until they were dead." Mischa was caught off guard by that. He opened his mouth to say something but failed. A small part of him wanted to hunt for a sword and cleave this beast down. A larger part was starting to feel a fool losing his temper in this temple in the first place. "I don't intend insult, ranger," continued Genai, "but a blind crusade is a failed crusade. And I don't speak for my cousins in dracontia, I only speak for myself, and I like to think the other Yok-ani—to which there are, as I am reminded, only nine—would involve themselves if their sacrifice would sway any balance to the favor of life. And powerful we may seem with the fire in our eyes and the shine in our scales, but we are frail creatures, endowed greatly in magic, but inadequate in muscle. I have a flock here. I kept them safe across a violent ocean to this land. When they were offered haven to help build this bastion, I remained to ensure their safety. But when the call is made, I will rise to fight the darkness…when the time is right."

Mischa was feeling increasingly deflated. He still had a few swipes left. "So I assume that was after my people were wiped out."

"Just as you assume I had knowledge of this."

"You know everything else."

"Only that which is presented. I know of Kantis because you knew of it. In that, I am truly sorry."

"Piss in your apology," Mischa built all he had in reserve to strike.

"Mischa. Shut up—" Aiden snapped, turning, back to the dragon, his face squared before Mischa's mug. Raven was too in shock to agree.

"I am no child to be scolded," Mischa shouted down. "I see a dragon and I am not humble. I will speak my mind."

"You accuse you him cowardice! He's saved thousands. Millions more we'll never know of." Aiden paused and fought through his own wall. "And he saved mine." Mischa didn't know this. He was unsure to still be angry. Aiden continued. "When a death dragon attacked Angel…it killed my MOTHER Mischa. My mother. Me as well if he hadn't stepped in." Aiden sank a little. He refused to show Mischa a tear. He brought himself to look at Genai. "They say you still have a scar."

"We are weak in body," spoke Genai, "strong in mind, so I do not think of it."

"You took a chance exposing yourself." Aiden took a step closer, closer than he ever way. "I never thanked you."

"Nor should you," Genai spoke gently. His nostrils tossed around the flaps of Aiden's coat. The pain through Aiden's eye was from holding back the anger for Mischa and the memory of that day. Mischa turned and paced away from the others. *I need to cool down. I am being a fool.* Genai leaned in even closer, bringing one of his claws closer to Aiden. "Don't be angry," Genai spoke, "…he keeps a rage barely bottled. Yok-ani don't act because they believe in peace, in the balance of things. We seldom war." A drop finally ran down Aiden's cheek. He didn't bother trying to wipe it. He was away from Raven and wasn't sure if showing her this would be wise. The claw came around him, almost to support him. "What bravery young one. You think of your tears as weakness, but they are as powerful as his hate. You wish me thanks, yet I am angry for not acting fast enough. I know of everyone that walks into my city, so I knew you, and your mother. She loved you and loved your courage, to brave a world you knew nothing about. To walk from the walls while others cower. In that, I had always faith in you. And this…" He trailed off, seeing the glow from under his shirt. His massive claw was surprisingly articulate, pulling out the amulet, basking the room in a sudden brilliant glow, brighter than it had ever been, brighter even now as the chain rolled over the talon. "And this…" Genai repeated. Aiden had trouble understanding what he meant. Despite eyes so large, the dragon was hard to read. "It all makes sense now. If it is true."

"What do you mean?" Aiden whispered. Genai released the Amethyst and let it drop to Aiden's chest. The beast took a step back.

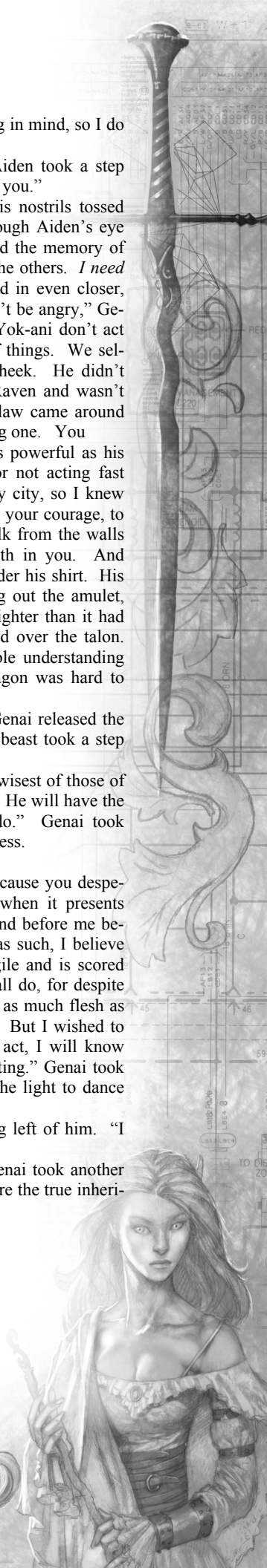
"The ranger seeks a truthsayer. Chen is the wisest of those of who don't pray. Even then, there are few better. He will have the answers for you. Trust him, as you always do." Genai took another step, his rear legs vanished into the darkness.

"Then why are we here?" Mischa asked.

"You're here Mischa Romanov of Kantis because you desperately seek something beyond vengeance, but when it presents itself, your rage blocks your vision. You all stand before me because of a path that made it unavoidable…and as such, I believe this will not be the last encounter. Fate is fragile and is scored with regret. I have my own to deal with. We all do, for despite the divinity improperly claimed upon us, we are as much flesh as you. And we make mistakes…we have regrets. But I wished to know you, so when the need comes for me to act, I will know what to do…and maybe change fate by not waiting." Genai took another step and raised his head high to allow the light to dance off his golden scales.

Mischa stepped forward. There was nothing left of him. "I should apologize," he fought himself to say.

"No…you shouldn't," spoke the dragon. Genai took another step, leaving only his head. "They say dragons are the true inheritors of this planet. But I think it's you."





EQUIPMENT IN AMETHYST

All the game mechanics in this chapter are designated as open content. All background descriptions are designated as closed content. Some elements utilize D20 modern SRD.

Although the future of Earth resembles the ancient landscape of fantasy, medieval it is not. The push for survival did not retard progress, even in the echan disruptions of the outside world. Those building the first cities after gatefall, even ones outside of the first fledging bastions, still possessed enough talent to build insulated housing and glass windows. Basic tools, even those with moving parts, still operated. Most of all, the knowledge from thousands of years of trial and error remained. The armor of today is lighter, stronger, and more maneuverable than the armor of legend. Swords are sharper and more balanced. Prevented from developing electricity and complicated machines based on chemicals and combustion, many survivors delved into new areas, pioneers in ulterior paths of development previously considered obsolete with the onset of the industrial revolution. Armor continued its progress to perfection. The arrow found itself lighter, flying longer, straight and true. Some preferred the mass production of cheap armaments for the masses and antique designs still found use in communities with a large expendable population. For the average traveler, their investment in their defense depended on their location and the length of time on the voyage. Many simply preferred hiring those with the training, already equipped for such tasks. Hired swords often sought out the best weapons, needed to offset their lack of numbers against less equipped raiders wishing to prey on them. This is common, especially in Canam, where paths and roads constantly fall under attack from the spawn races like kobolds and goblins. When the pagus began striking from the north, they first emerged tribal and primitive. Alas, over the course of only a few decades, their attacks have grown increasingly skilled and devious. They have also been wearing improved armor and wielding greater weapons.

Simultaneously, bastions employed their advanced expertise to weave better clothes and forge better armor. Eventually, some learned the value of these exports outside their walls. Though they almost always prohibited selling their weapons and technology, those items immune to EDF quickly were found fetching a stiff price from the quality sellers in echa. This resulted in a torrent of new items only from bastion export, a way to boost the economy of growing cities. The process to create these items necessitated the use of bastion knowledge and machinery, methods only replicated where the EDF was low or virtually nonexistent. Markets appeared to sell these items for unreasonable amounts, as bastions could control their export and price. Bastions like Angel and especially York turned this into a substantial financial windfall as the very money turned in (gold, silver, and platinum) could be

employed by the city in industry rather than using a barter system. EDF-immune bastion exports found their way across the echan countryside, employed by almost every manner of individual, though often enough only held by human hands. Many fey, especially laudenians and chaparrans, despise these items, while damaskans and gimfen own them as often as humans. Obviously, they are seldom ever seen in the hands of the non-human menaces wandering the lands, though scavenging has occurred.

A stout newsreader with a heavy chest and a voice to carry across the city stood atop a short wooden tower. Two young assistants behind him fed scroll upon scroll as he shouted into a speaking trumpet across the main city square. Thousands of people, both humble and noble, listened to the announcements. His voice carried authority and authenticity to the broadcast, factual or not.

"From the Tabernis Bazaar comes a new shipment of synthetic fabrics from York, expert weavings by man and machine. Nylons, acrylics, and polyesters. For the warrior with a heavy purse, newly arrived from across the ocean, nomex and various aramids. The future is now to dress yourselves in the newest fashions."

ENCHANTMENT DISRUPTION FIELD (E.D.F.)

Magic retards the progression of technology. It breaks down lubrications. It jams gears and shorts out electronics. It overloads batteries. Almost all man's technology postindustrial age is vulnerable. The more advanced the technology, the more susceptible it is. Because magic grows as more people use it, bastions are relatively safe within the confines of their walls or city limits. The moment they leave their borders and brave the outlands, their technology begins to degrade. As the machinery comes into contact with higher concentrations of enchantment, they become prone to sudden interference. This leads some to either become less efficient, cease working altogether, or in some rare cases, violently destroy themselves. Whenever technology is outside of a bastion, there is little anyone can do to impede this disruption. At best, they can slow or delay the effects for a short time.

The effects of magic against technology became referred to as the EDF, or Enchantment Disruption Field. Some bastions even rate an ED-I, or ED Index, which charts the hot spots in the world and the places users of technology need to avoid.

The low level EDF saturating the entire world prevents communication between the bastions and limits the lifespan of batteries, preventing most travelers from even reaching any significant distance away from their home. This is reflected by a single rule:

All exposed batteries lose 1 charge per day unless shielded. Shielding technology involves fortifying electronics. It's an expensive process and makes the item bulkier. Shielding offers a bonus against EDF rolls and when an item is shielded, regardless of its type or tech level, this slow daily drain stops.

However, the moment the technology comes into contact with a higher magical charge, an EDF roll is required. Failing said roll causes the above-mentioned unpleasantness.

ED-Fields generate differently depending on the source.

Breath Weapons: Breath weapons expand EDF in the same range.

Artifacts: It has been established that only artifacts in this book exist in this game but if the DM makes an exception, then Artifacts radiate at 10 feet.

Examples	DC roll modifier
Tech Level of Item is 1	+5
Tech Level of Item is 2	+3
Tech Level of Item is 3	+1
Tech Level of Item is 4	0
Tech Level of Item is 5	-1
Tech Level of Item is 6	-3
Tech Level of Item is 7	-5
Level 1 Shielding	+1
Level 2 Shielding	+2
Level 3 Shielding	+3
Level 4 Shielding	+4
Level 5 Shielding	+5
Enchanting the item.	-20

Extraordinary attacks: Extraordinary attacks do not generate additional EDF above the creature possessing it. Effects like Dragon fear do not generate its own disruption.

Magical Creatures: All magical creatures radiate EDFs at touch from challenge rating 2 until 5. At CR 6 until CR 10, magical creatures generate EDF to adjacent squares; CR 11 to CR 15 creatures generate to 10 feet (2 squares); CR 16+ creatures generate to 15 feet (3 squares out). Anything not of the natural earth counts as a magical creature. Challenge Rating 1 and under do not generate enough EDF to disrupt with a simple touch, but long-term exposure (longer than an hour) forces an EDF roll. Adding character levels do not count towards their EDF aura. Negative creatures (ones from Ixindar) like demons, pagus, and grotesqueries do not radiate EDF.

NOTE: Yes, most fey and echan humans count as magical creatures, and thus cannot hold onto technology for more than an hour before forcing an EDF roll.

Magic Items: Magic wands, anchors, staves, and scrolls imbued with spells operate the same as the highest spell level it possesses. Magic Weapons and armor radiate EDF at touch only at +1 to +3 total bonus and to adjacent squares at +4 to +6 total bonus. A +7 to +10 total bonus generates EDF to 10 feet. Items enchanted by negative energy do not generate EDF.

Spell Casters: Clerics, druids, mages, and their prestige classes don't radiate significant auras until they can cast 3rd level spells. When they can cast 3rd to 4th level spells, their EDF radiates to touch only (direct contact). If able to cast 5th and 6th level spells, the caster generates an EDF to all adjacent squares. If the caster possesses a foundation spell, he generates an EDF to 10 feet. Spell-like abilities operate exactly as spells. This only applies to casters casting spells from Attricana. Creatures bound to Ixindar do not generate EDF.

Spell Target: If a target of a spell is carrying technology, the target must roll. If a spell cast has a blast radius (e.g.: Fireball), the EDF expands equally. Spell-like abilities operate exactly as spells in this way. This only applies to non-negative spells. Negative spells do not general EDF.

Supernatural abilities: Supernatural abilities are counted with the creatures challenge rating and does not generate additional EDF unless they create an area effect or target a creature. Abilities listed as "Auras" also generate EDF if they are listed as supernatural but only if the creature is not negative.

Wondrous Items: Minor and Medium wondrous items generate EDF on touch only, Major items generate to adjacent squares. Negative magic items do not generate EDF.

The EDF roll is a simple DC saving throw the device needs to make to in order to continue functioning. Shielding offers a bonus as do certain specific items (see their descriptions). The

higher the technology, the greater the chance of disruption and each tech level offers a modifier as well.

The item must roll a d20 and beat the flat DC 10 saving throw. The final roll's deviation from the DC 10 alters the final result. With this roll, a natural roll of 1 is not an automatic miss and a roll of 20 is not an automatic success.

All techan characters are advised to write down their DC modifiers next to their equipment in order to accelerate the process of rolling.

If a device is repaired after a disruption, it is immune to disruption for 3d4 rounds. Batteries inside devices are considered part of the device they are in and disruption only occurs for the item and not the battery. All batteries, when in the open, all count as TL2 items, regardless of the item they are designed for or for which bastion they are bought. Batteries are assumed to be immune in the time it takes to reload an item if the cell is replaced during a combat round.

Final Roll (+ or – DC10)	Result
10+	The item is spared disruption and is immune to EDF for as many rounds = to EDF roll –10.
8 - 9	If battery powered, battery loses 1d4+1 charges. Item suffers a minor jam for 1d4+(TL of item) rounds.
6 - 7	If battery powered, battery loses 3d4 charges. Item suffers a minor jam for 2d4+(TL of item) rounds.
4 – 5	The battery shorts out and is useless. It is lost. Item suffers a major jam for 2d4+(TL of item) rounds.
2 – 3	The battery shorts out and fizzles into nonfunction. It is lost. Item suffers a major jam for 2d4+(2xTL of item) minutes.
0 - 1	Battery forcefully discharges, almost destroying the item. Battery is lost. Item breaks.
Below 0	Item is destroyed and cannot be recovered. Battery explodes, causing (1 / TL of item) d6 + (B cell=1, M cell=2, H cell=6) damage to everyone within 5 feet for a B cell, 10 feet for a M cell, and 20 feet for a H cell (DC20 Ref Save for half). (Eg: H Cell for a TL3 item does 3d6+6). Item with hit points (vehicles, etc) suffer maximum damage instead of being destroyed.

SHIELDING

Shielding	Cost of original item
Level 1 Shielding	5%
Level 2 Shielding	10%
Level 3 Shielding	15%
Level 4 Shielding	20%
Level 5 Shielding	25%

Unlike the gimfen shielding, which makes the weapon, armor, or item clumsier, bulkier, and far uglier, techan shielding keeps the overall shape of the original object and does not add significant weight to the final design. Unlike superior class items, which must be purchased in its state, shielding can be added later to existing items. Any techan item can be shielded, though no shielding implemented can have a level higher than the tech level of the item (E.G.: A TL3 Item cannot have more than Level 3 shielding). The cost of shielding depends on the original cost of the item. Gimfen can purchase additional shielding onto their adapted technology. You cannot shield batteries. Even level 1 shielding prevents batteries loaded in items from the slow drain of disruption.

CURRENCY

There are two approaches to currency in a fantasy world: realistic and function. Since many of the nations and kingdoms in Amethyst have neither an alliance nor trade, they share no common currency. Thankfully, the fey nations, long before man's arrival, already decided that despite what stamp was cast into the coin, the best way to ensure fair commerce was to make the value of the coin the metal it is made from. It is not unheard of a traveler having coins of equal value, but from a dozen different kingdoms. As expected, the fey restricted their coins to a small branch of metals, namely gold, silver, and copper, though the last was often mixed with other alloys like brass and bronze. This was standardized amongst the laudenians and damaskans, though the chaparrans avoided coins whenever possible. Narros added two more to the range, consisting of a dull silver coin made from palladium and platinum, and an ultra-rare angelite mint.

In the modern world, the fey continued this practice and have endorsed a set of rules when dealing with currency. They all still use coins that trade at the market value of the coin's material. They are all properly stamped for authenticity, and are distributed in near identical weight from other coins of equal value. The narros were responsible for this system and maintain its precision to this day. Though each nation would issue its own currency with its own unique signature, the coin would be of equal purity and value to equivalent coins from other nations.

Humans emerged with a shattered economy. They had transitioned to banknotes and digital money, all of which were destroyed. Human echan communities initially began under a barter system, which survived for more than a century until the first real kingdoms started to emerge. Because magic had difficulty forging valuable metals without the aid of a philosopher's stone (the holy grail of alchemy and still only legend), most nations adopted metal currency. Due to the prevalence of fey influence, most human kingdoms adopted the narros system. In Canam, Limshau based their currency from the narros, which was later adopted by Kannos and Abidan. Though their coins have consistent weights and value, they are stamped and named differently.

Meanwhile, Baruch Malkut employed a coin system unique to them, adopting a complicated banknote system for higher amounts. Baruch shopkeepers, though encouraged to report those passing unfamiliar money, often take foreign gold as the coins can be melted and sold later. Despite a continued push to eliminate the exchange of this money within their borders, it still occurs. The Malkut slavers, for example, freely accept foreign coins.

ECHAN CURRENCY

For ease sakes, all echan coins trade equally with each other. Many kingdoms take foreign gold, melt it, and restamp it with their mark. Because of this practice, the Limshau Chryso is the most widely circulated currency in Canam, followed distantly by the Narros Foot. It has been assumed the Limshau currency is the same as their Damasian brothers across the ocean as the currency's name dates pre-hammer. Here are some examples of Canam currency:

Copper/Brass/Bronze Coins (=1 CP)

Abidan / Limshau / Gimfen Penny
Baruch Malkut Copper
Kannos Kuedo
Narros Copper Tooth
Orchis Casten
Torquill Pence

Silver Coins (=1SP)

Abidan Dagot
Kannos Kroenan
Baruch Malkut Silver
Gimfen Pebble
Limshau Carmot
Orchis Noman
Narros Silver Finger
Torquill Tence

Gold Coins (=1GP)

Abidan Sovereign
Kannos Kannon
Baruch Malkut Dollar
Gimfen Gold Stone
Laudenian Talon
Limshau Chryso
Narros Golden Foot
Torquill Pound

Platinum/Palladium Coins (=1PP)

Limshau Tollar
Narros Pallis Spirit

Unique Currency (Various)

Narros Angelite Opus (=500 gp)
Laudenian Enchanted Mark (=250 gp)
Gimfen Pearl (=50 gp)
Quinox Crystal (=5 gp)

Houses Antikari, Ogium, Plicato, and Solum all use various other nations' currencies. When Torquill was in its prime, it instigated a massive run of its coins, which was the dominant tender for nearly a century until the kingdom's collapse. Even after, it continued circulation for many decades and is still found today, though overwhelmed by the distribution of Limshau tender. Unique currency is just that, and as a result, is often not accepted outside the race or region of issue.

The gimfen pearl is an actual pearl but with nearly pin thin etch-work over it, making its attraction far higher than the pearl itself. It is often used when flamboyant purchases are made, especially in front of prospective mates. It is commonly considered a sign of arrogance if used for mediocre purchases.

The laudenian mark is merely a glossy disk of electrum but is enchanted with a permanent magical endowment. The coin is able to float near weightless. It cannot be broken, or bent, nor can it picked from its owner's purse. The coins reappear in the owner's possession until willingly handed to another. Though the magic can be pulled off it and used in a constructive way, only the laudenian elder casters know how to accomplish this

The narros Opus do not have enough angelite to forge an item but enough coins gathered could be employed in such a way. However, the coins are worth more in their issue than they are in their content and forging an item from the opus metal costs 10% more.

The Quinox have a unique currency used in the high court and in prestigious markets. It is a small monocrystal 3 inches across. The unbroken crystal is completely pure with no grain boundaries—a perfect crystal lattice. The ingot boules issued by the state are identical with no markings for their authenticity. None is required, as no single person within and without the House of Quinox knows how the treasury creates such perfection.

Chaparrans prefer a barter system, but when forced to use money they employ their neighbors' (in this case, Limshau). Not a single thing in Laudenia is under 1 talon, therefore they have no coin measurement under that amount.

Games need not employ this system of currency, just assume the gold they acquire is universal. As an optional rule, a DM is welcomed to include the currency titles above purely as flavor to a scene, or he may impose a rule system upon them, forcing players to track what kind of money they have and its local value. If so, a few guidelines should be followed.

•Unique currency is only accepted by the race in question and they are often unwilling to trade it over to more acceptable legal tender.

•No one outside of Baruch Malkut accepts their money and no vendor in the "blessed kingdom" converts their coins or bills to foreign money.

•Banknotes are legal tender but have an accepted range from their bank. Usually, this range is within 100 miles. Outside of this, the notes are refused. Several shops in large cities refuse to deal with large monies (over 500 gp) and will only accept banknotes from local banks. Banknotes are seldom exchanged back to coins unless given as loose change in a purchase.

•Gems and jewelry are not legal tender and must be traded for currency or banknotes.

UNIVERSAL CREDITS (UC)

It would be great to think that one could pass into the walls of a city of industry with a bag of gold and buy a laser gun. Alas, it is not that simple. Not only do bastions not accept gold, but they also do not accept tender from other cities, including other bastions. Because of bastions' desperate need for resources, currency is printed on the cheapest of materials. They all commonly feature a half-plastic/half paper medium impossible to copy with more than 300 counterfeit measures including holographic imagery and computer encoding. Each has special imprinting from its home Bastion. No bastion currency can be exchanged with any other bastion currency. For the sake of clarity, these moneys are given the term Universal Credits, for they represent the legal tender of all bastion currency.

Various Bastion Currencies: Angel Dollar, Mann Credit, Sierra Madre Bar, Selkirk Pound, York Dollar.

Transferring echan currency (Gold, Copper, Silver, Platinum) to UC can be substantially difficult. Some Bastions arrest merchants transferring one from the other. Others have no problem whatsoever. Complications obviously emerge. Selkirk, rich in natural minerals, often trade in gold both with narros and with other humans.

Silver and copper are often refused and Platinum is occasionally awarded a higher rate because of rarity. Once a PC obtains the paper/plastic money, spend it or save it. Once they have gold, they never give it back. The same holds true for platinum. However, the DM may make an exception for lower amounts, usually only denoted to silver and copper, considered less valuable in bastion eyes. UC is accepted NOWHERE outside of bastions and cannot be used at other bastions. Selkirk currency cannot be spent at York, Angel, Sierra Madre, or Mann.

RANDOM STARTING CREDITS

This is a base starting UC for techan characters when they begin at 1st Level.

Class	Amount	Class	Amount
Brute	5d4x40 UC	Mechanic	6d4x30 UC
Faceman	5d4x30 UC	Medic	6d4x30 UC
Infiltrator	6d4x40 UC	Recon	7d4x40 UC
Martial Artist	6d4x40 UC	Soldier	7d4x40 UC

Table: Echan Weapons

Martial Weapons	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Critical	Range Inc.	Weight	Type	Special
Bastion Greatsword*	7000 gp	—	2d6	19-20/x2**	—	4 lb.	Slashing	Two-handed
Bastion Longsword*	6200 gp	—	1d8	19-20/x2**	—	2 lb.	Slashing	One-handed
Bastion Shortsword*	6000 gp	—	1d6	19-20/x2**	—	1 lb.	Slashing	One-handed
Compound Longbow*	4200 gp	—	1d8	X3	150 ft.	8 lb.	Piercing	Variable strength
Master Compound Longbow*	8600 gp	—	1d8	19-20/X3	150 ft	8 lb.	Piercing	Variable strength
Exotic Weapons								
Bastion Bastard Sword*	6300 gp	—	1d10	19-20/x2**	—	3 lb.	Slashing	One-handed
Carbon Crossbow*	5035 gp	—	1d10	19-20/x2	140 ft	3 lb.	Piercing	Two-handed
Hook Sword	30 gp	1d4	1d6	19-20/x2	—	2 lb.	Slashing	+1 to disarm
Kirpan	20 gp	1d3	1d4	19-20/x2	—	1 lb.	Piercing or Slashing	Required for Sikh clerics.
Limshau Katana*	340 gp	1d8	1d10	19–20/x2	—	6 lb.	Slashing	
Limshau Nagamaki*	320 gp	1d4	1d6	19-20/x2	—	3 lb.	Slashing	One or two-handed
Limshau Odachi (greatsword)*	400 gp	1d10	2d6	19-20/x2	—	5 lb.	Slashing	Two-handed
Limshau Repeating Crossbow*	750 gp	1d6	1d8	19-20/x2	—	5 lb.	Piercing	One-hand reload
Limshau Tanto*	300 gp	1d3	1d4	18-20/x2	—	0.5 lb.	Piercing or Slashing	
Limshau Wakazashi*	310 gp	1d4	1d6	19-20/x2	—	2 lb.	Piercing	
Limshau Yari (ominae/ setae)*	380 gp	1d8	1d10	X3	—	5 lb.	Piercing or Slashing	Supreme Reach** / Reach
Narros Krollish	48 gp	—	1d6	X4	—	5 lb.	Piercing or Slashing	**
Pata	35 gp	1d6	1d8	19-20/x2	—	4 lb.	Slashing	+5 to resist disarm
Tessen War Fan	15 gp	1d4	1d6	X3	—	1 lb.	Slashing	+2 to disarm weapons
Three section staff / Sanjiegun	35 gp	1d6	2d4	X3	—	8 lb.	Bludgeoning	Reach Weapon
Tonfa	7 gp	1d4	1d6	X2	—	2 lb.	Bludgeoning	Increased defense
Urumi	30 gp	1d6	2d4	19-20/x2	—	5 lb.	Slashing	Reach

* Weapon is mastercraft
** Special, see below.

Starting characters at a higher level offers a higher UC allotment than echan characters with gold. Utilize the same table from page 135 of the D&D DMG but a techan's UC wealth is the listed gp value with a 25% increase.

A COMPROMISE IN THE SETTING

Although realistically, batteries and devices that use them are unique to each bastion, certain rules are in place to make a techan game actually fun.

—Bastion batteries are compatible with other bastion batteries. Mann and Sierra Madre would be exceptions. There is no way they would sell other bastion batteries and their technology cannot use any other bastion cells.

—Buying a lower TL item from a higher TL bastion still counts as the lower TL item. Further, the item is exactly the same in mechanics (though not necessarily in looks) as if the item was purchased from a lower TL bastion (or anywhere else for that matter). A TL2 weapon from Selkirk works and is built exactly the same way as a TL2 weapon from Mann. This applies to disruption rules, repairs, and when applying craft skills to the item.

ECHAN WEAPONS

Most fey races remain steadfast in their traditions and techniques. A laudenian bow looks the same now as it always did. Only the damaskans continue to evolve with collected knowledge from their human allies. The weapons from Limshau revel in a newfound understanding of the forge and hammer.

Some narros, specifically from the Finer Fire Pits, also picked up on this while the gimfen act like children discovering the cookie jar. Even some bastion exports found their way into echan hands, wielded as proudly as if pulled from a dwarven fire pit, a result of technological know-how, not magical aptitude. A prospective buyer can usually spot one of these rare weapons by their extravagant cost. Alas, the greatest problem with these superior examples of armament is their boring appearance. Often enough, they are built for effectiveness, not glory, so seldom do they strike fear in opponents when raised in anger or to rouse the masses when pulled from their scabbard.

MASTERWORK WEAPONS

A masterwork weapon is a finely crafted version of a normal weapon. Wielding it provides a +1 enhancement bonus on attack rolls. Mastercraft melee weapons in Amethyst

weigh half as much. Both echan and techan weapons may be mastercrafted. Some are already built that way.

BASTION EXPORTS

Some manufacturers in bastions used their advanced technology to create weapons of amazing precision. The materials employed were melted at exacting points, chemically combined to a perfect ratio, their edges shaved to almost an atom's sharpness. Bastion exports look plain and somewhat ordinary. Maker symbols offer some style, usually engraved in the steel itself. Bows are no longer strung animal hides around bent wood but cables strung around a mechanism of levers. Because of this niche market, echan weapons made and exported from techa go for amazing amounts and seldom can buyers justify the expense. Bastion exports, even the most complicated ones, are still primitive in their application in combat compared to bastion techan weapons. They are still counted as echan weapons and are not affected by EDF. They are all considered mastercraft. They may be enchanted.

Bastion Swords: Greatswords, longswords, shortswords and bastard swords exported from bastion forges are ground by computer-guided lasers to a fine edge. They are built from extremely hard angelite (adamantine—able to ignore 20 points of an object's hardness). Because of their construction and the materials involved, they are considered mastercraft, though receiving a +2 enhancement bonus to hit. Their fine edge also increases their threat range. The weapon increases its threat range by +1 after any other abilities (Keen or Improved Critical) are applied. Because techan weapons are made by humans for humans, there are no small size variations.

Carbon Crossbow: This super light crossbow was exported from York originally but replicas have been found across Canam. The weapon is a sleek, smooth, multi-piece item of black and silver, constructed not of steel but of plastics and carbon fiber. This makes the weapon not nearly as clumsy as ancient designs. Although a heavy crossbow by damage and range, it is treated as a light crossbow in all other respects. It can be held by one hand while firing and reloading takes a move action that provokes attacks of opportunity. It is also mastercraft offering a +1 enhancement to hit. It also comes with a range-finding scope, nullifying the penalty of firing into the next range increment if the character takes a full round action to aim.

Compound/Master Compound Longbow: Compound bows are fashioned in steel. They are bolted and adjusted by computer. Their power comes from a series of pulleys, cams, and levers. They do not warp and can be adjusted for a variety of conditions. The biggest drawback of modern compound bows is their weight, far heavier than any echan bow. This is taking into consideration that most of these bows are made from aluminum and even a few rare models are constructed from magnarros or angelite. There is no shortbow variety from any bastion so compound longbows can only be used by medium sized creatures. A compound bow's strength rating is adjustable. The compound bow can be adjusted between +1 to +6 Str bonus.

The master compound bow can be adjusted between +1 to +8 Str bonus. Also, because of the ease of pulling the cable, and holding the load when aiming, the enhancement bonus to hit for being mastercraft for the master compound bow increases from +1 to +2.

LIMSHAU WEAPONS

Modern Limshau weapons were adapted from knowledge they acquired from Asian refugees leaving Angel when Ravenar left hundreds of years ago. These designs resembled the old human styles from ancient eastern countries. The similar names came later to honor the new population helping to build a better life. All Limshau weapons look plain and virtually featureless. They sport neither jewels in their pommels nor intricate weavings on their handles. The swords are extremely sharp and feature holes along the blade, which lightens the weapon without sacrificing tensile strength by a significant margin. Although resembling the weapons of their namesake, the steel used and the forge process results in a blade as sharp as legend, but not nearly as rigid as their predecessors. This gives modern Limshau weapons a longer lifespan, making them more resistant to snapping. All Limshau weapons are mastercraft.

Limshau Katana: The same as the katana of legend, this Asian designed longsword features a single edge on a long, curved blade. Although many uneducated people think all Limshau and Asian weapons are katanas, they are not. The title only applies to a specific shape and length.

Limshau Nagamaki: The nagamaki is a short curved, single edge blade like the katana, but with a shortened length, closer to the wakazashi. It also features an extended hilt, even longer than the katana's. The length of the hilt almost equals that of the blade. As a result, the nagamaki, though technically a light melee weapon, can be wielded by one or two-hands.

Limshau Odachi: The odachi is a Limshau greatsword. Like all Limshau weapons, the odachi is Asian inspired, so resembles the katana with its curved single-edge blade. The odachi is far longer, heavier, and more intimidating.

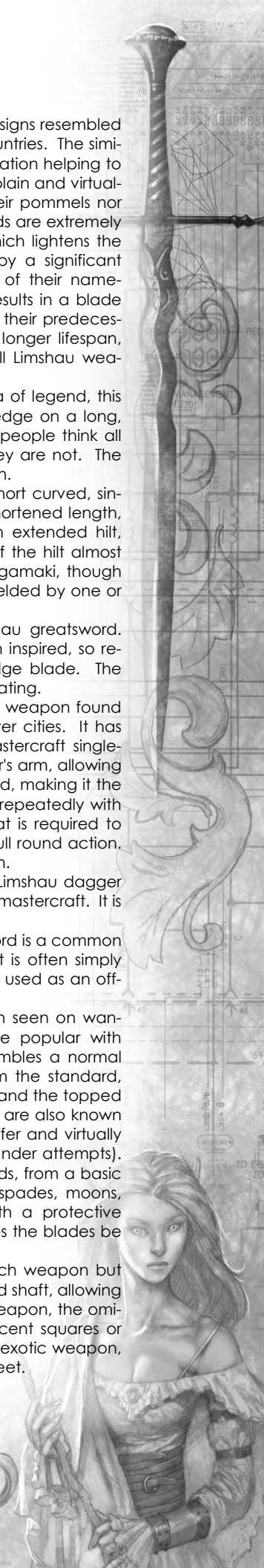
Limshau Repeating Crossbow: This unique weapon found popularity recently with custodians in the outer cities. It has since found widespread circulation. This mastercraft single-hand crossbow carries a strap around the user's arm, allowing the weapon to be reloaded with a single hand, making it the only crossbow that can be loaded and fired repeatedly with a single hand. Extending one's arm is all that is required to reload the weapon. Changing clips is still a full round action. Limshau repeating crossbows hold 6 bolts each.

Limshau Tanto: The tanto is a very small Limshau dagger virtually identical to a normal dagger, though mastercraft. It is a popular choice in the nation.

Limshau Wakazashi: This Limshau short sword is a common sight with almost all custodians in Limshau. It is often simply called the "side-arm" as it is almost exclusively used as an off-hand weapon.

Limshau Yari (ominae / setae): Not often seen on wandering custodians, the Limshau yari became popular with defenders on the white walls. The yari resembles a normal spear and basic variations seldom differ from the standard, though yari points are generally much longer and the topped blade styles are exquisitely more diverse. Yari are also known for usually long tangs, making them much stiffer and virtually impossible to break (receiving a +2 against sunder attempts). Variations of the blade number in the hundreds, from a basic double-edged dagger to ones shaped like spades, moons, hooks, forks, or sickles. Yari also come with a protective leather sheath for the top, as tradition decrees the blades be kept concealed until used.

Setae yari shafts allow them to be a reach weapon but the ominae yari variation features an extended shaft, allowing it to reach 15 feet (3 squares). As a martial weapon, the ominae cannot be used against targets in adjacent squares or ten feet away (two squares away), but as an exotic weapon, the ominae threatens both at 10 feet and 15 feet.



OTHER EXOTICS

Hook Sword: The hook blade resembles a short sword but with a hook-shaped curve at the end. This gains for the user a +2 bonus to attempts to disarm an opponent. If two hook swords are employed via the two-weapon fighting feat, this bonus increases to +3.

Kirpan: All baptized Sikhs should own a ceremonial dagger known as a kirpan. Beyond their ornament design, they are exactly the same as a normal dagger. The use of the kirpan is limited and they are seldom sold to anyone. Using one in anger or in an assault is prohibited. It is meant only as a defensive weapon so is only withdrawn when another initiates an attack. It carries a spiritual meaning to its wielder, a faithful Sikh, a soldier of god. As such, one wielding the weapon should be a devout follower of the faith. A non-Sikh owning such a weapon is considered in insult. Though kirpans can technically be of any length of style, most are daggers, and as such are represented as one here.

Narros Krollish: The krollish shields the front hand while forming into a scythe-like slashing weapon. The krollish counts as a martial weapon for normal use, though as an exotic weapon, the krollish can be turned into a small shield, offering a +1 bonus to AC. This bonus cannot be increased with magic nor does it increase if krollishes are wielded in each hand. If used as a shield, the krollish cannot be used to make attacks the following round. It is a single-handed weapon. Narros gain the exotic weapon proficiency feat to use with the krollish.

Pata: The pata is a weapon popular with human echan nations. Its unique design dates back to human craftsmanship and a similar design never existed with the fey. It is a longsword attached to a large gauntlet or even a small buckler around the hand and wrist. The blade is often double-edged and long. The pata offers a +5 bonus against attempts to disarm the pata from the wielder. Unlike a locked gauntlet, the weapon can still be dropped as a free action.

Tessen War Fan: A master of tessenjutsu can wield the iron war fan with amazing skill. Experts can furl and unfurl the weapon instantly, turning from an offensive to a defensive position with the flick of the wrist. Although often made of iron, modern construction has seen it made from carbon steel, magnarros, or angelite. The 8 to 10 ribs are usually longer than a regular fan, sharpened to a point. Being an exotic weapon, one must take the feat to use it properly. If taken, the war fan offers itself not only as a slashing weapon, but also as a defensive shield. It offers a +1 shield bonus to AC. Enchanting the weapon does not increase this bonus, adding to hit and damage and not to its AC bonus. If wielding two fans and having the two-weapon defense feat increases this AC bonus to +2.

Three section staff / Sanjiegun: This flail weapon comprises of three metal or wooden staves connected by a short fragment of chain. They are useful for striking around enemy shields and for tripping opponents. It counts as a spiked chain in all respects except it delivers bludgeoning damage instead of piercing.

Tonfa: The tonfa is a side-handled baton often employed in defense and attack. These weapons began their existence as farmer tools. Ironically, after the EDF dropped, they found their place again. Although tonfas are generally held in pairs, this route is not exclusive. To maximize one's use of the tonfas, one must possess the combat expertise feat. When employing the feat with the tonfas, you can take as much as a -8 penalty on your attack roll and shift it to AC.

Urumi: The urumi is a human weapon carried from the past. It is a whip-like weapon of flexible steel. Although steel whips are not uncommon, the urumi's unique tendrils can slice through most opponents. Some examples lash out with multiple bands. Like a whip, they are coiled up until released. The urumi has reach, so it can strike opponents 10 feet away. In addition, unlike most other weapons with reach, it can be used against an adjacent foe. The urumi also offers a +4 bonus on opposed attack rolls made to disarm an opponent (including the roll to avoid being disarmed if such an attempt fails). The urumi is a light weapon.

TECHAN WEAPONS

Techan weapons are not listed by specific region. If this book went into details of every single model from every single bastion, the chapter would occupy half the book. As a result, only the broad examples are listed. However, some unique weapons are included.

The weapons covered here are grouped into three categories based on their general utility: ranged weapons, explosives, and splash weapons. Ranged weapons fall into several general groups: handguns, longarms, heavy weapons, and super heavy weapons. When using a ranged weapon, the wielder applies his Dexterity modifier to the attack roll. Handguns and longarms are personal firearms. A personal firearm is any firearm designed to be carried and used by a single person. Purchasing a weapon supplies no bullets or clips and they must be purchased separately. The only exceptions are one-use items like rocket launchers.

Firearms are all classed as weapons for medium-sized users. If a smaller user wields a techan weapons, they are classed one step larger. Handguns become longarms; longarms become heavy weapons, and heavy weapons become super heavy weapons. Tiny creatures cannot use techan weapons.

BATTERY CELLS

Many of the objects in this section require batteries. Any device that uses batteries requires one as they are not included in the purchase price. You cannot replace one type of battery for another type under ANY circumstances.

Battery classes: The three different types of battery cells are as follows:

Basic (B): These Cells are for smaller items and cost 5 UC each. 10 cells weigh 1 lb.

Medium (M): These cells power many weapons, smaller vehicles, and larger equipment. They cost 50 UC each. 1 cell weighs 0.5 lbs.

High (H): These Cells are larger, powerful, and usually reserved for huge weapons and massive energy equipment. They cost 250 UC each. 1 cell weighs 5 lbs.

Battery Type	Charges
1	1 charge
2	5 Charges
3	10 Charges
4	25 Charges
5	50 Charges

TECH LEVELS

Tech levels indicate the differences between the bastions themselves. Even the gimfen that pride themselves in machines cannot compete with the lowest technology of man. Some bastions reached higher pinnacles of advancement far before others. Some struggle to survive while others flourish. With communications lines cut via the EDF, the bastions grew and developed separate from their brethren. After a thousand years, they are not about to start sharing. Some have developed modest trade and technology agreements. This

created a new cold war, as bastions would not only fight for technology but for the people possessing the knowledge to give them an edge.

Player Characters can possess six tech levels. Some examples do exists for a bastion to develop a device one step above for a unique project. Higher tech level bastions gain access to all ones below them.

Tech Level 1: Vehicles — Aircraft utilize aeroforms and propellers. Vehicles roll on wheels. Military craft flaunt armor and tank treads. None of these vehicles require cells so are quite primitive and lack any navigational gear. Fly by wire. Weapons — Bolt action and flechette rounds fire from most guns. No energy weapons. Living — Natural healing mostly. Surgery can cure most wounds but recovery can last a while.

Tech Level 2: Vehicles — Same as TL1 except now the vehicles possess traction control and anti-lock brakes. Onboard computers help with navigation and power delivery. Jets now feature vectored thrust and vertical takeoff and landing. Weapons — Bolt-action weapons now sport advanced targeting. Basic energy weapons are limited to short range electric shocks. Living — Advanced drugs and computer based diagnostic tables catch injuries missed by a standard exam.

Tech Level 3: Vehicles — Vertol fan craft and wingless jets keep aircraft aloft, are much more stable, and can fly rings around TL1 craft. Aircraft designs are no longer dominated by their massive aeroforms. Ground vehicles still use wheels but now magnetic vehicles appear as an alternative. Weapons — Bolt weapons remain the choice for most but the way they fire improves. Railcannons and gyrocs appear. Living — Rapid healing injections and ability boosters. Healing time cut in half.

Tech Level 4: Vehicles — Magnetic vehicles shrink in size and now replace wheels in common transport. Fanjets shrink and become more efficient. Weapons — The beginning of basic laser weaponry. Advanced bolt weaponry. Living — Known diseases are cured. Healing time cut a third. Nano healing is in its infancy.

Tech Level 5: Vehicles — Robotics appear beyond the role of "dumb tool." Power Armor prototypes are released. Wheeled traffic virtually nonexistent or if it exists, it can traverse any terrain. Ramjets shrink and provide massive thrust in small packages, revolutionizing transportation outside the mag-traffic. Weapons — Laser Weapons "tunable." Plasma Weaponry. Bolt weapons are outdated. Living — Nanotechnology can heal any wounds and even regenerate limbs.

Tech Level 6: Vehicles — Antigravity replaces all previous transportation. Weapons — Disruptors, disintegrator weaponry. Living — Complete body reconstruction.

RARITY

Smuggling quickly became popular among those outside the walls of bastions. Many would spend preposterous amounts of money to acquire higher tech levels. High tech level items and certain illegal items become harder to acquire depending on where they are bought. When a character attempts to purchase something in any fashion that may be considered rare, the DM should consider its scarcity. He may use his own personal judgment or roll a simple D20. The base DC is 10 +(2 / TL of item). The roll is modified as follows.

+2 per tech level of bastion

+5 for black market.

Buyers may take 10, taking all day to search for the right store but they may never take 20. That roll applies to everything the store carries and the DM need not roll for every item. Higher tech items may cost more in lower tech bastions. If one is located in a lower TL bastion, the DM may add the difference between the two tech levels as multiplier to the item (TL4 item in a TL1 Bastion costs 3 times more). Since characters are assumed associated with a mercenary or military group, they are assumed to own any licenses needed in their home bastion. Of course, most other bastions don't wish to sell their weapons or equipment to outsiders so some diplomacy and an unfortunate increase in cost will eventually be required.

SUPERIOR CLASS

Some techan weapons rise above the quality of others. Some rare, limited models are constructed from rarer materials, assembled with a fine eye for exquisite detail. A master artisan of deft skill and delicate hands verified the final result. This end product may not look any different but all agree it is a prime example of what that item represents. These are not rolled off an assembly line, but crafted in a limited run. Masterwork firearms are examples of these selected models. However, some others are even rarer.

All weapons can be mastercrafted, increasing its cost by 300 uc. This offers a +1 enhancement bonus to hit. However, a few rise to higher levels. A weapon can boost its enhancement bonus further but the price escalates substantially. An item cannot be boosted beyond its tech level and no item can be boosted above +4 (TL 1 items cannot be boosted past +1, and TL5 items cannot be boosted past +4).

Level	Bonus	Cost increase
Master	+1	300 UC
Fine	+2	4,000 UC
Premium	+3	9,000 UC
Supreme	+4	16,000 UC

Items must be purchased with its class already and only a mechanic of significant skill can modify one later. The rarity of these items increases substantially as their bonus increases.

WEAPON TABLE

Rate of Fire (ROF): This relates to how many times the weapon can be fired by the user per round. A ranged weapon with a rate of fire of 1 can only be fired once per combat round regardless of how many attacks the user has. A rate of fire of Semiautomatic (TS) allows the weapon to be discharged once per attack the character has. Some feats allow rapid shots, firing more than one bullet per attack. An automatic (A) weapon enables burst fire, hailing streams of gunfire to a target. Weapons with this setting allow the weapon to autofire or use feats taking advantage of automatic fire.

Magazine: This lists the weapon's capacity and how the ammunition is loaded. Clips are any removable magazines able to be swapped in a standard action. Feats may improve this rate of change. Clips are not disposable and may be rearmed though doing so takes 1 round per 5 bullets. Caseless ammunition is an exception. The bullets are joined to form a clip so there is no reusable portion but caseless magazines carry a variable capacity.

Cylinders are employed in revolvers, a weapon type rare but still found occasionally in Canam. There are no clips so loading a cylinder requires a standard action for each bullet as each one is loaded separately. Speed loaders maintain this time to a standard action but the entire capacity is changed. Internal ammunition has no clip volume and is usually reserved for single shot capacity weapons. Each shell must be reloaded by hand, taking a standard action each. There is no speed-load option.

Table: Techan Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Type	Range Inc.	ROF	Magazine/Cell	Weight	Cost	TL
Handguns (require the Personal Firearms Proficiency feat, is considered a one-handed weapon)									
9mm Autoloader	1d6+2	X2	Piercing	50	S	15 box	3 lb.	250	1
9mm Machine Pistol	1d6+2	X2	Piercing	40	S, A	20 clip	3 lb.	500	1
10mm Autoloader	2d6	X2	Piercing	40	S	9 clip	3 lb.	500	1
.45 Revolver	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	40	S	6 internal	5 lb.	400	1
.45 Autoloader	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	40	S	7 clip	3 lb.	450	1
.50 Autoloader	2d8	X2	Piercing	50	S	9 clip	4 lb.	550	1
.45 Machine Pistol	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	50	S, A	30 clip	6 lb.	450	1
.32 Revolver	2d4	X2	Piercing	50	S	6 internal	3 lb.	250	1
.32 Machine Pistol	2d4	X2	Piercing	50	S, A	20 clip	4 lb.	550	1
.32 Autoloader	2d4	X2	Piercing	40	S	7 clip	1 lb.	200	1
.555 Revolver	2d8+2	X2	Piercing	40	S	5 cylinder	5 lb.	900	1
Capsicum spray	Special	19-20/Spcl	Special	5	1	3 internal	½ lb.	15	—
9mm Caseless Pistol	1d6+2	X2	Piercing	40	S, A	50 clip	5 lb.	2000	1
12mm S.P.P. Gyrojet	2d6+2	19-20/x2	Piercing	80	S	8 clip	5 lb.	2500	2
Electroshock Gun	1d4	—	Electricity	30	1	B2	2 lb.	100	2
12mm EA Pistol	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	80	S	10 clip, B4	6 lb.	4500	2
ESP 12mm Pistol	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	50	S, A	B5, 24 internal	3 lb.	4500	2
12mm Coil Pistol	2d8	18-20/x3	Piercing	120	S	10 clip, M3	5 lb.	5000	3
Solid Laser Pistol	2d8+3	19-20/X2	Fire	100	S, A	M3	4 lb.	7375	3
12mm Rail Pistol	2d8+3	17-20/x3	Piercing	150	S	10 clip, M3	5 lb.	10000	4
Pulse Pistol	2d6+3	X3	Fire	50	S	M3	3 lb.	16000	4
Thumper Pistol	2d10+4	19-20/x2	Fire	100	S, A	M3	5 lb.	22000	5
Capacitor Pistol	3d6, 3d8, 3d10	X3	Fire	50	S	M3	4 lb.	30000	5
Longarms (require the Personal Firearms Proficiency feat, is considered a two-handed weapon)									
7.62mm Assault Rifle	1d8+3	X2	Piercing	60	S, A	30 clip	10 lb.	600	1
12-Gauge Shotgun	1d8+3	X2 / X4	Piercing	30	S	5 clip	9 lb.	700	1
10-Gauge Shotgun	1d10+4	X2 / X4	Piercing	30	S	5 clip	11 lb.	800	1
12-Gauge Machine Shotgun	1d8+4	X2 / X4	Piercing	30	S, A	30 clip	20 lb	2500	1
9mm Submachine Gun	1d6+2	X2	Piercing	60	S, A	30 clip	7 lb.	1000	1
7.62mm Sniper Rifle*	1d8+8	19-20/x2	Piercing	150	S	5 clip	16 lb.	1300	1
.45 Compact Machine Gun	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	80	S, A	40 clip	10 lb.	3000	1
20mm grenade Launcher	Various	—	—	70	1	12 internal	7 lb.	1500	1
NetGun	Special	—	Special	5	1	5 clip	20 lb.	1125	1
12mm Caseless Rifle	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	60	S, A	100 clip	16 lb.	5000	1
Air-Dart Gun	Special	17-20/ Special	Special	30	S	6 clip, B5	5 lb.	500	2
.50 Sniper Rifle *	2d8+8	19-20/ x2	Piercing	300	S	11 clip	35 lb.	3500	2
7.62mm Smart rifle	1d8+3	X2	Piercing	70	S, A	40 clip	18 lb.	5000	2
20mm Undermount	Varies	—	—	40	S	10 internal	5 lb	1500	1
13mm S.P.P. Gyrojet	3d6	19-20/X2	Piercing	90	S	25 clip	10 lb.	6000	2
12mm EA Rifle	2d6+2	X2	Piercing	120	S, A	20 clip, M4	10 lb.	7500	2
ESP 13 mm Rifle	3d6	X2	Piercing	80	S, A	B5, 100 internal	12 lb.	8500	2
13mm Coil Rifle	3d8	18-20/x2	Piercing	140	S	16 clip, M4	15 lb.	12000	3
Solid Laser Rifle	3d8+3	19-20/x2	Fire	100	S, A	M4	15 lb.	20000	3
13mm Ultimate sniper	3d6+6	X2	Piercing	600	S	10 clip, B5	19 lb	35000	3
13mm Rail Rifle	3d8+3	17-20/x3	Piercing	200	S	10 clip, M3	20 lb.	25000	4
Restrainment Field	Special	—	Special	10	1	M3	15 lb.	1500	4
Pincher Rifle	Spcl	—	Spcl	50	S	M2	15 lb.	10000	4
Pulse Rifle	3d6+3	X3	Fire	80	S	M3	10 lb.	26000	4
Disruption Wave	Special / 3d8	—	Special	50	S	M3	15 lb.	8500	4
Thumper Rifle	3d10+5	19-20/x2	Fire	100	S, A	H3	20 lb.	45000	5
Capacitor Rifle	3d8, 3d10, 3d12	X3	Fire	100	S	H3	20 lb.	45000	5
Solid Sniper Laser Rifle	3d8+8	17-20/x2	fire	300	S	H2	30 lb.	25500	5
Heavy Weapons (Each requires a specific Exotic Firearms Proficiency feat, is considered a two-handed weapon & requires a brace)									
7.62mm Machine Gun	1d8+4	X2	Piercing	100	A	Linked	22 lb.	1500	1
10mm Machine Gun	2d6	X2	Piercing	110	A	Linked	75 lb.	2500	1
40mm grenade Launcher	Various	—	—	70	1	6 internal	7 lb.	1900	1
Rocket Launcher	10d6	X2	Fire	150	1	1 shot	5 lb.	2500	1
Guided Rocket Launcher	10d6	X2	Fire	200		1 shot	10 lb.	3000	2

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Type	Range Inc.	ROF	Magazine / Cell	Weight	Cost	TL
7.62mm Rotary Cannon	1d8+4	X2	Piercing	100	A	Linked (500), M3	40 lb	18000	2
Heavy Weapons (Each requires a specific Exotic Firearms Proficiency feat, is considered a two-handed weapon and requires a brace)									
12 gauge Rotary Shotgun	1d8+4	X2 / X4	Piercing	30	A	Linked (100), M3	45 lb.	25000	2
14mm Railcannon	4d8+4	17-20/x2	Piercing	150	S	10 clip / H5	35 lb.	55000	4
Plasma Cannon	10d6 / 6d6	X2	Fire	50	1	H3	30 lb.	75500	4
Thumper Cannon	4d10+5	19-20/x2	Fire	120	S, A	H4	30 lb.	75000	5
Capacitor Cannon	5d6, 5d8, 5d10	X3	Fire	200	S	H4	40 lb.	85000	5
Flamethrower	2d6	X2	Fire	—	1	10 internal, M5	50 lb.	7500	2
13mm EA Gun	3d6	X2	Piercing	80	S, A	100 clip, M4	20 lb.	12500	2
ESP 14 mm Maelstrom	2d8+4	X2	Piercing	80	A	500 internal	24 lb.	12000	2
Sonic Stunner	Special	—	Special	100	S	M5	10 lb.	4000	2
Wave Stunner	Special / 3d6	—	Special	200	S	M5	25 lb.	45000	3
14mm Coil Rifle	4d8	18-20/x2	Piercing	140	S	10 clip, M4	20 lb.	18000	3
Solid Laser Canon	4d8+4	19-20/x2	Fire	100	S, A	H3	25 lb.	30000	3
20mm Sniper Gun*	3d8+8	18-20/x2	Piercing	500	S	5 clip	25 lb	23000	3
12mm Smart cannon	2d6+3	X2	Piercing	100	S, A	Linked	30 lb.	25000	3
Vapor Rifle	Special / 5d6	—	Fire	300	S	H3	35 lb.	90000	5
Techan Melee Weapons									
Chain Saw	2d6	X2	Slashing	—	—	M3	10 lb.	300	2
Shock modification	Special	X2	Special	—	—	M3	5 lb.	5000	3
Mono Filament	2d4/special	17-20/x2	Slashing	—	—	M5	7 lb.	5000	4
Super Heavy Mounted Weapons (each requires a specific Exotic Firearms Proficiency feat, requires a brace to fire)									
30mm Cannon	2d12+12	X2	Fire	250	S, A	Linked	150 lb.	38500	1
50mm Tank cannon	7d12+12	X2	Fire	250	1	1	550 lb.	65300	1
Rocket artillery system	10d6	X2	Fire	300	S	10 internal	500 lb.	22000	1
40 mm Grenade Machine Gun	Various	—	—	180	S, A	50, M5	50 lb.	40000	2
20mm Rotary Cannon	3d8+4	X2	Piercing	200	A	Linked (1000), M3	125 lb	45000	2
Sonic Devastator	5d6 / Special	—	Sonic	200	S	M3	50 lb.	25000	2
Ion Cannon	3d10/ Special	X2	—	250	S	H1	300 lb.	30000	3
20mm Rail cannon	5d8+8	17-20/x3	Piercing	300	S	10 clip / H5	350 lb.	65000	4
Plasma artillery gun	6d10+10	—	Fire	Spcl	S	H2	350 lb.	85000	5
Particle Beam Cannon	15d6 / 5d6	X2	Fire	400	S	H1	550 lb.	85000	6
Pulse Blaster	3d10+10	X2	Fire	250	S, A	H5	150 lb.	63000	6
*This mastercraft weapon grants a +1 bonus on attack rolls.									

Linked ammunition feed their bullets from an external box, supplying the ammo to the weapon through a belt with no upper limit in capacity though the normal range varies from 50 to 500. After the belt is emptied, it takes a full round action

Tech Level (TL): The tech Level where the item can be found. This affects its availability, its sensitivity to EDF, and often times, and its final price.

WEAPON TYPES

Weapons are listed in the order of their technological development. They are cataloged in this order only to offer a guide on how bastions progressed.

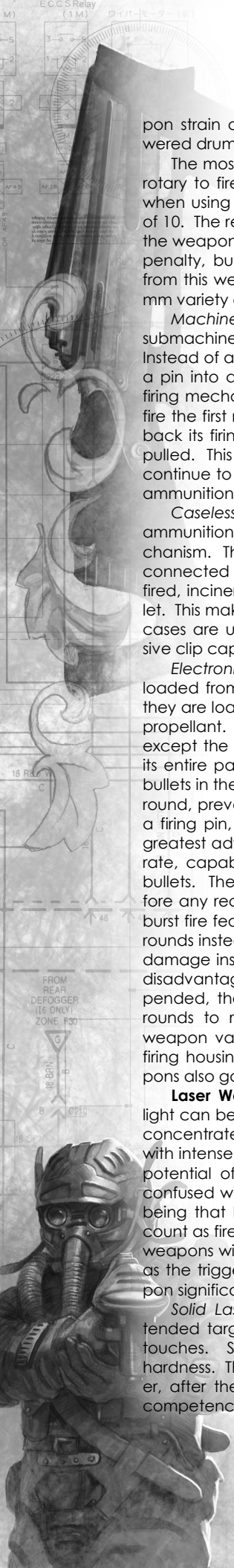
Chemical Projectile Weapons: The first firearm after the antiquation of the arrow used chemical explosives to propel its deadly shell to its victim. Although the chemicals evolved as knowledge did, the result remained. In the new world, echan disruption causes every 100th bullet or so to fizzle and ever 1000th bullet or so to explode in the barrel. Despite these unfortunate odds, many still embraced this path as the solution for defending one's self outside of bastion walls. Requiring no energy cell, standard ballistic firearms seldom broke down. As time continued, the chemicals needed became easier to locate. Even in the largest, most advanced bastions, chemical firearms are still popular among those leaving the safety of their walls.

Revolvers: The oldest, rarest firearm, the revolver still finds use in nostalgic circles. It is also a popular weapon among starting gimfen. It employs a multi-chamber firing mechanism organized into a cylinder holding usually 4-6 shots. Each time the trigger is pulled, the mechanism rotates the cylinders, aligning another waiting to be fired. Revolvers remained popular for many years because of their simple mechanics and their resistance to jamming. Even today, they find circulation because they offer a +1 bonus to EDF rolls.

Autoloaders: Also called semi-automatics or self-loading weapons, autoloaders use a single firing chamber. They are reloaded using either a blowback or short recoil design (for most smaller and medium handguns). A gas-powered design is reserved for heavier handguns and most rifles. This action ejects the spent cartridge and reloads a new bullet without requiring any additional effort by the user. They also feed via a clip, allowing a faster reload with a higher bullet capacity.

Advances before finally being replaced with alternative magnetic and laser weaponry includes developing a final product that never jams, can fire under water or if bombarded with sand, and even fire without recoil.

Rotary Cannon: The rotary, phalanx, or gatling cannon, though one of the oldest designs of machine gun, remained popular as high firing rates can only be achieved with multiple barrels spinning around an axis. The more chambers, the higher the rate of fire as the strain of firing thousands upon thousands of rounds per minute breaks up between the barrels, cutting down on heat and the chance of a jam. Because of the increase of EDF with firearms, gatling weapons became more popular as the EDF rate was reduced if wea-



pon strain also decreased. The onset of an electrically powered drum offset this advantage.

The most common model features six barrels, allowing the rotary to fire faster than most weapons. The rotary cannon, when using standard autofire fires 50 shots per round instead of 10. The ref DC is 18 instead of 15. If using the burst fire feat, the weapon discharges 25 bullets instead of 5, still incurs the -4 penalty, but deals +4 dice damage. Many still steer away from this weapon due to its high cost of ammunition. The 20 mm variety offers the same effect.

Machine: Machine firearms range from smaller pistols, to submachine guns and full, high caliber machine cannons. Instead of a trigger releasing hold of a hammer and slamming a pin into a bullet to fire the weapon, it instead activates a firing mechanism that uses a gas-powered loading design to fire the first round and load the next. This same action brings back its firing pin to launch another bullet if the trigger is still pulled. This action requires no batteries and the weapon will continue to fire continuously until the trigger is released or the ammunition is spent. These weapons possess high firing rates.

Caseless: Caseless weapons use unique clipless, caseless ammunition. A square-shaped round is the entire firing mechanism. The shell is encased inside a solid propellant coffin, connected to others, and fed as a clip. Each bullet, when fired, incinerates its case, ejecting the remnants with the bullet. This makes a totally efficient system where no clips and no cases are used or ejected. Caseless weapons possess massive clip capacities.

Electronic Stacked Projectiles (ESP): No longer are bullets loaded from an external clip and fired via a firing pin. Now they are loaded directly into the barrel, separated only by the propellant. The concept dates back to traditional fireworks except the stacked projectile weapon does not need to fire its entire payload when ignited. Electrical pulses launch the bullets in the proper order. Misfires are pushed out by the next round, preventing backfire. This removes the need for a clip, a firing pin, or for that matter, any moving parts at all. The greatest advantage of this technology is a phenomenal firing rate, capable of discharging rounds literally as a stream of bullets. The weapon fires so fast, several bullets can fire before any recoil is felt, reducing the penalty for firing using the burst fire feat to -2 instead of -4. The weapon also can fire 10 rounds instead of 5, using the -4 penalty but adding +3 dice of damage instead of 2 when using the burst fire feat. The only disadvantage of the weapon is when its hefty payload is expended, the barrels must be loaded manually, taking 5 full rounds to reload completely. The pistol, rifle, and heavy weapon variant all feature multiple barrels around a simple firing housing. The unit still requires a small B cell. ESP weapons also gain a +1 bonus against EDF.

Laser Weapons: Any condensed, well-defined beam of light can be considered a laser. In history, the initial weapons concentrated radiation to a focal point, burning the target with intense heat. Later developments increased the size and potential of these beams. Often enough, lasers are often confused with pulse plasma weapons. The largest difference being that lasers cut through while plasma splashes. Lasers count as fire damage. They are also one of the few high tech weapons with sustained fire. The beam remains on for as long as the trigger is pulled. Alas, this drains the cell on the weapon significantly.

Solid Lasers: All lasers create a solid beam to their intended target. This beam slices through virtually anything it touches. Solid lasers cut through 10 points of an object's hardness. The solid beam gives up the firer's position. However, after the initial round, all subsequent shots receive a +1 competency bonus to hit that same target.

Thump Lasers: Along the solid light tunnel, pulses of concentrated energy run inside, striking in blasts of intense radiation, making the laser resemble a string of beads. The initial thump fires simultaneously along with the light tunnel, though the pulse reaches a fraction of a second behind. The tunnel remains as long as the gun continues to fire every round. Pulse lasers inflict more damage and retain all the other rules of the solid laser. These weapons have been nicknamed thumpers.

Magnetic Weapons: The most popular weapon for techan soldiers in the echan wilderness after the standard firearm, the coil and rail weapons emerged early when chemical explosives appeared unpredictable in heavy EDF. Magnetic fields remained constant, a welcomed blessing to those living under Earth's blanket of protection. Research teams quickly took advantage of this loophole. The process involves accelerating metal shells using magnetism. The specific process is complicated and both coil-based and rail-based technology fire their shells using different means. All magnetic accelerated weapons feature long ranges and high critical ratings. They also require changing both their clip and their cell every time it empties its clip. However, the weapons never explode. The worst it can do is break.

Coil guns: The first prototypes required electricity as natural earth magnets resulted in a hugely overweight design. Alas, contained electricity remains one of the most sensitive forces to EDF. The first designs were simple coilguns utilizing solenoids. Later models employed electromagnets. The result fires an iron flechette at Mach 8.

Rail guns: The successor of coil weapons, railguns employ similar methods but their end result fires much longer and at much faster speeds (over mach 12), increasing their kinetic potential. If a railgun shell kills a target, the shell continues on a straight path from the weapon, making a single free attack on any target in direct line of attack. This may only occur once per shot.

Plasma Weapons: Any weapon employing ionized gas is considered a plasma weapon. This involves either using the magnetically conductive matter as a delivery device or as a weapon itself. Because magnetism is one of the few scientific constants not broken in EDF, it became a popular choice. *EA (Electro thermal Accelerator):* Plasma replaces gunpowder or nitrocellulose in the firing of a shell. These weapons appeared as chemical supplies were limited in the early years. EA weapons weigh heavier than standard weapons and require a small energy cell to operate along with its ammo clip. They are capable of holding larger calibers and can fire further.

Pulse: The plasma pulse concept deals with the energy cell firing a toroid of superheated gas inside a magnetohydrodynamic bubble that is then accelerated from the barrel in the same way a railgun fires its iron-core shell. The bubble remains solid for a significant time, or until it strikes its target, where the heat burns at an intense temperature. All pulse weapons count as fire damage.

Capacitor: Capacitor weapons resulted from research in plasma bottle technology. It succeeds this, combining elements from plasma and laser advances. For the capacitor weapons, the shooter can dial up the strength of the energy burst. The weapon charges up, siphoning energy from its cell. The weapon discharges plasma energy but also uses plasma as its accelerator. For most bastions, they developed EA-pulse weapons and followed it with plasma weapons. Pulse capacitors are the pinnacle of that development. Capacitor weapons have three settings. Each increase in damage also uses up one more cell charge (the Pistol has 3 settings: 3d6, 3d8, and 3d10. The 3d6 uses 1 charge while the 3d10 uses 3).

SPP Weapons: SPP stands for Self Propelled Projectile. They started emerging from Angel R&D and eventually found use across the world from identical development or stolen designs. They are basically small rockets fired from pistols or rifles that continue to accelerate after an initial air compression push fires them from the shell. Although more expensive, they proved useful for engagements when range mattered more. The ammunition for SPP weapons are known as sabot rounds as the shell ejected breaks apart and the contained self-propelled projectile ignites, breaking from its seal. The primary advantage of choosing SPP weapons is with its swappable warheads. Kinetic kill weapons are standard though the ammunition's price may be tripled to increase the damage die by +1d by employing explosive tips. The additional die of damage is considered fire.

In addition, SPP weapons may employ partial self-guidance. If the shooter takes a round to paint the target with a touch attack, all subsequent shots to that same target receive a +2 competency bonus to hit. All SPP weapons can also fire underwater, though their range inc. is half.

Offshoots: Several weapons developed have neither a progression of evolution nor a pinnacle of achievement. They usually represent a unique branch from conventional weaponry. They mostly fill a niche to combat a specific opponent or overcome a specific situation.

Pincher weaponry: A pincher weapon utilizes a non-nuclear electromagnetic pulse to disrupt technology. Anything caught in a pincher blast must make an EDF roll or suffer disruption. Unlike an EDF spell, which affects all technology, pincher weapons only affect technology with power cells (TL2 and above). Pincher weaponry started only as a source fired radial blast so was only useful as a bomb or grenade, radiating the pulse by discharging an inbuilt battery or capacitor into a microwave generator. Further advances combined the EMP with plasma weapons to fire a bottle of electromagnetic energy that only radiates when striking a target.

Sonic Weapons: The first sonic weapon was no more than a simple high-powered oscillating pain siren generating 165 db acoustic waves in all directions. Newer sonic weapons utilize high frequency ultrasound to carry the painful audio waves in a straight, focused path. This technology offers increased range with no adverse side effects for the firer. In practical uses, the sonic weapon may be downgraded to transmit a normal voice across 10x its range increment to any other target without fear of anyone else overhearing unless they are inline. The basic sonic rifle only causes stun damage. The shooter only needs to make a ranged touch attack. If the target can be affected by sonic damage, the target must make a DC15 fort save or be stunned for 1d4 rounds and be deafened for 1d6 minutes.

The heavier sonic devastator generates a sudden massive acoustical burst that causes physical damage as well as the same effects as the rifle. The Fort save for that weapon is DC20.

HANDGUNS

A handgun is a light, one-handed weapon. All handguns require the Personal Firearms Proficiency feat. Using a handgun without this feat imposes a -4 penalty on attack rolls. With the proper feat, handguns may be fired without provoking an attack of opportunity.

Capsicum Spray: This three-use item employs a chemical irritant like capsaicin (common in some fruits, plants, and most chilies), also known as a lachrymatory agent. When a target is struck, the spray glues a sticky, waxy liquid that is colorless and odorless. The spray contains almost pure capsaicin with a scoville rating of more than 10,000,000, double the intensity of ancient pepper spray. This increase emerged from the need to inflict greater pain on the new magical beasts roaming the world, the exact formula changes with each bastion. Most are built with a compressed canister while others eject a breakable projectile. To use it requires only a simple touch attack. When struck, the target must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 15) or be blinded for 1d4 rounds. Upon a critical strike, the DC increases to 20 and the target is stunned for 1d4 rounds, blinded for 2d6 rounds, and takes 1d4 points of damage.

Electroshock Gun: This wand-shaped device fires air-compressed barbed darts attached to coils towards a target. Upon impact, the coils conduct a massive electrical current, disrupting superficial muscle functions. Because of the length of coil, there is no range increment to the gun, 30 feet being the maximum. The darts can penetrate enough to attach to anything up to a 20 hardness. The darts are also magnetic. The electrical pulse does not need to penetrate skin to be effective. After used, tension springs recoil the darts and the coils back to the gun as a free action, making it available to fire again. However, it cannot fire for a full minute as its capacitor needs to charge. Its battery only allows 5 recharges before being drained.

Upon impact, the target must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 16) or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds. The darts also deal 1d4 points of electricity (lightning) damage as well.

LONGARMS

Longarms are two-handed martial weapons falling under the personal firearms feat. These include shotguns, most rifles, and several machine guns.

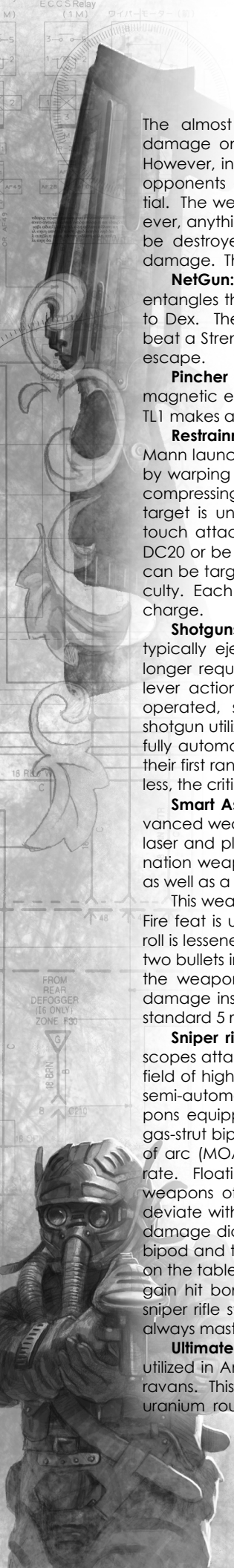
Longarms are not well suited to close combat. A character takes a -4 penalty on the attack roll when firing at an adjacent target.

Special: These weapons may be purchased for a large user (eg: advanced armor). If so, longarms become one-handed weapons. However, they are no longer able to be used by medium users.

Air-dart gun: The air-dart gun resembles a standard long rifle except it fires a small needle via a battery-powered air compressor. The needle inflicts no damage but can deliver any number of medical injections. Because of the nature of the weapon, only aggressive injections should really be used as a medic cannot roll his heal skill to offset the side effects of a positive injection (though that may also be intended). Needles come with the injection when the injection is bought; no other ammunition needs to be purchased. If one purchases drugs, poisons, or viruses separately, then needles must be bought. Air dart guns cannot penetrate creatures with damage resistance unless scoring a successful critical strike, then the dart is assumed to have struck a tender spot (in the mouth, under an arm, etc.). Obviously, the target must be able to be struck by critical strikes. The target must also be alive.

Assault rifle: These gas-powered carbine-sized weapons possess a select fire option, capable of firing one shot or several per trigger pull. Assault rifles are the standard in most low-tech bastion militaries. Though many varieties exist, they all employ the same technology including a clip-fed magazine firing bullets from a locked breach.

Disruption Wave: This gun first emerged from a Porto beluga carrier from across the ocean and no one at Angel succeeded in reverse engineering the few models they found. Someone apparently at Porto's Tilthe Intelligica discovered that certain high-powered focused sonic waves inflict severe pain on certain targets. Prototypes, issued to test units, proved effective as an alternative to beam or shell weapons.



The almost inaudible wave-rifle discharge inflicts massive damage on physical targets and on enemy combat units. However, in one incident, a test group encountered undead opponents and reported a much-elevated damage potential. The weapon inflicts normal damage to all targets. However, anything undead struck must make a Fort save DC15 or be destroyed. If not destroyed, it still takes 3d8 points of damage. The weapon only has 1 range increment.

NetGun: A short-range weapon with only 5 shots, a strike entangles the target. The victim receives -2 to attack rolls, -4 to Dex. The victim also cannot move. The victim needs to beat a Strength DC of 20 or an Escape Artist check (DC25) to escape.

Pincher Rifle: The pincher sends out a bubble of electromagnetic energy. If it strikes a target, all techa items above TL1 makes an EDF check at a -5 penalty to their roll.

Restrainment Field: This pistol shaped weapon export from Mann launches a balloon-styled force field, captures a target by warping its containment matrix around its victim and then compressing the field to restrain the target from moving. The target is unable to move or attack. The shooter makes a touch attack. Those struck by must make a Reflex save at DC20 or be caught by the field. Only large targets or smaller can be targeted. Additional fields striking adds +1 to the difficulty. Each shot and every round holding the target uses one charge.

Shotguns: Modern combat shotguns, large bore firearms typically ejecting small spherical pellets known as shot, no longer require manual action to reload. Break, pump, and lever action shotguns were quickly replaced with a recoil-operated, semi-automatic loading model. The machine shotgun utilizes a gas powered reloading design, enabling it a fully automatic setting. All shotguns lose 1d of damage past their first range increment. If fired on a target 15 feet away or less, the critical threat increases from x2 to x4.

Smart Assault Rifle: One of the most technologically advanced weapons to ever reach production before the age of laser and plasma weapons, the smart assault rifle is a combination weapon. The weapon houses a compact assault rifle as well as a grenade launcher.

This weapon has a two-round burst setting. When the Burst Fire feat is used with this weapon, the penalty on the attack roll is lessened to -2 instead of -4. Also, the weapon, firing only two bullets instead of five, can be used with only two bullets in the weapon. However, the weapon only deals +1 die of damage instead of +2 dice of damage. It also features the standard 5 round setting as well.

Sniper rifles: Sniper rifles are no longer normal rifles with scopes attached but branched off on their own into their own field of high-caliber, low-recoil, long-range firearms. Most are semi-automatic, center fire, gas-powered, long barrel weapons equipped with an ergonomic stock and a removable, gas-strut bipod. 7.62mm and .50 sniper rifles fire with a minute of arc (MOA) of less than .50 making them extremely accurate. Floating barrels and buffers prevent any recoil. Laser weapons often give away the shooter's location but never deviate with wind or gravity. All sniper rifles have one of the damage dice maximized IF the user props the weapon on its bipod and takes a round to aim (included in the damage roll on the table). Even if the character does not have the feat to gain hit bonuses with aiming, taking a round to aim with a sniper rifle still gains the maximized die. Sniper weapons are always mastercraft, gaining a +1 enhancement bonus to hit.

Ultimate sniper rifle: This advanced 13mm rifle was first utilized in Angel to target goblins attacking approaching caravans. This weapon fires armor piercing, stabilized, depleted uranium rounds, which easily punch through any armor. It also features a recoil absorbing stock and a minute of arc (MOA) of less than .15 when firing. However, the real beauty of this weapon is its full spectrum, computer controlled targeting system. This system can see through walls as well as detect invisible targets. The target gains no benefits from concealment (unless total). If the total concealment carries a hardness less that the damage dealt, it passes through to hit the target, striking for full damage

The ultimate is a tracking weapon with amazing range. After 4 rounds of tracking a target, the target is denied his Dex bonus to AC, regardless if they are aware of the attack or not. In addition, because of advanced critical sensing systems, the ultimate increases its critical threat rating for every round aiming past the first round to a maximum of 12-20/x2 (Round 1=20, Round 2=19-20, Round 3=18-20, Round 4=17-20, etc). A small B-clip uses one charge every time the weapon is fired.

HEAVY WEAPONS

The weapons covered in this section fall under the Exotic Firearms Proficiency feat. Someone who wields a heavy weapon without the appropriate proficiency takes a -4 penalty on all attack rolls with the weapon. Heavy weapons must be used two-handed and requires a brace to avoid the -4 penalty.

Special: These weapons may be purchased for a large user (eg: advanced armor). If so, heavy weapons become two-handed weapons. However, they are no longer able to be used by medium users.

20mm Sniper Cannon: The most powerful sniper weapon ever fires armor-piercing rounds capable of penetrating virtually any defense. It is considered a cannon as the 20mm shell is just large enough for the classification. Clumsy in design, it offers no additional aiming systems like other sniping weapons, requiring plain old skill to target itself. However, its punch is its selling point. The target's hardness or DR (regardless of its type) only counts as half (rounding up) when absorbing the sniper cannon's damage.

Flamethrower: This weapon shrunk in size over many years. Though still two-handed, it no longer requires an unsafe nozzle to an even more hazardous backpack. Modern flamethrowers keep their tank mounted under the weapon stock. The tank is comprised of a relatively safe solid fuel. When combined with air, it actually reacts into expanding foam. A small battery compresses air in a separate chamber. The foam enters the final chamber and when allowed to uncompress, sprays out in liquid form. A final magnesium igniter at its barrel sends the superheated stream of flame to its target. Despite rumors and urban legends, both older and modern flamethrower tanks do not explode easily if ruptured or if a spark flicks nearby. If the weapon tank is ruptured, the foam would break and spray but not automatically ignite. Even older models would only burst like aerosol cans and not violently explode. If breached, the tank will lose 5 rounds every round to waste until empty or sealed. The pressurized fuel is rather hard to ignite under normal circumstances and only a super hot source like the magnesium igniter could spark a reaction. Firing any form of shell will not cause ignition. Only a laser or pulse weapon could ignite the canister and that will only occur 50% of the time. If the tank does explode, it deals 6d6 points of fire damage to the wearer and 3d6 points of splash damage to creatures and objects in adjacent squares (Reflex save, DC 15, for half damage).

The flamethrower shoots a 5-foot wide stream of napalm 50 feet long. The user may elect to strike a specific target or area. Specific targets struck gain no saving throw. Any targets struck or caught in the stream path suffer 2d6 points of fire damage. Creatures not directly targeted but still caught

in the line can make a Reflex save (DC 15) to take half damage.

Any creature or flammable object taking damage catches on fire, taking 1d6 points of fire damage each subsequent round until extinguished. Every round, if the target attempts to extinguish the flame, they may do so using a DC15 Ref Save.

Plasma Cannon: A much more powerful weapon than standard pulse technology. A direct hit strikes for 10D6. Everything 10 feet in every direction must also roll a ref save at DC20 or take 6d6. A success halves damage. It also combusts everything in the blast radius.

(Guided) Rocket launcher: There are many variations of shoulder-launched missiles systems in the world. They are all recoilless, shoulder mounted, self-propelled projectiles usually with a high explosive armor piercing shell at the tip. They are effective against large creatures and lightly armored ground and aircraft. Some eject the missile's gasses out the rear while others use a small recoilless charge to eject the rocket from the barrel, later ignited away from the launcher to prevent injury to the user or those around. Missile systems are then broken into two subcategories, guided and dumbfire. Dumbfires contain no aiming systems and will continue to rocket away at 100 ft movement every round until out of fuel or if stopped by another target. Guided weapons remain dumbfire unless they acquire a target. The target is acquired by initiating a ranged touch attack. When struck, the weapon may then be fired on the next attack round. The user may wish for an alternate course to a target or even acquire the target after the weapon has fired. However, the missile only remains airborne for four rounds. If the missile locks on, it guides itself to the target, making additional attacks at a +15 BAB (does not stack with the firer's attack roll). The rocket has an AC of 25, a hardness of 5, and 5 hit points. It strikes at the same initiative of the firer. Each time it makes an additional attempt to strike, an EDF roll is necessary (if disruption is present) to see if the weapon shorts out (it only drops from the sky if suffering a jam or break).

The rocket has two settings that must be set before launching: Air burst or Armor Penetration. Air burst (AB) inflicts its damage as fire to everything within 30 (DC18 Ref save for half). Armor Penetration (AP) inflicts the damage as piercing to a single target.

Vapor Rifle: No one is entirely sure who created this weapon. This import first appeared in Angel several years ago and examples still pop up occasional. All bastions but Mann have banned its use in Canam. When a captain on a sail galleon at York was asked about it, Porto refused to accept responsibility of the design, claiming a rival bastion known as Motego developed it in reprisal to Porto and to strike fear into a subservient population currently under their control. It fires a plasma bottle similar to other pulse weapons but the gas inside contains many volatile components, above just being superheated. When struck, the victim is literally torn apart by the massive heat and chemical reaction some compare only to fluoroantimonic acid, as molecules are literally torn apart upon contact. If the pulse strikes a body of water, it actually causes the water to detonate in a tremendous explosion, vaporizing 50 gallons in the process and inflicting 5d6 damage to everyone within 30 feet of the target. When striking creatures, the pulse appears to simply vaporize a section of the victim, sometimes the entire body itself, leaving nothing but vapor and a clean cauterized cavity. A struck target must face a Fort DC of 20 or suffer 15d10. A save results in the target taking 5d6 damage. It will cut through all damage resistance.

Wave Stunner: The most advanced stunner designed features a lethal and non-lethal setting. The non-lethal mode employs millimeter wave electromagnetic radiation that penetrates 1/64th of an inch under the skin. This causes the water molecules under the skin to vibrate, activating pain sensors, giving the subject the impression they are on fire. The lethal setting increases the potency to microwave radiation, causing the skin to actually boil, causing severe burns. The weapons may change its setting as a free action. Either setting only requires a touch attack. The non-lethal mode, forces the target to make a DC20 fear check or be panicked for 1d4 rounds, believing it to be on fire. The lethal mode forces the same DC20 fear check or be panicked for 1d4 rounds, but also actually ignites the subject. The stunner does not work on undead, incorporeal creatures, elementals, or any creatures with fire resistance.

TECHAN MELEE WEAPONS

These specific techan weapons can short out in EDF and are thus placed here. They are all exotic weapons, even the ones that modify existing weapons.

Chain Saw: The chainsaw does not resemble ancient designs and is not run on internal combustion. This model is slightly larger, with heavier gauge teeth. It is not an effective weapon even with these modifications but somehow, it remains popular with certain groups, even if only just for intimidation.

Mono Filament: The monofilament is an ultra-thin, razor sharp wire requiring a battery cell to maintain is integrity. Failure results in the wire breaking apart from the slightest pressure as only a few atoms bind the cable together. The filament may be used a short-range whip though not able to grapple or reach with it. The filament cuts through 20 hardness, treating it as angelite (adamantine) for damaging but not in resisting a sunder attempt. Some skillful designers run the filament around a blade (often from bastion manufacture). A power system is either wired into the weapon or runs to a battery pack on the waist or back. This modification adds +500 UC to the cost of both weapons. The new weapon uses the blade's damage but the monofilament's threat range and damage penetration. If the item is shorted out, the blade is still effective but this threat increase and damage penetration is nullified.

Shock Modification: This is not a weapon but a modification that may be added to an existing melee weapon. It cannot be used as a weapon itself. Similar to the monofilament, the charge on the weapon runs to a battery back on the handle, to the waist, or back of the wielder. The modification delivers +1d6 points of electrical (lightning) damage on a successful strike. The target must also make a DC15 Fort save or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

SUPER HEAVY MOUNTED WEAPONS

Mounted weapons MUST be mounted on a brace and cannot be hand held. Even still, these weapons incur an automatic -4 to hit while on turrets because of their clumsy nature. Super heavies on fixed mounts only receive this penalty if the -4 is greater than the vessel's maneuverability penalty (which penalizes aiming).

(EG: A vessel's maneuver penalty is -4. Therefore, a super heavy weapon would receive a -4 penalty on a turret and fixed. A vessel with a Penalty of -8 receives a -8 for firing a weapon fixed or -4 if its turret mounted. A vessel with a +4 Maneuverability balances out. Both turret and fixed mounts receive no penalty.)

Special: These weapons may be purchased for a large user (eg: advanced armor). If so, super heavy weapons must

be mounted on the suit or wielded with two hands. The weapon may be fired without bracing with a -2 penalty to hit. However, they are no longer able to be used by medium users.

Ion Cannon: Any techa items above TL1 struck as well as items in adjacent squares of the impact must make EDF saves at a -5 penalty.

Plasma artillery cannon: This fires a superheated stream of plasma that vaporizes everything in its path. The weapon fires as a cone of plasma fire 100 feet long. The Ref DC for half damage is 24.

Rocket artillery system: The RAS operates the same as a single shot guided missile (set weapon payload before firing, touch attack before firing to acquire a target). However, if a target is painted, any number of the missiles in the payload may be launched that round to that target. The shooter does not need to acquire each individual missile unless wishing to target separate opponents.

AMMUNITION

Ammunition for firearms and other ranged weapons is covered on Table: Ammunition. It should be noted that supplies are extremely limited, forcing many to drop gunpowder weapons in favor of magic. This is reflected in the cost. Purchasing a weapon supplies no bullets and they must be purchased separately. Ammunition missing its target cannot be recovered.

Alternate Ammunition: Certain weapons can have their standard ammunition altered with a more advanced substitute. Some variants deliver more damage while others fill a specific purpose against a specific enemy. Some ammunition can only be used with specific ammo types. Alternate ammunition costs 4 times as much as standard ammunition.

Angelite rounds (Angel): More advanced than simple AP rounds, angelite rounds count as adamantine for the purposes of damage reduction. Few bastions carry this type and only Selkirk has been known to output any decent quantity of the round. The actual angelite amount is near microscopic. They may be alternated for any non-energy round.

Cold Iron rounds (CI): Rare but some bastions made limited runs of cold-iron rounds, especially more xenophobic bastions like Mann. Bastions with positive echan relations like York and Selkirk prohibit their manufacture and sale. The shells count as cold iron. They may be purchased to alternate any non-energy round.

Fin stabilized warhead (FSW): The round contains a smaller shell with miniature control fins offering increased range and accuracy. The warhead atop may be replaced for a variety of purposes. High Explosive (HE) does half of its inflicted damage as fire additionally to adjacent squares (DC15 Ref save for half). Armor Piercing (AP) ignores the first 10 points of hardness. The range increment of the shell increases by +25%. They may be purchased to alternate for any 12 gauge & 10 gauge weapons.

Flechette Fragmentation (FF): A rail or coil gun may alternate their solid-core round with a flechette that breaks apart into a dozens of smaller pellets. The weapon's damage dice is reduced by half but strikes one square and all adjacent squares. The shooter may target a specific square at AC 15, forcing everything inside to make a Reflex DC15+(1/dice of damage) save or be hit. A critical strike increases the Ref DC by +5. A successful save halves the damage.

High Velocity rounds (HV): High velocity rounds fire with such an extreme speed, that they fire further, hit harder, and exit the barrel so fast, that they travel straight and true, increasing accuracy. HV rounds are one of the most advanced ammunition types for standard TL1 firearms. They ignore the aiming penalty into the second range increment and gain +2 points of damage. They will also ignore the first 5 points of an object's hardness. They may be alternated for any non-ESP, non-caseless, non-iron flechette, non-sabot, non-EA weapon.

Silver: Silver tipped rounds can break through silver damage reduction. They may be alternated with any non-energy round. Silver rounds only cost 3 times as much as normal rounds.

Table: Ammunition

Ammunition Type	Cost per shell
7.62 mm	0.5
9 mm	0.5
9 mm caseless	1
10 mm	1
12 mm	1
12 mm caseless	2
12 mm EA	3
12 mm ESP	2
12 mm iron flechette (rail/coil)	10
12 mm Sabot Gyrojet	4
13 mm EA	4
13 mm ESP	4
13 mm Sabot Gyrojet	7
13 mm iron flechette (rail/coil)	13
14 mm iron flechette (rail/coil)	15
14 mm ESP	4
20 mm	7
20 mm iron flechette (rail/coil)	16
30 mm	11
50 mm	16
.32 caliber	0.5
.45 caliber	1
.50 caliber	2
.555 caliber	3
Flame Tank	150
Needles (air-dart gun)	1

EXPLOSIVES & SPLASH WEAPONS

All explosives require a detonator. With many, they detonate on contact by compressing a trigger or breaking a seal, which creates the charge. Others detonate with a signaled charge relayed from an implanted or remote source. All explosives feature direct damage and a blast radius. They do not require a feat to use.

Grenades come in three variations: 20mm, 40mm, and Special. 20mm and 40mm grenades can be fired from a launcher and specials cannot. All stats listed are for 20mm grenades. 40mm grenades have twice the blast radius and +2 dice damage. They also cost twice as much.

Burst Radius/Splash Damage: The burst radius is the area affected by the explosive or effect. All creatures or objects within the burst radius take damage from the explosion or suffer from the grenade's effects.

Damage Type: Damage from explosives and splash weapons is classified according to type, energy (of a specific type) or slashing. Some creatures or characters may be resistant or immune to some forms of damage.

Reflex DC: Any creature caught within the burst radius of an explosive may make a Reflex save against the DC given in this column for half damage (or be immune to its effects).

Weight: This column gives the weapon's weight.

Cost: This is the purchase price to acquire the grenade. This number reflects the base price and doesn't include any modifier for purchasing the weapon on the black market.

Anti-tank grenade: Not an effective anti-personnel weapon, the anti-tank grenade employs a shaped charge to penetrate an opponent's armor. This grenade has either an adhesive or a magnetic surface on one side and it is seldom shaped like other grenades to specialize in this purpose. Mines are often equipped with this configuration. The anti-tank explosive contains its blast in a specific direction, thus reducing its radius. Though the blast is lower, anti-tank grenades ignores 20 points of an object's hardness before inflicting its damage, treating the grenade as angelite (adamantine) for the purposes of damage penetration.

EMP Grenade: This grenade contains a magnetic coil that generates a massive electronic burst when activated. The resulting pulse shorts out technology TL2 and higher. Everything above TL1 in the blast radius must make an EDF roll, suffering a -4 penalty with the roll.

Energy Grenade: A pure plasma energy burst explodes, affecting everything in around it. Unlike other plasma weapons, this burst sends out a superheated fireball, which also carries a severe electrical charge. The grenade damages everything, regardless of elemental resistance.

Flashbang Grenade: Also simply referred to as a stun grenade, a flashbang reduces the combat effectiveness of opponents by confusing and disorientating them with a sudden blinding magnesium generated light and a deafening blast. It won't cause permanent injury but those caught inside the radius must make a DC18 Fort save or be blinded and deafened for 2d4 rounds. They are also stunned for 1d4 rounds. The grenade body does not actually fragment so no shrapnel is dispersed.

Fragmentation Grenade: Frag grenades are designed purely as an antipersonnel explosive by discharging dozens of plastic or steel flechettes blowing out with fragments of the grenades own body. This deadly shrapnel shreds mostly anything it touches. The fragmentation device is the standard grenade configuration.

Moldable Explosive: This soft, malleable explosive is less effective for grenade use, being more specialized for standard demolition. It can be cut, formed, wrapped, and combined with others of its type. Applying a detonator is a simple procedure. Moldable explosive is more expensive than standard explosive but effective in its capacity. The entry represents a 1-pound block. Additional blocks can be wired together, increasing the damage and burst radius; each additional block increases the damage by +2d6 and the burst radius by 2 feet, and requires a Demolitions check (DC 15) to link them.

Nerve Toxin Grenade: A deadly and illegal weapon, this grenade expels a gas that attacks the nerve cells of a living creature. Paralysis sets in, followed quickly by death. A potent gaseous mixture blending a batrachotoxin and taipoxin and several other agents produces a deadly gas with causes complete paralysis of all muscles by stopping the release of acetylcholine. By blocking nerve pulses to the muscles, the subject dies from asphyxiation or heart failure. Nerve toxin grenades are a gaseous effect that only affects living creatures. All targets 6HD or under caught in the blast must make a DC20 Fort save or be reduced to -9 hit points. Those over 6HD must make the same save or suffer 6D6 points of damage.

Seeker Grenade: Seeker grenades may be thrown, but soon after, they deploy small fins and a turbine and travel under their own guidance afterwards. The seeker grenade predicts its landing point (or the user can configure it before firing) and targets the closest unit in that blast radius. It then seeks it out. The unit can be configured and let go instead of thrown. This allows the grenade to move over barricades and around corners. The grenade moves at 30 ft, has an AC of 25, a +5 BAB, a hardness of 1 with 5 hit points. It breaks if shot; it doesn't explode. The owner targets a square (no attack roll for targeting a square) or a creature and that is all that is required.

Smoke Grenade: There are three types of smoke grenades: screening grenades, signal grenades, and white phosphorous grenades. Mostly smoke grenades are employed as signaling devices, though they can also be used to screen unit movements and conceal advancement and hinder enemy fire. Signal smoke grenades cannot be used for screening, though screening grenades can be used as a signal grenade in a pinch; they are not generally colored. Screening grenades either expel a hexachloroethane/zinc (HC) mixture that is also an irritant, (forcing those who breathe it to make a Fort save DC15 or be dazed for 1d4 rounds) or a terephthalic acid mixture (TA), which is harmless. Signal grenades use potassium chlorate, lactose, and a colored dye to work.

Screening grenades fill all squares within 10 feet the round after they are deployed, and on the third round, they fill all squares within 15 feet. The smoke obscures all sight, including the darkvision ability granted by creatures and night vision goggles.

Any creature within the area has total concealment (attacks suffer a 50% miss chance, and the attacker can't use sight to locate the target). It disperses after 2d4+3 rounds, though a moderate wind (11+ mph) disperses the smoke in 3 rounds and a strong wind (21+ mph) disperses it in 1 round.

Signal grenades are available in several colors, including white, red, yellow, green, and purple.

The white phosphorus grenade is a smoke grenade with an explosive burst. Rather than burning to make smoke, the

Table: Grenades

Weapon	Damage	Type	Crit	Blast Radius	DC	Weight	Cost	TL
Anti-Tank Grenade	5d6	Adamantine	X2	5 ft.		1 lb.	50	1
Flashbang Grenade	Special	Special	X2	10 ft.	Fort 18	½ lb.	50	1
Fragmentation	6d6	Slashing	X2	10 ft.	Ref 15	½ lb.	75	1
Moldable Explosive*	4d6	Fire	X2	10 ft.	Ref 18	½ lb.	100	1
Nerve Toxin Grenade*	Special	Gas	X2	5 ft.	Fort 20	1 lb.	250	1
Smoke grenade								
Signal	—	See text	X2	— ft.	—	½ lb.	5	1
Screening	—	Special	—	10 ft.	Ref 15	1 lb.	10	1
White Phosphorus	2d6	Fire	X2	10 ft.	Ref 15	1 lb.	50	1
Tear Gas Grenade	SeeText	—	X2	5 ft.	SeeText	½ lb.	50	1
Thermax grenade	6d6	Fire	X2	— ft.	Ref 12	½ lb.	75	1
Energy Grenade	1d8+10	Special	X2	10 ft.	Ref 18	1 lb.	150	3
Seeker Grenade	3d6	Fire	X2	10 ft.	Ref 15	1 lb.	200	3
EMP Grenade	Special	Special	—	20 ft.	—	1 lb.	300	4

* Special Grenade. Cannot be fired from a launcher

phosphorous ignites in the air after spreading. The brilliant yellow flame produces phosphorus pentoxide, the smoke, as a byproduct. The intense heat allows the grenade to double as an anti-personal weapon. The heat is devastating in close quarters. After the initial damage, anyone struck suffers an additional 1d6 points of fire damage and risks catching on fire. The WP grenade also creates a cloud of smoke the same style as the screening grenade.

Tear Gas / Riot Grenade: Riot grenades are used usually to disperse crowds and disorientate attackers. The grenade does not explode but rather open valves, releasing the compressed CX agent gas. The gas replicates a smoke field, except it causes skin and eye irritation on contact, throat and nose irritation if inhaled. On the round that it is thrown, a tear gas grenade fills a 5-foot radius with a cloud of irritant that causes eyes to fill with tears. On the following round, it fills a 10-foot radius, and on the third round, it fills a 15-foot radius. It disperses after 2d4+3 rounds, though a moderate wind (11+ mph) disperses the smoke in 3 rounds and a strong wind (21+ mph) disperses it in 1 round.

A character caught in a cloud of tear gas must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or be nauseated. This effect lasts as long as the character is in the cloud and for 1d6 rounds after he or she leaves the cloud. Those who succeed at their saves but remain in the cloud must continue to save each round. A gas mask renders the target immune to the effects. A wet cloth held over the eyes, nose, and mouth provides a +2 bonus on the Fortitude save.

Thermax Grenade: Thermax replaced thermite and thermate some ways back and still proves effective today. This incendiary grenade, upon activation, creates a chemical reaction within. That reaction generates an intense heat greater than even a white phosphorus grenade, reaching and sometimes exceeding 3200 degrees Celsius. The tremendous heat melts most metals, making it useful for breaching defenses and destroying weapons, ammunition, and vehicles. The reaction self-sustains, resulting in no external fuel, not even oxygen. The heat will continue despite entering a vacuum or even dousing the area with water. The thermax will burn underwater. The heat is intense and fast, creating vicious injuries to creatures. Thermax will destroy 10 points of hardness to anything struck. The effect lasts for 1d4+1 rounds afterward.

ARMOR

LIGHT ARMOR

Aramid Body Vest: One of the first exports from bastions was complex synthetic fibers. Of these, the most sought after by echan adventurers are the aromatic polyamides. These strong fibers resist heat especially well and are resilient to slashing and piercing actions. Almost all techan armor exports, including nomex, are aramids. Aramid body armor is comprised of an advanced version of kevlar.

Limshau Kawabari: Overlapping layers of leather pieces sewn together to form fit the user, Limshau kawabari looks as unique as it feels. A master leathersmith must individually fit each suit of Limshau leather to its owner, although a captured suit can be resized to fit a new owner at a cost of 2d4x100 gp. It already counts as mastercraft for enchantment purposes. Limshau leather looks distinctive against other leather armors. The most obvious telltale signs are numerous belt latches over the whole body as well as the fact that it is only available from Limshau in white or black.

Nomex Survival Suit: Nomex initially appeared from York though almost simultaneous appearances occurred across the world. It employs a combination of flexible aramid fabrics and rigid ceramic and metal plates. The nomex suit covers the wearer completely, sealing him from the outside environment. Normal nomex comes standard without the rigid plates. The plates inserted into the survival suit amplify its combat effectiveness. The nomex suit has cold/fire resistance 5. The AC bonus of the suit drops to +3 if it soaked with water, only returning when dry.

MEDIUM ARMOR

Lamellar: A divergent technique brought over from across the ocean, lamellar armor consists of small plates that are fastened together in a similar technique to scale mail. The two were developed independently and do not actually share much history together. These plates are usually stitched together via leather or steel. Though history recorded the plates made from everything starting from boiled leather to horn, steel and steel's successors took precedence in the modern age. Lamellar commonly coats a vest or full suit of standard chainmail and their addition is incorporated in their stats.

Nomex Combat Suit: Over the regular survival suit, the combat suit employs and blends harder materials, from rigid Kevlar to flexible nomex fibers. Additional layers of nylon separate staggered sheets of thin polymer plastic. The combat suit has cold / fire resistance 10.

Nanotech Combat Suit: This advanced suit emerged with refugees from Mann, but even they admit to not developing it. They claim it was taken from a single Porto craft that attempted a diplomatic mission to Mann. It is still an extremely rare item and rumors point out that less than a dozen can be found in all of Canam. The suit uses molecule-sized machines to alter the composition of the suit depending on the impact. Usually the combat suit remains elastic and comfortable. However, anytime any impact occurs, the micromachines react with a response time of less than 0.035 seconds. The impact point becomes immediately inflexible and solid, deflecting the attack. A small backpack employs a M5 cell that drains the unit of one charge every time the user is hit, as it repairs the suit afterward.

Spider Silk Suit: Selkirk sold this technology to Angel, which later was stolen by Mann and incorporated into their Apostle pilot control suits. Computer controlled looms weave super thin synthetic silk into an extremely flexible nylon stronger than nomex and almost all other aramids. The strands are based on spider silk but are in fact much stronger. When struck with any attack, the spider silk resists as hard as steel but will still flex more than soft rubber. It employs several thicker pads of Kevlar and carbon fiber in key areas. The spider suit allows for extreme maneuverability. The suit is also insulated, giving it electrical (lightning) resistance 5.

Tech-Mail: The most advanced non-powered armor released from bastions appeared coincidentally from various sources. Based on medieval scale mail, tech-mail utilizes overlapping discs no bigger than gold coins interlaced together to form a durable but flexible covering. The discs, comprised of silicon carbide ceramic and titanium, spread out impacts across the entire body, allowing for greater protection. The exacting pattern of the scales is proportioned perfectly to maximize protection where needed most.

HEAVY ARMOR

Advanced Wasteland Armor: An evolved form of the full combat warrior, the wasteland suit initially appeared to combat the more severe threats to techa. It is basically a lightened pressure suit derived from old designs used in space travel. Cooling systems maintain internal temperature in the harshest environments, offering the suit Fire / Cold / Electricity

Table: Armor and Shields

Armor	Cost (GP/UC)	Armor/ Shield Bonus	Maximum Dex Bonus	Armor Check Penalty	Arcane Spell Failure Chance	Speed (30 ft.)	Speed (20 ft.)	Weight [1]	TL
Light armor									
Padded	5	+1	+8	0	—	30 ft.	20 ft.	5 lb.	—
Leather	10	+2	+6	0	—	30 ft.	20 ft.	10 lb.	—
Studded leather	25	+3	+5	-1	5%	30 ft.	20 ft.	15 lb.	—
Chain shirt	100	+4	+4	-2	10%	30 ft.	20 ft.	20 lb.	—
Limshau Kawabari	1500	+3	+8	0	—	30 ft	20 ft.	15 lbs.	—
Aramid body vest	2000	+5	+5	-1	5%	30ft.	—	10 lb.	
Nomex Survival Suit	5000	+5	+6	0	5%	30ft.	—	20 lb.	—
Medium armor									
Hide	15	+3	+4	-3	10%	20 ft.	15 ft.	20 lb.	—
Scale mail	50	+4	+3	-4	15%	20 ft.	15 ft.	25 lb.	—
Chainmail	150	+5	+2	-5	20%	20 ft.	15 ft.	35 lb.	—
Lamellar	180	+5	+3	-5	15%	20 ft.	15 ft.	30 lb.	—
Breastplate / Barrier Vest	200	+5	+3	-4	15%	20 ft.	15 ft.	25 lb.	—
Flack Longcoat	1200	+4	+3	-4	15%	20 ft.	—	20 lb.	—
Nomex Combat Suit	10000	+6	+4	-2	5%	20 ft.	—	20 lb.	—
Spider Silk Suit	15000	+6	+5	0	—	20 ft.	—	25 lb.	—
Tech-mail	25000	+10	+4	-4	20%	20 ft.	—	35 lb.	—
Nanotech Combat Suit	25000	+7	+5	-1	5%	20 ft.	—	30 lb.	4
Heavy armor									
Splint mail	200	+6	+0	-7	40%	20 ft.[2]	15 ft.[2]	40 lb.	—
Banded mail	250	+6	+1	-6	35%	20 ft.[2]	15 ft.[2]	30 lb.	—
Half-plate	600	+7	+0	-7	40%	20 ft.[2]	15 ft.[2]	45 lb.	—
Full plate	1500	+8	+1	-6	35%	20 ft.[2]	15 ft.[2]	50 lb.	—
Full Combat Warrior	25000	+6	+3	-2	30%	20 ft.[2]	—	30 lb.	2
Advanced Wasteland Armor	35000	+8	+3	-4	40%	20 ft.[2]	—	40 lb.	3
Shields									
Buckler	15	+1	—	-1	5%	—	—	3 lb.	—
Shield, light wooden	3	+1	—	-1	5%	—	—	3 lb.	—
Shield, light steel	9	+1	—	-1	5%	—	—	3 lb.	—
Shield, heavy wooden	7	+2	—	-2	15%	—	—	7 lb.	—
Shield, heavy steel	20	+2	—	-2	15%	—	—	12 lb.	—
Shield, tower	30	+4[3]	+2	-10	50%	—	—	40 lb.	—
Shield, Janoahn Master	330	+2	—	-1	5%	—	—	6 lb.	—
Extras									
Armor spikes	+50	—	—	—	—	—	—	+10 lb.	—
Gauntlet, locked	8	—	—	Special	[4]	—	—	+5 lb.	—
Shield spikes	+10	—	—	—	—	—	—	+5 lb.	—
Advanced Armor									
Harvester	40000	+10	+0	-10	20%	—	—	550 lb.[5]	2
Combat Exoskeleton	35000	+10	+1	-4	40%	—	—	245 lb.[5]	4
Skinsuit	45000	+8	+5	0	10%	—	—	65 lb.[5]	4
Apostle Motor slave	69000	+14	+0	-6	50%	—	—	850 lb.[5]	5

1 Weight figures are for armor sized to fit medium characters. Armor fitted for small characters weighs half as much, and armor fitted for large characters weighs twice as much.

2 When running in heavy armor, you move only triple your speed, not quadruple.

3 A tower shield can instead grant you cover. See the description.

4 Hand not free to cast spells.

5 The suit does not weigh the wearer down as it supports its own weight.

(Lightning) resistance 10. A sealed helmet processes external gases, allowing the user to be immune to all gas effects without requiring an external oxygen source. An advanced targeting computer offers a +1 bonus to all ranged attack rolls outside the first range increment. A personal perimeter alarm prevents the wearer from being flanked. The entire system runs off an M5 cell that drains 1 charge per hour of use. The armor may still be used without power but loses all bonuses other than the elemental resistance and the AC.

Full combat warrior: The full combat suit is a mixture of nomex and kevlar padding in water-resistant layers of nylon and metallic fibers covered by patterned camouflage. The advanced targeting helmet offers a +1 bonus to all ranged attack rolls outside of the first range increment. The armor offers a +2 bonus to all Hide skill rolls. It comes standard with a short-range radio and nightvision goggles. All systems run off a single M5 cell that drains 1 charge per hour of use. The armor may still be used without power but loses all bonuses other than the AC and bonus to hide.

SHIELDS

Shield, Janoahn Master: Though many from the Bulwark employ the standard fare from the armories in the kingdom, the front line, and most knights and paladins sworn to the wall,

guard with a more advanced shield exclusive to Abidan. The master shield is lens-shaped giving it increased rigidity. It is also wrapped with hide leather and additional steel belts for reinforcement. Its design features a hooked tapered end, allowing it to make trip attacks.

ADVANCED ARMOR

Beyond simple heavy armor, some bastions pushed further, developing the next generation of techan warrior. These are power suits that not only protect the user but also amplify their abilities as well. They cannot be used without power. They also gain additional abilities:

Hit Points: The hit points of the suit.

Speed: Basic Land Movement. It is not affected or altered by the user's speed or feats.

Threshold: The suit will absorb this much amount of damage per successful hit before translating the rest to the pilot.

Strength: The strength of the suit. The user may use their own if higher.

Combat with advanced armor: Advanced armor operates just as armor in almost every way (Max Dex Bonus, Armor Bonus, Armor Penalty, etc). However, they also offer threshold and their own hit points. Every single successful strike is subtracted from the armor's hit points up to the threshold. Any additional damage past translates to the pilot inside.

When an advanced armor reaches zero, it still functions but no longer offers its strength, its sealed environment (if any), any other special abilities, its modifications (if any), nor its additional protection to its pilot via threshold. Only the primary stat line is retained. Movement is reduced by 5 ft. Any weapons on weapon mounts cannot fire. If the user is reduced to 0 hit points, it is assumed the suit has also suffered enough damage to be broken and thus must be repaired.

Apostle Motor Slave: The main front line defender of Mann, this intimidating suit requires its user to slip into a form-fitting spider-silk suit that snugs tightly in the control area. The pilot's head fits only partially in the machine's helmet with most of the user's body sitting in the trunk of the power suit. His arms only extend to the elbows and the legs only to the knees. The apostle is banned technology and Mann threatens retribution to any sanctioned government agency employing them. It considers their use outside of Mann's walls blasphemy, claiming the knowledge was bestowed upon them from god. Although this prevents their deployment in other bastions, mercenary units hold no such loyalties and carry no fear of the fanatical city. Selkirk apparently also uses several, blanketing themselves in the security of the mountains, taunting Mann to retrieve their stolen technology personally. It is assumed Sierra Madre actually stole the designs initially as a duplicate model currently floats in the research and development department. In truth, all known models emerge with the refugees escaping Mann to York, some being soldiers selling their technology for a new life outside of their home. If one is lucky enough to escape with such a treasure, the sale offers such a windfall to allow the refugee a lifetime without financial worry, assuming he or she survives.



The suit counts as being large and gains all advantages and penalties of that size. Entering and powering the suit is a full round action if one is in the control suit, which is required. While the apostle operates, it separates the pilot from the outside world. As long as the hull is "unbroken," the pilot is immune to all poisons and gas effects. The apostle also gains acid, cold, and lightning resistance 10 and is immune to fire damage. Its H5 cell lasts one charge per hour of use. Because of its enhanced strength, it may wield longarms one handed and heavy weapons may be used without a brace. While the machine is powered up, it gains regeneration (1) to its own hit points. This is disabled if the machines reaches 0 hit points or is broken.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
100	30 ft.	22	10

Combat Exoskeleton: The combat exoskeleton initially appeared in Selkirk, reverse engineered from stolen Mann technology. This fact is accepted by most except Selkirk, insisting the suits appearing in their ranks came later, indicating their Com-Exs rose from their mining machines. Com-Ex prototypes also appeared in Sierra Madre. The suit resembles an oversized piece of medieval plate made from kevlar and polymers, reinforced by limbs of steel, and amplified by synthetic muscle fibers running through the entire assembly. Though not very pretty, the Com-Ex proved its usefulness in combat.

Entering and powering the suit is the same as full plate armor. Its H5 cell lasts one charge per hour. The Com-Ex gains acid, cold, fire and lightning resistance 5. Because of its enhanced strength, it may wield longarms one handed and heavy weapons may be used without a brace.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
20	20 ft.	20	2

Harvester: This oddball emerged from, of all places, Gnimfall. It's assumed the gnomes helped York build the Zeros and took that knowledge back with them and created the harvester. Much more primitive, some doubt its feasibility. The machine resembles a giant human skeleton, wrapping the pilot in a scant few controls, leaving him otherwise exposed. The harvester's biggest advantage lies with its resilience to magic. The suit has a +10 bonus to EDF rolls. The H4 cell lasts one hour per charge. The suit also counts as being medium and gains all advantages and penalties of that size. Entering and powering the suit is a full round action. Harvesters are made for both humans and gimfen. The gimfen variety is the same size but is fitted with stilts and a booster seat. Because of its enhanced strength, it may wield longarms one handed and heavy weapons may be used without a brace.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
40	20 ft.	20	1

Skinsuit: The skin suit is a small powered armor that leaves little to the imagination. It forms itself to the curvature of the body. A buyer cannot simply buy one off a shelf. It must be customed to the user. It employs a combination of lightweight polymers and kevlar padding reinforced with solid limbs, usually made from silicon carbide ceramic which slides perfectly to allow movement via a magnetorheological fluid. The skinsuit covers the entire body and employs a helmet that seals the suit completely. An H5 cell drains a charge every hour in use. The actual weight of the unit is only 65 lbs. but the enhanced internal structure nullifies its armor check penalty. Entering and powering the suit is the same as donning full plate. While the skinsuit operates, it separates the pilot from the outside world. As long as the hull is "unbroken," the pilot is immune to all poisons and gas effects. The skinsuit also gains acid, cold, and lightning resistance 5 and is immune to fire damage. Its M5 cell lasts one charge per hour.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
50	40 ft.	18	5

ARMOR MODIFICATIONS

These additions only apply to advanced armor. Each suit can carry THREE modifications. Some require their own battery cell to operate. Higher tech modifications can be placed on lower tech armor but the low-tech armor does not protect the high modification from magical interference. The weight of the unit increases and it may add an additional penalty to armor check rolls.

Acid Resistance: This modification withstands the first 10 points of Acid damage per attack. It requires no cell. It stacks with any current resistance.

Anti-Gravity: The armor can fly at a speed of 35 feet. It can ascend at half speed and descend at double speed, and the maneuverability is average. It requires an additional H5 cell that lasts for one minute per charge. Should the cell expire while the subject is still aloft, the cell fails slowly. The subject floats downward 60 feet per round for 1d6 rounds. If it reaches the ground in that amount of time, the suit lands safely. If not, it falls the rest of the distance, taking 1d6 points of damage translated to the user per 10 feet of the fall.

Booster: Hydraulic implants in the suit offer a +2 techa bonus to strength. This slaves off the power cell of the suit but does not drain it anymore. It does not require another cell. This modification does not work on Harvesters.

Collapsible: An odd modification seen usually only on smaller suits is a totally different way of constructing the armor. With only 1 minute, the suit completely disassembles and folds into a case 1 foot by 1 foot per 200 lbs of the suit.

Cold Resistance: This modification withstands the first 10 points of Cold damage per attack. It requires no cell. It stacks with any current resistance.

Electricity Resistance: This modification withstands the first 10 points of Electricity (Lightning) damage per attack. It requires no cell. It stacks with any current resistance.

Fire Resistance: This modification withstands the first 10 points of Fire damage per attack. It requires no cell. It stacks with any current resistance.

Fortification: Additional armor plating prevents flanking and critical hits. There is a 50% chance that these attacks are treated normally. It requires no cell.

Invisibility: A built-in cloaking generator renders the suit invisible per the spell for one round per charge in a H3 clip. Like the spell, the effect dissipates with an attack. Tripling the price removes that disadvantage though most ranged weaponry reveals a shooter's location.

Invulnerability: An advanced design rebuilds the suit with Angelite armor, offering 5 hardness to the suit.

Jumper: Huge hydraulic lifters work off the cell of the suit. It allows a +5 bonus to Jump checks for large suits, +10 to smaller suits.

Phase: Image distortions and light bending generators blurs the armor, incurring half concealment (20% chance miss rate) when activated. A H4 cell lasts for one round per charge.

Stealth: Baffles and insulation silence the unit, offering a +5 the armor check penalty in accordance to Move Silently checks to a maximum of +0. It requires no cell.

Sonic Resistance: This modification withstands the first 10 points of sonic damage per attack. It requires no cell. It stacks with any current resistance.

Weapon Mount: A shoulder or arm mounted assembly, which frees up a hand for the user. This mount acts as a hand or a brace for holding or mounting weapons. Only large suits can mount "Super heavy" weapons. It works off the cell of the suit, not needing one itself.

GOODS & SERVICES

As many seeking adventure migrate closer to bastions, the saturation of bastion exports increase. More and more goods constructed by the simply skilled found themselves replaced by the refined exports of sophisticated manufacture. Players have the option to purchase either echan goods or their techan equivalent. The products may not last any longer or stand that much more punishment, but they are rare and do distinguish the owner. For the techan characters, gold and UC are interchangeable on a 1-1 basis at 1st level.

CLOTHING

Bastions often sport their own fashions but obviously, to go into their trends would take up far too much space to include here. Simply put, regular clothes from Porto look very different from the norm in York. Unless someone purchases clothes from the bastion they are in, visitors will stick out. Even York and Mann wear different styles. **Business:** Most business clothes are not effective in the outside world but do help relations with others while inside a bastion. Every techan needs a change of clothes while inside the walls as their outer wear is found to be inappropriate.

Casual: Casuals are just that, loose, comfortable clothing not meant for dress or wilderness use.

Fatigues: Fatigues are worn by military personnel both in comfort and in combat. They comprise several varieties of

Table: Goods & Services

Item	Cost	Weight	Cell	TL
Techan clothing				
Business	5	3 lb.	—	—
Casual	2	2 lb.	—	—
Fatigues	5	3 lb.	—	—
Formal	5	3 lb.	—	—
Ghillie suit	50	5 lb.	—	—
Harsh environment suit	40	3 lb.	—	—
Uniform	5	2 lb.	—	—
Electronics				
Digital Audio Recorder	10	—	B3	2
Digital camera	50	—	B5	2
Digital Video Camera	150	2 lb.	B3	2
Infrared goggles	1000	½ lb.	B3	3
Metal detector	100	2 lb.	B3	2
Notebook Computer	100	1 lb.	B3	2
Personal data assistant	50	—	B3	2
Printer	20	2 lb.	B3	2
Scanner	20	3 lb.	B3	2
Two-way radio				
Basic	50	½ lb.	B5	2
Military	100	1 lb.	B5	2
Watch, Automatic	50	—	—	1
Professional equipment				
Bolt cutter	6	2 lb.	—	—
Demolitions kit	100	5 lb.	—	1
Electronics tool kit (TL1)	100	10 lb.	—	1
Electronics tool kit (TL2)	500	5 lb.	B5	2
Electronics tool kit (TL3)	1000	8 lb.	M5	3
Electronics tool kit (TL4)	3000	10 lb.	M5	4
Electronics tool kit (TL5)	8000	15 lb.	H5	5
Electronics tool kit (TL6)	16000	20 lb.	H5	6
Handcuffs	5	½ lb.	—	—
Mechanical tool kit (TL1)	500	10 lb.	—	1
Mechanical tool kit (TL2)	1000	15 lb.	B5	2
Mechanical tool kit (TL3)	5000	20 lb.	M5	3
Mechanical tool kit (TL4)	10000	25 lb.	M5	4
Mechanical tool kit (TL5)	20000	30 lb.	H5	5
Mechanical tool kit (TL6)	40000	35 lb.	H5	6
Musical Instrument	100	5-10 lb.	—	—
Techan lockpick	200	1 lb.	—	—
Medical gear				
First aid kit	100	3 lb.	—	—
Medical kit (TL1)	1000	10 lb.	—	—
Medical kit (TL2)	4000	12 lb.	B3	2
Medical kit (TL3)	9000	15 lb.	M3	3
Medical kit (TL4)	15000	18 lb.	M3	4
Medical kit (TL5)	25000	25 lb.	H5	5
Medical kit (TL6)	40000	30 lb.	H5	6
Medical Booster	Various	—	—	1-6
Micromachine Injection	Various	—	—	1-6
Nano-healer	5500	2 lb.	H3	6
Nano-reactor	50000	100 lb.	H1	6
Survival gear				
Battery Flare	10	1 lb.	B1	2
Binoculars, digital	500	1 lb.	B3	3
Binoculars, standard	10	½ lb.	—	—
Chemical light sticks (5)	3	½ lb.	—	—
Climbing gear	100	10 lb.	—	—
Compass	1	—	—	—
Electric torch,				
Flood	10	2 lb.	M5	2
Mechanical	50	1 lb.	—	2
Standard	2	½ lb.	B5	2
Weapon Mount	50	—	B5	2
Fire extinguisher	20	5 lb.	—	1
Flash goggles	200	1 lb.	—	—
Gas mask	50	1 lb.	—	—
Military rations (6)	5	1 lb.	—	—
Portable stove	5	1 lb.	M5	2
Purifying filter	20	1 lb.	—	—
Purifying tablets (10)	5	—	—	—
Sleeping bag	5	½ lb.	—	—
Synthetic tent, 2	10	2 lb.	—	—
Synthetic tent, 5	50	5 lb.	—	—
Synthetic tent, 10	100	10 lb.	—	—
Powered	+50	+50%	M3	2
Pressurized	+450	+100%	M3	3
Self-Deploying	+1200	+100%	M3	4
Weapon Accessories				
Detonator				
Radio controlled	20	—	B1	2
Timer	5	—	—	—
Wired	10	—	—	1
Firearm clip	3	½ lb.	—	—
Holster				
Back	5	½ lb.	—	—
Chest	4	½ lb.	—	—
Concealed	20	½ lb.	—	—
Hip	3	½ lb.	—	—
Laser sight	200	½ lb.	B5	2
Scope,				
Digital	500	½ lb.	B5	2
Targeting	250	—	—	—
Sentry Assembly				
Fixed	1000	25 lb.	M5	2
Mobile (Wheeled)	5000	45 lb.	M5	2
Mobile (Legged)	10000	65 lb.	M5	3
Suppressor				
Pistol	100	½ lb.	—	—
Rifle	150	1 lb.	—	—
Unique Items				
Anti echan network (4)	2000	20 lb.	M5	2
Additional poles	350	4 lb.	—	—
Anti-gravity generator	9500	10 lb.	M3	6
Big ear	1500	—	B5	3
Camera ball	500	0.5 lb.	B5	2
Cloaking Generator	20000	30 lb.	H3	5
EDF Muffler Box	2000	5 lb.	—	—
Electro Optical Sensor	2500	10 lb.	M5	2
Force shield	10000	5 lb.	H2	5
Gravity lens	5000	2 lb.	M3	5
Grip gloves	6000	2 lb.	M3	5
Ground Seismic Sensor	2000	2 lb.	M5	3
Holographic generator	8500	30 lb.	H5	4
Jelly pad	500	2 lb.	—	3
Lie detector	1000	2 lb.	M3	3
Light bender	9500	5 lb.	M1	5
Rover robot	1500	5 lb.	M3	
Ultrasound Goggles	5000	1 lb.	M3	4

patterned colors dependant on the terrain of choice. When matched properly, the fatigues offer a +2 bonus to hide checks. Fatigues are one of the few choices a techan can wear allowing them to fit in both inside and outside of the bastion walls. When worn loose, fatigues are lazy. When buttoned tight and with authority, they demand respect from those around.

Formal: Even the most expensive suits are clumsy to move around in.

Wilderness Camouflage: More than simple fatigues, one may elect to wear a more specialized suit covered in a mesh of synthetic replications of a specific terrain type. It doesn't offer any protection but when used properly, allows the wearer to vanish into the background. A character wearing the appropriate camouflage gains a +10 bonus on all hide checks in the matched terrain. The suit is advanced enough to allow a shift in terrain choices by simply folding layers and tucking patterns under zippers. This takes a full minute and there are few landscapes the wilderness camouflage can vanish into. However, the suit is clumsy and bulky, imposing a -2 penalty on all Dexterity checks (except for hide) and on all melee attack rolls.

Harsh Environment Suit: These overlapping layers of nylons and polyester seal in the user from the outside elements. The suit's outer layer is waterproof with micro fibers underneath. The thickest segment comprises six layers while the thinnest uses only three. It can handle normal temperatures as low as -40 below zero and is comfortable to wear at night.

Uniform: Uniforms are assigned to any military personal and are expected to be worn in any formal function. They often can replace formal wear in almost any occasion. Sometimes ceremonial weapons, rank insignias, and medals are also worn.

ELECTRONICS

Digital Audio Recorder: This voice activated personal recorder holds six hours via a built unidirectional microphone. It can be connected to a computer to download the recordings. The battery lasts one hour per charge.

Digital Camera: The battery can take one photo per charge and is stored on a removable memory chip holding 1000 photos. It takes one photo per combat round. It comes equipped with a flash, a macro, a 10x optical zoom, a large 2.5" LCD screen and lower-quality video function, all encased in a durable outer shell.

Digital Video Camera: Video cameras use digital cards the same as still cameras to record video. Like the still camera, the videos can be uploaded to a computer. The Battery lasts one hour per charge. It comes equipped with a 5000x digital zoom and a stereo microphone. It can also take lower-quality still photos.

Infrared Goggles: These non-telescoping goggles still provide stereoscopic vision and allow the wearer to see in total darkness for 150 feet. Each cell lasts 24 hours.

Metal Detector: This small device extends a small probe which scans for metal objects. It applies a +10 bonus on all search rolls for them. The battery lasts one hour per charge.

Notebook Computer: Though hundreds of varieties of computers fill up every bastion on Earth, the only real option for the techan adventurer outside their city is the notebook. The unit measures only 1 foot on either side and only 2" thick. Even with more advanced bastions, keyboards remain keyboards and are seldom replaced by touch sensitive panels. They burn data onto 2" media discs capable of holding gigabytes of data, which increases exponentially as the tech level increases. The processor speed also increases exponentially with each tech level but the actual dimensions and capabilities seldom change. They just do it faster and make them look better.

Personal data assistant (PDA): These resemble notebook computers, though a fifth the size, speed, and capacity. They interface with their user via either stylus, miniaturized keyboard, or even a laser image transmitting the likeness of a keyboard onto a flat surface for the user to use. This same PDA may also even transmit their information on a small screen, project it onto a wall, or suspend a holographic display over the device. PDAs take even greater punishment than notebooks and often come equipped with a massive rubber and polymer case capable of stopping a bullet. They may link to either computers or printers with ease.

Printer: This small portable printer may be hooked into a computer, a digital camera, or a PDA. It prints 4x6, 5x7, or 8x10 images on standard or photo-grade paper as a full round action. It lasts one charge per hour of use. It employs a laser etched thermal ribbon, lasting 500 photos. Paper is cheap and is assumed to always be handy. Ink refills cost 5 gp.

Scanner: This small hand unit scans images and text with a quick pass. It stores the information as image files similar to a digital camera. It uses one charge per hour of use.

Two-way radio: Two way radios are used to employ legally available radio frequencies chosen specifically to avoid eavesdropping and interference with other machines or day-to-day electronics. Now with the expanse of the echan landscape, keeping this communicator bottled in the low bands or in low power is no longer required. Each communication lasts one charge.

Basic: This entry-level model fits in a small pocket. It has a clear range of 10 miles in open echa, 20 miles while within a bastion. The basic models can withstand some punishment and water pressure, but cannot take such trauma for long.

Professional: The more ungainly and bulky variety is fortified against harsher environments and most inflicted damage. Its powerful transmitter beams at 20 miles in echa, 40 while in a city. These machines are designed for the open wilderness and are not recommended in bastions as their transmit power may actually damage nearby sensitive electronics.

Watch, Automatic: Automatic mechanical, self-winding or perpetual motion, watches no longer requires batteries or a manual wind. Modern watches employ a balance wheel that winds via the motion of the wearer's arm. This allows the watch to keep perfect time without requiring manual winding or any power source. The compact and complicated device is water resistant, shock resistant (1 hardness, 1 hit point), and cannot be over-wound with abuse. They are also completely silent. This design became popular across the world and even though its intricate design created an EDF threat, its lack of power kept its disruption vulnerability to a minimum.

PROFESSIONAL EQUIPMENT

Bolt Cutter: This large and clumsy device applies heavy torque to wires, locks, and other heavy gauge items, snapping them with ease.

Demolitions Kit: Needed for any decent work with explosives, the Demolitions kit includes wires, plugs, and various tools. It does not include detonators or explosives. It includes a small battery powers circuit tester that uses a charge every time it is employed, though that is only required for disarming explosives. Though one can slap on a detonator and walk away, this kit is mandatory for any disarming. Using this kit offers a +2 bonus to demolition checks when arming and disarming.

Electronic and Mechanical tool kits: An item requiring a craft roll to improve or repair requires the appropriate kit or kits of equal tech level. If one kit is below the required, the rolls suffer a -2 for every tech level off. If both kits are under the required tech level, the penalties compound. Having no kit is the same as being tech level 0 for the purposes of calculating the penalty (if the check can be made without a kit as some higher tech items require it). If one attempting an improve-

ment or repair has a superior kit, they gain a +1 bonus for every tech level above the item being worked on.

Electronic tool kits include diagnostic tools, a soldering gun, fine point insulated needle pliers, and wire cutters at TL1. Above that, it employs a battery for a digital multi-meter measuring ohms, amps, and volts. It also comes equipped with a variety of wires, clips, resistors, banana plugs and crocodile clips. Further advances include miniature diagnostic computers; advanced kits contain micromachines, which can literally reassemble entire motherboards.

Craft Skill	Mechanical Kit	Electronic Kit
Electronic		X
Mechanical	X	
Power Armor	X	X
Techan Armor**	X	X*
Techan Weapons	X	X*
Vehicles	X	X*
* If item is higher than TL1		

Unlike the fine implements of the electronic tool kit, the mechanical tool kit includes much heavier instruments, including heavy gauge pliers, power tools, and a variety of wrenches. More advanced models include a battery that supplies the multi-head power magnetic rotary chuck with dozens of available bits and a miniature saber saw. The tools are only available in metric. Advanced versions include full diagnostic computers and nano-reconstructors.

If battery powered, every craft roll uses up a charge. A higher tech kit without power is a TL1 kit.

Handcuffs: These high tensile steel restraints require a strength check DC 25 to break.

Musical instruments: Human cultures slammed into other echans nations in many fields, but the largest integration occurred with music. No fey nation ever developed their musical instruments to the level humans had. Several of them, especially gimfen, embraced these new mechanisms of music. Of them, the most exclusively human exports are the aerophones. A few of the new instruments follow.

Double-Violin: A rare and extremely tricky instrument, the Filan'hedel sports 10 strings with two tails on either side. Stories abound that to properly master this instrument requires either one additional arm or two bows attached perpendicular to an arm.

Eeonai Lute: Humans and narros often clash over many things. Who invented the lute remains an annoying thorn. Humans insist it's derived from another instrument in their past known as a barbat. Narros insist their design dates back even more. This simple plucked string instrument predates modern guitars. It should be noted that narros are bad at the lute, confusing many as to why they take so much pride in its origin. It could just be that they can reach all the strings.

Electrical Guitar: This amplified guitar is powered off a B3 cell, using 1 charge per hour. It is a TL2 item but can work without power.

Keyboard: The humans exported this electronic instrument to replace the piano in certain circles. It uses a B3 cell that uses 1 charge every hour. It is a TL2 item.

Techan lockpick: This complicated kit is more than just a simple leather packet with various picks and needles. It also includes a telescoping snake scope with torsion wrenches, vice-grip pliers, and a stethoscope. It offers a +2 bonus on lock picking attempts.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT

First Aid Kit: This kit contains bandages, pills, trauma shears, ointments, and basic stitching implements for basic injuries. It may also be used for severe injuries but only to the extent of stabilizing the injured for transport. Injections help with dazed or unconscious targets. Attempting basic first aid with the kit incurs a +2 bonus. Any attempt to treat any other injuries requires a medical kit.

Medical Kit: The much larger and formidable medical kit holds everything from the first aid kit as well as more advanced instruments including eye pads and cooling gel pads for burns. Along with wound irrigation, syringes supply help with delivering various included medications. Other implements include splints, alcohol pads, an epinephrine injector, hemostatic pads, and various scalpels and scissors for emergency surgical procedures. Even the most trained medical professionals can pull off miracles with a simple medical kit. More advanced models feature scanning gear with ultrasound and x-ray emitters. Diagnostic tools assist with a prognosis. Advanced kits also feature robotic probes capable of injecting short-lived nano-machines to repair internal injuries. A TL1 kit offers a +3 bonus to all heal rolls. Every additional TL adds an additional +2 to a maximum of +13 with a TL6 kit. Medical kits are designed for human physiologies and cannot work with non-humans.

Micromachine Injections: One of the most advanced versions of the Nanobot injections, these permanent micromachines are self-replicating and self powered, tapping into the energy of the human body it is injected into. Their limits are with techa itself. Only TWO micromachine doses can be injected in a body at any one time. More than two begins crowding the body and the machines conflict and end up either destroying each other or killing their subject by overloading the body. Micromachines only work on non-echan humans and not on any other creatures. MIs cannot be exchanged. An Anti-Nano is administered that seeks out and kills an existing injection in the body so a new injection can be administered. Micromachines are sensitive to EDF but receive a +10 bonus to their saves from insulation for being inside the human body. If they suffer from drain, they are only down for the number of charges lost in minutes. Total battery nullification disrupts them for a full day. Only breaks can permanently destroy them. If destroyed or removed, all bonuses the nanos offered are lost. If they explode, they do the same damage as a B5 cell. However, the blast is confined to the body, doubling the damage to the carrier but affecting no one else.

Some injections available are twice the power of their stated design. Doubling the cost doubles the effect and the injection carries more advanced machines than normal. It is not two separate injections. Two of the same injections do nothing over the effects of just one. There are no triple or quadruple injections available.

Table: Micromachines

Micromachine Injection	Cost	Double	TL
Constitution	8500	Yes	5
Dexterity	8500	Yes	5
Personal radar	8500	No	6
Regeneration	25000	No	6
Removal	2000	No	5
Strength	8500	Yes	5
Total Body Recondition	40000	Yes	6
Tough skin	4500	Yes	5

EG: If you had a strength boost and wanted to increase the boost from +2 to +4, you have to pay to have the old ones removed and pay the double cost for the better ones.

Constitution: Offers a +2 techa bonus to Constitution.

Dexterity: Offers a +2 techa bonus to Dexterity.

Personal Radar: Gives the subject Alertness (per the feat).

Regeneration: Regenerates 1 point of damage / hour. This effect stops if the target is killed.

Strength: Offers a +2 techa bonus to Strength.

Total Body Recondition: This advanced boost offers a +2 techa bonus to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution.

Tough Skin: Offers a +1 Natural Bonus to AC.

Nano-Healer: Beyond just patching holes, the Nanobots enter the body via an injection gun and repair it from within. However, these are lower technology creations compared to some of the prototypes Porto is testing. The bots quickly run out of power after a few minutes. However, in that time (2d6 rounds), the bots will cure 6d6+12 points of damage. The price listed is for one gun and the battery replacement charges the gun to create more nanos for more doses.

Nano Reactor: Beyond a simple Nano healer, the reactor is a huge man-sized tube that bombards the body with self-replicating micromachines. Further, they supply all the materials needed to cure any injury of any type. One charge is used every minute. Placing a body in the tube and activating starts a complicated process. Instantly, it starts to heal wounds, curing 1d8+10 hit points per minute. 2d10 minutes later, severed appendages and other lost extremities are regenerated.

MEDICAL BOOSTERS

Medical boosters are advanced injections introduced into the body to offer temporary bonuses or to offset debilitating effects. They are designed for human physiology and either does not work or could outright kill a non-human. A medic with at least 8 ranks in heal may attempt to beat the medical DC on the injection to administer properly. The medic must determine the right dosage for the subject and find a suitable injection location. If the medic beats the Medical DC, the subject receives the benefits with no ill effects. If the medical DC fails or if someone without training attempts the injection, the Medical DC becomes a Fortitude save at -10 or suffers a failure result. Adding another injection before the previous one wears off increases the DC of the new injection by 5. This penalty is cumulative with additional injections.

The medic may take 10 before injecting but cannot take 20. The injections on the following table feature a listed tech level but they cannot be disrupted. They are listed only for their rarity. Non-humans taking an injection must make the Fortitude save regardless of the medic's roll at a -5 penalty to their roll. Even if they save, they only receive the benefits 50% of the time. Making an injection is a full round action. The medical roll coincides with the injection and the medic cannot stop the injection if he fails.

There are two types of injections: positive and offensive. Offensive injectors can be loaded into an air-dart gun or forced via a successful grapple check. Offensive injections do not require the medical DC to operate as they are meant to have adverse side effects. Though ranged fire to deliver injections requires a critical strike to surpass damage resistance, maintaining a grapple for a full round allows an injector to surpass it as well. Some positive injections may be used aggressively, forcing the Fort save in hopes of incurring the side effects.

Agility: This injection increases agility and alertness without overtly sacrificing nerves or blood pressure. The subject gains a +4 enhancement bonus to Dexterity for 3d4 minutes.

Failure: Blood pressure increases. The subject is jittery and uncontrolled. They gain the Dexterity bonus for 1d4 rounds, and then take 2d4 points of Dexterity damage.

Anti-Toxin: This injection cures all non-magical poison. The medic must identify the right poison and deliver the right anti-toxin. A success cures the subject. It will also cure non-magical paralysis.

Failure: Does not cure the subject.

Table: Boosters

Injection	Medical DC	Cost (UC)	TL
Anti-toxin	25	400	1
Agility	35	600	3
Confidence	25	150	2
Death Simulation	20	500	3
Detonator	—	3500	4
Echan Suppressor	—	3000	4
Endurance	30	550	2
Extreme Boost	30	1500	3
Immunity	25	800	3
Massive	30	3000	4
Open Mind	—	1500	3
Pain Resistance	30	500	2
Paralysis	—	150	2
Psychosis	—	500	3
Rage, level 1, 2 or 3	25, 27, 30	1500, 3500, 5000	3
Rapid Healing	25	550	5
Recovery	30	2000	4
Regeneration	35	2500	5
Resistance	20	200	2
Revive	20	200	1
Sleep	—	100	2
Speed	25	200	2
Stability	25	250	3
Stamina	20	200	1
Still Mind	25	200	2
Strength	30	550	3
Truth	—	150	1

Confidence: This injection offers the recipient a +5 bonus to all fear checks and bluff rolls. The effect last 3d4 minutes.

Failure: The subject gains the bonus but grows tired and must make a DC15 fort save or suffer 4 points of ability damage to all physical stats.

Death Simulation: The injection lowers the body's temperature and pulse. The subject is paralyzed. All resources of the body reduce, leaving only minimum requirements to prevent brain death. The subject looks and feels completely dead. The subject has no awareness of their surrounding for the duration. A successful medical roll allows the injector to decide exactly how long he wishes this effect to last. The effect can last up to 2 hours without long-term damage. Past 2 hours, the subject must make a Fort save every ten minutes (same DC as the medical DC) or be reduced to -1 hit point. Every subsequent failure causes 1 point of damage and increases the DC by 2. After the dose wears off, the subject wakens.

Failure: The effect is successful but after 1 minute, the subject has a 20% chance of waking suddenly.

Detonator (Offensive): A vile injection, the detonator injects ultra EDF-sensitive nanites into a subject. If a subject employs magic in the form of a spell or spell-like effect or a supernatural ability, the nanites must make an EDF roll with a -15 penalty to the roll. If they "break" or are "destroyed," the nanites explode from the inside, doing 5d6 fire damage to the subject. The nanites remain unaffected otherwise unless they lose charges, then they are nullified. They break down on their own after 3d4 hours. The damage surpasses magical damage resistance. The needle the nanites are carried in suppresses their detonation capacity and they cannot explode unless injected. Detonator does not work on incorporeal creatures or elementals.

Echan Suppressor (Offensive): This outlawed injection sourced from Mann uses the altered rules of science in echa

against the subject. It amplifies an echan's rejection to human drugs. It only affects fey and all branches. The injection is a toxoid vaccine against epidemic parotitis (the mumps). It reacts to the altered chemistry of echans, turning their blood into a corrosive, eating the creature away from the inside. It does not work on undead, or any creatures with a negative descriptor (pagus, demons, etc). Affected targets must make a DC25 Fort save or suffer 3d8+8 points of damage. If properly injected, the injection surpasses magic damage resistance.

Endurance: The injection boosts the subject's vitality and stamina, offering a +4 enhancement bonus to Constitution, which adds the usual benefits to hit points, Fortitude saves, and Constitution checks. This effect last 3d4 minutes.

Failure: The subject gains the bonus but his lungs spasm and the target has breathing pains. He is limited to single actions for the next 2d4 minutes.

Extreme Boost: This injection heightens the recipient's awareness and increases his overall speed, gaining haste bonuses (per the spell) for 2d4 rounds.

Failure: The recipient must make a DC20 Fort save every 2 rounds until expiration or have a heart attack, dropping him to -1 hit point. He still receives the haste bonus.

Immunity: The injection boosts the body's natural immunities and provides additional help via a rainbow of manufactured, boosted, genetically neutral T-cell subsets. This renders the subject immune to all poisons and disease for 3d4 hours. This must be injected before infection, as an immunity injection will not cure already poisoned or diseased subjects.

Failure: The injection has no effect and the target's body spends so much time rejecting the injections, they receive a -2 penalty to the next Fort save if occurring in the next 3d4 hours.

Massive: This powerful dose, developed from Sierra Madre, succeeded from the standard rage injection. It temporarily boosts all physical abilities without sacrificing mental awareness. It offers a +6 enhancement bonus to Constitution, Dexterity, and Strength. It also temporarily imbues the subject with the power attack feat and all subsequent feats requiring it (Cleave, Great Cleave, etc). This effect lasts for 3d4 minutes.

Failure: The subject gains the bonuses for 1d4 rounds but after the expiration, they suffer from massive internal injuries as his limbs begin to dislocate and his tendons tear from his joints. He takes 6d6+10 points of damage and is paralyzed.

Open Mind (Offensive): The subject must make a DC25 Will save or suffer from the effects of suggestion (per the spell). The effect lasts 4d4 minutes and does not end prematurely.

Paralysis (Offensive): The victim must make a DC20 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 2d4 minutes.

Psychosis (Offensive): This massive overdose of drugs forces any non-echan to make a DC20 Will save or suffer from a fear effect. The subject is convinced even his allies are horrendous monsters intended on devouring him whole. He is panicked for 3d4 minutes.

Pain Resistance: The subject gains 3d8+8 temporary hit points. The additional hit points are the last hit points taken from damage and after 3d4 minutes, they vanish, even to dropping the subject to negative hit points or death. The subject can also remain conscious and commit full rounds action into negative hit points until death.

Failure: The subject still receives the benefits but falls asleep for 3d4 minutes. Forcing him awake via injection brings on a DC 20 fort save or reduce the subject to -1 hit points.

Rage: The subject loses temporary partial control of his faculties as the injection thrusts him into a screaming, blood frenzy. He gains the barbarian's base rage ability with all its bonuses, penalties, and aftereffects. A Level 2 rage injection is more expensive, riskier to inject, but offers Greater Rage (per barbarian). A Level 3 rage injection is the most expensive and riskiest, but offers Mighty Rage (per barbarian). Like the barbarian's rage, this effect lasts as long as the user's new constitution bonus.

Failure: The rage continues as normal. For the entire duration of the rage, the subject loses all mental control, going totally berserk, attacking targets, friend or foe, totally at random. At the expiration, the subject must make a DC20 Fort save or suffer from the rage effects for 1 more round. This process is continuous, forcing a Fort save every round until the target saves.

Rapid Healing Injection: This one-time injection acts to cure 3d6+6 points of damage. After initial injection, another dosage cannot be used again on that subject for 24 hours.

Failure: The damage is healed but the subject passes out for 2d4 minutes.

Recovery: The injection, if delivered within one minute to a victim of a negative level attack or an ability drain, reverses the effect of 1d4+1 negative levels and 1d4+1 points of any ability drained. Double injections have no effect.

Failure: The recovery does not work.

Regeneration: The injection boosts the subject's recovery rate, offering regeneration (1d4+1) for 3d4 minutes.

Failure: The effect remains in effect but after the duration expires, the subject drops to -1 hit points.

Resistance: This injection offers a +4 bonus to all Fortitude saving throws for 3d4 hours.

Failure: The subject automatically loses his next fortitude saving throw unless 3d4 hours has expired.

Revive: The subject awakens from a sleep or from an unconscious state. Those reduced to under -1 hit points are limited to single actions. Attempting a full round action brings on a DC20 fort save or the subject falls unconscious again. Attempting another revive forces another DC20 fort save or the character dies. Regardless, after a full 24 hours, the subject needs 8 hours of uninterrupted sleep. Injecting him again within 24 hours is an instant failure.

Failure: None. The subject remains unconscious. Attempting a second injection forces a DC20 fort save or the subject is reduced to -1 hit point.

Sleep (Offensive): The victim must make a DC15 Fortitude save or fall asleep for 2d4 minutes.

Stability: This injection steadies one's hand. It offers a +3 competency bonus to hit for all ranged weapons for 3d4 minutes and increases aiming bonuses by +1. The subject also gains the nimble fingers feat.

Failure: The adverse occurs, though the subject is not aware of the hand's unsteadiness, imposing a -4 penalty to all ranged attack rolls and Dex based skills.

Stamina: This extended duration injection was initially designed for manual labor. It allows the recipient to function for 16 hours without tiring. This same injection may be delivered to living mounts as well. He also gains the Endurance feat for the duration.

Failure: Failure results in the subject to suffer an accelerated heartbeat. They gain the stamina bonus but after 16 hours, they collapse in a coma for a full day.

Still Mind: This batch of mood stabilizers prevents adverse reactions to mental effects for 3d4 hours. The subject gains a +5 to all Will saves.

Failure: The subject constantly second guesses his actions and pauses when he should act. He keeps the +5 bonus but cannot act that round. He can only make an action every second round for 1 hour.

Strength: This injection increases strength and muscle resilience. The subject gains a +4 enhancement bonus to

Strength for 3d4 minutes. They also gain a +10 to movement and the Run feat.

Failure: The subject gains the strength bonus but after 1d4 rounds, is wracked with pain and stiff joints. They then take 2d4 points of Strength damage.

Truth (Offensive): The subject is forced to tell the truth. They must make a DC20 Will save to resist the effects.

SURVIVAL GEAR

Battery Flare: A battery powered bright candle, the charge only lasts for one hour but illuminates an area more than 50 feet in diameter.

Binoculars: Though often times small and concealed, many are clumsier but more effective for bringing distant objects into close focus. They are sturdy, waterproof, and survive falls up to 50 feet, regardless of their capacity. If broken, they cannot be repaired.

Digital: Digital binoculars bend light through normal lenses but processes input into a digital receiver, which cleans up and stabilizes the image. Filters also activate with a simple button, switching from low-light and infrared views. This grants unlimited darkvision. It will work for one hour per charge.

Standard: Standard binoculars are equipped with an anti-reflective magnesium fluoride coating and assist long-range spot checks by offering a +2 bonus when spotting targets more than 100 feet away.

Chemical light sticks: Scientists battled for years to uncover a new chemical combination that provided the light of glowsticks without the danger of disruption. Oddly enough, the old style composition had a tendency of failing after only five minutes. A few rare ones breached the outer tube. They glow red, green, or blue usually. They don't use batteries, are cheap, and are waterproof. When activated, the chemicals mix with a fluorescent dye, giving them the illumination. Each price supplies 5 sticks and each one lasts 1 hour when activated. The stick illuminates a 40-foot area. Heating the stick increases the size to 60 feet but only lasts half as long. Chilling the stick decreases the size to 20 but lasts twice as long. Glowsticks are popular in echa and often impress many where flamboyant spellwork fails.

Climbing Gear: Attempting to climb with the proper kit offers a +5 bonus to attempts, though it takes a full minute to set up, and climbing takes twice as long. It includes carabiners, pitons, quickdrawns, rapellers, spikes, belays, pulleys and 4 50-foot bundles of super strong rope comprised of synthetic fabric wrapped around a flexible metal core. A small but hefty hammer is also equipped.

Compass: Thankfully, magnetic fields are unaltered in magical saturation. Magnetic north remains strong and true. Modern compasses diligently point to it loyally, granting a +2 bonus to navigation. Rumors indicate that Ixindar emanates a large magnetic field but this power source cannot be detected from Canam.

Electric Torch: The most common device on a techan adventurer, more than any other item, is the flashlight or electric torch. They do not employ fragile bulbs but instead utilize electronically regulated light-emitting diodes that make the end product more efficient, brighter, and much more durable for the wilderness adventurer.

Standard: This heavy metal shaft often doubles as a club, which it can be used for a pinch without damaging the light. It projects a 100-lumen cone 50 feet long. It will work for one hour per charge.

Battery Flood: This larger more clumsy variety is not effective as a weapon but the result is much more powerful. The floodlight projects a high-intensity beam 100 feet long and 600 lumens in power. It works 1 hour per charge.

Mechanical: The mechanical flashlight employs a miniature electrical generator and capacitor. By either shaking the light or winding a crank, the capacitor charges, allowing the unit to power its LED transmitter to a 25-foot long cone. Because if EDF drain, it only lasts 10 minutes before fading out but it does gain a +5 bonus to EDF rolls and does not require a battery.

Weapon Mount: This LED light projects a powerful focused beam from a very light source. It was original designed to be mounted under any standard one or two-handed firearm. It projects a 100-lumen beam 60 feet long. It works for 1 hour per charge.

Fire Extinguisher: Centuries of development resulted in a new multipurpose chemical. It smothers the flame and cools the target. The result is a compressed container capable of putting out almost any kind of fire from combustible metals to burning oils. Each container will put out a fire 10 feet by 10 feet in size.

Flash Goggles: This simple eyewear protects the wearing from any blinding effects from bright light, whether natural, technological, or even magical. They respond to incoming illumination and darken within 0.0005 seconds. Each time it responds uses up a charge.

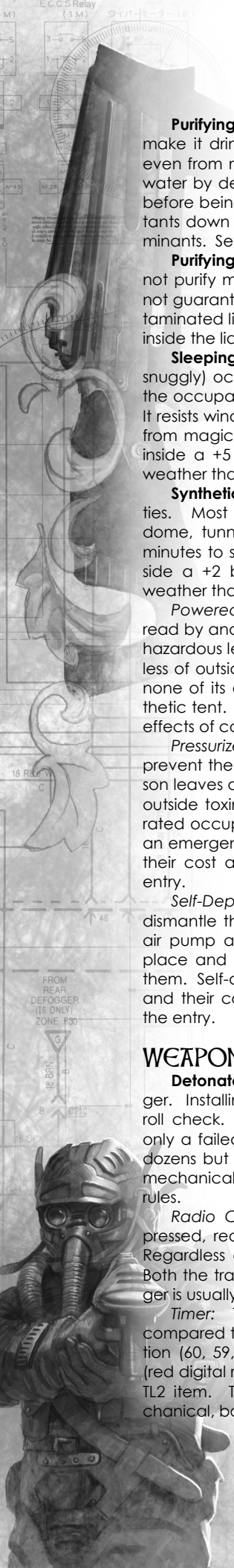
Gas Mask: This flexible and compact unit, when donned, filters all outside gasses and will protect the wearer from any airborne poison for 12 hours until the inbuilt filter is saturated. It is then useless. It will not protect the user if the environment has no proper earth atmosphere at all.

Military Rations: Modern techans count their blessings every time they eat in the wilderness. They hardly need to fish or hunt. They are not required to stalk prey, gut and clean the kill, and cook them for hours over an open flame risking a number of contaminations when finally consumed. They simply tear open a ready-made meal and eat. The military made rations, also called techan rations or bastion rations, was actually originally dubbed in Selkirk (which pioneered the modern product) as ESPs or Echan Survival Provisions. They no longer just carry freeze-dried meat and crackers. They now offer a full range of cuisine including chicken and beef fajitas, hamburgers, meatloaf, beefsteak, and various pastas with various sauces, beef stew, and jambalaya.

Six days of rations for one person only weighs a half-pound. Each package requires very little preparation and can be eaten on the go. Beverages can be ingested right from the pouch. Each ration has a shelf life of 5 years with a peak temperature range of 60 degrees C. Each day's worth of ration supplies on average 3000 calories.

For reasons unclear, the narros adore ESPs and part of Selkirk's trade involves converting the imported narros food supplies into ESP, which is then sold back to them for a profit. On the other side, laudenian and chaparran elves despise the stuff to the point of entering almost a nauseous state just by smelling the "Man food."

Portable Stove: Modern portable stoves no longer require a flammable liquid like kerosene, prone to puncture and combustion. Now even the lower tech bastions employ a battery. This allows a small, compact item to only be effective with a pan or pot as one cannot cook something directly over a flame. That's what a campfire is for. The techan stove uses induction heating, which is fast, efficient and much safer as it won't heat anything except the ferromagnetic pot or pan placed on top. Heat is only conducted straight in to the cookware with no bleed to the air or to the stove. Each charge lasts for a full day of various cooking, making it a preferred choice over the solid fuel or kerosene variety. It will boil a pot of water in less than one minute.



Purifying Filter: These remove all impurities from water to make it drinkable. This includes sifting water from sludge or even from mud. The Filter can create 5000 liters of drinkable water by destroying any poisons or bacteria inside the water before being saturated. The new techan filters remove pollutants down to 0.01 micrometer, even filtering magical contaminants. Several safe additives mixed also destroy viruses.

Purifying Tablets: The tablets purify tainted water but cannot purify mud. Placing a tablet in more than one liter does not guarantee a safe drink. Each tablet purifies a liter of contaminated liquid, destroying any poisons, bacteria, or diseases inside the liquid. The result leaves no aftertaste.

Sleeping Bag: Sleeping bags now enclose one (or two snuggly) occupant in a synthetic bag capable of protecting the occupant(s) from temperatures as cold as -50 degrees C. It resists wind and is even resistant to combustion (thought not from magical fire). It is externally waterproof. It offers those inside a +5 bonus to Fort saves against the effects of cold weather that stacks with other measures taken.

Synthetic Tent: Tents come in 2, 5, and 10 person capacities. Most tents utilize flexible poles and are available in dome, tunnel, single-hoop, and geodesic styles. It takes 5 minutes to set up and take down properly. It offers those inside a +2 bonus to Fort saves against the effects of cold weather that stacks with other measures taken.

Powered: Powered tents supply sufficient illumination to read by and provide heat if the outside temperature drops to hazardous levels. Each cell charge lasts for one night, regardless of outside conditions. The battery can be deactivated if none of its abilities are required, turning it into a regular synthetic tent. Using its heaters increases its fort save against the effects of cold from +2 to +8.

Pressurized: Dual self-sealing resilient silicon diaphragms prevent the escape or entry of any gases as long as one person leaves and enters at a time. While in effect, the tent filters outside toxins as a gas mask would and can even supply its rated occupants with 1 hour of breathable air in a vacuum if an emergency arrives. Pressured tents must be powered and their cost and weight increase have been added into the entry.

Self-Deploying: These advanced enclosures erect and dismantle themselves in under a full minute. This involves an air pump as well as conductive microfibers that move into place and go rigid when an electric charge is run through them. Self-deploying tents are both powered and pressurized and their cost and weight increases have been added into the entry.

WEAPON ACCESSORIES

Detonator: Planted explosives require a detonator to trigger. Installing one correctly requires a DC10 demolitions skill roll check. Failure does not result in a sudden detonation, only a failed one upon activation. Actual varieties list in the dozens but fall into three categories, chemical, electrical, or mechanical but the route to the trigger affects its price and rules.

Radio Control: Because of EDF, radio waves are suppressed, reducing the range of radio controlled detonators. Regardless of power, all radio transmitters fail past 40 miles. Both the transmitter and receiver require batteries so the trigger is usually electrical as well

Timer: Timers utilize a mechanical timer to countdown compared to a digital timer, unpopular in echa due to disruption (60, 59, 58, 2, 1...). Although one may purchase a RDR (red digital readout) for the same price, it instantly becomes a TL2 item. The actual detonator is usually chemical or mechanical, both immune to EDF.

Wired: This simple form runs an electrical pulse that triggers the mechanical, chemical, or electrical detonator. Because EDF increases the resistance of electrical wires, the maximum range of any wired detonator is 500 feet.

Firearm clip: Weapons requiring clips must purchase said clips separately from bullets. Each clip costs the same but when purchased, cannot be swapped between different types of weapons. Each clip is unique to each weapon.

Holster: Bastions sell holsters for weapons only for medium sized creatures. Holsters for a small creature cost twice as much and are custom-made.

Back: Back holsters are usually reserved for two-handed weapons but only for ones that don't require braces or tripods.

Chest: Chest holsters are easier to withdraw and return than hip holsters.

Hip: This is a standard side holster for all single-handed weapons.

Concealed Carry: This is a holster concealing the weapon held inside. The holster usually sits inside a pocket in a vest of a jacket. This is only effective with one-handed weapons.

Laser Sight: Laser sights may be used in conjunction with scopes. They paint targets with precision to where the weapon's fire will strike. This also doubles as a psychological device where some targets may be more open to intimidation if noticing a green target on their chest. A sniper may, if they wish, swap it for an infrared diode, which is invisible to everything except for night vision (darkvision). The standard sight uses a green diode pumped solid-state laser which is effective for 1 range increment, 3 if used in conjunction with a scope. It offers a +1 targeting bonus to all ranged attack rolls and does not give away the shooter's location. It uses 1 charge per shot used.

Scope: Weapon scopes come in several varieties and sizes but can be summed into two categories. They are only useful of one takes time to aim at a target. When using a scope and taking a full round to aim, the shooter may ignore the penalties for the second range increment.

Targeting: Standard telescoping sights use simple optical magnification and mil-dot reticle to assist the user in aiming his weapon. Since these scopes have variable ranges, one with the Take aim feat is proficient enough to take an additional round to aim (2 total), to adjust his sights to remove the third range increment as well. One needs the feat to minimize parallax error and does not gain the bonus without it.

Digital: This scope utilizes a fixed focus so is not effective for long-range fire. It does improve short-range continuous target fire. Digital scopes feature infinity sights, projecting an aiming reticle apparently directly on the target, though never leaving the scope's sight. Because it is free parallax, the laser target maintains its lock despite the moving of one's eye. The digital scope not only nullifies range penalties for 3 range increments, it also offers a +1 targeting bonus to all ranged attack rolls within the first 3 range increments if the user aims. The scope also offers nightvision range (darkvision) for four range increments. The battery lasts for one shot per charge.

Suppressor: These attachments muffle the flash and sonic blast of explosively propelled firearms. By slowing the expanding gases exiting the barrel, the suppressor stems the acoustical signature, but does not silence it completely. The sounds reduce as they reflect inside the lengthy metal or polymer attachment. This also reduces the effective range of the weapon, reducing its range increment by 50%. Weapons fitted with suppressors do not give away the shooter's location.

Suppressors cannot be used on shotguns or super heavy weapons or weapon rated higher than TL3. Most weapons

TL4 and above either cannot have the attachment, or more likely the attachment is worthless, as not enough noise escapes from the barrel to be suppressed in the first place.

Sentry Assembly: Sentries, when placed and programmed, fire their equipped weapons at any targets within range and within their parameters. Their base attack bonus is +10 and they are equipped with the Burst Fire feat. They can be equipped to not fire at specific people if their heat signatures are programmed into the sensor package ahead of time. All variants employ both optical and motion tracking for targeting their opponents. Other than programming patterns of whom not to fire at, the weapon system can only be given specific instructions on what it considers intruders. Their targets may include any motion, any discernable heat, and any specific size but specific creatures or specific types of creatures cannot be targeted. All variants can fire with a full 360-degree range with a vertical angle of attack of +/- 50 degrees from parallel ground. The sentry can be equipped with one heavy weapon or with two longarms, which fire alternately to conserve ammunition. These weapons and their ammunition must be purchased separately. All variants come equipped with an alarm that sounds to enemies to double the sentry's targeting range and stops the moment the weapon begins to fire. They will not stop until ordered by command or if out of ammunition. All variants are equipped with PDA controls that operate via their own B5 cell. They can specifically target objects in their sensor range or be activated or deactivated with this control. The units can also be controlled directly from the machine if the PDA shorts out.

Fixed: fixed weapon systems are equipped with a rugged tripod system that can be rooted deep into stone or dirt to prevent an easy topple. The weapon's targeting range is limited to only one range increment or 100 feet, whichever shorter. Fixed have an AC of 10, 2 hardness, and 10 hit points. Weapons are not broken if the sentry breaks.

Mobile (Wheeled/Legged): Mobile sentries patrol a 500 ft path or 500 ft diameter circle. Anything it considers a target it moves into the second range increment before firing but intentionally never deviates more than 10 feet from the first increment or from its patrol area. It does not pursue targets moving outside of its range and targeting area.

Wheeled sentries cannot cross any difficult terrain nor cross any obstacles unlike the four-legged variant, which have no trouble. The wheeled variant moves at 30 ft. and the legged variant moves at 20 ft. Each has an AC of 15, a hardness of 5 and 20 hit points. Weapons are not broken if the sentry breaks.

UNIQUE ITEMS

The following items are unique to specific Bastions that are listed in their descriptions. Many of these items are the most advanced available, and as a result, are hard to find, expensive to use, and very vulnerable to being disabled by EDF.

Anti-Echan Network (AEN): This York designed device really exhibits a level of intelligence many other bastions don't subscribe to the lower tech city. It soon found circulation across the world by all mercenaries and military groups. It uses a battery but actually utilizes the EDF to its advantage. The AEN uses poles driven into the ground or tripods. They generate an electrical field connected together, transmitting back to the base system at camp. Each pole cannot be more than 25 feet apart from another. This network not only generates a field between the poles, but over them as well, creating a roof as long as connecting poles remain within 25 feet. If any magical creature (anything except natural animals) breaks this field or even touches an AEN pole, the creature sends a fluctuation in the EDF, which the machine reads. It then sends an alert message back to the transmitter. The AEN poles receive power from the transmitter so only one battery is needed. If any of the poles detect an elevated EDF, it sends an alert. Breaking a connection to a pole sends an alert. If the receiver shorts out, it breaks a connection to a backup mechanical siren, which goes off. This prevents any non-techan force from sneaking up on the group when the network is set up. The receiver can locate where a break occurs. Each charge used maintains 4 poles for 1 hour. Each additional charge per hour allows the addition of 4 more poles. Echans have not yet discovered a way to suppress this field or simulate the techan field maintaining the connection. There only real weakness is subterranean introgression, assuming approaching echans even notice the network.

Anti-Gravity Generator (Personal): The subject using this belt device can fly at a speed of 60 feet (or 40 feet if it wears medium or heavy armor, or if it carries a medium or heavy load). He can ascend at half speed and descend at double speed, and the maneuverability is good. Using the generator requires only as much concentration as walking, so the subject can attack normally. The subject can charge but not run, and cannot carry aloft more weight than his maximum load, plus any armor it wears.

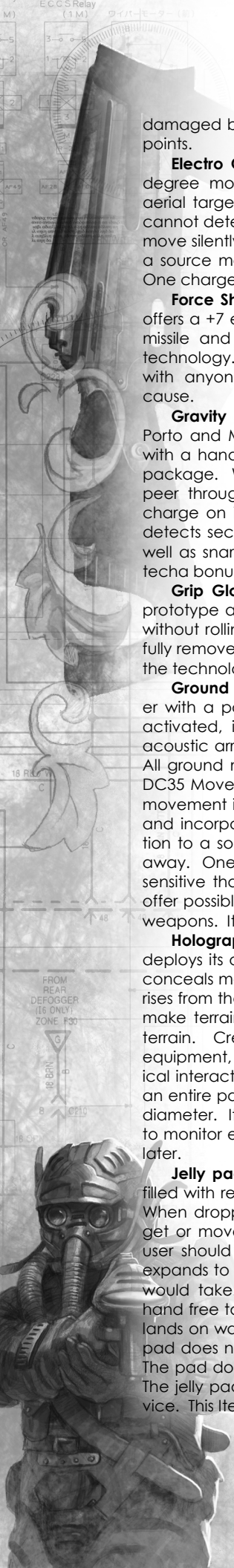
The cell lasts for one minute per charge. Should the cell expire while the subject is still aloft, the cell fails slowly. The subject floats downward 60 feet per round for 1d6 rounds. If he reaches the ground in that amount of time, he lands safely. If not, he falls the rest of the distance, taking 1d6 points of damage per 10 feet of fall.

Big Ear: This tiny device wraps around one's ear and amplifies incoming acoustic data. When activated, it offers a +10 bonus to listen rolls. One charge is used every hour.

Camera Ball: This 3 inch rubber ball with a weighted flat bottom can be thrown or fired from a 40mm grenade launcher. Once it lands and rolls to its bottom, it transmits audio and video input from a full 360 degree arc to as much as 500 feet to a receiving monitor. Both the ball and the monitor require a B cell using up one charge per minute of use.

Cloaking Generator: Different than a terrain generator, the cloaking generator vanishes a whole army or even a small town. Lasting 10 minutes per charge, the dome totally turns invisible anything within 100 feet. However, this device is not portable and cannot be moved when activated. Utilizing another charge doubles the diameter (though only one additional charge is allowed). Anything entering the dome will see everything inside for what it is. However, until that occurs, all actions inside remain invisible, even attacks. Theoretically, one can stage gunfire from a cloaking dome and no one can trace the location without sufficient listen checks to see the point of origin. Even still, the cloaking field does not turn off. This item was created at Mann, but rumors suggest it was stolen from Porto.

EDF Muffler Box: This box resembles a standard aluminum crate save for the massive insulation properties it possesses. Though designers succeeded in creating a small container rendering its contents immune to EDF, larger attempts resulted in failure. The amount of insulation required increases proportionately to the size of the container, resulting in only slightly larger capacity for much large containers. The small one developed at Selkirk and given to Angel was stolen by Sierra Madre and sold to York. It protects all batteries inside from EDF disorder, offering a +10 bonus to EDF for everything placed inside. Because of the generic descriptions of battery cell sizes and origins, the muffler bag can carry 5 H cells with 2 M cells replacing 1 H cell and 2 B cells replacing 1 M cell. There is no lifespan of the box. However, if it is punctured or



damaged by fire, it is useless. It has a hardness of 5 and 5 hit points.

Electro Optical sensor: The EOS is equipped with a 360 degree motion sensor meant to detect both ground and aerial targets within 50 feet. It only detects movement and cannot detect incorporeal targets. Targets must beat a DC35 move silently check or be detected. It sends all information to a source monitor that cannot be more than 100 feet away. One charge is used up every hour.

Force Shield: Lasting 1 minute / charge, the force shield offers a +7 enhancement bonus to AC, offers 3/4 cover to all missile and area attacks. Mann originally developed this technology. Porto followed soon after. They never traded it with anyone and technology theft remains the probable cause.

Gravity Lenses: An ingenious invention Mann stole from Porto and Motego, the lens resembles a 10x13 photo frame with a handle on one side when unfolded from its compact package. When attached to a wall, it allows to the user to peer through it as if looking through a window. It uses 1 charge on its activation and on every minute thereafter. It detects secret doors, compartments, caches and so forth as well as snares and pits. It will give trap-disarming rolls a +10 techa bonus.

Grip Gloves: Lasting 10 minutes per charge, this Selkirk prototype allows the user to climb at 1/4 their walking speed without rolling climb checks. A DC of 30 is required to forcefully remove the character from the wall unwillingly. Copies of the technology were later found in Sierra Madre.

Ground Seismic Sensor: The GSS resembles a small cylinder with a pointed end to be driven into the ground. When activated, it detects all ground movement around via an acoustic array, a seismic geophone, and a magnetic sensor. All ground movement in a 100-foot radius must overcome a DC35 Move Silently roll or be detected. It detects all ground movement including creatures traveling by trees. Only aerial and incorporeal creatures are immune. It sends all information to a source monitor that cannot be more than 100 feet away. One charge is used up ever hour. The sensors are so sensitive that the GSS will identify footprints and weight and offer possible identities. The magnetic sensor can detect any weapons. It uses one charge every hour.

Holographic Generator: This backpack carried device deploys its own legs when activated. The fabric of the pack conceals most of its gear. Only a reflective sphere on a pintle rises from the top. Lasting 2 hours per charge, the device can make terrain look and sound like some other sort of natural terrain. Creating terrain around them can hide structures, equipment, and creatures within the area. The moment physical interaction occurs, the effect is nullified. This could cloak an entire party if need be. The range is more than 300 feet in diameter. It was originally designed by Porto as a duck blind to monitor echan cultures. Selkirk developed a similar device later.

Jelly pad: This odd device resembles a little plastic bag filled with red gel surrounded by a mechanical control collar. When dropped, it positions itself directly underneath the target or moves itself to land where the subject will land. The user should be falling. No matter the height, the jelly pad expands to catch the target, removing any damage the user would take. The user needs to be conscious and have a hand free to release the unit. It does not work if the jelly pad lands on water or on a fire (substantial heat source). The jelly pad does not roll down hills. Once it hits the ground, it stays. The pad does not move after impact if the character moves. The jelly pad has a built in battery and is a one-shot only device. This Item was developed at Selkirk.

Lie Detector: Not paper, needles, or wire, this device is a simple palm-shaped item that is placed gently on the subject's body. The subject may resist with a Will DC of 20. It will detect falsehoods when the subject is asked direct questions. One person can be interrogated with 1d6 questions, using a single cell charge.

Light Bender: Thought once to be the realm of only magic, the bender moves light flawlessly around it, effectively making itself and its wearer invisible. The device, usually a backpack stored with a remote bracelet to operate, creates a field, vanishing from all sight, even from darkvision and infrared. If the recipient carries gear, that vanishes too. Items dropped or put down by an invisible creature become visible; items picked up disappear if tucked into the clothing or pouches worn by the creature. Light, however, never becomes invisible, although a source of light can become so (thus, the effect is that of a light with no visible source). Any part of an item that the subject carries but that extends more than 5 feet from it becomes visible. It was developed at Porto but stolen by a rival bastion, Motego. It also popped up later in Mann. Of course, the subject is not silenced, and certain other conditions can render the recipient detectable (such as stepping in a puddle). The device's field does not disrupt if the subject attacks any creature.

Rover Robot: This tiny machine resembles a small, flattened box with four large wheels. Regardless of how it lands or tumbles, it still can operate, as its wheels are larger than its body. A camera adjusts automatically regardless of which way is up. The machine rolls at 20ft and can tread through rough terrain or even over water. It has an AC 15 and 20 hit points. It is virtually silent and has a +15 to move silently and hide. It receives instructions from an operator that cannot be more than 500 feet away. It sends back both visual and audio information. It uses one charge per minute and both the machine and the controller require batteries. The camera transmits in infrared (darkvision) as well as normal light.

Ultrasound Goggles: The goggles translate sonic vibrations into visual stimuli. A sound that's loud to the point of painful to the ears causes the goggles to cease being useful. However, when in a prime situation, the goggles transmit high frequency pulses and detect their ricochet off objects. This not only allows the wearer to view complete darkness as if she had darkvision up to 80 feet, but it will also detect any invisible objects in that range as well. Each cell charge lasts for one minute. It detects both magical and technological Invisibility. It is from Selkirk.

SPELLCASTING AND SERVICES

Spell: In general, you must travel to a large town (or larger settlement) to be reasonably assured of finding a spellcaster capable of casting 1st-level spells, a small city for 2nd-level spells, a large city for 3rd- or 4th-level spells, and a metropolis city for 5th- or 6th-level spells. Foundation spells are truly hard to find and only a handful of casters sell those services in the world.

Spellcasting and Services

Service	Cost
Foundation Spell	Caster Level x90 gp1

1 See spell description for additional costs. If the additional costs put the spell's total cost above 3,000 gp, that spell is not generally available.

SPECIAL MATERIALS

Most techan humans adept in the knowledge of chemistry looked bewildered when magic refused to follow certain rules of science. Controlled laboratory experiments confirmed that in the presence of magic (which many claim prevents controlled laboratory experiments) certain elemental properties changed, some in minor ways, a few in major ways. Heavier radioactive isotopes, (like Uranium 235 and 238) stop degrading while others (like Radium 226) break down more rapidly. This makes nuclear energy a hazardous technological path for bastions seeking alternative energy sources.

Chemical reactions also change. Thankfully, not enough occurs to impede the continued existence of evolved creatures but it does prevent the progression of natural evolution. Most scientists failed trying to explain the new rules of magic scientifically. Bastions continue to find new and unconventional applications to materials with altered capabilities. Even more frustrating is the unpredictability of magic, which almost takes an intelligent delight in suspending these rules almost on a whim.

Final theorem on Echan suppression

Assuming a solution can be found for a total suppression or removal of the EDF (by closing the breach or by containing its effects on Earth), the after affects would be immediate and disastrous to those dependent on it. Such effects would include:

—Most new species, fey included, contain genetic faults and mutations that would result in a painful death in a matter of hours or days. Nearly all would instantly suffer from Type 2 Osteogenesis imperfecta and probably chronic granulomatous disease. Their bones would be as brittle as chalk and many creatures would collapse under their own weight. They would have no immunity to everyday bacteria and diseases. 85% of all new species would die in the first 72 hours. We give fey races a more optimistic 100-hour projection.

—All operating nuclear reactors would immediately be scrammed to prevent critical damage to their system. All plants must be reconfigured. Radiation will be an issue and cases will arise of radiation poisoning fairly quickly.

—Tectonic activity would increase, but only slightly. As gravity returned to normal across the world, the castles and many of the airships would fall from the sky. The fields of floating rocks would crumble. Earthquakes would increase but not to a disastrous degree.

—The effect on humans turned to echa is unclear. We will have to research this further. Our initial estimate believes they will not be affected but some experts have criticized that theory.

Dr. Elijah Cossette
Bedo-Dogma University
Mann

The periodic table has been effectively re-written. New chemical elements, thought impossible, now exist. It is assumed that if magic were to suddenly vanish, the changeover back to science would be a deadly one to life requiring these new rules to survive. In fact, these alterations to the world continue even to industry, including the construction of buildings both in echa and in techa and in commerce, where certain rare and expensive metals, critical to the economy of particular civilizations, become worthless, or very worse, become dangerous when magic is removed.

Not only does civilization seek silver and gold, but titanium as well. Uranium's safety has also reinvigorated its broad spectrum of applications. Traditional fantasy would have miners searching for iron and gold. Now huge mines like the Finer Fire Pits and Thos Thalagos also search for molybdenum, iridium, and rhodium, all of which can be extracted safely with narros expertise. The unique aspect of the new chemistry relies on elements that never existed before. The existence of angelite and coruthill confounds scientists to this day. Because of these newfound rules, alchemy returned with vigor, but most believe magic prevents this pursuit from yielding reliable long-term gains.

Adamantine and mithral are not present in Amethyst. Darkwood, cold Iron, dragonhide, and alchemical silver are present. Mithral has been replaced by magnarros; adamantine has been replaced by angelite and coruthill is new.

Angelite: When the second hammer hit Ixindar, the virtually impenetrable stone that Amethyst had encased the gate in fractured. This mountain of rock blew apart and scattered across the globe. Some refer to this stone as absolute rock. Techans believe this material to have once been rhodium, the most precious metal on Earth. This made the shell around Ixindar more valuable than all the gold, platinum, and uranium on the Earth combined. However, when infused with the level of magic that Amethyst brought on the shell, the silver sheen turned black, and the stone became harder than anything else in the world. On cursory examination, rhodium and angelite exhibit similar properties (resistance to corrosion, amazing durability) except that rhodium looks silvery white and angelite a smooth, ultra-reflective black. Angelite squeezes in between rhodium and ruthenium. Despite is amazing density (12.38 g/cm³), angelite feels extremely light, over five times lighter than its other precious brothers. This has never been explained. Angelite is seldom found in mines and the largest concentration still sits in Kakodomania. Only the fragments found around the world or in mines can be refined. Demons have tried to chip off and process pieces from the original shell, but have never gotten the temperature high enough to melt. Useful fragments can be found as small as splinters and as large as houses (the only known cases that large are the heads of Ramkava). When properly refined, the metal from this rock exhibits amazing hardness, virtually impossible to break.

Angelite acts as adamantine in all respects.

Cold Iron (Altered): Along with penetrating creatures resistant to all damage except from cold iron, these weapons sear the flesh of ALL fey (including all core fey races, demons, and pagus), inflicting +1 magical fire damage. This additional damage is included as cold iron penetration and is constant every round a fey even touches cold iron. Almost all fey cultures banned cold iron except for Kakodomania, where it is wielded exclusively by demons. Some pagus brandish them if the weapon is properly insulated at the hilt. The tenenbri originally discovered cold iron accidentally in mines. This often led to the narros claiming evidence the tenenbri commit sins daily to Oaken by digging too deep. When the pagus migration occurred, the corrupted tenenbri took the invention to their new masters, who immediately ordered the ore dug up for weapon construction. Since its discovery, samples have been located at nearly every depth across the entire world.

In modern times, techans analyzed samples and determined cold iron (or "pure iron" as it is sometimes referred, though not terribly accurate) was comprised of iron with extremely low trace amounts of carbon and lead (less than 3% total). These ratios are extremely specific, as are the procedures for converting the material into a malleable substance for weapons. A simple deviation of 0.5% of carbon or lead in either direction renders the unique properties of the cold iron listed nonexistent. No study has ever explained why this specific substance harms fey in this way.

Table: Maneuverability

	Maneuverability				
	Perfect	Good	Average	Poor	Clumsy
Reverse	Full	½	½	¼	¼
Turn	90°/5 ft.	90°/5 ft.	45°/5 ft.	45°/10 ft.	45°/20 ft.
Turn in place	+90°/–5 ft.	+90°/-5 ft.	+45°/–5 ft.	+45°/-10 ft.	+45°/-20 ft.
Maximum turn	Any	90°	90°	45°	45°

Echan humans, especially those from xenophobic cultures like Baruch Malkut, began trying to crack this ratio to arm their forces in mass with cold iron weapons. Fey consider those wielding a cold iron weapon racist and seldom will civilized fey races employ or even travel with those who do. Narros reject forging weapons made from it. Even modern tenenbri refuse to touch the material and consider its discovery the greatest sin of their past.

All other rules regarding cold iron, its cost and production, are the same. They only carry a social stigma. However, they do not weigh half as much, like all other mastercraft weapons. Cold iron is also extremely rare. They will never be found in any community with a fey population in any ratio, nor in any city with "good" aligned rulers. Even evil cultures like kobolds and goblins don't use cold iron purely because of the risk of personal injury.

Coruthill: Narros miners found coruthill quickly, as if always present, surviving for millions of years without man ever finding it. Of course, it was never there until magic saturated the mineral. Scientists from techa believe that this influence created a new transitional metal between scandium and titanium. However, when magic flowed through the mineral, coruthill emerged. Narros miners were overjoyed to discover these riches remained unmined after 65 million years.

Type of Coruthill Item	Item Cost Modifier
Light armor	+500 gp
Medium armor	+2,000 gp
Heavy armor	+3,000 gp
Shield	+500 gp
Other items	+500 gp/lb.

When worked like steel, it becomes a wonderful material from which to create items (though mostly armor). Coruthill is immune to all corrosion, natural or magical. It also receives a +4 inherent bonus to all saves against effects that could damage or destroy the item. Coruthill has 20 hit points per inch of thickness and hardness 10.

Darkwood: Nothing changes for darkwood. Its origin stems from the chaparrans. The trees growing from the graves of fallen elves properly buried exhibit odd characteristics. Trained shapers wielding magic form the wood naturally from these trees into shapes they use. These chaparran shapers are responsible for 90% of the darkwood magical items in the world but only half the darkwood items total, as many non-chaparrans entered their land, cut down the few and unique trees, and escaped to forge a business.

Dragonhide: Like cold iron, dragonhide carries a social stigma. Any scales from an archon or yok-ani dragon are looked on by many echans as sacrilege and worthy of criminal charges. One wandering fighter entering Kuraukou wearing archon dragonhide was tossed off a mountain by passing peasants. Those hardliners may tolerate hide from typhox dragons but not even archons or yok-ani approve of the practice. They would still never kill a wearer for wearing typhox dragonhide. Along with the normal entry, dragonhide armor also offers Fire Resistance/10.

Magnarros: Already difficult to ignite, magnesium becomes increasingly more difficult to combust in magical fields. This caused many echan blacksmiths to try to forge swords in magnesium for a time until they discovered this property had a knack of suddenly reversing without warning, making the weapon burst in a fiery white flame in a clash. It certainly was impressive and intimidating, but eventually costly and dangerous to all, especially the wielder. A narros forge in Thos Thalagos, run by elder Magnalus Eneg, claimed to have perfected an alloy that prevents this dangerous combustion. He kept the process as a family secret until his death. He only made narros weapons and never sold to any other species. Since his passing 50 years ago, more non-narros weapons have been appearing from forges. This knowledge was passed onto others, though remaining a narros secret. It is a point of respect and awe for a narros adventurer to wield a magnarros blade.

Magnarros is a very rare silvery, glistening metal that is lighter than iron but just as hard. It acts as mithral in all respects.

Silver, Alchemical: There are no alterations or historical relevance to Alchemical Silver.

TECHAN VEHICLES

Though the overwhelming majority of travelers in the echan wilderness (or wasteland, depending on who you ask), techan or echan, still prefer beasts of burden for their transportation, an extremely minor few still favor progressive methods. Vehicles designed to operate outside of bastions look very different than the ones traveling effortlessly inside them. They are more rugged, with armored shells designed to withstand punishment both physical and subversive. Though some vehicles in cities may employ internal combustion or short-life batteries, vehicles outside almost entirely utilize battery power, either from disposable cells or from rechargeable ones, generating electricity from wind or solar power. Though some vehicle entries are for inner-bastion use, most are employed for outside their perimeters. Operating vehicles are extremely rare in the echan landscape and many wandering travelers have come across ravaged and gutted techan vehicles, seized from EDF, their crew long dead with no way to return home. It was not uncommon to see these vehicles towed along by horses. Some even use the beasts to tow the techan vehicles behind like wagons when out of power or when conserving. Others find an abandoned vehicle and take advantage of the wheels.

All vehicles use batteries as they are far more efficient, clean, and supply rechargeable power where internal combustion requires a fuel source not easily accessible since most bastions don't sit on stockpiles of fossil fuels.

Crew: The standard number of crew. In most cases, only one person is needed to drive the vehicle; other crewmembers serve as gunners or co-pilots.

Passengers: The number of passengers (in addition to the crew) the vehicle is designed to carry. Vehicles that carry passengers can use that space to carry additional cargo when passengers aren't present. Each unused passenger slot allows the vehicle to carry an additional 100 pounds of cargo.

Cargo Capacity: The amount of cargo the vehicle is designed to carry. Many vehicles can carry extra passengers

instead of cargo, but doing so is usually a cramped, uncomfortable, and often unsafe experience. As a rule of thumb, one additional passenger can be carried for each 250 pounds of unused cargo capacity.

Maneuver: The modifier added to any Drive or Pilot checks attempted with the vehicle. It is also the penalty to hit with any fixed mounted weapons built onto the craft. Weapons that are turret mounted loose this penalty but can only fire at targets in the turret's view.

Speed Increment: The maximum number of squares the vehicle can cover in 1 round. The vehicle's top speed is x4 this number. The figure given in parenthesis denotes the vehicles rate of acceleration. Vehicles can decelerate at three times their acceleration in a round.

Long term travel: Ground vehicles victim to terrain conditions in open echa can move their speed increment in miles per hour. Ground vehicles not bound by terrain conditions as well as aircraft can move twice this number in miles per hour.

Defense: The vehicle's AC. A pilot can increase this difficulty with their Dexterity modifier with a maximum dependant on the size of the craft.

Size	Max Dex Bonus
Colossal & Colossal +	0
Gargantuan	0
Huge	+1
Large	+2
Medium-size	+3

Please note the vehicle must be moving for whatever bonuses to be in effect.

Hardness: The vehicle's hardness. Subtract this number from any damage dealt to the vehicle.

Hit Points: The vehicle's full normal hit points.

Size: The size of the vehicle. Vehicles may be larger to fill up extra squares but they do not have reach. Driver(s) and passengers do not threaten adjacent squares outside a vehicle.

Cost: This is the purchase price to acquire the vehicle. This number reflects the base price and doesn't include any modifier for purchasing the vehicle on the black market. A vehicle requiring batteries comes with one for free.

Power: Each charge will last one hour. An @ means the vehicle has a full integrated drive which never runs out of power but can still short out from EDF.

Maneuverability: This explains their maneuverability. Flying creatures use standard flight rules while vehicles use the modified one below:

Reverse: How much of its movement it can commit backwards.

Turn: How much the creature can turn after covering the stated distance.

Turn in place: Some vehicles can use some of its speed to turn in place.

Maximum turn: How much the vehicle can turn in any spaces it occupies.

Weapon Mounts: Not listed under the vehicle stats, certain vehicles come equipped with mounting hardware to attach weapons. When available, the mount is able to house any of the class of weapon listed or lighter (So a super heavy weapon mount can be replaced by a longarm). Handguns cannot be mounted on weapon mounts. Adding a weapon mount to a vehicle without one costs 50 UC for a longarm, 300 UC for a heavy weapon and 2000 UC for a super heavy weapon. A vehicle must have a listed hit point total greater than 60 to mount a super heavy weapon. Mounts are fixed forward but doubling the cost of the mount turns it into a turret.

CITY VEHICLES

Cars and trucks offer total coverage to those inside.

4-wheel ATV: All-terrain vehicles are miniaturized motorized buggies seldom employed on sole missions outside of bastion for long missions. They simply don't offer the protection larger transports have. York survivalists and thrill seekers occasionally use them on short excursions from the city. When seen in deep echa, they operate as scouts from a larger convoy. ATVs operate like mounts for the purposes of combat.

Armored truck: Armored trucks do offer amazing resistance to outside damage without the high costs of dedicated ETVs. Tires are run-flat and the wheels are as protected as the rest of the body of the truck. The completely enclosed cabin may open gun hole sliders, which opens a small slit for firing a firearm while offering total concealment to those inside. Since most outside techan expeditions from Angel employ ETVs, most armored trucks emerge from York. They are equipped with a single turret heavy weapon mount.

Dart power bike: The dart, initially constructed by Mann refugees in York, eventually found popularity to the point of mass production. This bike forces the rider to lay back, rather than forward, but places him so low as the top of the rear wheel is higher than the driver's helmet. The front wheel is substantially smaller, allowing a larger windscreen and greater viewing area. Power is delivered to both wheels, which are hubless (or spokeless). The dart is not effective in open echa as it does not offer very good off-road capabilities but on paved road, it is one of the fastest production vehicles ever put to wheels.

Hover vehicles: No longer requiring skirts to support air, modern hover vehicles employ massive air columns projected from powerful turbines. Smaller models utilize one turbine while more powerful models use up to four. The outpouring of air is substantial and all targets in adjacent squares while the craft is aloft must make reflex saves at DC15 or be pushed back one square. Hover vehicles are not VTOL craft as they cannot lift their own hulls above 5 feet. They are able to traverse all terrain but cannot fly and are so classed as ground vehicles. All hover vehicles suffer from a lack of friction to the ground and always moves half their current movement from the previous round in the same direction unless intentionally slowing down. This allows the hover vehicles to turn at an angle though continuing in the previous direction. All hover vehicles require massive energy to use and have limited range. Angel is the only Canam bastion employing hover vehicles, though the majority of the personal craft are still wheeled. Almost all hover vehicles feature huge turbines, often in their rear, making their designs clunkier and less graceful.

Bike: Hover bikes employ a large rear mounted engine that ejects air from vectored nozzles in the rear and front. Forward propulsion involves venting air backwards or even leaning the craft forward. The rider sits back, with his head dangerously close to the turbine intakes, resulting in a mandatory helmet, or at the very least, short hair. Those not using some form of hearing protection while flying a hoverbike must make a Fort save at DC15 or be deaf for 1d6 minutes after turning the machine off (They are effectively deaf while it operates). Unlike other hover vehicles, bikes may lift themselves up to 10 feet in the air.

Car: Front and rear mounted turbines propel air through four vectored nozzles to the rear while simultaneously lifting the car directly from underneath. Often times, a third turbine is used for forward thrust, as the car cannot shift its weight as easily as the bike.

Table: Techan Vehicles

Name	Crew	Pass.	Cargo (lbs.)	Init.	Man.	Speed Inc.	Def.	Hard.	Hit Points	Size	Power	Cost	TL	Move-ment
Ground Vehicles														
4-wheel ATV	1	0	200	–1	+1	25 (40)	19	5	20	M	M3	10000	2	Good
Armored truck	2	6	3,600	–2	–2	20 (20)	20	10	60	H	M3	34000	2	Clumsy
Dart Power Bike	1	0	20	+1	+3	80 (55)	22	4	15	M	M2	20000	2	Good
Hover Bike	1	0	20	+0	+4	95 (35)	21	6	18	M	M2	22000	3	Good
Hover Car	1	1	100	-1	+1	90 (25)	18	5	35	H	M3	35000	3	Average
Hover Truck	1	4	1000	-2	-2	55 (20)	19	6	40	H	M3	40000	3	Poor
NET Bike	1	0	0	+1	+6	100 (60)	22	5	20	M	M2	30000	4	Perfect
NET Car	1	2	100	0	+4	90 (50)	19	5	30	H	M3	45000	4	Perfect
NET Truck	1	4	1500	-1	-1	70 (35)	19	5	40	H	M3	45000	4	Good
Tracked, APC	1	8	1 250	-2	-3	40 (25)	18	10	75	H	M3	40000	2	Clumsy
Tracked, Tank	3	1	525	-4	-4	20 (20)	16	20	100	G	M3	55000	2	Clumsy
Wheeled, Bike	1	0	20	+0	+3	60(50)	20	5	15	M	M4	5000	2	Good
Wheeled, Car	1	4	300	–2	–1	60 (30)	18	5	35	H	M4	15000	2	Average
Wheeled, Buggy	1	1	50	-1	+0	40 (35)	19	3	30	H	M5	19000	2	Average
Wheeled, Truck	1	4	1500	-2	-2	50 (25)	18	5	30	H	M4	17000	2	Poor
ETV — Echan Terrain Vehicles														
Behemoth	2	50	30000	-10	-15	20 (10)	10	5	400	C+	H5	100000	2	Clumsy
Dirtrail	1	1	50	-1	+0	50 (40)	19	2	35	H	M5	25000	2	Good
Land Shark	2	20	5000	-5	-8	25 (20)	17	10	200	C	H5	45000	2	Clumsy
Nomad	1	10	2000	-4	-3	40 (20)	18	10	120	G	H5	50000	2	Average
Nuke Truck	1	6	3000	-4	-3	50 (20)	19	15	100	G	@	75000	3	Poor
Panther	1	0	50	+0	+4	80 (55)	22	6	30	L	M4	25000	2	Good
Pathfinder	1	8	2500	-4	-2	50 (25)	17	10	100	G	H5	55000	2	Average
RT-X Roughbike	1	0	10	+1	+5	75 (50)	22	4	20	L	M5	25000	2	Perfect
Wanderer	1	1	150	-2	+1	50 (40)	17	10	80	G	H5	40000	2	Average
Whale	1	12	3000	-5	-8	25 (20)	16	10	150	C	H5	65000	2	Clumsy
Aircraft														
Aerovector, Light	1	6	1000	-2	-2	115 (45)	18	10	50	H	M3	50000	3	Perfect
Aerovector, Heavy	2	4	1000	-2	-6	100 (30)	18	8	60	G	M3	55000	3	Good
Aerovector, Military	2	0	200	-2	-3	125 (50)	20	10	80	G	M3	75000	3	Perfect
Argon Sky Galleons	4	1350	55000	-10	-20	200 (30)	15	30	1000	C++	@	—	6	Perfect
Armored Zeppelin	1	15	2000	-6	-6	50 (10)	16	5	35	C	M5	40000	2	Clumsy
Autogyro	1	0	10	+0	+2	40 (30)	20	2	20	M	M5	12000	2	Perfect
Beluga Carrier	2	20	10000	-5	-6	300 (50)	18	20	150	C	@	—	6	Clumsy
Helicopter, Military	2	14	9,000	-4	-4	80 (40)	17	5	50	G	M4	65000	2	Poor
Helicopter, Transport	1	4	250	-4	-4	60 (30)	17	5	40	G	M4	45500	2	Perfect
Reaper	1	2	500	+2	+6	125 (60)	22	10	80	G	H3	—	5	Perfect
Thermal Blimp	1	4	250	-8	-8	25 (5)	16	1	20	C	—	18000	—	Clumsy
Thermal Frame, Standard	1	15	1000	-7	-7	25 (5)	16	2	30	C	—	25000	—	Clumsy
Thermal Frame, Large	1	30	2000	-7	-10	15 (5)	16	2	50	C+	1	35000	1	Clumsy

Truck: Four externally mounted turbines keep this vehicle aloft despite the hefty weights it is rated to endure. These craft are seldom used in cities as their massive engines deafen those around and the thrusted airflow is quite violent. Hover-truck backwash affects everyone within ten feet, forcing the DC15 Ref save. Because of this, hover trucks only find uses usually in outer sections of town.

Magnetic vehicles: Though less effective outside of bastions, Mann, Sierra Madre, and Selkirk all utilize magnetic transportation for the majority of day-to-day travels. Of all of them, Selkirk embraced it more than the others. Being built on a mountain, the only way to traverse up or down was by climbing. By erecting a massive lattice of metal bars on one whole side of the mountain, it allowed magnetic vehicles to travel effortlessly without being tied to a specific road. Selkirk vehicles don't require themselves to even make contact with the lattice and can float up to 20 feet away from them and still maintain contact. Mann's buildings, forged from steel and stone, provide the requirements for the vehicles to remain airborne. In these situations, the craft cannot deviate more than 20 feet from their source but can move in any physical dimension as long as that parameter is maintained. Sierra Madre pulled the hat trick. They discovered how to work around the ancient Earnshaw theorem and create a generator that forms a powerful diamagnetic bubble underneath the craft, lifting itself by reacting to the natural magnetic field created by the earth and the natural metals found in its soil. Although not able to sustain high altitude, Sierra Madre endorsed this quiet and clean transportation. The only magnetic transport able to work outside of their home bastions are these vehicles dubbed the Natural Earth Transports (NETs). The magnetic bubble formed underneath affect metals directly under the craft. Anything metal is forced to the ground with a DC30 Strength difficulty. NETs cannot rise more than 5

feet off the ground and cannot traverse water. They can climb up mountains and travel inside bastions the same way their vehicles do. NETs are fast and extremely maneuverable. They may stop and turn on a dime. They utilize few moving parts so move with only a slightly audible echo resembling an electric razor vibrating in a metal bowl. They are extremely expensive, exported only from Sierra Madre. They also demand massive power to operate, using more energy than even hover vehicles.

Because of their origin and advanced design, most NETs look clean and stylish and represent a hopeful future for techan transportation. Though some often call them MAGnetically-lifted Natural Earth Transports (MAGNETs), the designers frown on the slang.

NET Bike: The most common NET bike resembles an ancient racing bike with its wheels removed. Two DMBs (DiaMagnetic Bubbles) generate from the front and rear cavities. Models designed for longer journeys feature a wider berth between the bubbles, allowing a minor cargo area. The rear DMBs are split into two smaller ones, making the vehicle more a tri-net (trike) instead of a true bi-net (bike). All the designs are made to use as few external coverings as possible. The entire main body is usually contained in a single contoured, almost organic, composite plastic monocoque. The front control usually fits into its own single piece as well. Like most bikes, these models offer no protection to the rider from outside attack.

NET Car: A superlight plastic or carbon fiber monocoque encases this 2+2 seated vehicle (2 comfortable, 2 not so much) capable of some astonishing speeds in a sleek, beautiful body. Alas, though sometimes thrill seekers take them cruising on the outskirts of the city, they are seldom seen far from home due to their impractical cargo room and disruption susceptibility. Too many stories told of daredevils pushing their rides further and further from the periphery, only to find themselves stranded and surrounded by nature's denizens.

NET Truck: Even less seen outside of bastion walls are the Mag trucks. Though capable of heavier loads than the hover equivalent, NET trucks are more prone to disruption so are never used willingly to travel outside of bastion walls. Since they don't have the awesome speed and maneuverability of the smaller NET variants, they are not as popular with the reckless youth.

Tracked APC: Slow and awkward but reliable, the tracked armored personnel carrier design dates back to ancient man. The final model employs a half-track configuration, easy for the common driver to use as its controls matches those of the common truck. Primary propulsion is delivered through a caterpillar tread replacing the rear axle while a pair of massive tires controls the steering in the front. The enclosed cabin and cargo area provides sufficient protection through heavy gauge steel. From the outside, the halftrack APC appears primitive. This offers reduced disruption in echa but the power delivery to the tracks remains steep, limiting its range. In York, where they first appeared, they found use with the patrolling military around the city. Halftrack APCs come equipped with 2 turret mounted heavy weapon mounts.

Tracked Tank: Tanks continued to evolve themselves almost to the point of extinction. Anti-tank weaponry became so advanced, many drivers and crew found themselves riding in crawling coffins. The advancements of armor could not match with the research dedicated to their penetration. However, when presented with the unpredictable nature of echa, many crews were comforted by the inches of composite armor separating them from the outside. Even most monsters have trouble combating the matrix of synthetic diamond tiles sandwiched between layers of steel. Add to that the self-contained environment and soon, a surge of tank volunteers occurred in bastions with large expeditionary armies, mostly through York. Modern tanks offer the security and safety of solid weight. At more than 40 tonnes, the modern tank (namely the York Mark V Partisan and Zeta-Viper and the ugly Angel TDM-001 "Toad") still zips over the landscape at more than 80 kph and is able to keep this speed constant, despite the courage of obstacles willing to stand in its way, artificial or not. Tanks contain one turret mount for a super heavy weapon and two turret mounts for heavy weapons. The tank's internal environment operates the same as a gas mask, filtering out all outside toxins. Tanks do not need to make drive rolls when traversing rough terrain. They may even be totally submerged in water, bringing in air from an outside snorkel that rises up 10 feet from the hull.

Wheels: Almost all vehicles seen outside of bastion walls still use wheels. In case of critical disruption, almost all can still unlatch their drivetrain, hook on some beasts of burden, and turn themselves into wagons (some remain that way). Even the most advanced bastions still employ wheeled transportation for the majority of their population. The only real exception is Selkirk, which operates no roads (their mining machines still roll their way down tunnels). Despite Mann's and Sierra Madre's magnetic technology or Angel's hover vehicles, most of the population still lumbers over pavement. The most advanced variations of these are the Echan Terrain Vehicles (ETVs) listed later. Some can't afford such luxuries and modify city vehicles to serve their purposes outside of the walls. Because of starving fossil fuel demands, all wheeled vehicles run off battery powered electric turbines. They have the longest range of all standard vehicles.

Bike: Though motorbikes number in hundreds of variations across Canam, the ones employed in echa often rest mounted behind ETVs and larger trucks, employed for scouting and emergencies. These are durable basic machines with strong chassis and thick, large, run-flat tires with heavy treads. They don't offer any protection to the rider. Some manufacturers refer to them as enduros.

Buggy: Outside of echa, this title usually refers to semi-enclosed vehicles with a wide footprint upon the ground. The tires are spaced far to the corners. They are much larger than a standard car. The buggy encloses the crew in a steel and plastic frame that offers protection from the outside but does not seal an environment. The body is formed in such a way that shifting a tumbled vehicle back to its wheels is a relatively simple procedure. Thick steel roll bars prevent damage to the frame or the people inside in a roll. These buggies, though designed for wild terrain, don't possess the lifespan or durability for extended excursions within it. Like enduro bikes, they usually supplement convoys rather than lead them. Buggies are all rear wheel drive. They offer a +2 to all drive rolls over rough terrain.

Car: The generic term for the largest class, the wheeled car is available with 2 seats or 6, fast or slow, practical and totally outrageous. The entry given is for a standard sports sedan, though one can modify the entries and price to fit any need accordingly. These purchases are usually reserved for superfluous spending, as these vehicles are not effective outside bastion borders. Low ground clearance and fragile tires prevent any survivability in the outside world. Cars are often real-wheel drive though a few are all-wheel drive.

Truck: Like the car, the wheeled truck occupies a wide range of vehicles, from the open bed truck to the all terrain 4x4. Also not designed for the echan world, wheeled trucks are still employed regardless. Smaller mercenary groups still use them in numbers and York operates hundreds, shepherding people to and from the bastion and the military outposts

surrounding the cities. Like most all-terrain wheeled vehicles save for ETVs, most wheeled trucks seen outside of bastions are from York. An unfortunate fact exists that at least a hundred barren vehicle hulks sit rusting away around the outer rim of York, having fallen victim to magics or monsters.

ETVs (Echan Terrain Vehicles)

Virtually all Wasteland All-Terrain Transports, or WATTs, come from Angel. This eventually migrated from such a negative title to simply being called the ETV, or Echan Terrain Vehicle. These models are impractical for city use, being usually too large or too clumsy for narrow city streets. They use a modular design, shielded electronics, massive wheels, and grunt horsepower. They start from the svelte and nimble roughbikes to the gargantuan dirt trains like the behemoth and sand shark. A few found themselves at York where a couple of technologically inclined Mann refugees replicated them in limited production. Selkirk, in a coincidental path, also developed dedicated echan transports. For them, this stemmed from a need to ferry their massive goods across the Pass of Dianaso to the wealthy trading cities of Fargon when the returning Narros convoys couldn't fulfill demands. The most popular models emerged from Angel in a marketplace they continue to dominate.

All ETVs gain a +2 bonus to their EDF saves, regardless of their size and battery demands. This is a built in immunity as additional shielding may be added later. Some employ rechargeable battery power from wind or the sun. These systems may still be shorted out but spent charges are quickly refilled. Because of their complicated nature, all craft DCs to repair an ETV increases by +4.

Behemoth: The behemoth matches its name perfectly. This goliath lumbers over the landscape, delivering power equally to its 8x8 drivetrain. Massive full rubber wheels supply little cushion, relying on the beast's floating platform suspension system to keep it smooth and stable. This setup succeeds and barely anyone on board feels vibrations from the terrain the mammoth covers. Its eight wheels cover a foot print 40 feet wide and 60 feet long and the vehicle towers over 25 feet high. With over three levels, this monster usually heralds its approach with breaking trees and snapping bushes as it pushes and heaves through forest and tundra. Though at home in the arid and rocky terrain around Selkirk where it was built, in the varied landscape of the southern lands, the behemoth serves no purpose. The brute clumsily thrusts and bullies its way through whatever stands in front. The fat and awkward TDM-001 Toad prances gracefully in comparison. When spotted outside Dianaso, the behemoth serves a broader purpose, usually as a mobile base of operations for mercenary groups or as a nomadic home for several families. In the later case, they usually travel for a distance until the battery dies and take root, with the vehicle never budging again. The behemoth is not waterproof but will filter outside air toxins. Solar cells covering the flat top of the vehicle regenerate 1d4+2 charges each day.

Dirtrail: Dirtrails get their name from old-style buggies racing across beaches with little care for safety. This name now applies to similar ETVs, expanding their terrain of choice to the entire outer world. They feature oversized wheels in exposed axles attached to the car via massive shock absorbers as tall, or taller, than the vehicle itself. Those absorbers attach to the car via large magnetic couplers capable of sliding along the shock assembly, allowing the vehicle to raise or lower its center of gravity from two inches to 6 feet. Each axle can be controlled separately, allowing the vehicle to even balance on three legs. The shocks still function perfectly regardless of the height the vehicle is set at. The front axles can also extend out as much as 4 feet from under the flaps, dropping the front of the car slightly, but widening its ground footprint. This allows greater stability at higher speeds and gives the dirtrail a more aggressive front stance.

The dirtrail only encloses and protects its drive system. The rest of the vehicle, cabin and all, are exposed save for a super strong roll cage protecting the vehicle in case of a roll over. This keeps weight and costs down.

Land Shark: Also from Selkirk, this successor to the behemoth is substantially smaller but with equal power demands from a revised motor system. The 8x8 wheel system was replaced by an even more durable 4x4 tri-drive sprocket caterpillar system. Four triangle shaped caterpillar systems sit at each corner. In the middle of the 40 foot long vehicle is a pivot segment, allowing the large vehicle enhanced mobility in tighter areas. Despite its convoluted drive system, the land shark is faster than the behemoth but not as roomy or effective as a permanent domicile. However, it gained more popularity as a mobile command post for mercenary groups and the military as the armed variant leads most Selkirk convoys into the Pass of Dianaso. While the behemoth is wide and fat, the land shark is thin and tall. Only 20 feet wide, it also towers 25 feet high, as tall as its predecessor. Though no weapons come included, the land shark carries a single heavy weapon turret mount. A land shark was the model in question broken down south of Selkirk that was later rescued by patrol from Angel. This was the first evidence of each other's existence and created a lukewarm bond that maintains today. The land shark is not waterproof but will filter outside air toxins. Solar cells covering the flat top of the vehicle regenerate 2d4 charges each day.

Nomad: The final Selkirk land cruiser variant released is the smallest of the trio and by far, the most popular outside of the Dianaso pass. The nomad uses wheels like the behemoth, though only 6. It features a center pivot so the vehicle can maneuver in tighter confines like the land shark. However, it is the smallest, at only 20 feet tall and 30 feet long. This model found use all over canam and, along with the pathfinder, is the most common ETV seen in open echa (which still means that if an echan ever sees an ETV in their lifetime, they'll probably see one of these two models). The nomad moves via four separate electric motors, contained in each of the axles. It receives power to all of them from its contained main drive in the rear of the vehicle, snuggled next to its ample cargo hold. The forward cabin occupies the entirety of the cabin port of the pivot. Unlike the land shark and behemoth, the nomad only has two levels but efficient building practices make the nomad almost as roomy as the shark, with separated cabins and full air and waste management system. The nomad is both waterproof and self-sustaining. However, because of its smaller size, a rechargeable power system was never implemented.

Nuke Truck: In order to combat the EDF interference outside their walls, York R&D created a vehicle with its own shielded micro-nuclear fission power pack. The result is an extremely expensive and risky long-range carrier simply dubbed "the nuke truck." The reactor, though miniature, does supply a full 1-year lifespan of power until needing service. Because of the reduced degradation of Uranium-235 in EDF and its increased resistance to shedding neutrons, scientists switched to Radium 226 and Thorium 232, which accelerate their decay while in magic. Since these materials cannot be found easily in nature (it is near impossible), the only way to service and re-supply a nuke truck involves taking it to one of only two breeder reactors in Canam, one in York and the other in Angel. The breeder reactors expel more fissionable materials than they receive, but the process is not cheap and

a full service and re-supply of a nuke truck takes a week and costs 25000 UC. However, the advantages are plain to see. This makes the vehicle sustain itself indefinitely save for the service. The extensive radiation shielding virtually removes a chance of shorting out in EDF. Craft rolls to repair or even work on a drive of this complexity suffer a +4 to the DC. It gains an additional +3 to disruption saves. If a catastrophic failure occurs and it explodes, the reactor melts. This causes everything for 50 feet to incinerate, suffering 200 points of damage without a save. Everything for the next 50 feet takes 20d6 damage without a save and everything for the next 50 feet must make REF save at DC20 or take 15d6. A success halves damage. The initial 50-foot area where the truck detonates becomes a severe radioactive hazard. EDF bottles the radiation in, but concentrates it, dealing 10d6 damage to anything inside every round for the next ten years. To date, no nuke truck has ever melted. Beyond that, the nuke truck operates exactly like an APC. It runs off six wheels and not tracks.

Panther, Verkelen Alpha-1: After the surprising success of the RT-X Roughbike export from Genai's independent group, Shinogi, Angel's government funded and run arms-maker dedicated to ETV and anti-echan R&D, Verkelen, started drawing plans to compete with the two-wheeled ETV. The result, after millions of UC in development and testing, proved brilliant and superior. Yet, the RT-X still maintains its three-year waiting list. Panthers sell well but one never has a problem finding it for sale in a window. Some claim, though the panther is uniquely superior, it simply doesn't have the cool factor of the roughbike. The panther features a completely enclosed stretched ovoid body with two forks sticking forward and back where the spokeless wheels are mounted. Huge computer-controlled gas shocks absorb impact by predicting upcoming terrain and adjusting accordingly. This removes the need to mount oversized wheels like the RT-X.

Both the RT-X and the panther feature a gyroscopic stabilization control system (GSCS), preventing it from toppling over, though the panther's variant is much more powerful than the roughbike. Unless fully deactivated, the panther can never fall prone from any maneuver or attack and it requires a DC25 strength check to be pushed over. The computer works with the driver, allowing the bike to lean over when the vehicle intends to maneuver but sensors detect if it will result in a fall. The GSCS even allows the vehicle to adjust its angle of attack on upcoming terrain. The panther's wheels are magnetically driven, capable of stopping and forcing its wheels into a lock. Each wheel carries enough torque to lift the entire body of the panther on one axle. The GSCS can then maintain that angle. With this ability, the panther could even climb a steep hill it has no hope of scaling by simply walking up its side. Being enclosed, the panther filters outside air like a gas mask. It can fit another medium sized creature but all drive rolls in the cramped space suffers a -4 penalty.

Scrambler, Verkelen Mark IV: Selkirk produces the largest ETVs in the world but Angel, at one point, made a play for the prize. They released two models within ten years, both large and somewhat clumsy, though, in the end, nowhere near to the immensity of the Selkirk models. The most popular model of all these was the scrambler ETV. This vehicle keeps the crew in a tightly sealed environment, elevated almost 20 feet above the ground. It rolls on six massive thick-treaded, steel-sidewall supported run-flat tires measuring 8-feet across. The scrambler can lose up to two tires without being disabled though its speed is reduced to half if such occurs. The multi-level cabin can hold 6 people in relative comfort with many of the amenities the crew enjoys at home, including full sewage recycling and kitchen and sleeping areas. It also sports one of the largest headlight assemblies of any vehicle. Because of its constant use in both day and night, the scrambler is equipped with 20 forward-mounted high intensity discharge lights capable of illuminating a cone of terrain 500 feet long. Much smaller than the whale, the scrambler became the preferred choice among smaller groups.

RT-X Roughbike: Although initially considered to fill only a novelty role in the ETV lineup, this variant, released from a non-government sanctioned independent group from Genai, proved one of the most popular. Shinogi started in the garage of a handful of gifted Genai residents. They attempted to sell their design to Verkelen, but met failure after repeated attempts. Only after the group released their own design to the public did their newfound rivals start paying attention to the concept of nimble ETV alternatives.

The roughbike keeps its design simple. It's not enclosed like the Panther nor does it even attempt to conceal its machinery. The overall shape is extremely narrow and very long (almost 12 feet). Both the RT-X and the Verkelen panther feature magnetically accelerated spokeless wheels and a computer controlled gyroscopic stabilization control system. However, the GSCS on the RT-X is only used to keep the vehicle stable and cannot be employed to keep the craft balanced on one wheel. The Roughbike features massive tires able to withstand amazing punishment in almost any terrain the driver decides to inflict upon it. The rear wheel measures 5 feet across with the front wheel only slightly smaller at 3 feet.

In a standard cruise, the rider sits only a few inches off the ground, but a modular assembly allows the rider to instantly switch from a laid back position to a lean-forward racing stance by leaning the control system forward. By pulling the system upwards, the RT-X pivots on a center swivel, bringing both wheels in and raising the driver sitting position nearly six feet off the ground. This allows the roughbike to traverse terrain even the panther would have difficulty crossing quickly. In this mode, its speed and acceleration are halved. The bike can raise and lower its center as a free action. This center pivot also works horizontally as well, allowing the RT-X to bend around corners while a panther would require a wider turning angle. The center joint can pivot in any direction up to a maximum angle of 90°; all the while, its gyroscopic stabilization system keeps it from falling. Only a DC 20 strength check can actually push an operating roughbike on its side.

Wanderer, Verkelen Mark II: The wanderer began its life as a next generation ground interceptor for the Angel military. As time passed before a successful prototype could reach testing, advances in hover technology surpassed ground possibilities and the newly formed Crimson Starlight soon captured the public and the entirety of military funding. Verkelen shelved the designs and mothballed the prototype for almost a hundred years until the increase in mercenary forces and the desire of adventurers attempting echan expedition encouraged a revisit to the old design. The wanderer measures 30 feet long but, amazingly enough, the main body only measures 5 feet across. A complex motor system involving 4 large axles mounted on hydraulic powered limbs is capable of raising the craft anywhere from 5 to 15 feet off the ground and / or widening its wheel placement to as far as 20 feet across. The limbs are not fast, nor articulate, and do require a move action to shift, though the action can occur while the vehicle is in motion. Two wheels are attached at each axle. The entire motor assembly also sits under a large swivel joint, allowing the entire cabin to rotate on its center. When traveling at any substantial speed or when committing any hazardous maneuvers, the wanderer must widen its drivetrain or risk tumbling over. Because it once served a military purpose, the wanderer still comes equipped with a fixed-forward mounted

heavy weapons mount and one turret mount for a long arm. It holds three people comfortably.

Whale: This monstrous Angel export towers four stories over the ground. A spacious crew cab sits atop a large neck to over a half dozen drums used for movement. Though slow, the whale is able to traverse ground as well as marsh and full water. Fins concealed in the drums drop down when submerged, giving forward momentum when on water. The drums are extremely durable and buoyant, making the craft exceptionally stable. Even in the hard rivers, the top cabin seldom gets wet. Each drum has a hardness of 10 and 20 hit points. When destroyed, it fills with water and cannot move. Two drums may be breached without compromising the buoyancy of the whale. The whale features two decks, though the bottom is crammed with cargo and machinery. The top deck keeps the 6 - 8 occupants safe but not completely comfortable. Most of the upper deck is an open area, with little privacy save for the bathroom. Curtains offer some seclusion. The whale maintains its popularity due to its size and intimidation. Not known for its subtly, it lumbers through terrain, crashing through what it can't navigate.

AIRCRAFT

All aircraft except for the autogyro are pressurized. They filter out outside gases, rendering the crew immune to outside toxins. If the craft loses half its half points, it is no longer pressurized.

Aerovector: Endorsed by Angel and used only slightly by Selkirk, aerovectors succeeded after blimps and fixed wing craft led centuries earlier. They employ vectored thrust engines as their sole method of lift. Smaller flaps offer additional maneuverability. Vectored thrust engines don't mount as rotating nacelles, but remain fixed and alter their thrust via vanes and nozzles. These massive turbines are much larger and complex than the smaller hover vehicles, and can attain much higher altitudes from larger engines. The engines are linked and usually can lift the craft if one or all the other engines shut down or are destroyed. Advances in battery efficiency allowed these craft to fly longer on their cells. Aerovectors may take off and land vertically, may remain stationary, and may raise and lower their angle of attack up to 60 degrees and remain stable.

Light: The basic aerovector features only two engines, side mounted, that lift the overall body. Flaps fore and aft provide stability more than maneuverability. Some models use external nacelles, though still navigate through vanes. Most of the craft is occupied by its engines and only a small compartment remains for a two-man capacity. The light model is mostly employed for defense as it features little cargo room for its size. Light models are equipped with a single longarm weapon turret mount.

Heavy: Also doubling in military circles, the heavy aerovector features three or four engines, usually concealed within the hull of the vessel. Military models transport vehicles and troops to the battlefield. In Selkirk, they refer to these vehicles as "Carry-Alls," utilizing them to shepherd machinery to other mountain mining outposts. In emergencies, these models also transport large shipments of ore and supplies to Fargon. The Selkirk variant uses a detachable cargo module that can disengage, replaced with a single large unit (a heavy-bore mining rig or even a military vehicle). This technology was offered to Angel from Selkirk. Angel soon replaced their entire aging tilt-rotor fleet with the advanced successor. Eventually, even though Selkirk used them only in echan excursions, Angel developed the technology further, making the light and military variants.

Military: In Angel, these models are called Mantat Assault Shuttles. They feature not only heavier armor, but also weapon mounts and advanced computer targeting. Though most other military models feature three engines, the angel model makes do by with two larger external pods. A rear loading cargo hatch holds a minor cargo area or, if need be, space for up to six personnel above the crew requirement. A single heavy weapon turret mounted on the nose offers a +1 bonus to ranged attack rolls. The Mantat is smaller than most military variations, designed to maneuver within the tight confines of bastion skyscrapers. It is the most widely used vehicle in the Angel military and in the Crimson Starlight. The Angel variant is also equipped with a crowd-controlling device. A collapsed fence drops and expands out to form a clear circle. Electric posts rise, preventing anyone from breaching this fence (DC20 Fort save or be stunned for 2d6 rounds). The craft then lands inside. A door is remotely operated from the pilot. The craft can then be left unattended.

Argon Sky Galleons: One day, the flag of a great vessel appeared on the horizon off the east coast of York. Many had tried to brave the harsh waters of open ocean but most failed. Though many at this point believe life thrived on the opposite of the planet, there was no way to reach them. Then the first argon sky galleon appeared. It floated above the water and glided gracefully into port. The crew brought stories of other bastions to the east. They told of cities called Samba, Motego, and Krebet. They also spoke of their home, Porto-a dream utopia where the greatest of mankind strived to better themselves and the world around. After centuries of solitude, the east braved the open waters to investigate life abroad. They were lucky to find York instead of sailing into Mann. The floating cruise ship with dozens of sails was but the first of many.

This pinnacle represents everything Porto stands for. The galleons of Porto sail effortlessly over the harsh waters of the planet, carrying people and supplies to ports across the world. It is not known how many of these Porto operates but the guess stands at less than six. These craft utilize antigravity propulsion powered from solar cells. This prevents the craft from needing to carry large batteries. Even still, galleons seem to be immune to all EDF thrown at it (Acting as a TL1 vessel). The galleons are slow but still move with perfect maneuverability.

Armored Zeppelin: Thankfully, along with magnetic fields, lighter than air vehicles depend on a science unaltered in magic. Before they developed hover and then magnetic technology, Selkirk employed low-tech rigid airships filled with helium to transport themselves around the mountains. Because of its resistance to EDF, it remained a popular choice for long journeys. Even if its fanjet nacelles short out, the craft will remain airborne. Engineers later added retractable sails for emergency propulsion when the primary drive failed. This propels it at 1/4 of its rated speed. Internal balloon cells separate the helium to prevent a catastrophic collapse in case of a puncture. The craft can lose pressure from more than half of its twelve segments and still not fall to Earth. Every segment breached causes the craft to suffer a -1 to both maneuverability and initiative. Only by puncturing eight will the vessel drop and still only at safe speeds (10 feet per round). This stability is owed to a larger lift bag ratio to the potential cargo capacity and to increasing power to the engines to keep the vessel aloft. Every additional breach drops the vessel an additional 5 feet per round. Critical strikes are the only way to puncture an internal segment. An attacker may puncture a balloon instead of causing damage to the craft (attacker's choice). Which segment struck is random. Only by destroying the vessel can it crash violently. An automated repair system can patch one breach every minute. However, there is no

way to replenish lost helium and a breached bag will lose all pressure in two minutes. In a pinch, the vessel can fire internal torches to heat the air in the case of a sealed empty balloon. This makes the segment only half effective. In addition, being a lighter-than-air vehicle, the zeppelin does not suffer from altitude loss if it fails a loss-of-control roll.

Its ultra light polymer and metal envelope covers an internal skin of nomex. The shell, wrapped around an aluminum skeleton, maintains its shape even when deflated unlike standard balloons or blimps. This allows a greater capacity of gas and cargo. The vehicle also has Fire Resistance 5. The majority of the crew lives in a pressurized segment inside the superstructure. Though several echans and techans use airships, the armored zeppelin from Selkirk is the only model endorsed by a bastion.

Autogyro: Once the realm of hobbyists and weekend travelers, the autogyro became a popular choice for techans as a quick flight option for escape or aggression. The rotorcraft can be dismantled and transported in two simple 3x3 boxes weighing 50 lbs each. The craft takes a full hour to assembly and dismantle (though a crafty mechanic can 1/2 the time with at least 7 ranks in Craft-Mechanical). A gyrocopter lifts via a helicopter rotor lift but gains its forward momentum from a secondary thruster mounted on the rear. Although attempts have been made to offer compact versions of diamagnetic and aerovectors, they remain too complicated to leave open to EDF interference. All autogyros are single crew. A TL3 version deploys itself in a full minute but costs 25% more.

Beluga: One of only two Porto craft venturing far from their homelands, the belugas usually travel to their distant allies in York and Angel, ferrying supplies and personnel. Intentionally detuned, the craft acts as a TL2 craft when in the open. It is crewed only by Porto staff and carries no armaments. The beluga resembles an oversized passenger airliner from man's past, though with much more advanced avionics and with a rounder, more bulbous design. It only requires 1500 feet of runway to land and take-off, an impressive feat for an aircraft of that size (300 ft wingspan, 300 ft long).

Helicopters: York is the only remaining bastion in Canam still exclusively employing rotor-lift aircraft. Angel converted their entire fleet though a few remain mothballed for emergencies. Selkirk also ceased their use and rumors say Sierra Madre never developed them, leapfrogging directly to vectored lift. Dozens of models were made over the following centuries. York currently operates half a dozen different varieties, all of which can be broken up into three: patrol, transport, and military. Because the lack of practical use of patrol copters, only military and transport will be listed. Thankfully, even though York suffers from heavy EDF, slowing their development, they were able to perfect their helicopter technology. Modern choppers are much quieter, more efficient, and usually employ a turbine on the tail for stability, replacing the tail rotor.

Military: The popular York attack chopper is the J-1 Etekari. This sleek craft conceals its three heavy weapon turret mounts until ready to fire. Its fully articulated tri-blade mechanism slices the air with a near whisper. The blades collapse when in transport. If the craft suffers disruption, the rotors auto-rotate, slowing its descent to the ground. Advanced landing gears prevent ground resonance. Sophisticated avionics avoid almost every type of stall associated with rotor aircraft. If the rotors are destroyed, the craft will plummet.

Transport: The heavy transport helicopter uses two rotors, mounted transversely on external outriggers, perpendicular to the aircraft. These nacelles do not pivot, as initial prototypes found the additional mechanism prone to EDF more than the rest of the vessel. Mounting the rotors and main engines outside and away, as well as the lack of a tail rotor, allows the vessel more room for cargo and / or passenger capacity. With its cargo bay empty, a crane attachment allows the vehicle to dead lift and transport up to 66,000 lbs without stalling. Only the Porto argon sail ships and belugas can beat this lifting capacity.

Reaper Assault Craft: Few of the Mann craft ever travel outside of their walls. Those that do seldom fail in their mission. The reaper employs a large jet turbine for lift and forward propulsion but assists that with anti-gravity stabilizers. This offers the reaper virtually unmatched agility. The anti-gravity field does not actually provide lift, nor does it move the craft in any way, though the appearance of the argon galleons proves this route is possible, a development Mann envies but has failed to replicate. The AGF generator carries the internal moniker "Null drive," for it shields the reaper from the effects of gravity altogether. This allows the underpowered vectored jet engine to propel the craft without worry of pesky scientific rules like power-to-weight ratio. If the field is shut down, the craft can still settle safely on this engine though it can no longer sustain flight. Since Mann keeps a tight lid on this technology, it has never been successfully smuggled from their city. No refugee has claimed to know how they work. Those trying to escape professing this knowledge never survive to reveal their evidence. Recent rumors claiming Mann had developed electro-gravitic propulsion from fluid-hydrodynamics was rejected by a visiting Porto scientist, claiming such a path was "only science fiction." The specifics of Mann's anti-gravity remains unknown. Though there may be several vehicles employing this technology within Mann, the reaper is the only example allowed to leave the city. Alas, because of Mann's massive EDF susceptibility, no examples found as wrecks outside of the bastion have their reactors intact. A combination of catastrophic EDF saturation along with an obvious self-destruct circuit prevents anyone from gleaning this technology.

The reaper resembles a hawk or other gliding bird of prey. Its curved wings cover its engines and reactor rather than offer any flight assistance. The turbine sits off center, though venting its exhaust through numerous vents and nozzles. It features one heavy weapon mount and one heavy weapon turret mount.

THERMAL AIRSHIPS

Since helium or hydrogen is hard to come by for echans or techans, designers started brainstorming alternatives. The knowledge began initially with the techan bastions, probably Angel, Selkirk, and York. These bastions likely passed through a period of development using lighter-than-air craft for various operations. With the exception of Selkirk, still using a model when flying across the Dianaso pass, all the other bastions abandoned airships in favor of faster, more maneuverable-vectored thrust and rotor-lift. However, this knowledge refused to fall into antiquity and a few stubborn engineers, relics proclaiming a lost art, sold or imparted this intelligence to the outside world. Airships quickly moved in their own direction. Though a few rare models still employed solar or battery powered propulsion, the majority (all those under control of echans) utilizes safer means. These alternatives include wind, steam, and reliable manpower. Despite rumors of a vast network of laudenian castles floating high above the clouds, few airships ever report seeing one. Most claims are usually lies.

Thermals (as there are often known) remain popular in Canam and Euras more than in any other regions in the world. Because of the tremendous storms ravaging the seas, few thermals attempting a cross between the great lands ever reach their destination. In Canam, they proved more popular

given the continent's massive girth and the influx and increasing rate of ground-based raiders. Their construction and maintenance proved too expensive to allow echans uncontested control over the airspace of the new Earth. The overhead required to construct them to any decent size resulted in insignificant numbers to justify altering the way echans travel. Almost every echan city from Janoah to Gnimfall to Limshau sport mooring towers. With Gnimfall, mooring cables hang from every grind tower.

Pilots must tread carefully when plotting a course. The northeast region of Canam swarms with dragons and dozens of airship corpses are scattered across the Gloam to the south where brave explorers attempted to traverse it. The sky is still not safe, but is considerably better in comparison to ground travel.

Thermals are broken up into two subgroups: blimps and frames. Technically, there are three (semi-rigid being the third), but only two varieties remain today. All variants gain their lift through differentials in temperature between the outside air and the gasses contained inside airbladders resting inside the structure. The choice of thermal lift over lighter gas (like helium or hydrogen) comes from access. Refining helium (the safer choice) is costly and requires a techan manufacture to produce. The method of heating the air inside the balloon comes either from a natural heat (a coal fire for example) or from a magical one (being very rare). A few models also employ steam engines. All models are controlled by a non-amplified mechanical flight control system. This involves a series of pulleys and cables that directly transmit instructions to the control surfaces. Though ineffective on faster aircraft, the slow-moving airships employ them without fail. Even on the larger thermal-frames, a more advanced servo-tab system allows the shifting of these massive fins with little force-feedback. All thermals are equipped with a basic pedal-based motor system requiring simple brute constitution to power. Because of this, they are limited to the normal rules of exhaustion as if traveling on foot. York and Selkirk allow the mooring of echan thermals though Angel, Mann, and Sierra Madre do not. The maximum altitude of any thermal is 3750 meters (12375 feet). Being a lighter-than-air vehicle, all thermals do not suffer from altitude loss if they fail a loss-of-control roll. All thermals have Fire Resistance 5.

Blimp: Blimps are hot-air airships with a non-rigid structure. Without pressure, they deflate and fall limp. After cold air is pumped in and then heated, the baffles fill up and the final shape takes form. Only the passenger car or gondola is constructed to be rigid. Blimps are not simple balloons because of the addition of tail fins and some form of propulsion. The standard blimp only has two internal baffles and if one is breached, it will only cause the vessel to lose maneuverability (-2 to both maneuverability at initiative). Only by puncturing both will cause the vessel to drop but still only at safe speeds (10 feet per round). Only critical strikes can puncture a balloon instead of causing damage to the craft (attacker's choice). However, there is a 50-50 chance to which baffle is struck. Only by destroying the vessel can it crash violently.

Frame: Frame is a slang term referring to a rigid airship-a dirigible maintaining its shape from an internal framework instead of internal pressure via a lifting gas (in this case, heated air). The rigid design offers the advantage of an increased lift capacity as the vessel can feature more and larger lifting bags inside the superstructure.

Unlike the blimps, where the crew sits in a gondola underneath the main balloon, frames only appear with a small cockpit. The cargo and crew compartments reside inside the balloon assembly itself. Some models come equipped with galleys and sleeping bags. Two varieties fly over most of Canam, the larger variety reserved usually for mercenary units, public transportation, and charter flights.

The larger thermal frame uses a slightly more complicated flight control system over the smaller frames and blimps, and thus, counts as a tech level 1 vehicle, though receiving a +2 bonus to all EDF rolls. Manual propulsion keeps this vehicle incredibly slow. A mechanical propulsion system is a recommended upgrade.

If using the manual system, the standard frame requires 1 additional crewmember and the large model requires an additional 3. The large variant is by no means the largest. Gnimfall flies THE Blimp (spelled "THE Blimp") between the various grind towers around Canam. It can hold up to fifty gimfen in comfort (though humans find the accommodations cramped). THE Blimp's advanced steam drives makes it the fastest airship known. The largest frame comes from Limshau, which operates a custom airship dubbed the Abecedarian. Measuring 800 feet long and weighing 55 tonnes, this 100-passenger transport connects with all the smaller cities in the kingdom.

Both thermal frames use ballast chambers to separate the heated gasses. The standard has 6; the large has 12. The craft can lose pressure from more than half of its segments and still not fall. Every segment breached causes the craft to suffer a -1 to both maneuverability and initiative. Only by puncturing half of the chambers will the vessel to drop but still only at safe speeds (10 feet per round). Every additional breach drops the vessel an additional 5 feet per round. Critical strikes are the only way to puncture an internal segment. An attacker may puncture a balloon instead of causing damage to the craft (attacker's choice). However, which segment struck is random. Only by destroying the vessel can it crash violently.

Modifications: Thankfully, there are several alterations to thermals enabling it to go faster and make it more maneuverable. Some modifications include a tech level. This level refers to the item and does not turn the thermal to that tech level unless stated so. If the modification explodes, it deals damage directly to the craft. All thermals come with a torch to heat the air. These are either from coal or propane. Usually a thermal has enough flame to keep it airborne for 72 hours. Speed boosts from propulsions systems do not stack.

Table: Thermal Modifications

Modification	Cost	Tech Level	Cell	Description
Battery Turbine	10000	2	M5	+20 (+5) to rated speed.
Fly By Wire	2000	2	M5	+3 Maneuverability
Parachute	1000	—	—	Emergency escape
Parasite	2000	—	—	Attach an aircraft.
Repair Drone	3000	3	M3	Repair holes in balloons.
Sails	2000	—	—	+5 (+1) to rated speed.
Solar	15000	2	M5	+20 (+5) to rated speed.
Steam Drive	5000	1	—	+15 (+3) to rated speed.

Battery: Though it defeats the purpose, an airship can be equipped with a battery-powered turbine. This provides the greatest propulsion increase, enabling a thermal to move at +20(+5) its rated speed. However, being battery powered makes it the most susceptible to disruption. One charge lasts per hour. The battery also powers heating coils for the air chambers.

Fly-by-wire: This system completely replaces the primitive control system with a digital fly-by-wire system common in all other techan aircraft. This unfortunately turns the entire vessel into a TL2 craft, requiring an M5 cell to operate, using a charge each day of use. This is in addition to any cells required of the power source. Retrofitting the thermal with this system offers a +3 bonus to maneuverability.

Parachute: Parachutes attach to the main cabin of the thermal and deploy in case of freefall. If the main balloon suffers a cataclysmic breach, causing the cabin or gondola to fall at dangerous speeds, a mechanical barometric switch triggers parachutes to prevent a terminal crash. The thermal must be at least 300 feet above the ground for the parachute to operate safely.

Parasite: A parasite modifies the thermal to attach a vehicle that can activate and detach in case of an emergency. Only huge and smaller vehicles can be attached. Aircraft can be launched either under or on top of the airship. This modification can only be added onto large thermal frames.

Repair Drone: A repair drone buzzes around inside the superstructure, patching breaches in the baffles before they hemorrhage their gas. A repair drone can seal a single breach every minute, using one charge in the process.

Sails: These pectoral and dorsal mounted sails provide a small boost in speed and can provide movement in an emergency if other means are neutralized. The sails can be drawn in and unfurled in 1 minute. It enables a thermal to move at +5(+1) its rated speed. This modification can only be added onto thermal frames.

Solar: This extensive addition covers the entire top half of the airship structure in solar photovoltaic cells, which convert light into electricity. Stored energy is then used to power the propulsion system. This uses the same system as a battery drive, shunting power to turbines, providing propulsion. The ultimate advantage comes from an unlimited lifespan, supplying energy to the heating coils and the drive system. It turns the vessel into a TL2 craft. The solar array recharges the M5 cell at a rate of 1 charge per hour.

Steam: This basic powerplant uses steam to not only power the propellers but also heat the air balloons as well. It replaces the basic standard torch with a much more powerful boiler, connected to a double-action steam engine. Being a basic engine, the steam drive counts as TL1 but gains a +1 to any disruption rolls. It enables a thermal to move at +10(+3) its rated speed.

Rumors persist it possible to permanently enchant an airship with it being on the borderline of disruption. Though a basic blimp or standard frame without any propulsion or control modifications could theoretically be enchanted, the possibility of the enchantment seizing the control surfaces still appears too high. Moreover, the amount of spellwork required would be staggering. Not only would the entire craft need to be animated, but so would its propulsion system and its flame. Add to that the need to make the spells permanent and the result is a procedure probably costing upwards of 50,000 gp not event taking into account the rarity of casters capable of accomplishing such a feat. However, technically, it would be possible.

USING TECHA

Though swinging a sword and blocking with a shield in fantasy is unchanged from what people know from books, technology complicates things somewhat. Some additional rules need to be considered when employing technology.

FIREARMS

The most basic form of attack with a firearm is a single shot. One attack is one pull of the trigger and fires one bullet at one target. The Personal Firearms Proficiency feat allows a character to make this sort of attack without penalty. If a character is not proficient in personal firearms, he or she takes a -4 penalty on attacks with that type of weapon. A number of other feats allow a character to deal extra damage when he or she fires more than one bullet as part of a single attack at a single target (If a character doesn't have those feats, he or she can still fire more than one bullet-but the extra bullets don't have any effect and are just wasted ammunition). As with most forms of ranged weapons, attacking with a firearm while within a threatened square provokes an attack of opportunity. Because of the weapon's unwieldy shape and size, an attacker using a longarm takes a -4 penalty on attacks against adjacent opponents.

Handguns are so small, they may be fired without provoking an attack of opportunity.

AUTOFIRE

If a ranged weapon has an automatic rate of fire, a character may set it on autofire. Autofire affects an area and everyone in it, not a specific creature. The character targets a 10-foot-by-10-foot area and makes an attack roll; the targeted area has an effective AC of 10 (If the character does not have the Advanced Firearms Proficiency feat, he or she takes a -4 penalty on the attack roll). If the attack succeeds, every creature within the affected area must make a Reflex save (DC 15) or take the weapon's damage. A successful critical strike on the area raises the Reflex save to DC20.

Autofire shoots 10 bullets, and can only be used if the weapon has 10 bullets in it. Autofire is not the same thing as burst fire, which involves firing a short burst at a specific target. Firing a burst requires the Burst Fire feat. If a character fires a blast of automatic fire at a specific target without the Burst Fire feat, it's treated as a standard attack. The attack, if successful, only deals normal damage-all the extra ammunition the character fired is wasted. Some firearms-particularly machine guns-only have autofire settings and can't normally fire single shots.

GRENADES AND EXPLOSIVES

An explosive is a weapon that, when detonated, affects all creatures and objects within its burst radius by means of shrapnel, heat, or massive concussion. Its effect is broad enough that it can hurt characters just by going off close to them. Some explosives, such as grenades, can be thrown, and they explode when they land. Others are planted, with fuses or timers, and go off after a preset amount of time elapses.

PLANTED EXPLOSIVES

A planted explosive is set in place, with a timer or fuse determining when it goes off. No attack roll is necessary to plant an explosive; the explosive sits where it is placed until it is moved or goes off. When a planted explosive detonates, it deals its damage to all targets within the burst radius of the weapon. The targets may make Reflex saves (DC varies according to the explosive type) for half damage.

SPLASH WEAPONS

A splash weapon is a ranged weapon that breaks apart on impact, splashing or scattering its contents over its target and nearby creatures or objects. Most splash weapons con-

sist of liquids in breakable containers. To attack with a splash weapon, make a ranged touch attack against the target. Thrown weapons require no weapon proficiency, so characters don't take the -4 non-proficient penalty. A hit deals direct hit damage to the target and splash damage to all other creatures within 5 feet of the target. A character can instead target a specific 5-foot square, including a square occupied by a creature. Use the rules for thrown explosives. However, if a character targets a square, creatures within 5 feet are dealt the splash damage, and the direct hit damage is not dealt to any creature. If the character misses the target (whether aiming at a creature or a square), check to see where the weapon lands, using the rules for thrown explosives. After determining where the object landed, it deals splash damage to all creatures within 5 feet.

VEHICLE RULES

Skill checks are only required in extraordinary circumstances. With the exception of the maneuver limits set vehicles as stated above, vehicles are no different than mounts for the purposes of combat. Like animals, the rated speed entry is not its top speed but its maximum sustained speed. The top speed of all vehicles is 4 times the listed number. However, driving beyond the crafts safe zone may cause problems.

Here are rules regarding vehicles:

1) Acceleration: When a vehicle accelerates, it may increase its movement up to its acceleration listed as a move action. It may accelerate up to twice this as a full action and with a successful Drive/Pilot skill check (DC15). Failure results in Loss of Control roll. Acceleration adds to existing movement the vehicle took before. Eg: If a vehicle can accelerate at 20, it may move 20 from a stop, 40 the next round, and 60 the round after, assuming it doesn't reach its top speed. It may increase from 20 to up to 60 but that forces a roll. If committing to a full round action to accelerate, the pilot/driver cannot maneuver or force a loss of control roll.

2) Cruising: Cruising at the same speed or decelerating is not a move action and can be accomplished for free.

3) Maneuvering: Doing any action on the Maneuverability table costs a move action (reversing, turning at all, etc). A driver/pilot may accelerate normally but accomplishing both is a full round action.

4) Speed effects: A vehicle maintains its maneuverability up to its rated top speed. Every speed increment past the initial speed rating reduces it by one category. When a rating drops below clumsy, it can no longer maneuver without forcing a pilot / driving roll though it may still accelerate in a straight line up to its max speed (x4 the listed number). Eg: A craft with a top speed of 100 and average maneuverability can reach 100 without sacrificing its maneuvering capacity. From 101 - 200, it drops to poor. At 201 - 300, it drops to clumsy. Though it can accelerate past that, all the way to 400, it can no longer maneuver without losing control.

5) Pushing Limits: Any attempt to veer away from a vehicle's rated limits forces a loss of control roll. Here are the possible options and the skill DC to the drive / pilot skill check.

Though a craft can be currently rated up to three stages below clumsy (like a Tank going its full top speed), it cannot go above perfect. Stunts are acts of daring beyond what someone believes that vehicle can do.

All vehicles may decelerate at x3 their acceleration. Someone may brake harder though, and risk losing control.

Maneuver attempt	Pilot / Drive DC
+1 Maneuver category	DC20
+2 Maneuver category	DC25
+3 Maneuver category	DC30
+4 Maneuver category	DC35
Full Round Acceleration	DC15
Stunts	Varies
X4 Deceleration	DC15
X5 Deceleration	DC20
X6 Deceleration	DC25
Difficult Terrain	+10

6) Loss of control: If a pilot / driver fails his roll, the vehicle continues as if the maneuver didn't occur and stalls (if an aircraft), falling 2d4x10 feet. If the maneuver involved acceleration or deceleration, the vehicle loses control and points a random direction. It continues its previous rated speed at its new direction. In all these cases, there is a severe chance the vehicle will strike an obstacle and suffer damage. If not, after which, the driver / pilot may make another roll at -5 reduction in the skill DC to recover. Another failure keeps the vehicle out of control and reduces the penalty another 5.

7) Threshold: All vehicles have a threshold rating equal to 1/2 their hit points. Any damage caused by a single strike inflicting more than the vehicles threshold caries its surplus to the pilot. Unlike armor, the pilot / driver may make a DC15 pilot / drive skill check to either take the entire damage, or allow the vehicle to take it all.

8) Destroyed vehicles: Destroyed vehicles decelerate at their acceleration to a stop. Aircraft fall 2d4x10 feet every round. The vehicle no longer protects those inside in any way. Any mounted weapons break.

9) EDF effects: Vehicles suffering a minor jam suffer -10 to all pilot and driving rolls while in effect. Vehicles suffering a major jam stop working altogether, they stall. They decelerate at their acceleration to a stop. Aircraft fall 2d4x10 feet every round (except airships). Vehicles that break suffer the same effects as a major jam except the vehicle will not recover without a repair.



It had only been a few weeks for Mahan, Aiden, and Raven since last they slept with four walls and a cushioned bed. Limshau even had a fairly advanced sewage processing plant with flush toilets, though their waste management system paled in comparison to bastions, many of which used gasification to convert biomass into usable fuel. In echa, most had to dump their raw influent in rivers, though more sophisticated communities employed advances that bordered on disruption. Alas, only the largest cities like those of Limshau, Abidan, and Janoah employed such progressive methods. Most everyone else had to deal with pipes or holes in the ground with buckets of water to drain away the refuse. Mischa wasn't a simpleton, but did enjoy the process of the flush.

Raven meditated, Aiden read, and Mahan prayed. Mischa crashed his armor about the room and shook the foundation of the building as he fell onto the mattress. Gaslights lit up the evening over the city. What stars that managed to expose themselves

through the brilliance of Attricana were washed away from the glare of the ever-glowing cityscape of Angel. The forest of steel bounced lights of a dozen colors, painting pictures and dazzling the sky as a nightly tribute to some god of science.

By morning, all of them had enjoyed the best sleep in months. Not even the sun could rouse them. Eventually the clamber of the morning masses gathering to shop and sell jostled them from their sleep. Aiden made it downstairs. He wore a traditional silk morning jacket made in Genai with matching pants, all black. Minx, who Aiden had never seen sleep—even back then—was already preparing breakfast, more of the same as yesterday, this time with rice. Her tall, athletic form was expressed well from an abnormally snug silk robe.

"You don't have to do that," said Aiden.

"Trust me, I've seen you cook."

"Just so you're aware, I have gotten better."

"You forgot the corn flour in cornbread."

"Yes, thank you for bringing up a single mistake from when I was sixteen."

"You were nineteen and you served it. Who cooks when you're out there?"

"No one really, though I discovered Mahan apparently is gifted with it."

Mahan stepped in almost on cue. "That's because I eat what I cook," he said as he passed Aiden to Minx. "Can I assist?"

"Mushrooms, cut, butter, melt."

"Say no more." Mahan took to his duties. "You see, you have to remember to take the solids from the butter and cut it with a tablespoon of olive oil to prevent smoking." He showed off. Aiden left them to their conversation and reminisced about the library. It was not as much a library as an oversized den, cozy and welcoming. Chen was a bookkeeper more than a store owner. The books could be bought or lent or even given. Only the family franchise from hundreds of years prior and community support kept it from being forgotten. A place like this would never survive in the ruthless mercantile landscape that was Angel. Only in free echa could this shop stay alive, assuming it wasn't located in some tiny village prone to predators.

Aiden owned his own little section Chen permitted him many years ago. There his favorite books were located. Chen kept many copies of his most popular editions and Aiden liked reserving a few under his name, like shoppers cared about the preferred reading of a techan teenager. From appearances, the books he placed there hadn't been jostled in all the time he'd been away. He ran his fingers off the spines of the books, reading them and remembering the stories. *The Caravan of the King, Expedition to North Tower, The Voyage of Seddon Archer, The Hobbit, Harry Potter.* Aiden thought to himself, *which ones were real? Could they all have been? How many were original, inspired, or taken from the whisper some had dubbed echalogical influence?*

David Tong Chen was exactly as Aiden had remembered. He entered in quietly and smoothly without shuffle or limp, still brittle, still feeble. Aiden hardly noticed until the shadow passed him.

"Master Chen," Aiden greeted.

"Aiden. You look older," Chen replied.

"Why does everyone say that?"

"Minx and I hardly amount to everyone."

"Still."

"It's been a year," he said, always smiling. "So unless you bonded with a fey. Everyone ages, even me."

"No, you look exactly the same. So does Minx."

Minx shouted from the kitchen. "Thank you!"

Mischa's bulk thundered down the stairs like a drunken ogre. "They're asian," he bellowed, "it's how they age. Their young for many years then a day passes and their decrepit." He emerged wearing his underclothes, silk, cloth, and padded cotton, all hanging loose off his limbs.

"Obviously, you must be Mischa?" Chen asked. Aiden internally wondered momentarily how Chen could gather so much with no possible source before realizing he probable arrived earlier and was told everything from Minx.

"How does everyone know me already?" Mischa asked.

"Shouldn't everyone?" was Chen's reply. Mischa smiled and lifted his head.

"Well put," he answered, paused, and then added, "Master Chen. Surprisingly, you are the one thing I've encountered that lives up to my expectations."

"Cleverly worded, knight of Kantis," Chen answered.

Mischa had not thought it possible to acknowledge such a compliment, or to have his ego stroked so gently by such simple words. *Knight of Kantis. I like that,* he thought. "Care to share a drink of tea, Master Chen."

"Already done so." Minx interjected, placing his cup, tiny kettle of flowers, and a pot of boiling water on the low table.

"Eating?" Aiden asked Chen.

"Full already thanks. Small man, small stomach."

Aiden looked around the store. "Raven?" he asked. He knew she would be up before everyone else.

"On the roof, taking in the city," Chen answered. "Very curious young girl."

"She older than you, Master."

"I'm not sure about that," interjected Mischa.

Chen coughed a laugh. "What I like of Kantis. They despise coy."

Another compliment, but Mischa was drawn elsewhere. "You have met our kind before?"

"Many decades ago, outside the town of Bitterblush. He travelled through there before heading south. Chasing prey as I imagine you. Never saw him return. Not sure why his hunt took him that far. A similar question occurs to me now."

"Kantis is gone. I was the last to escape. I hunt the demon that killed them."

"Demon? Singular?" Chen no longer smiled.

"Yes."

"Oh my heavens. To bring down the village of Kantis. Nothing short of a god would do. Your task is daunting, sir Knight." Chen said as he made his way to books near the shelf at his side. He ran his fingers along the spines, following them to the kitchen entrance.

Mischa opened his mouth to laugh at the humor, but choked it back instead. He closed quickly and suppressed anything else. Praising Kantis and also reminding Mischa of its fall. *Nothing short of a god would do.* Mischa brought himself to smile. "Your words are well chosen, but I am no knight."

Chen reached the kitchen from his slow and purposeful walk and lowered himself smoothly and without strain to the table. Mischa and Aiden followed. Minx and Mahan still cooked, serving occasionally.

"They call you ranger but I don't believe that. Too much pride and honor for such a flimsy title."

"But knights require faith, something I have been rationed in short supply."

"Faith is only one condition. He must also have benevolence, humility, integrity—"

"Loyalty, mercy, and patience, I know," Mischa interrupted.

"Well, we know he lacks patience as well," Mahan added.

"So, only lacking two," Chen responded.

"Trust me, wise one," said Mischa, trying to avoid sarcasm, "I am deficient in all such qualities. I am proud of my strength in body but am aware of my shortcomings in the mind."

Chen's smile returned. "You see, I already found one quality, and I have only known you for three minutes."

Mischa chuckled through a closed mouth. He liked this man. "I see why so many seek your advice."

Chen's hands moved perfectly without his eyes needing to track the cups and kettles. He prepared his tea while looking at Mischa. "You expect an oracle; I am not your objective. I know what I know from life experience and the books I have read. If they are untrue, then it is the books that have lied."

"For some reason, that actually sounds reassuring."

"The memories of Kantis and the demons they've killed know no equal." Chen sipped and swallowed. "Did you see this beast?"

"I did."

"What can you say about it?"

"I only remember one thing," Mischa gathered his thoughts as he brought back the only vision he had, something he saw every time he closed his eyes. The pause gathered the room's attention. "It wore armor of a thousand plates."

The room fell silent. Minx dropped a chopstick. Mahan swallowed at the image. Everyone took a moment to breathe.

"Armor of thousand plates," Chen finally said. "How poetic and probably accurate. And nothing like that from the memories of Kantis?"

"It was new," Mischa replied.

"Or something much, much older." Chen sipped and swallowed, this time long, until the cup was empty. "Aiden."

"Yes," Aiden sat up.

"You have something to show me, do you not?"

"Ye…yes I do."

Chen lifted himself from the table. "Finish eating, then bring it to my desk."

"I could show you—" he lifted his voice to Chen's back.

"No, enjoy the meal, for you will forget food after we talk." Chen shouted loud to the heavens, though a yell from his lungs was hardly a scream. "Raven, dear child, come eat." As Chen reached his desk, a tiny, dark figure dropped from the roof outside.

"In my life, I never thought I would see this." Chen caressed the amulet like a careful lover. He brought it up to the flame, dancing the gem encrusted within to the heat. The light broke and bent through the violet haze. Inside the amethyst, Chen saw a swirling maelstrom as wisps of light spin around the core before refracting out. Chen's smile widened. The elderly man squinted closer.

Aiden loomed behind, also smirking as wide. He nodded, knowing Chen noticed the same bizarre attributes of the jewel. "So it's as important as it looks?" Aiden asked. Mischa kept one eye on the small ripened merchant. The hefty ranger almost knocked sealed jars of various liquids from a nearby shelf. His frustration at simply remaining still got the best of him and his pace circled the group.

Mahan and Raven leaned in from the opposite sides of Chen's old oak desk. Books behind Chen were of his personal favorite collection and appeared as old as the building. A few may have been older then the city of Genai. The books, the library, and Chen showed their age well, considering.

"Your assessment is without reproach." Chen answered, never breaking his study of the artifact. Raven looked up to Aiden. They shared a nod, a reaffirmation of their faith in the journey.

"What?" Mischa stopped to ask abruptly.

"He's right, you're wrong." Mahan quickly interjected. Mischa continued to orbit the table, carefully squeezing a look at Raven's backside as he passed. He was never one to admit an attraction to an elf, but only a eunuch would deny how well that black formed against her skin, especially as she bent over to look at the—

Chen searched for his assistant. He found Minx balancing atop a narrow precipice, filling several volumes away two stories above the group, flaunting her impeccable balance. She looked down at him and they shared a conversation of looks, shrugs, and eyebrows.

"Someone else knows," Chen told her. The dark-skinned beauty responded with a short nod. Raven, Aiden, and Mahan observed the exchange, unaware of the content.

Finally, unable to hold back, Mischa snapped in. "It's a light. It's just a little purple amulet. It hasn't done a goddamn thing."

Chen raised a palm in the air to calm the mood and he said to almost a whisper, "Please keep your voice and your obscenities to an appropriate minimum."

Mischa fell back to a wall, unsettling a few books on the shelf behind. Mahan lowered his head back to the amulet, though keeping both eyes on the Kantis warrior a moment longer before placing them back to more important concerns. Mischa found it frustrating now that the stupid little gem gathered the eyes. Chen tilted his head to talk to Aiden without actually looking at him. "Where did you find it?"

"In the wreckage of a Porto Beluga that crashed between Primmer and Abarbanel," Aiden continued, "I assume on its way here. No idea what they were doing so far in Canam. Honestly, Master, did you know it was there?" *Could Chen have been that specific?* Aiden thought.

"You mistake me a truth-seer, do you?" Chen turned to his pupil. He slightly pushed past him to walk across the room to his personal shelf of most prized books. "I don't recall being blessed last I checked, though a recent dice game went my favor. Could a sworn I knew to roll those sixes." Aiden exhaled at Chen's snide attempt at humor. Mischa interlocked his arms. Not angry or fuming, Mischa was just impatient. Chen resumed his previous conversation, "And they had it. I wager someone must. Why not?" The elderly man rolled his fingers across the books. He glanced at the title names, *The Way of the Circle--Spherist Dogma* by Javis Navaro, *The End of the Beginning* by Torfin Gendron, *Neo-Pseudomonarchia—A View from Kakodomania* by Marko Koslovich, and…yes, the gap. Chen rolled his knuckles across and found the empty spot, verifying his moment with Minx. Aiden opened his mouth to ask, *What on Earth are you talking about*, though Chen interrupted his thought. He finally tore away from the open slot to face his pupil. "Aiden, you must do something for me." Chen said with some volume.

Aiden shrugged without a pause, "Of course."

Mischa jerked from the wall to stand straight. "—I have several questions as well!" he snapped.

"I already know your purpose, Kantis," Chen answered. He understood the stress. "This will answer those as well," Chen said. He turned back to Aiden, "Are your comrades as loyal?"

"More or less," Aiden ignored Mischa. "You consider him loyal?" Aiden asked with slight cynicism.

Chen responded in haste. "Though you may not believe it now, you found fortune in that bar employing him. Kantis gloat and brood. They bare chests and pound fists in arrogance but will discard blood and laurels for those in need. Kantis die for their allies. You should feel lucky to find such wealth."

Mischa pouted, and sarcastically bellowed, "Oh Christ, where in succubus' snatch did you grab that quotable nugget from?"

"The Chronicle of Aurannis," Chen told Aiden.

Mischa snickered and said loudly to himself, "Then that's a book I must read—"

"He talks to me, Mischa," Aiden interrupted. He looked back to Chen. "You have that book?"

"Not anymore." Chen tossed a look to his open spot. "It was stolen recently."

"That's wonderfully and ironically inconvenient," Mahan interjected.

"Yes, I am no doubt aware that somehow, someone else knows of this," Chen said.

Aiden thought it over in his mind, of who else may know. There was no one else at the crash. No one robbed or accosted him in his travels to Limshau. *Was I foolish in laying it on the table those few times? What are the chances someone else would recognize it. It could have been just an amulet to the dragon god. Did someone notice the glow from under the shirt? That still would not attract such obsession. It had to be someone who knew of the flight, its cargo, and destination. But then they would also know enough to be aware of Chen's books and which one to steal. That level of intelligence seems unfathomable to consider and confront.* "How is that possible?" Aiden finally asked.

"I am sure the culprits pursue similar information. How they knew you would come here or that I held one of the few copies is beyond me."

Raven finally stepped up, beside Aiden. "We don't carry it at the library. In any branch of any division."

Minx, from above, looked to the petite elf. "Child, even with a hundred years, you can't possibly remember every title in your city's walls." She intended no insult by the remark, an instinctual comment.

"Ninety-five—" Raven corrected.

Aiden immediately raised his head after Raven and added, "and yes, she does." Minx leaned back, impressed at the feat expressed. Of course, it wasn't exactly true, but once again, Raven appeared to ignore the compliment.

Raven refrained from smiling and returned to addressing Chen. "But if memory serves, Master Chen, the Chronicle of Aurannis formed the Bible of Drasago—"

"The Bible of Drasago!" Mahan snapped in and jumped up from leaning. In his travels and his teachings, there was no greater prize. "The holy book written by the dragons—"

"And split into five volumes," Raven continued, rifling off the volumes as she counted away on her fingers, "Aurannis, Greka, Kelto, Lynissa," she paused for effect, "and Lazarus."

Chen smiled and nodded at Raven's encyclopedic retrieval. "Very close, young one." The remark wasn't regarded as insulting either to Raven. Still, she was getting annoyed at the constant remarks of her visible age. She almost thought of speaking. "Though not totally accurate," Chen continued. He drew in a deep breath. "The Aurannis volume was removed by Lazarus, too long. Greka and Aurannis were from similar stock, both Holy Dragons. They only needed one volume for the bible. Though Aurannis was a much better writer, they chose to endorse the Gospel of Greka. What can one say…politics." Chen turned back to Aiden. "Aiden, we need this book."

"We're questing for books now—" Mischa asked. He expected his answers and now was given a task. How many would be lined up as condition for his compensation?

"You know where?" Aiden asked.

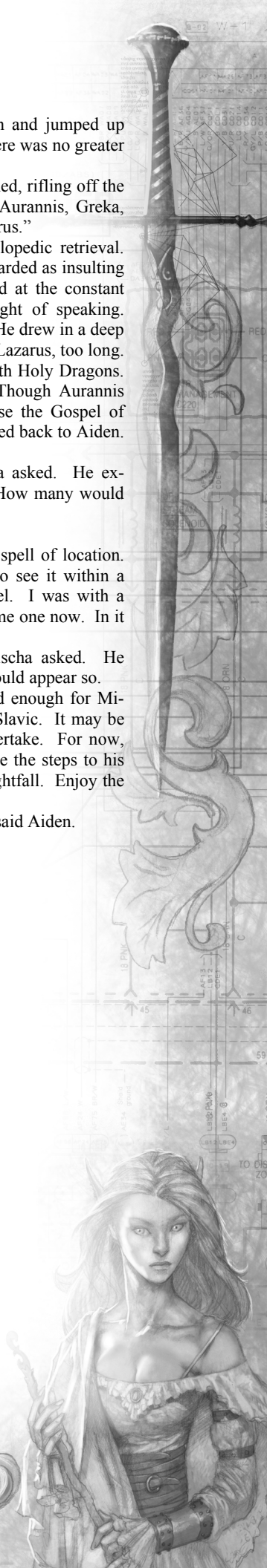
Chen nodded a single time. "Yes, it had a spell of location. The Chronicle carries a marker that ables me to see it within a reasonable distance. I am just not one to travel. I was with a friend proficient with magical maps. He makes me one now. In it carries the marker."

"How will this lead to my questions?" Mischa asked. He didn't want to appear selfish. Still, he knew it would appear so.

Chen kept his eyes on Aiden but spoke loud enough for Mischa to hear. "It will do much more than that, Slavic. It may be the key to the greatest quest you will ever undertake. For now, take in the festival." Chen walked away to scale the steps to his room. "The man with the map will arrive by nightfall. Enjoy the celebration."

"Chen, this all tastes of a sour coincidence," said Aiden.

"I know. It bothers me as well."





DIVINITY & THE ARCANE

One would think in the presence of elves and dragons, magic would follow commonplace. This is not the case. For many, magic remains legendary, gifted to a unique few in the past or countries away. Many wander to life's end never encountering one gifted in the power. Magic truly blesses only a scarce handful. For most, it's a path reserved for the long-lived, magic needing time to ferment. Despite its rarity, man still learned to harness the power from the gate, possessing an aptitude many other creatures envied. In all of Canam, casters from the three paths (cleric, druid, and mage) number less than 1000, with the majority still being elves. Of those, the bulk sit in positions of power in kingdoms. Human casters are even fewer. Several centuries after the gate's return, stories of these few arcane masters like Keris Rifts, Torfin Gendron, and Piotre Raczik passed from father's lips to drowsy child's ears, offering hope for future generations of human spellcasters.

The majority of magic stems from the white gate of Attricana, a pure source many prefer to tap into. However, the dark gate offers it own power and tempts users with such promises as eternal life and immense strength. To harness this ability, one must swear their very soul to it. Once one chooses this path, he may never return.

THE SOURCE OF MAGIC

The most aggressive and flamboyant spells are reserved for those channeled through the draconic language. They allow individuals not bound to a faith or dedicated to nature to direct massive power normally reserved for gods. These draconic words, sometimes no more than a solitary symbol spoken as a single syllable, do not create said power, but call upon the might of magic from the gate. These words are absolute in their capacity to control the spell in a very specific way. The same word that creates a ball of fire in a mage's hand will never create any other effect unless it is misspoken (misspeaking usually creates nothing but dejection or doom for the caster). These words tie to very specific spells from Attricana and never change in the face of the chaotic power of the gate.

History, though vague, still tells of the dragons being taught this language by their oldest and greatest, Amethyst. Every spell, from the benign to the destructive, is culled from Attricana. This changed with the arrival of Mengus.

Though Mengus arrived much later, his entrance, heralded by the emergence of Ixindar, brought a variation of the draconic language. It had no name known by historians and was and would always be known as Corrupt Draconic, or Atar Draco Sigilia. The languages look nearly the same ex-

cept the words of Atar Draco channel their power from Ixindar instead of Attricana.

Although many observing the spell cannot tell the difference, there is a audible distinction in the sound of corrupt draconic and in the spectacle of the spell cast (if there is such a display). Nearly every spell known has a mirror effect from the opposite gate except for spells classified as absolute evil or absolute good. Since Attricana came first and draconic-based spells predate those of corrupt draconic by millions of years, all corrupt draconic spells are actually re-writes from draconic spells. Ixindar is not a force of creation and can only corrupt that which is already around it.

Alas, there are few spells unique to Attricana but there are many unique to Ixindar. Spellcasters of any type can only be bound to one of these gates and all their spells stem from that source. Regardless if a cleric or mage, once the caster has chosen his path, he must take the costs of that choice upon his soul. Druids claim their power from the Earth, so are not bound by any of these rules.

HOLY SPELLS / UNIQUE ATTRICANA

Attricana spells are those blessed enchantments unique to the white gate. Very few are tied to draconic and most are only available through the clerical path-one where a follower's absolute devotion to the invisible brings about the powerful. These spells have incorrectly been labeled holy, as many of them do not actually endorse good. One can be an evil caster still bound to Attricana. He just can't cast Ixindar unique spells.

Unique Attricana spells include all spells with a Good descriptor. Since clerics bound to Ixindar are evil, they cannot cast these spells under any circumstances. A mage bound to Ixindar can cast spells from Attricana with no risk (though still following alignment restrictions), though most insist all the spells they cast be from the realm they have devoted their soul to. It is not uncommon for a mage bound to Ixindar to have both forms of draconic on his totem. Unlike corrupt spells, an evil caster casting Attricana spells has no side effect.

NECROMANCY / UNIQUE IXINDAR

Disparate from Attricana, Ixindar has many exclusive spells with a corrupt descriptor. These spells were not created spontaneously from Ixindar but were created by either Mengus or several of his followers. These are vile spells with few redeeming qualities.

Spells unique to Ixindar, available only to clerics bound to the black gate or to mages using corrupt draconic, do have the unfortunate side effect of corrupting the caster, rendering it near impossible for a virtuous magic user to call upon the black gate without incurring its pollution.

These spells are often labeled as Necromancy and though many full under that class, not all are. All necromancers, those with a devotion to the control of death magic, must study corrupt draconic to gain those spells but not all those that employ corrupt draconic are necromancers. Some only study the dark words to become evil spellcasters. Others take the path in order to become nihilimancers.

Animate Dead
Bestow Curse
Blasphemy
Blight
Blindness/Deafness
Cause fear
Chill Touch
Circle of Death
Command Undead
Contagion
Control Undead
Create (greater) Undead
Curse Water
Desecrate
Doom
Energy Drain
Enervation
Eyebite
False Life
Fear
Finger of Death
Ghoul Touch
Halt Undead
Harm
Inflict Critical Wounds
Inflict Light Wounds
Infusion
Inflict Minor Wounds
Inflict Moderate Wounds
Inflict Moderate Wounds, Mass
Inflict Light Wounds, Mass
Inflict Serious Wounds
Insanity
Magic Jar
Nightmare
Poison
Ray of Enfeeblement
Ray of Exhaustion
Resurrection
Scare
Slay Living
Speak with Dead
Spectral Hand
Symbol of Death
Symbol of Insanity
Symbol of Pain
Symbol of Weakness
Touch of Fatigue
Unhallow
Unholy Blight
Vampiric Touch
Wail of the Banshee
Waves of Fatigue

POLARITY CHANGE

Because of Ixindar's power of influence, there can never be a good spellcaster bound to Ixindar casting corrupt spells. Eventually, the corruption seeps into the soul, distorting its view, and rendering the caster wicked. With evil clerics, they can be bound to either Attricana or Ixindar and still be evil but can only use corrupt spells if bound to the black gate. When Ixindar clerics cast spells, there is a definite indication of its source. All clerics spells cast from Ixindar, regardless of the spell, all carry the (Evil) descriptor. The same goes for nihilimancers as well, as all the spells on their neverborn must be of corrupt draconic. Because of that, the nihilimancer cannot cast any unique Attricana spells. However, it is assumed all other spells are etched in atar draco, making them all classed as evil.

All other evil mages, necromancers or not, cast their spells dependant on the words upon their totem, meaning they only carry the (Evil) descriptor if the spell is written in corrupt draconic.

Unique Ixindar spells will carry the simple "Negative" title, indicating the spell gains its power from the black gate of Ixindar and only from this source. This information offers nothing to the spell's effects but does impact on the setting and the character casting it. Characters with "Good" or "Neutral" alignments cannot cast negative spells at all or risk corruption. Every time a good character casts a negative spell, there is a chance his alignment will drop one level (to Neutral if Good, Evil if Neutral). Only a DC 15 +1 per spell level Will Save can prevent this (Foundation Spells are a +10 modifier). Every additional negative spell cast later adds an additional +1 to the DC. This is cumulative and the DC never drops, even if years pass between castings. This is not a conscious effort by the caster to turn corrupt but a compulsion by influences overwhelming. When an alignment changes, the character's personality will alter and may lose favor in his faith. A good character that turns neutral may still be corrupted by evil if the casting of negative spells continues. This makes Neutral or Good Necromancers or Nihilimancers an impossibility. Characters turning evil "flip" the polarities of their soul to Ixindar from Attricana. The atonement spell remains the only "easy" way to flip back to Attricana.

Attricana is no guarantee for good and every creature born of magic, save for demons and pagus, are tied to it. On the flipside, the majority of those souls born or bound to Ixindar are evil. Those that are corrupted nearly always remain that way. Those born to the darkness have been known to move away from that skewed path. Since Attricana does not corrupt, casting good spells is not the path to flip a soul from

RULES OF MAGIC

Many scientists dedicating their lives to the study of Attricana prefer to endorse the theory that the white gate is a tear in the fabric of space that connects our universe to another. This other universe has rules of chemistry and physics abnormal to our own. Radiating from this tear is an unquantifiable aura where the clashing of the two universes mix, resulting in the bizarre occurrences currently infecting the globe. Authorities on the other side refute this, arguing that the white gate does lead to another world, but not another universe, as it is incomplete to stand on its own. That realm is reserved for gods and those who pass on through at the ends of their lives. Despite this argument, laws of the universe change while in the wake of the white gate. These changes are not always constant, and they often change with little to no warning. Because of this chaos, natural selection and evolution are rendered ineffective. Mutations that do occur create huge deviations that are systemic through a species, changing many suddenly the same way. Many of these mutations also could not physically exist in the scientific world. The vast majority of these creations are too wild to ever civilize. They are purely monsters.

In the old age, the fey (the only races then to ever achieve intelligence beyond dragons) never tried to define the rules of Attricana. Since they had no concept of the previous world, there was no frame of reference to define the differences. Humanity had learned almost as much as they could know about the universe before being struck down (at least it was suspected). They were able to differentiate which rules remained unchanged and which were altered. Certain patterns emerged leading many to believe that although the epitome of chaos, Attricana may eventually form patterns.

For one, no matter how many scientific laws the waves from the white modify, none are altered that would destroy life that existed before. This was an obvious boost for mankind and the other creatures walking the Earth. Many of the rules concerning biology and chemistry are actually amendments—additions to rules rather than deletions or whole alterations. These allow greater variations of life without voiding existing ones. Though magic (and thus power from the gates) can be used to take life, the natural laws would not destroy life on their own.

In another case, magnetic fields are never affected, though other major forces of the cosmos, like gravity, are. The most surprising comes from the ratio of chaos in relation to magic use. In locations saturated with magic via casters and monsters, the overall influence of Attricana increases. Observations proved that more spawn races appear in regions populated by other magical creatures or by populations where magic use is prevalent. Once a great flare of magic occurs in a region, a cascade effect could follow where smaller creatures would beget larger ones. The reverse was also true. In areas where life does not exist, magic does not follow. By this assumption, several techans have proposed moving to Antarctica, where the EDF field could theoretically be virtually nonexistent. Those same techans realized other hurdles outweigh the desire to relocate.

Humans not blessed with magic (unless it is forced upon them or if their soul is open to it) created large dead zones of lower EDF in bastions, but the wave is constant and though it can be reduced, it can never be fully suppressed. Most animals wandering the wild, despite being evolved like man, and thus as resistant to magical influence, eventually succumbed to its power. Some grew massive in size while others were able to channel great energy previously untapped. Given time, a few of them rose up into forms of rudimentary intelligence (the kodiaks are a prime example). Unlike animals, mankind has been relatively lucky. In the 1000 years man has been exposed to magic there has been virtually no major alteration to human physiology. There are reports of a few minor aberrations occurring in northern Canam and across the world in Euras and Slav, but overall, humans seem resistant to the whims of the wave. One popular theory believes that if a race is intelligent enough to handle magic, they can prevent its total dominance. Dumber animals become slaves while smarter ones become masters. This does not entirely explain the fey, but the theory specifically did mention evolved species as bound to this rule, which the fey are not. There is no actual evidence to back up this theory.

One group of intrepid scientists believed they found the secret to understanding the chaos from Attricana. They referred to it as the "Flow of Everything." The flow is a massive cause-and-effect chart of millions of entries of data that connect with other entries via 2 to 2000 different yes/no questions. These scientists became obsessed with explaining all the altered rules as well as the conditions causing one rule to go into effect or even change to emulate the opposite result.

With the millions of different factors involved, all the original scientists died before ever solving even 1% of the entire system, without even discovering proof that it worked. Though descendants and newer experts have picked up the torch, modern disciples of the flow accept that even if every single altered rule is explained and connected, it would be useless to the world. One echalogian dismissed the entire escapade as pointless, as the number of elements actually needing to be observed was implausible.

This all applies to the vastly overwhelming power from Attricana. Ixindar also spreads its influence, but does so in subtle ways. Ixindar power mimics Attricana in almost every way, so when they overlap, few can tell the difference. However, magic from Ixindar does not disrupt. The creatures do not radiate nor do their spells. Instead, Ixindar corrupts the minds of those using the power. Thankfully, almost all magic in the world is from Attricana and finding sources of Ixindar magic outside of Kakodomania is almost impossible.

Ixindar to Attricana. If one wishes to convert to the light, they may either appeal to one with the Atonement spell or seek other paths. Unfortunately, those paths are neither easy nor quick.

POLARITY AND DISRUPTION

Spells cast from Attricana, either from a good or evil spellcaster (which are spells cast from a good divine caster or any arcane caster using draconic) follow standard disruption rules listed earlier. Since casting spells makes the caster an echan, he also generates an EDF dependant on his race and class level.

Spells cast from Ixindar (which are spells cast from an evil divine caster or from an arcane caster using corrupt draconic) do NOT generate EDF. They follow Ixindar rules, which do not disrupt technology. They also are not suppressed in an Antimagic field. An evil caster casting Draconic spells still

creates EDF with his spell. A divine or arcane caster who has flipped his polarity to negative (intentionally or as a result of corruption) no longer generates EDF. Unless he specifically has Ixindar forged magical items, these items may still generate EDF themselves.

Technically, with the exception of the few nihilimancers roaming the Earth, the only creatures with negative souls are pagus, demons, typhox dragons, grotesqueries, ciphers, and all undead.

ARCANE SPELLS

PREPARING MAGE SPELLS (ALTERED)

Rest: To prepare his daily spells, a mage must first meditate with his totem for 1 hour. The mage must refrain from movement, combat, spellcasting, skill use, conversation, or any other demanding physical or mental task during the meditation. If his mediation is interrupted, the mage must restart. He must have at least 4 hours of uninterrupted rest before meditation. If the character does not need to sleep for some reason, he still must have 4 hours of restful calm before preparing any spells.

Recent Casting Limit/Rest Interruptions: If a mage cast spells recently, the drain on his resources reduces his capacity to prepare new spells. When he prepares spells for the coming day, all the spells he has cast within the last 8 hours count against his daily limit.

Preparation Environment: To prepare any spell, a mage must have enough peace, quiet, and comfort to allow for proper concentration. The mage's surroundings need not be luxurious, but they must be free from overt distractions. Exposure to inclement weather prevents the necessary concentration, as does any injury or failed saving throw the character might experience while studying. Mages also must have access to their totems to study from and sufficient light to read them by. There is one major exception: a mage can prepare a read magic spell even without a totem.



Spell Preparation Time: After resting, a mage must study his totem to prepare any spells that day. If he wants to prepare all his spells, the process takes 1 hour. Preparing some smaller portion of his daily capacity takes a proportionally smaller amount of time, but always at least 15 minutes, the minimum time required to achieve the proper mental state.

Spell Selection and Preparation: Until he prepares spells from his totem, the only spells a mage has available to cast are the ones that he already had prepared from the previous day and has not yet used. During the study period, he chooses which spells to prepare. If a mage already has spells prepared (from the previous day) that he has not cast, he can abandon some or all of them to make room for new spells.

When preparing spells for the day, a mage can leave some of these spell slots open. Later during that day, he can repeat the preparation process as often as he likes, time, and circumstances permitting. During these extra sessions of preparation, the mage can fill these unused spell slots. He cannot abandon a previously prepared spell to replace it with another one or fill a slot that is empty because he has cast a spell in the meantime. That sort of preparation requires a mind fresh from rest. Like the first session of the day, this preparation takes at least 15 minutes, and it takes longer if the mage prepares more than one-quarter of his spells.

Spell Slots: The various character class tables show how many spells of each level a character can cast per day. These openings for daily spells are called spell slots. A spellcaster always has the option to fill a higher-level spell slot with a lower-level spell. A spellcaster who lacks a high enough ability score to cast spells that would otherwise be his due still gets the slots but must fill them with spells of lower level.

Prepared Spell Retention: Once a mage prepares a spell, it remains in his mind as a nearly cast spell until he uses the prescribed components to complete and trigger it or until he abandons it. Certain other events, such as the effects of magic items or special attacks from monsters, can wipe a prepared spell from a character's mind.

Death and Prepared Spell Retention: If a spellcaster dies, all prepared spells stored in his mind are wiped away. Potent magic (such as raise dead) can recover the lost energy when it recovers the character.

Spontaneous Casting: A mage can channel stored spell energy into summoning spells that he hasn't prepared ahead of time. He can "lose" a prepared spell of second level or higher in order to cast any 1st level spell he knows.

ARCANE MAGICAL WRITINGS

To record an arcane spell in written form (draconic), a character uses complex notation that describes the magical forces involved in the spell. The writer uses the same system no matter what his native language or culture. Each character uses the system in his own way. Another person's magical writing remains incomprehensible to even the most powerful mage until he takes time to study and decipher it.

To decipher an arcane magical writing a character must make a Spellcraft check (DC 20 + the spell's level). A read magic spell automatically deciphers a magical writing without a skill check. However, to properly add the spell to the totem still requires the time demanded by the class. If the person who created the magical writing is on hand to help the reader, success is also automatic.

Once a character deciphers a particular magical writing, he does not need to decipher it again. Deciphering a magical writing allows the reader to identify the spell and gives some idea of its effects (as explained in the spell description). If the magical writing was a scroll and the reader can cast arcane spells, he can attempt to use the scroll.

FOUNDATION SPELLS

Foundation spells are truly powerful spells allegedly passed down from the dragons. These are spells only found on anchors scattered about the world. Because of their rarity, few casters of substantial power possess more than one or two. Only a few rare individuals know of them all. They do not

share this knowledge openly with anyone. Some are buried for being too dangerous while others are guarded so obsessively that few have been able to successfully acquire them. Those who do are sworn to keep them secret. To own and cast a spell requires one to take the Foundation Spell feat. Then they must find the anchor in question. Anchors are considered artifacts, are thus extremely rare, and virtually impossible to destroy. Most anchors are one of a kind pieces. Casters can transfer a spell from an anchor without destroying it. However, unlike normal arcane spells, others cannot copy the spell from the totem. There are certain inscriptions from anchor that are implanted into memory upon study. The draconic word placed on the totem is incomplete. The caster can offer this hidden inscription to another, at a personal cost of 1000 xp.

The feat must then be chosen for that spell. He can now cast that foundation spell once a day. If the caster tries to spontaneously cast from an anchor without taking the feat and the time to study (in case of extreme emergency), the spell drains 500 XP from the caster. This occurs every time the spell is cast without taking the feat. If the spell demands additional XP for casting, this cost is added.

A spellcaster cannot simply choose a foundation spell when selecting the feat. The DM may allow exceptions for character generation at high-level. However, they should not possess more than one in this case. Choosing the feat allows the foundation spell to be cast once a day. Taking the feat again either allows a second casting per day or allows a second foundation spell to be added.

Foundation spells do not count for total spell allotment. A caster may not swap out a foundation spell for any other spell, foundation or not. The caster must rest and prepare their foundation spell every day, like all other casters. Only mages may take these feats.

A character can also not choose the same foundation spell feat for a single spell more than three times. Certain foundation spells have higher demands than others. The caster must meet these demands in additional to all the ones listed above. A caster also cannot apply any metamagic feats to foundation spells. All other rules that apply to spells apply to foundation spells. Foundation spells all count as Level 8 spells for the purposes of determining save DCs.

SPELLS

Note: In truth, spells in Amethyst will not have names attached to them. In this game, these names don't exist. In addition, spells not listed here do not exist in Amethyst. Notable removals include most resurrection spells, all summon monster spells, and all teleportation spells.

CLERIC SPELLS

0-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Create Water: Creates 2 gallons/level of pure water.
Cure Minor Wounds: Cures 1 point of damage.
Detect Magic: Detects spells and magic items within 60 ft.
Detect Poison: Detects poison in one creature or object.
Guidance: +1 on one attack roll, saving throw, or skill check.
Inflict Minor Wounds: Touch attack, 1 point of damage.
Light: Object shines like a torch.
Mending: Makes minor repairs on an object.
Purify Food and Drink: Purifies 1 cu. ft. /level of food or water.
Read Magic: Read scrolls and spellbooks.
Virtue: Subject gains 1 temporary hp.

1ST-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Bless: Allies gain +1 on attack rolls and saves against fear.
Bless Water: Makes holy water.
Command: One subject obeys selected command for 1 round.
Comprehend Languages: You understand all spoken and written languages.
Cure Light Wounds: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level (max +5).
Curse Water: Makes unholy water.
Detect Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: Reveals creatures, spells, or objects of selected alignment.
Detect Undead: Reveals undead within 60 ft.
Divine Favor: You gain +1 per three levels on attack and damage rolls.
Hide from Undead: Undead can't perceive one subject/level.
Hypnotism: Fascinates 2d4 HD of creatures.
Inflict Light Wounds: Touch deals 1d8 damage +1/level (max +5).
Magic Stone: Three stones gain +1 on attack, deal 1d6 +1 damage.
Magic Weapon: Weapon gains +1 bonus.
Mount Swiftness: 1 mount / level increases speed by 100%.
Protection from Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
Remove Fear: Suppresses fear or gives +4 on saves against fear for one subject + one per four levels.
Sanctuary: Opponents can't attack you, and you can't attack.
Shield of Faith: Aura grants +2 or higher deflection bonus.
Sleep: Puts 4 HD of creatures into magical slumber.

2ND-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Aid: +1 on attack rolls and saves against fear, 1d8 temporary hp +1/level (max +10).
Align Weapon: Weapon becomes good, evil, lawful, or chaotic.
Augury: Learns whether an action will be good or bad.
Blindness/Deafness: Makes subject blind or deaf.
Calm Emotions: Calms creatures, negating emotion effects.
Consecrate: Fills area with positive energy, making undead weaker.
Cure Moderate Wounds: Cures 2d8 damage +1/level (max +10).
Darkness: 20-ft. radius of supernatural shadow.
Detect Thoughts: Allows "listening" to surface thoughts.
Delay Poison: Stops poison from harming subject for 1 hour/level.
Desecrate: Fills area with negative energy, making undead stronger.
Enthrall: Captivates all within 100 ft. + 10 ft. /level.
Gentle Repose: Preserves one corpse.
Heroism: Gives +2 on attack rolls, saves, skill checks.
Hold Person: Paralyzes one humanoid for 1 round/level.
Inflict Moderate Wounds: Touch attack, 2d8 damage +1/level (max +10).
Make Whole: Repairs an object.
Remove Paralysis: Frees one or more creatures from paralysis or *slow* effect.
Restoration, Lesser: Dispels magical ability penalty or repairs 1d4 ability damage.
Shield Other: You take half of subject's damage.
Spiritual Weapon: Magic weapon attacks on its own.
Status: Monitors condition, position of allies.
Suggestion: Compels subject to follow stated course of action.

Undetectable Alignment: Conceals alignment for 24 hours.
Zone of Truth: Subjects within range cannot lie.

3RD-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Bestow Curse: –6 to an ability score; –4 on attack rolls, saves, and checks; or 50% chance of losing each action.
Confusion: Subjects behave oddly for 1 round/level.
Create Food and Water: Feeds three humans (or one horse)/level.
Cure Serious Wounds: Cures 3d8 damage +1/level (max +15).
Daylight: 60-ft. radius of bright light.
Deeper Darkness: Object sheds supernatural shadow in 60-ft. radius.
Dispel Magic: Cancels spells and magical effects.
Geas, Lesser: Commands subject of 7 HD or less.
Glyph of Warding: Inscription harms those who pass it.
Good Hope: Subjects gain +2 on attack rolls, damage rolls, saves, and checks.
Inflict Serious Wounds: Touch attack, 3d8 damage +1/level (max +15).
Infusion: Channel power from Ixindar into self or subject
Invisibility Purge: Dispels invisibility within 5 ft. /level.
Magic Circle against Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
Magic Vestment: Armor or shield gains +1 enhancement per four levels.
Obscure Object: Masks object against scrying.
Prayer: Allies +1 bonus on most rolls, enemies –1 penalty.
Remove Blindness/Deafness: Cures normal or magical conditions.
Remove Curse: Frees object or person from curse.
Remove Disease: Cures all diseases affecting subject.
Searing Light: Ray deals 1d8/two levels damage, more against undead.
Speak with Dead: Corpse answers one question/two levels.
Stone Shape: Sculpts stone into any shape.
Water Breathing: Subjects can breathe underwater.
Water Walk: Subject treads on water as if solid.

4TH-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Air Walk: Subject treads on air as if solid (climb at 45-degree angle).
Control Water: Raises or lowers bodies of water.
Cure Critical Wounds: Cures 4d8 damage +1/level (max +20).
Death Ward: Grants immunity to death spells and negative energy effects.
Detect Scrying: Alerts you of magical eavesdropping.
Discern Lies: Reveals deliberate falsehoods.
Divine Power: You gain attack bonus, +6 to Str, and 1 hp/level.
Dominate Person: Controls humanoid telepathically.
Flame Strike: Smite foes with divine fire (1d6/level damage).
Freedom of Movement: Subject moves normally despite impediments.
Inflict Critical Wounds: Touch attack, 4d8 damage +1/level (max +20).
Legend Lore: Lets you learn tales about a person, place, or thing.
Magic Weapon, Greater: +1 bonus/four levels (max +5).
Neutralize Poison: Immunizes subject against poison, detoxifies venom in or on subject.
Poison: Touch deals 1d10 Con damage, repeats in 1 min.
Repel Vermin: Insects, spiders, and other vermin stay 10 ft. away.
Restoration: Restores level and ability score drains.
Scrying: Spies on subject from a distance.
Sending: Delivers short message anywhere, instantly.
Tongues: Speak any language.

5TH-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Atonement: Removes burden of misdeeds from subject.
Break Enchantment: Frees subjects from enchantments, alterations, curses, and petrification.
Command, Greater: As *command,* but affects one subject/level.
Cure Light Wounds, Mass: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level for many creatures.
Dispel Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: +4 bonus against attacks.
Dispel Magic, Greater: As *dispel magic,* but +20 on check.
Disrupting Weapon: Melee weapon destroys undead.
Dream: Sends message to anyone sleeping.
Hallow: Designates location as holy.
Heroism, Greater: Gives +4 bonus on attack rolls, saves, skill checks; immunity to fear; temporary hp.
Inflict Light Wounds, Mass: Deals 1d8 damage +1/level to many creatures.
Insect Plague: Locust swarms attack creatures.
Mark of Justice: Designates action that will trigger *curse* on subject.
Nightmare: Sends vision dealing 1d10 damage, fatigue.
Righteous Might: Your size increases, and you gain combat bonuses.
Slay Living: Touch attack kills subject.
Suggestion, Mass: As *suggestion,* plus one subject/level.
Symbol of Pain: Triggered rune wracks nearby creatures with pain.
Symbol of Sleep: Triggered rune puts nearby creatures into catatonic slumber.
True Seeing: Lets you see all things as they really are.
Unhallow: Designates location as unholy.

6TH-LEVEL CLERIC SPELLS

Animate Objects: Objects attack your foes.
Antilife Shell: 10-ft. field hedges out living creatures.
Blade Barrier: Wall of blades deals 1d6/level damage.
Blasphemy: Kills, paralyzes, weakens, or dazes non-evil subjects.
Charm Monster, Mass: As *charm monster,* but all within 30 ft.
Control Weather: Changes weather in local area.
Cure Moderate Wounds, Mass: Cures 2d8 damage +1/level for many creatures.
Dictum: Kills, paralyzes, slows, or deafens nonlawful subjects.
Find the Path: Shows most direct way to a location.
Forbiddance: Blocks planar travel, damages creatures of different alignment.
Geas/Quest: As *lesser geas,* plus it affects any creature.
Glyph of Warding, Greater: As *glyph of warding*, but up to 10d8 damage or 6th-level spell.
Harm: Deals 10 points/level damage to target.
Heal: Cures 10 points/level of damage, all diseases and mental conditions.
Heroes' Feast: Food for one creature/level cures and grants combat bonuses.
Holy Word: Kills, paralyzes, blinds, or deafens non-good subjects.
Inflict Moderate Wounds, Mass: Deals 2d8 damage +1/level to many creatures.
Symbol of Fear: Triggered rune panics nearby creatures.
Symbol of Persuasion: Triggered rune charms nearby creatures.
Undeath to Death: Destroys 1d4 HD/level undead (max 20d4).
Word of Chaos: Kills, *confuses,* stuns, or deafens nonchaotic

subjects.

CLERIC DOMAINS

CHAOS DOMAIN

Granted Power: You cast chaos spells at +1 caster level.

Chaos Domain Spells

1 Protection from Law: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
2 Shatter: Sonic vibration damages objects or crystalline creatures.
3 Magic Circle against Law: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
4 Chaos Hammer: Damages and staggers lawful creatures.
5 Dispel Law: +4 bonus against attacks by lawful creatures.
6 Cloak of Chaos: +4 to AC, +4 resistance, SR 25 against lawful spells.

CORRUPTION DOMAIN

Granted Power: The saving throw DC of any of your mind-influencing effects is increased by 2.

Corruption Domain Spells

1 Cause Fear: One creature of 5 HD or less flees for 1d4 rounds.
2 Suggestion: Compels subject to follow stated course of action.
3 Bestow Curse: –6 to an ability score; –4 on attack rolls, saves, and checks; or 50% chance of losing each action.
4 Crushing Despair: Subjects take –2 on attack rolls, damage rolls, saves, and checks.
5 Mind Fog: Subjects in fog get –10 to Wis and Will checks.
6 Antilife Shell: 10-ft. field hedges out living creatures.

EXTROPHY DOMAIN

Granted Power: You gain all craft skills (except techan) as class skills. You also can temporarily adjust your own body. Once per day for one round per caster level, you gain +2 natural armor and 2 DR/—.

Extropy Domain Spells

1 Mount: Summons riding horse for 2 hours/level.
2 Make Whole: Repairs an object.
3 Minor Creation: Creates one cloth or wood object.
4 Secure Shelter: Creates sturdy cottage.
5 Major Creation: As *minor creation,* plus stone and metal.
6 Animate Objects: Objects attack your foes.

DESTRUCTION DOMAIN

Granted Power: You gain the Discord power, the supernatural ability to make a single melee touch attack that causes 1d4/level damage. This ability is usable once per day.

Destruction Domain Spells

1 Erase: Mundane or magical writing vanishes.
2 Shatter: Sonic vibration damages objects or crystalline creatures.
3 Contagion: Infects subject with chosen disease.
4 Break Enchantment: Frees subjects from enchantments, alterations, curses, and petrification.
5 Blight: Withers one plant or deals 1d6/level damage to plant creature
6 Disintegrate: Makes one creature or object vanish.

EVIL DOMAIN

Granted Power: You cast evil spells at +1 caster level.

Evil Domain Spells

1 Protection from Good: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
2 Desecrate PMP**:** Fills area with negative energy, making undead stronger.
3 Magic Circle against Good: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
4 Unholy Blight: Damages and sickens good creatures.
5 Dispel Good: +4 bonus against attacks by good creatures.
6 Blasphemy: Kills, paralyzes, weakens, or dazes non-evil subjects.

GOOD DOMAIN

Granted Power: You cast good spells at +1 caster level.

Good Domain Spells

1 Protection from Evil: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
2 Aid: +1 on attack rolls, +1 on saves against fear, 1d8 temporary hp +1/level (max +10).
3 Magic Circle against Evil: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
4 Holy Smite: Damages and blinds evil creatures.
5 Dispel Evil: +4 bonus against attacks by evil creatures.
6 Holy Word: Kills, paralyzes, slows, or deafens nongood subjects

HEALING DOMAIN

Granted Power: You cast healing spells at +1 caster level.

Healing Domain Spells

1 Cure Light Wounds: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level (max +5).
2 Cure Moderate Wounds: Cures 2d8 damage +1/level (max +10).
3 Cure Serious Wounds: Cures 3d8 damage +1/level (max +15).
4 Cure Critical Wounds: Cures 4d8 damage +1/level (max +20).
5 Cure Light Wounds, Mass: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level (max +25) for many creatures.
6 Regenerate: Subject's severed limbs grow back, cures 4d8 damage +1/level (max +35).

LAW DOMAIN

Granted Power: You cast law spells at +1 caster level.

Law Domain Spells

1 Protection from Chaos: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
2 Calm Emotions: Calms creatures, negating emotion effects.
3 Magic Circle against Chaos: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
4 Order's Wrath: Damages and dazes chaotic creatures.
5 Dispel Chaos: +4 bonus against attacks by chaotic creatures.
6 Dictum: Kills, paralyzes, slows, or deafens nonlawful subjects.

LUCK DOMAIN

Granted Power: You gain the power of good fortune, which is usable once per day. This extraordinary ability allows you to re-roll one roll that you have just made before the DM declares whether the roll results in success or failure. You must take the result of the re-roll, even if it's worse than the original roll.

Luck Domain Spells

1 Entropic Shield: Ranged attacks against you have 20% miss chance.
2 Misdirection: Misleads divinations for one creature or object.
3 Protection from Energy: Absorb 12 points/level of damage from one kind of energy.

4 Freedom of Movement: Subject moves normally despite impediments.
5 Displacement: Attacks miss subject 50%.
6 Mislead: Turns you invisible and creates illusory double.

MAGIC DOMAIN

Granted Power: Use scrolls, wands, and other devices with spell completion or spell trigger activation as a wizard of one -half your cleric level (at least 1st level). For the purpose of using a scroll or other magic device, if you are also a wizard, actual wizard levels and these effective wizard levels stack.

Magic Domain Spells
1 Magic Aura: Alters object's magic aura.
2 Identify: Determines properties of magic item.
3 Dispel Magic: Cancels magical spells and effects.
4 Imbue with Spell Ability: Transfer spells to subject.
5 Spell Resistance: Subject gains SR 12 + level.
6 Dispel Magic, Greater: As *dispel magic,* but +20 on check.

PROTECTION DOMAIN

Granted Power: You can generate a *protective ward* as a supernatural ability. Grant someone you touch a resistance bonus equal to your cleric level on his or her next saving throw. Activating this power is a Standard action. The *protective ward* is an abjuration effect with a duration of 1 hour that is usable once per day.

Protection Domain Spells
1 Sanctuary: Opponents can't attack you, and you can't attack.
2 Shield Other: You take half of subject's damage.
3 Protection from Energy: Absorb 12 points/level of damage from one kind of energy.
4 Spell Immunity: Subject is immune to one spell per four levels.
5 Spell Resistance: Subject gains SR 12 + level.
6 Mind Blank: Subject is immune to mental/emotional magic and scrying.

STRENGTH DOMAIN

Granted Power: You can perform a feat of strength as a supernatural ability. You gain a Divine bonus to Strength equal to your cleric level. Activating the power is a free action, the power lasts 1 round, and it is usable once per day.

Strength Domain Spells
1 Enlarge Person: Humanoid creature doubles in size.
2 Bull's Strength: Subject gains +4 to Str for 1 min. /level.
3 Magic Vestment: Armor or shield gains +1 enhancement per four levels.
4 Spell Immunity: Subject is immune to one spell per four levels.
5 Righteous Might: Your size increases, and you gain combat bonuses.
6 Grasping Hand: Large hand provides cover, pushes, or grapples.

SUN DOMAIN

Granted Power: Once per day, you can perform a greater turning against undead in place of a regular turning. The greater turning is like a normal turning except that the undead creatures that would be turned are destroyed instead.

Sun Domain Spells
1 Endure Elements: Exist comfortably in hot or cold environments.
2 Heat Metal: Make metal so hot it damages those who touch it.
3 Searing Light: Ray deals 1d8/two levels, more against undead.
4 Daylight: 60-ft. radius of bright light.
5 Flame Strike: Smite foes with divine fire (1d6/level damage).
6 Sunbeam: Beam blinds and deals 4d6 damage.

TRAVEL DOMAIN

Granted Powers: For a total time per day of 1 round per cleric level you possess, you can act normally regardless of magical effects that impede movement as if you were affected by the spell *freedom of movement*. This effect occurs automatically as soon as it applies, lasts until it runs out or is no longer needed, and can operate multiple times per day (up to the total daily limit of rounds). This granted power is a supernatural ability. Add Survival to your list of cleric class skills.

Travel Domain Spells
1 Longstrider: Increases your speed.
2 Locate Object: Senses direction toward object (specific or type).
3 Fly: Subject flies at speed of 60 ft.
4 Dimension Door: Teleports you a short distance.
5 Overland Flight: You fly at a speed of 40 ft. and can hustle over long distances.
6 Phase Door: Creates an invisible passage through wood or stone.

TRICKERY DOMAIN

Granted Power: Add Bluff, Disguise, and Hide to your list of cleric class skills.

Trickery Domain Spells
1 Disguise Self: Disguise own appearance.
2 Invisibility: Subject invisible 1 min. /level or until it attacks.
3 Nondetection: Hides subject from divination, scrying.
4 Confusion: Subjects behave oddly for 1 round/level.
5 False Vision: Fools scrying with an illusion.
6 Mislead: Turns you invisible and creates illusory double.

WAR DOMAIN

Note: The War domain is only available to clerics that chose the Fanatic focus path.

Granted Power: Free Martial Weapon Proficiency with any single weapon. You gain the smite power, the supernatural ability to make a single melee attack with a +4 bonus on attack rolls and a bonus on damage rolls equal to your cleric level (if you hit). You must declare the smite before making the attack. This ability is usable once per day.

War Domain Spells
1 Magic Weapon: Weapon gains +1 bonus.
2 Spiritual Weapon: Magical weapon attacks on its own.
3 Magic Vestment: Armor or shield gains +1 enhancement per four levels.
4 Divine Power: You gain attack bonus, +6 to Str, and 1 hp/level.
5 Flame Strike: Smite foes with divine fire (1d6/level damage).
6 Transformation: You gain combat bonuses.

DRUID SPELLS

0-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Create Water: Creates 2 gallons/level of pure water.
Cure Minor Wounds: Cures 1 point of damage.
Detect Magic: Detects spells and magic items within 60 ft.
Detect Poison: Detects poison in one creature or object.
Guidance: +1 on one attack roll, saving throw, or skill check.
Know Direction: You discern north.

ETHEREALNESS

Etherealness has been compared to a slight shift in our physical dimension. Bastions have been able to detect it and refer to it as an alternate quantum vibrational state, obviously a term added to the lexicon to confuse those from echa. However, technology continually encounters failure when attempting to harness this.

While some believe the ethereal realm as being a completely different state independent of magic, many judge this as untrue. In fact, the accepted theory connects etherealness to being a vital product of magic. In his book, The spirit realm of the Kami, often seen abridged in many Canam libraries, Marcus McKidd explained, after 30 years following the druidic path before turning to the arcane using of draconic, that magic only exists when a gate like Attricana opens in or near a planet. If opened in deep space, it would do nothing. It only creates a world of magic if a world is there. When that occurs, the saturation condenses and magic occurs as a side effect. This wave is invisible but it washes over the world, filling every crevice and every hole. Even in locations where the field is low and technology is allowed to function, magic still flows, but in such small amounts to hardly register. This flow is actually etherealness-the invisible ocean of magic covering the globe. When one dives headlong into this realm completely, they are only then able to see the intensity first hand. In that form, they shift into this state as well. Only when one can see the ebb and waves of magic does it wash the subject totally from view.

Druids believe an invisible ocean covers our world, flowing from Attricana. All magic stems from this flow and not from the gate directly. Because of this great ocean, many believe an entire landscape exists parallel to our world. This world is where all the spawn races birth from, forming in the ethereal waves of magic before emerging. Fey are believed to have also formed this way. Druids ascertain many species still exists in this state, waiting for the chance to reveal themselves. Some less popular clerics consider these species rejected by god, and not allowed to enter our world because of past sins or of a morphology the creator considers blasphemous. Some fanatics push this view to the extreme and believe all the species born from magic are escapees from hell into the physical realm, breaking god's laws to invade Earth.

Regardless of one's views, druids know the truth of it. By bonding with intelligent animal spirits from the ethereal world, they are able to channel great magic. These spirits are wise but not intelligent like normal humans or fey. They are only slightly more intelligent than the animals they resemble, only increasing in intelligence as their bond with the druid grows stronger. Druids also believe that claims more intelligent creatures live in etherealness, and peer on the real world from time to time. This theory has never been proven.

Light: Object shines like a torch.
Mending: Makes minor repairs on an object.
Purify Food and Drink: Purifies 1 cu. ft. /level of food or water.
Read Magic: Read scrolls and spellbooks.
Resistance: Subject gains +1 bonus on saving throws.
Virtue: Subject gains 1 temporary hp.

1ST-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Calm Animals: Calms (2d4 + level) HD of animals.
Charm Animal: Makes one animal your friend.
Detect Animals or Plants: Detects kinds of animals or plants.
Detect Snares and Pits: Reveals natural or primitive traps.
Endure Elements: Exist comfortably in hot or cold environments.
Entangle: Plants entangle everyone in 40-ft.-radius.
Hide from Animals: Animals can't perceive one subject/level.
Longstrider: Your speed increases by 10 ft.
Magic Fang: One natural weapon of subject creature gets +1 on attack and damage rolls.
Mount Swiftness: 1 mount / level increases speed by 100%.
Obscure Object: Masks object against scrying.
Obscuring Mist: Fog surrounds you.
Pass without Trace: One subject/level leaves no tracks.
Produce Flame: 1d6 damage +1/level, touch or thrown.
Shillelagh: Cudgel or quarterstaff becomes +1 weapon (1d10 damage) for 1 min. /level.
Speak with Animals: You can communicate with animals.
Summon Nature's Ally I: Calls creature to fight.
Unseen Servant: Invisible force obeys your commands.

2ND-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Animal Messenger: Sends a Tiny animal to a specific place.
Animal Trance: Fascinates 2d6 HD of animals.
Barkskin: Grants +2 (or higher) enhancement to natural armor.
Chill Metal: Cold metal damages those who touch it.
Cure Light Wounds: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level (max +5).
Detect Thoughts: Allows "listening" to surface thoughts.
Flaming Sphere: Creates rolling ball of fire, 2d6 damage, lasts 1 round/level.
Fog Cloud: Fog obscures vision.
Gust of Wind: Blows away or knocks down smaller creatures.
Heat Metal: Make metal so hot it damages those who touch it.
Hold Animal: Paralyzes one animal for 1 round/level.
Locate Object: Senses direction toward object (specific or type).
Misdirection: Misleads divinations for one creature or object.
Reduce Animal: Shrinks one willing animal.
Resist Energy: Ignores 10 (or more) points of damage/attack from specified energy type.
Soften Earth and Stone: Turns stone to clay or dirt to sand or mud.
Summon Nature's Ally II: Calls creature to fight.
Summon Swarm: Summons swarm of bats, rats, or spiders.
Tree Shape: You look exactly like a tree for 1 hour/level.
Warp Wood: Bends wood (shaft, handle, door, plank).
Wood Shape: Rearranges wooden objects to suit you.

3RD-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Clairaudience/Clairvoyance: Hear or see at a distance for 1 min. /level.
Contagion: Infects subject with chosen disease.
Cure Moderate Wounds: Cures 2d8 damage +1/level (max +10).
Daylight: 60-ft. radius of bright light.
Diminish Plants: Reduces size or blights growth of normal plants.
Dominate Animal: Subject animal obeys silent mental

commands.

Magic Fang, Greater: One natural weapon of subject creature gets +1/four levels on attack and damage rolls (max +5).

Meld into Stone: You and your gear merge with stone.

Plant Growth: Grows vegetation, improves crops.

Protection from Energy: Absorb 12 points/level of damage from one kind of energy.

Quench: Extinguishes nonmagical fires or one magic item.

Restoration, Lesser: Dispels magical ability penalty or repairs 1d4 ability damage.

Scrying: Spies on subject from a distance.

Sleet Storm: Hampers vision and movement.

Speak with Plants: You can talk to normal plants and plant creatures.

Spike Growth: Creatures in area take 1d4 damage, may be *slowed*.

Stone Shape: Sculpts stone into any shape.

Summon Nature's Ally III: Calls creature to fight.

Whispering Wind: Sends a short message 1 mile/level.

Wind Wall: Deflects arrows, smaller creatures, and gases.

4TH-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Air Walk: Subject treads on air as if solid (climb at 45-degree angle).

Antiplant Shell: Keeps animated plants at bay.

Blight: Withers one plant or deals 1d6/level damage to plant creature.

Command Plants: Sway the actions of one or more plant creatures.

Control Water: Raises or lowers bodies of water.

Cure Serious Wounds: Cures 3d8 damage +1/level (max +15).

Detect Scrying: Alerts you of magical eavesdropping.

Dispel Magic: Cancels spells and magical effects.

Flame Strike: Smite foes with divine fire (1d6/level damage).

Giant Vermin: Turns centipedes, scorpions, or spiders into giant vermin.

Ice Storm: Hail deals 5d6 damage in cylinder 40 ft. across.

Lightning Bolt: Electricity deals 1d6/level damage.

Locate Creature: Indicates direction to familiar creature.

Repel Vermin: Insects, spiders, and other vermin stay 10 ft. away.

Rusting Grasp: Your touch corrodes iron and alloys.

Spike Stones: Creatures in area take 1d8 damage, may be *slowed*.

Summon Nature's Ally IV: Calls creature to fight.

5TH-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Animal Growth: One animal/two levels doubles in size.

Awaken: Animal or tree gains human intellect.

Commune with Nature: Learn about terrain for 1 mile/level.

Control Winds: Change wind direction and speed.

Cure Critical Wounds: Cures 4d8 damage +1/level (max +20).

Dispel Magic, Greater: As *dispel magic,* but +20 on check.

Dream: Sends message to anyone sleeping.

Fire Shield: Creatures attacking you take fire damage; you're protected from heat or cold.

Hallow: Designates location as holy.

Insect Plague: Locust swarms attack creatures.

Stoneskin: Ignore 10 points of damage per attack.

Summon Nature's Ally V: Calls creature to fight.

Telepathic Bond: Link lets allies communicate.

Transmute Mud to Rock: Transforms two 10-ft. cubes per level.

Transmute Rock to Mud: Transforms two 10-ft. cubes per level.

Unhallow: Designates location as unholy.

Wall of Fire: Deals 2d4 fire damage out to 10 ft. and 1d4 out to 20 ft. Passing through wall deals 2d6 damage +1/level.

Wall of Ice: *Ice plane* creates wall with 15 hp +1/level, or *hemisphere* can trap creatures inside.

Wall of Stone: Creates a stone wall that can be shaped.

Wall of Thorns: Thorns damage anyone who tries to pass.

6TH-LEVEL DRUID SPELLS

Antilife Shell: 10-ft.-radius field hedges out living creatures.

Control Weather: Changes weather in local area.

Cure Light Wounds, Mass: Cures 1d8 damage +1/level for many creatures.

Chain Lightning: 1d6/level damage; 1 secondary bolt/level each deals half damage.

Find the Path: Shows most direct way to a location.

Fire Storm: Deals 1d6/level fire damage.

Ironwood: Magic wood is strong as steel.

Liveoak: Oak becomes treant guardian.

Move Earth: Digs trenches and builds hills.

Repel Wood: Pushes away wooden objects.

Scrying, Greater: As *scrying*, but faster and longer.

Stone Tell: Talk to natural or worked stone.

Summon Nature's Ally VI: Calls creature to fight.

True Seeing: Lets you see all things as they really are.

ELEMENTAL DRUID DOMAINS

These domains are available exclusively to the elemental druid and are not obtainable for the cleric.

AIR DOMAIN

Granted Powers: The druid and his elemental companion gain haste once per day (per spell). Multiple *haste* effects or spells don't stack. The effect lasts for one round per druid level and can affect one target per druid level. This granted power is a supernatural ability. The tuner also gains lightning resistance 10 while hasted.

Air Domain Spells

1 Feather Fall: Objects or creatures fall slowly.

2 Gust of Wind: Blows away or knocks down smaller creatures.

3 Gaseous Form: Subject becomes insubstantial and can fly slowly.

4 Solid Fog: Blocks vision and slows movement.

5 Cloudkill: Kills 3 HD or less; 4–6 HD save or die, 6+ HD take Con damage.

6 Whirlwind: Cyclone deals damage and can pick up creatures.

EARTH DOMAIN

Granted Power: *Grounding*—An earth tuner gains magic resistance equal to his class level +15. This ability may be used once per day, it lasts one round per class level. The earth tuner gains Acid Resistance 15 while grounding. This granted power is a supernatural ability.

Earth Domain Spells

1 Magic Stone: Three stones become +1 projectiles, 1d6 +1 damage.

2 Protection from Arrows: Subject immune to most ranged attacks.

3 Invisibility Purge: Dispels invisibility within 5 ft. /level.

4 Break Enchantment: Frees subjects from enchantments, alterations, curses, and petrification.

5 Passwall: Creates passage through wood or stone wall.

6 Earthquake: Intense tremor shakes 80-ft.-radius.

Fire Domain

Granted Power: *Aflame*—Those hit by a fire tuner's natural or unarmed attacks, or those striking a tuner with natural or unarmed attacks also take additional fire damage. This fire deals 1d4 damage. The fire tuner gains Fire Resistance 10 while aflame. This ability may be used once per day, it lasts 1 round per class level. This granted power is a supernatural ability.

Fire Domain Spells

1 Burning Hands: 1d4/level fire damage (max 5d4).
2 Continual Flame: Makes a permanent, heatless torch.
3 Rage: Subjects gains +2 to Str and Con, +1 on Will saves, –2 to AC.
4 Scorching Ray: Ranged touch attack deals 4d6 fire damage, +1 ray/four levels (max 3).
5 Flame Arrow: Arrows deal +1d6 fire damage.
6 Incendiary Cloud: Cloud deals 4d6 fire damage/round.

Water Domain

Granted Power: *Adaptation*—A water tuner may add his Wisdom modifier as a bonus to his Attack rolls, Armor Class, Skill Checks, or Saving Throws. He may change where this bonus is allocated at the beginning of each round. While adapting, the water tuner gains Acid, Cold, Lightning, and Fire resistance 5. This ability may be used once per day, it lasts one round per class level. This granted power is a supernatural ability.

Water Domain Spells

1 Disguise Self: Changes your appearance.
2 Blur: Attacks miss subject 20% of the time.
3 Water Breathing: Subjects can breathe underwater.
4 Freedom of Movement: Subject moves normally despite impediments.
5 Polymorph: Gives one willing subject a new form.
6 Cone of Cold: 1d6/level cold damage.

Mage Spells

0-Level Mage Spells

Abjuration
Resistance: Subject gains +1 on saving throws.
Conjuration
Acid Splash: Orb deals 1d3 acid damage.
Divination
Detect Poison: Detects poison in one creature or small object.
Detect Magic: Detects spells and magic items within 60 ft.
Read Magic: Read scrolls and spellbooks.
Enchantment
Daze: Humanoid creature of 4 HD or less loses next action.
Evocation
Dancing Lights: Creates torches or other lights.
Flare: Dazzles one creature (–1 on attack rolls).
Light: Object shines like a torch.
Ray of Frost: Ray deals 1d3 cold damage.
Illusion
Ghost Sound: Figment sounds.
Necromancy (Negative)
Touch of Fatigue: Touch attack fatigues target.
Transmutation
Mage Hand: 5-pound telekinesis.
Mending: Makes minor repairs on an object.
Message: Whispered conversation at distance.
Open/Close: Opens or closes small or light things.
Universal
Arcane Mark: Inscribes a personal rune (visible or invisible).
Disrupt Undead: Deals 1d6 damage to one undead.
Prestidigitation: Performs minor tricks.

1st-Level Mage Spells

Abjuration
Alarm: Wards an area for 2 hours/level.
Endure Elements: Exist comfortably in hot or cold environments.
Hold Portal: Holds door shut.
Protection from Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: +2 to AC and saves, counter mind control, hedge out elementals and outsiders.
Shield: Invisible disc gives +4 to AC, blocks *magic missiles.*
Conjuration
Grease: Makes 10-ft. square or one object slippery.
Mage Armor: Gives subject +4 shield bonus.
Mount: Summons riding horse for 2 hours/level.
Obscuring Mist: Fog surrounds you.
Unseen Servant: Invisible force obeys your commands.
Divination
Comprehend Languages: You understand all spoken and written languages except Draconic.
Detect Secret Doors: Reveals hidden doors within 60 ft.
Detect Undead: Reveals undead within 60 ft.
Identify M: Determines properties of magic item.
True Strike: +20 on your next attack roll.
Enchantment
Charm Person: Makes one person your friend.
Hypnotism: Fascinates 2d4 HD of creatures.
Mount Swiftness: 1 mount / level increases speed by 100%.
Sleep: Puts 4 HD of creatures into magical slumber.
Evocation
Burning Hands: 1d4/level fire damage.
Floating Disk: Creates 3-ft.-diameter horizontal disk that holds 100 lb. /level.
Magic Missile: 1d4+1 damage; +1 missile per two levels above 1st.
Shocking Grasp: Touch delivers 1d6/level electricity damage.
Illusion
Color Spray: Knocks unconscious, blinds, and/or stuns weak creatures.
Disguise Self: Changes your appearance.
Magic Aura: Alters object's magic aura.
Silent Image: Creates minor illusion of your design.
Ventriloquism: Throws voice for 1 min. /level.
Necromancy (Negative)
Cause Fear: One creature of 5 HD or less flees for 1d4 rounds.
Chill Touch: One touch/level deals 1d6 damage and possibly 1 Str damage.
Ray of Enfeeblement: Ray deals 1d6 +1 per two levels Str damage.
Transmutation
Animate Rope: Makes a rope move at your command.
Enlarge Person: Humanoid creature doubles in size.
Erase: Mundane or magical writing vanishes.
Expeditious Retreat: Your speed increases by 30 ft.
Feather Fall: Objects or creatures fall slowly.
Jump: Subject gets bonus on Jump checks.
Magic Weapon: Weapon gains +1 bonus.
Reduce Person: Humanoid creature halves in size.

2nd-Level Mage Spells

Abjuration
Acid Arrow: Ranged touch attack, 2d4 damage for 1 round +1 round/three levels.
Arcane Lock: Magically locks a portal or chest.

Obscure Object: Masks object against scrying.
Protection from Arrows: Subject immune to most ranged attacks.
Resist Energy: Ignores first 10 (or more) points of damage / attack from specified energy type.

Conjuration

Fog Cloud: Fog obscures vision.
Glitterdust: Blinds creatures, outlines invisible creatures.
Summon Swarm: Summons swarm of bats, rats, or spiders.
Web: Fills 20-ft.-radius spread with sticky spiderwebs.

Divination

Detect Thoughts: Allows "listening" to surface thoughts.
Locate Object: Senses direction toward object (specific or type).
See Invisibility: Reveals invisible creatures or objects.

Enchantment

Daze Monster: Living creature of 6 HD or less loses next action.
Hideous Laughter: Subject loses actions for 1 round/level.
Touch of Idiocy: Subject takes 1d6 points of Int, Wis, and Cha damage.

Evocation

Continual Flame: Makes a permanent, heatless torch.
Darkness: 20-ft. radius of supernatural shadow.
Flaming Sphere: Creates rolling ball of fire, 2d6 damage, and lasts 1 round/level.
Gust of Wind: Blows away or knocks down smaller creatures.
Scorching Ray: Ranged touch attack deals 4d6 fire damage, +1 ray/four levels.
Shatter: Sonic vibration damages objects or crystalline creatures.

Illusion

Blur: Attacks miss subject 20% of the time.
Hypnotic Pattern: Fascinates (2d4 + level) HD of creatures.
Invisibility: Subject is invisible for 1 min. /level or until it attacks.
Magic Mouth: Speaks once when triggered.
Minor Image: As *silent image*, plus some sound.
Mirror Image: Creates decoy duplicates of you (1d4 +1 per three levels).
Misdirection: Misleads divinations for one creature or object.
Trap: Makes item seem trapped.

Necromancy (Negative)

Blindness/Deafness: Makes subject blinded or deafened.
Command Undead: Undead creature obeys your commands.
False Life: Gain 1d10 temporary hp +1/level (max +10).
Ghoul Touch: Paralyzes one subject, which exudes stench that makes those nearby sickened.
Scare: Panics creatures of less than 6 HD.
Spectral Hand: Creates disembodied glowing hand to deliver touch attacks.

Transmutation

Alter Self: Assume form of a similar creature.
Bear's Endurance: Subject gains +4 to Con for 1 min. /level.
Bull's Strength: Subject gains +4 to Str for 1 min. /level.
Cat's Grace: Subject gains +4 to Dex for 1 min. /level.
Darkvision: See 60 ft. in total darkness.
Eagle's Splendor: Subject gains +4 to Cha for 1 min. /level.
Fox's Cunning: Subject gains +4 Int for 1 min. /level.
Knock: Opens locked or magically sealed door.
Levitate: Subject moves up and down at your direction.
Owl's Wisdom: Subject gains +4 to Wis for 1 min. /level.
Pyrotechnics: Turns fire into blinding light or choking smoke.
Spider Climb: Grants ability to walk on walls and ceilings.
Whispering Wind: Sends a short message 1 mile/level.

3RD-LEVEL MAGE SPELLS

Abjuration

Dispel Magic: Cancels magical spells and effects.
Explosive Runes: Deals 6d6 damage when read.
Magic Circle against Chaos/Evil/Good/Law: As *protection* spells, but 10-ft. radius and 10 min. /level.
Nondetection: Hides subject from divination, scrying.
Protection from Energy: Absorb 12 points/level of damage from one kind of energy.

Conjuration

Phantom Steed: Magic horse appears for 1 hour/level.
Sepia Snake Sigil: Creates text symbol that immobilizes reader.
Sleet Storm: Hampers vision and movement.
Stinking Cloud: Nauseating vapors, 1 round/level.

Divination

Arcane Sight: Magical auras become visible to you.
Clairaudience/Clairvoyance: Hear or see at a distance for 1 min. /level.
Tongues: Speak any language except Draconic.

Enchantment

Deep Slumber: Puts 10 HD of creatures to sleep.
Heroism: Gives +2 bonus on attack rolls, saves, and skill checks.
Hold Person: Paralyzes one humanoid for 1 round/level.
Rage: Subjects gains +2 to Str and Con, +1 on Will saves, –2 to AC.
Suggestion: Compels subject to follow stated course of action.

Evocation

Daylight: 60-ft. radius of bright light.
Fireball: 1d6 damage per level, 20-ft. radius.
Ion Pulse: Ray that targets technology, forcing disruption.
Tiny Hut: Creates shelter for ten creatures.
Lightning Bolt: Electricity deals 1d6/level damage.
Wind Wall: Deflects arrows, smaller creatures, and gases.

Illusion

Displacement: Attacks miss subject 50%.
Illusory Script: Only intended reader can decipher.
Invisibility Sphere: Makes everyone within 10 ft. invisible.
Major Image: As *silent image*, plus sound, smell and thermal effects.

Necromancy (Negative)

Animate Dead: Creates undead skeletons and zombies.
Halt Undead: Immobilizes undead for 1 round/level.
Infusion: Channel power from Ixindar into self or subject
Ray of Exhaustion: Ray makes subject exhausted.
Vampiric Touch: Touch deals 1d6/two levels damage; caster gains damage as hp.

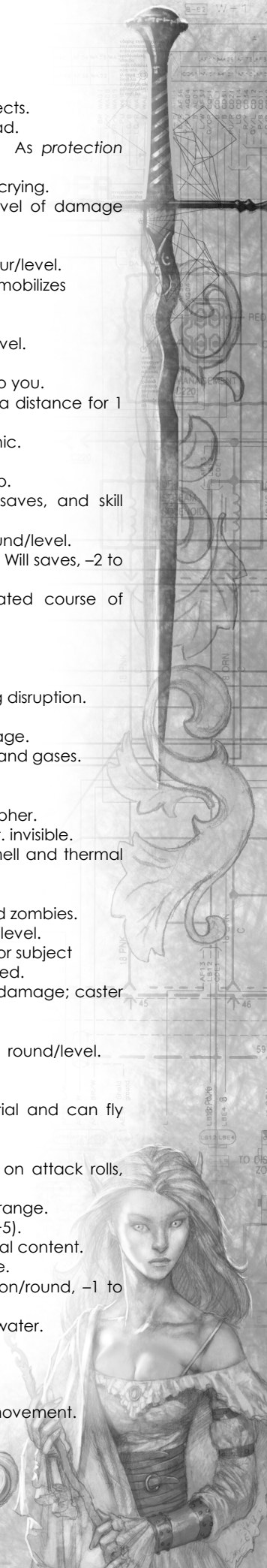
Transmutation

Blink: You randomly vanish and reappear for 1 round/level.
Flame Arrow: Arrows deal +1d6 fire damage.
Fly: Subject flies at speed of 60 ft.
Gaseous Form: Subject becomes insubstantial and can fly slowly.
Gentle Repose: Preserves one corpse.
Haste: One creature/level moves faster, +1 on attack rolls, AC, and Reflex saves.
Keen Edge: Doubles normal weapon's threat range.
Magic Weapon, Greater: +1/four levels (max +5).
Secret Page: Changes one page to hide its real content.
Shrink Item: Object shrinks to one-sixteenth size.
Slow: One subject/level takes only one action/round, –1 to AC, reflex saves, and attack rolls.
Water Breathing: Subjects can breathe underwater.

4TH-LEVEL MAGE SPELLS

Abjuration

Dimensional Anchor: Bars extra dimensional movement.



Fire Trap: Opened object deals 1d4 damage +1/level.
Globe of Invulnerability, Lesser: Stops 1st- through 3rd-level spell effects.
Remove Curse: Frees object or person from curse.
Stoneskin: Ignore 10 points of damage per attack.

Conjuration

Black Tentacles: Tentacles grapple all within 20 ft. spread.
Minor Creation: Creates one cloth or wood object.
Secure Shelter: Creates sturdy cottage.
Solid Fog: Blocks vision and slows movement.

Divination

Arcane Eye: Invisible floating eye moves 30 ft. /round.
Detect Scrying: Alerts you of magical eavesdropping.
Locate Creature: Indicates direction to familiar creature.
Scrying: Spies on subject from a distance.

Enchantment

Charm Monster: Makes monster believe it is your ally.
Confusion: Subjects behave oddly for 1 round/level.
Crushing Despair: Subjects take –2 on attack rolls, damage rolls, saves, and checks.
Geas, Lesser: Commands subject of 7 HD or less.

Evocation

Fire Shield: Creatures attacking you take fire damage; you're protected from heat or cold.
Ice Storm: Hail deals 5d6 damage in cylinder 40 ft. across.
Ion Pulse, Greater: As Ion pulse but significantly more powerful.
Resilient Sphere: Force globe protects but traps one subject.
Shout: Deafens all within cone and deals 5d6 sonic damage.
Wall of Fire: Deals 2d4 fire damage out to 10 ft. and 1d4 out to 20 ft. Passing through wall deals 2d6 damage +1/level.
Wall of Ice: *Ice plane* creates wall with 15 hp +1/level, or *hemisphere* can trap creatures inside.

Illusion

Hallucinatory Terrain: Makes one type of terrain appear like another (field into forest, or the like).
Illusory Wall: Wall, floor, or ceiling looks real, but anything can pass through.
Invisibility, Greater: As *invisibility,* but subject can attack and stay invisible.
Phantasmal Killer: Fearsome illusion kills subject or deals 3d6 damage.
Rainbow Pattern: Lights fascinate 24 HD of creatures.
Sculpt Sound: Creates new sounds or changes existing ones.
Shadow Conjuration: Mimics conjuration below 4th level, but only 20% real.

Necromancy (Negative)

Bestow Curse: –6 to an ability score; –4 on attack rolls, saves, and checks; or 50% chance of losing each action.
Contagion: Infects subject with chosen disease.
Enervation: Subject gains 1d4 negative levels.
Fear: Subjects within cone flee for 1 round/level.

Transmutation

Enlarge Person, Mass: Enlarges several creatures.
Mnemonic Enhancer: Prepares extra spells or retains one just cast.
Polymorph: Gives one willing subject a new form.
Reduce Person, Mass: Reduces several creatures.
Stone Shape: Sculpts stone into any shape.

5TH-LEVEL MAGE SPELLS

Abjuration

Break Enchantment: Frees subjects from enchantments, alterations, curses, and petrifaction.

Conjuration

Cloudkill: Kills 3 HD or less; 4–6 HD save or die, 6+ HD take Con damage.
Faithful Hound: Phantom dog can guard, attack.
Major Creation: As *minor creation,* plus stone and metal.
Private Sanctum: Prevents anyone from viewing or scrying an area for 24 hours.
Wall of Stone: Creates a stone wall that can be shaped.

Divination

Prying Eyes: 1d4 +1/level floating eyes scout for you.
Telepathic Bond: Link lets allies communicate.

Enchantment

Dominate Person: Controls humanoid telepathically.
Feeblemind: Subject's Int and Cha drop to 1.
Hold Monster: As *hold person*, but any creature.
Ion Pulse, Mass: As Ion pulse but with a wider range.
Mind Fog: Subjects in fog get –10 to Wis and Will checks.
Symbol of Sleep: Triggered rune puts nearby creatures into catatonic slumber.

Evocation

Cone of Cold: 1d6/level cold damage.
Interposing Hand: Hand provides cover against one opponent.
Sending: Delivers short message anywhere, instantly.
Wall of Force: Wall is immune to damage.

Illusion

Dream: Sends message to anyone sleeping.
False Vision M: Fools scrying with an illusion.
Mirage Arcana: As *hallucinatory terrain,* plus structures.
Nightmare: Sends vision dealing 1d10 damage, fatigue.
Persistent Image: As *major image*, but no concentration required.
Seeming: Changes appearance of one person per two levels.
Shadow Evocation: Mimics evocation below 5th level, but only 20% real.

Necromancy (Negative)

Blight: Withers one plant or deals 1d6/level damage to plant creature.
Magic Jar: Enables possession of another creature.
Symbol of Pain: Triggered rune wracks nearby creatures with pain.
Waves of Fatigue: Several targets become fatigued.

Transmutation

Animal Growth: One animal/two levels doubles in size.
Baleful Polymorph: Transforms subject into harmless animal.
Fabricate: Transforms raw materials into finished items.
Overland Flight: You fly at a speed of 40 ft. and can hustle over long distances.
Telekinesis: Moves object, attacks creature, or hurls object or creature.
Transmute Mud to Rock: Transforms two 10-ft. cubes per level.
Transmute Rock to Mud: Transforms two 10-ft. cubes per level.

Universal

Permanency: Makes certain spells permanent.
Zone of Silence: Keeps eavesdroppers from overhearing conversations.

6TH-LEVEL MAGE SPELLS

Abjuration

Dispel Magic, Greater: As *dispel magic,* but +20 on check.
Globe of Invulnerability: As *lesser globe of invulnerability*, plus 4th-level spell effects.
Guards and Wards: Array of magic effects protect area.
Repulsion: Creatures can't approach you.

Conjuration

Acid Fog: Fog deals acid damage.
Wall of Iron: 30 hp/four levels; can topple onto foes.

Divination

Analyze Dweomer: Reveals magical aspects of subject.

Legend Lore: Lets you learn tales about a person, place, or thing.

True Seeing: Lets you see all things as they really are.

Enchantment

Geas/Quest: As *lesser geas,* plus it affects any creature.

Heroism, Greater: Gives +4 bonus on attack rolls, saves, skill checks; immunity to fear; temporary hp.

Modify Memory: Changes 5 minutes of subject's memories.

Suggestion, Mass: As *suggestion,* plus one subject/level.

Symbol of Persuasion: Triggered rune charms nearby creatures.

Evocation

Chain Lightning: 1d6/level damage; 1 secondary bolt/level each deals half damage.

Contingency: Sets trigger condition for another spell.

Forceful Hand: Hand pushes creatures away.

Freezing Sphere: Freezes water or deals cold dam age.

Ion Pulse, Mass, Greater: As Ion pulse but with a wider range and more powerful.

Sympathetic Vibration: Deals 2d10 damage/round to free standing structure.

Illusion

Mislead: Turns you invisible and creates illusory double.

Permanent Image: Includes sight, sound, and smell.

Programmed Image: As *major image*, plus triggered by event.

Veil: Changes appearance of group of creatures.

Necromancy (Negative)

Circle of Death: Kills 1d4/level HD of creatures.

Create Undead: Creates ghouls, ghasts, mummies, or mohrgs.

Eyebite: Target becomes panicked, sickened, and comatose.

Symbol of Fear: Triggered rune panics nearby creatures.

Transmutation

Animate Objects: Objects attack your foes.

Bear's Endurance, Mass: As *bear's endurance*, affects one subject/level.

Bull's Strength, Mass: As *bull's strength*, affects one subject/ level.

Cat's Grace, Mass: As *cat's grace*, affects one subject/level.

Control Water: Raises or lowers bodies of water.

Disintegrate: Makes one creature or object vanish.

Eagle's Splendor, Mass: As *eagle's splendor*, affects one subject/level.

Flesh to Stone: Turns subject creature into statue.

Fox's Cunning, Mass: As *fox's cunning*, affects one subject/ level.

Lucubration: Recalls spell of 5th level or lower.

Move Earth: Digs trenches and build hills.

Owl's Wisdom, Mass: As *owl's wisdom*, affects one subject/ level.

Stone to Flesh: Restores petrified creature.

Transformation: You gain combat bonuses.

Undeath to Death: Destroys 1d4/level HD of undead (max 20d4).

ARCANE FOUNDATION SPELLS

Abjuration

Antimagic Field: Negates all magic within a field.

Mind Blank: Subject is immune to mental / emotional magic and scrying.

Banishment: Sends a creature to Ixindar or Attricana.

Protection from Spells: Confers +8 resistance bonus.

Sequester: Subject is invisible to sight and scrying; renders creature comatose.

Spell Turning: Reflect 1d4+6 spell levels back at caster.

Conjuration

Incendiary Cloud: Cloud deals 4d6 fire damage/round.

Divination

Foresight: "Sixth sense" warns of impending danger.

Moment of Prescience: You gain insight bonus on single attack roll, check, or save.

Enchantment

Antipathy: Object or location affected by spell repels certain creatures.

Hold Person, Mass: As *hold person*, but all within 30 ft.

Insanity: Subject suffers continuous *confusion*.

Power Word Blind: Blinds creature with 200 hp or less.

Power Word Stun: Stuns creature with 150 hp or less.

Symbol of Insanity: Triggered rune renders nearby creatures insane.

Symbol of Stunning: Triggered rune stuns nearby creatures.

Evocation

Clenched Fist: Large hand provides cover, pushes, or attacks your foes.

Crushing Hand: Large hand provides cover, pushes, or crushes your foes.

Grasping Hand: Hand provides cover, pushes, or grapples.

Meteor Swarm: Four exploding spheres each deal 6d6 fire damage.

Delayed Blast Fireball: 1d6/level fire damage; you can postpone blast for 5 rounds.

Dominate Monster: As *dominate person,* but any creature.

Hold Monster, Mass: As *hold monster,* but all within 30 ft.

Sword: Floating magic blade strikes opponents.

Telekinetic Sphere: As *resilient sphere,* but you move sphere telekinetically.

Polar Ray: Ranged touch attack deals 1d6/level cold damage.

Power Word Kill: Kills one creature with 100 hp or less.

Illusion

Invisibility, Mass: As *invisibility*, but affects all in range.

Project Image: Illusory double can talk and cast spells.

Screen: Illusion hides area from vision, scrying.

Necromancy (Negative)

Control Undead: Undead don't attack you while under your command.

Create Greater Undead: Create shadows, wraiths, specters, or devourers.

Energy Drain: Subject gains 2d4 negative levels.

Finger of Death: Kills one subject.

Symbol of Weakness: Triggered rune weakens nearby creatures.

Wail of the Banshee: Kills one creature/level.

Transmutation

Control Weather: Changes weather in local area.

Reverse Gravity: Objects and creatures fall upward.

Statue: Subject can become a statue at will.

Temporal Stasis: Puts subject into suspended animation.

Time Stop: You act freely for 1d4+1 rounds.

SPELLS (ALTERED)

COMPONENTS

As stated, spellcasting has been altered to make each caster unique, even when casting the same spell. The DM's discretion is required.

Here follows a summary:

Mage spells: Mage spells all require vocal components. Only spells requiring materials with a monetary value actually require those components unless the spell requires casting on said components (like Fire Seeds). No mage spells require

somatic components unless it is vital to the spell. Mage spells also do not require a focus unless a monetary value is attached to said focus.

Cleric spells: All cleric spells require somatic components. Only spells requiring materials with a monetary value actually require those components unless the spell requires a casting on said components. A few cleric spells require vocal components but almost all only require their deity to hear, meaning preventing the cleric from speaking does nothing to the failure of the spell. A few clerics will still speak the words aloud but this is their choice to make. Most clerics casting in their place of worship will speak the words for all to hear. Only unless it is vital to the spell (ie: Atonement), can making a cleric silent prevent casting. Cleric spells also do not require a focus or divine focus unless a monetary value is attached to said focus. This does not include using their deity's focus if there is one attached to their religion.

Druid spells: All druid spells require material components. Spells that don't list components require usually just a handful of dust or dirt, common in every adventure. Druid spells do not require somatic or vocal components unless it is vital to the spell (like grabbing or using the components). Most animal and plant communication is done telepathically.

Note: Foundation Spells that state a material, somatic, or vocal component absolutely require those components.

PRESENTATION

Because of the subtlety of most totems and the fact that clerics need not even have a symbol of faith to cast, most casters in the world pass by unnoticed. Because of the instinctual habit to fear what one doesn't understand, lone channelers of magic often times keep isolated, less more fearful observers band to a mob and consider a lynch. Thankfully, most spells pass by unannounced. Unless a spell specifically creates a visual spectacle (dancing lights, fireball), it is virtually invisible. For mages, sometimes only their spoken words in an inhuman tongue reveal their purpose. For clerics, just a simple wave of the hand is the only clue. For a druid, sprinkling dirt lightly from a concealed fist may be all one sees. The spectacle remains the obsession for young casters attempting grandstanding and faking supremacy. Of course, when going on the assault, the magic user breaks out the big spells and many of those look as flamboyant as their name suggests, rising fire from the earth and raining stones from the heavens. Sometimes the path has its perks. The most flamboyant spells of extreme power are reserved for those reaching almost godlike status and those casters are extremely few. For mages, the number of humans of significant power can be counted on one hand. With nonhumans, there are a few more, maybe two hands. The greatest ratio of powerful magic users falls to the dragons, the original masters.

ANTIMAGIC FIELD

Abjuration
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: V
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: 10 ft./level
Area: 5-ft.-radius/level, centered on location, object, or person
Duration: 10 min./level (D)
Saving Throw: See Below
Spell Resistance: None

You create a magical dead zone on a location, object, or person (including self). If on a person or object, the field moves if the object or person moves. This creates a bubble of normality which suppresses all magic within it and can even harm magical creatures caught inside. It is a surprisingly powerful and controversial spell with an effect bastions are hoping to replicate using technology.

This invisible barrier forces out all enchantment. The space within this field is impervious to all magical effects, including spells, spell-like abilities, and supernatural abilities. Likewise, it prevents the functioning of any magic items or spells within its confines.

An *antimagic field* suppresses any spell or magical effect used within, brought into, or cast into the area, but does not dispel it. Time spent within an *antimagic field* counts against the suppressed spell's duration.

Summoned/created creatures of any type and incorporeal undead wink out if they enter an *antimagic field or have it cast on them.* They reappear in the same spot once the field goes away. Time spent winked out counts normally against the duration of the conjuration that is maintaining the creature.

A normal creature can enter the area, as can normal missiles. Furthermore, while a magic sword does not function magically within the area, it is still a sword (and a masterwork sword at that). Golems cannot work within this field. They are not destroyed but cannot function and fall over. They regain power when released.

All other magical creatures that enter the field (including the caster, being echan) are wracked by pain as the altered rules of magic keeping them alive are removed. Some creatures die outright while others are severely weakened with an overpowering desire to escape the field.

Magical creatures (meaning ALL echan creations from Attricana) suffer 1d4 negative levels, equivalent of an energy drain attack. This means for each negative level, the subject suffers -1 on all skill checks and ability checks, -1 on attack rolls and saving throws, -5 hit points, -1 effective level, and 1 lost available spell cast at the highest level (if a caster).

They also suffer the same die roll result in D6 points of additional damage. Creatures that drop below their hit dice or level that are not killed by the damage are reduced to -1 hit points regardless. This effect is not an actual energy drain, but energy suppression. The effect lasts as long as the subject remains in the field, suffering an additional 1d6 points of damage every additional round after the first one and for 1d 4 rounds after leaving the field. After the duration expires, the energy drain effects are reversed but the physical damage remains. There is no saving throw to this effect. Restoration does not nullify this effect as it is not an actual energy drain.

Magical creatures within the field also must make a Fort save or be *stunned* for the duration as well.

Dispel magic does not remove the field.

Two or more *antimagic fields* sharing any of the same space have no effect on each other.

Ciphers, pagus, demons, typhox dragons, grotesqueries, physical undead, and dark magical items are unaffected by antimagic fields as the field suppresses Attricana magic, not Ixindar. The field does not harm techan humans. Non magical creatures without magical special abilities (supernatural, spell casting, or spell-Like) including echan humans, animals, or vermin are also unaffected. It should be noted any magical items these creatures are carrying created from Attricana will still be suppressed.

Should a creature be larger than the area enclosed by the barrier, any part of it that lies outside the barrier is unaffected by the field.

Location: Antimagic, though suppressing Attricana's influence, was still created by a caster bound to that realm. It is not a negative spell. Forces from Ixindar are desperate to retrieve these anchors, which resemble silver spheres 5 feet in

diameter with three parallel ridges that orbit around the equator. The only absolutely confirmed location of one is in Nuqa Koppa. Rumors claim the rest are all buried in dungeons across the world. One is most likely in the Myre vault with another in Kirjath-Sepher. Bastions are also hot to acquire one to study. There is no known spell that generates an antimagic field that suppresses Ixindar magic. If so, it would actually be a negative spell. As such, no demon has ever thought to making it.

ANTIPATHY

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: S
Casting Time: 1 hour
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Target: One location (up to a 10-ft. cube/level) or one object
Duration: 2 hours/level (D)
Saving Throw: Will partial
Spell Resistance: Yes

You cause an object or location to emanate magical vibrations that repel either a specific kind of intelligent creature or creatures of a particular alignment, as defined by you. The kind of creature to be affected must be named specifically. A creature subtype is not specific enough. Likewise, the specific alignment to be repelled must be named. Creatures of the designated kind or alignment feel an overpowering urge to leave the area or to avoid the affected item. A compulsion forces them to abandon the area or item, shunning it and never willingly returning to it while the spell is in effect. A creature that makes a successful saving throw can stay in the area or touch the item but feels uncomfortable doing so. This distracting discomfort reduces the creature's Dexterity score by 4 points.

Antipathy counters and dispels *sympathy*.

Arcane Material Component: A lump of alum soaked in vinegar.

Location: More common than other arcane spells, Antipathy can be found in scattered places. These are mostly found in books.

ATONEMENT

Abjuration
Level: Clr 5, Drd 5
Components: V, S, XP
Casting Time: 1 hour
Range: Touch
Target: Living creature touched
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Special
Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell remains identical to its entry in the PHB. However, it not only removes the burden of evil acts or misdeeds from the subject, it may also flip the polarity of one's soul from Ixindar to Attricana. This spell may be forced on an unwilling subject, but then they gain a Will saving throw to negate. This is not the same as Reverse Magical Alignment Change. Alignment change via polarity flip costs more for redemption. Having a soul bound to the Negative gate carries far more dire repercussions than the player assumes (only the DM understands the full nature of this situation). Recovering a soul from Ixindar also costs more, demanding 500 xp from the caster per attempt, failure or not.

BANISHMENT

Abjuration
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: — (F optional)
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Targets: One creature
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

A *banishment* spell forces the target magical creature (any echan) to the gate of your choosing (Ixindar or Attricana). The target can have no more than 2 Hit Dice per caster level for the banishment to succeed. You can improve the spell's chance of success by presenting at least one object or substance that the target hates, fears, or otherwise opposes. For each such object or substance, you gain a +1 bonus on your caster level check to overcome the target's spell resistance (if any), the saving throw DC increases by 2.
Certain rare items might work twice as well as a normal item for the purpose of the bonuses (each providing a +2 bonus on the caster level check against spell resistance and increasing the save DC by 4).

If successful, the creature vanishes from physical reality and is sent into the gate of your choosing. It remains trapped for 3d6 months +1 month for each caster level. If the gate's polarity is adverse to the banished creature, the gate's effects may alter it. Every 6 months contained, the creature must make a Will save at DC15 or alter its alignment towards its opposite by one level (If Ixindar—good to neutral, neutral to evil). Every six months contained repeats the Will save at DC+2. This is cumulative every six months. After the time is expired, the creature returns to the exact spot it was banished from.

Certain creatures are immune to alignment change. Undead with no Intelligence score are destroyed. All ciphers and death dragons are immune to Attricana's influence.

Arcane Focus: Any item that is distasteful to the subject (optional, see above).

Location: One of the rarest of all arcane spells, banishment's existence is only known from vague historical records, cast from the hands of powerful creatures (mostly dragons). There is no known anchor but it is assumed one exists. If so, only the most powerful dragons would know where it sits.

CLENCHED FIST

Evocation [Force]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —

This spell functions like *interposing hand,* except that the hand can interpose itself, push, or strike one opponent that you select. The floating hand can move as far as 60 feet and can attack in the same round. Since this hand is directed by you, its ability to notice or attack invisible or concealed creatures is no better than yours. The hand attacks once per round, and its attack bonus equals your caster level + your Intelligence or Wisdom (for a Mage or Cleric respectively), +11 for the hand's Strength score (33), –1 for being Large. The hand deals 1d8+11 points of damage on each attack, and any creature struck must make a Fortitude save (against this spell's save DC) or be stunned for 1 round. Directing the spell to a new target is a move action. The *clenched fist* can also interpose itself as *interposing hand* does, or it can bull rush an opponent as *forceful hand* does, but at a +15 bonus on the Strength check. Clerics who cast this spell name it for their deities.

Location: Like all hand spells, Clenched Fist was forged by the Narros spellcaster, Galla Sagard at the Finer Fire Pits and

all are located on one Anchor, the Sacristan Stone, in Sagard's open library.

Comprehend Languages

Draconic is totally immune to this spell.

Control Weather

Transmutation
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 minute; see text
Range: 2 miles
Area: 2-mile-radius circle, centered on you; see text.
Duration: 4d12 hours; see text
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: No

You change the weather in the local area. It takes 1 minute to cast the spell and an additional 1-minute for the effects to manifest. You can call forth weather appropriate to the climate and season of the area you are in.

Season	Possible Weather
Spring	Tornado, thunderstorm, sleet storm, or hot weather
Summer	Torrential rain, heat wave, or hailstorm
Autumn	Hot or cold weather, fog, or sleet
Winter	Frigid cold, blizzard, or thaw
Late winter	Hurricane-force winds or early spring (coastal area)

You control the general tendencies of the weather, such as the direction and intensity of the wind. You cannot control specific applications of the weather—where lightning strikes, for example, or the exact path of a tornado. When you select a certain weather condition to occur, the weather assumes that condition 1 minute later (changing somewhat abruptly). The weather continues as you left it for the duration, or until you use a standard action to designate a new kind of weather (which fully manifests itself 1 minute later). Contradictory conditions are not possible simultaneously.

Control weather can do away with atmospheric phenomena (naturally occurring or otherwise) as well as create them. A druid casting this spell doubles the duration and affects a 3-mile radius.

Location: An anchor of the spell is only found at Laudenia on the stone that never touches the ground, the Feysa.

Create Greater Undead (Negative)

Necromancy [Evil]
Level: Foundation Spell

This spell functions like create undead, except that you can create more powerful and intelligent sorts of undead: shadows, wraiths, spectres, and devourers. The type or types of undead you can create is based on your caster level, as shown on the table below.

Caster Level	Undead Created
15th or lower	Shadow
16th–17th	Wraith
18th–19th	Spectre
20th or higher	Devourer

Location: One can be found scribed inside the skull of a dead Chaos dragon in the Necrosea and in an unlabeled book at the library of Piotre Raczek. Another apparently sits in the Kardia-Gothas, the legendary castle in the Sana Marsh.

Crushing Hand

Evocation [Force]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —

This spell functions like *interposing hand,* except that the hand can interpose itself, push, or crush one opponent that you select. The *crushing hand* can grapple an opponent like *grasping hand* does. Its grapple bonus equals your caster level + your Intelligence, or Wisdom (for a Mage or Cleric respectively), +12 for the hand's Strength score (35), +4 for being Large. The hand deals 2d6+12 points of damage (lethal, not non-lethal) on each successful grapple check against an opponent.

The *crushing hand* can also interpose itself as *interposing hand* does, or it can bull rush an opponent as *forceful hand* does, but at a +18 bonus. Directing the spell to a new target is a move action.

Location: Like all hand spells, Crushing Hand was created by the Narros spellcaster, Galla Sagard at the Finer Fire Pits and all are located on one Anchor, the Sacristan Stone, in Sagard's open library.

Delayed Blast Fireball

Evocation [Fire]
Level: Foundation Spell
Duration: 5 rounds or less; see text

This spell functions like *fireball,* except that it is more powerful and can detonate up to 5 rounds after the spell is cast. The burst of flame deals 1d6 points of fire damage per caster level (maximum 20d6). The glowing bead created by *delayed blast fireball* can detonate immediately if you desire, or you can choose to delay the burst for as many as 5 rounds. You select the amount of delay upon completing the spell, and that time cannot change once it has been set unless someone touches the bead (see below). If you choose a delay, the glowing bead sits at its destination until it detonates. A creature can pick up and hurl the bead as a thrown weapon (range increment 10 feet). If a creature handles and moves the bead within 1 round of its detonation, there is a 25% chance that the bead detonates while being handled.

Location: This anchor is relatively common but the only confirmed location is the Mage City of Kirjath-Sepher. Like all Anchors there, it can be found in a book. The laudenians have also claimed to have one though this is only a rumor.

Detect Magic

By the second round, a caster can determine if the aura originates from the power of Attricana or the power of Ixindar. This may help in determining if a magic item is corrupt or not.

Disrupt Undead

Universal
Level: Mag 0
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Effect: Ray
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Yes

You direct a ray of positive energy. You must make a ranged touch attack to hit, and if the ray hits an undead creature, it deals 1d6 points of damage to it.

DOMINATE MONSTER

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Target: One creature

This spell functions like *dominate person,* except that the spell is not restricted by creature type.

Location: Adding a few extra symbols to the spell, the laudenian mage, Nacolia Falcon, created the Dominate Monster spell, which he still keeps in his spell book. Several copies have appeared around but he possesses the only known anchor.

EARTHQUAKE

Evocation [Earth]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Long (400 ft. + 40 ft. /level)
Area: 80-ft.-radius spread (S)
Duration: 1 round
Saving Throw: See text
Spell Resistance: No

When you cast *earthquake,* an intense but highly localized tremor rips the ground. The shock knocks creatures down, collapses structures, opens cracks in the ground, and more. The effect lasts for 1 round, during which time creatures on the ground can't move or attack. A spellcaster on the ground must make a Concentration check (DC 20 + spell level) or lose any spell he tries to cast. The earthquake affects all terrain, vegetation, structures, and creatures in the area. The specific effect of an *earthquake* spell depends on the nature of the terrain where it is cast.

Cave, Cavern, or Tunnel: The spell collapses the roof, dealing 8d6 points of bludgeoning damage to any creature caught under the cave-in (Reflex DC 15 half) and pinning that creature beneath the rubble (see below). An *earthquake* cast on the roof of a very large cavern could also endanger those outside the actual area but below the falling debris.

Cliffs: Earthquake causes a cliff to crumble, creating a landslide that travels horizontally as far as it fell vertically. Any creature in the path takes 8d6 points of bludgeoning damage (Reflex DC 15 half) and is pinned beneath the rubble (see below).

Open Ground: Each creature standing in the area must make a DC 15 Reflex save or fall down. Fissures open in the earth, and every creature on the ground has a 25% chance to fall into one (Reflex DC 20 to avoid a fissure). At the end of the spell, all fissures grind shut, killing any creatures still trapped within.

Structure: Any structure standing on open ground takes 100 points of damage, enough to collapse a typical wooden or masonry building, but not a structure built of stone or reinforced masonry. Hardness does not reduce this damage, nor is it halved as damage dealt to objects normally is. Any creature caught inside a collapsing structure takes 8d6 points of bludgeoning damage (Reflex DC 15 half) and is pinned beneath the rubble (see below).

River, Lake, or Marsh: Fissures open underneath the water, draining away the water from that area and forming muddy ground. Soggy marsh or swampland becomes quicksand for the duration of the spell, sucking down creatures and structures. Each creature in the area must make a DC 15 Reflex save or sink down in the mud and quicksand. At the end of the spell, the rest of the body of water rushes in to replace the drained water, possibly drowning those caught in the mud.

Pinned beneath Rubble: Any creature pinned beneath rubble takes 1d6 points of non-lethal damage per minute while pinned. If a pinned character falls unconscious, he or she must make a DC 15 Constitution check or take 1d6 points of lethal damage each minute thereafter until freed or dead.

Location: The only confirmed anchor location is in a library in the narros city of Thos Thalagos.

ENERGY DRAIN (NEGATIVE)

Necromancy
Level: Foundation Spell
Saving Throw: Fortitude partial; see text for *enervation*

This spell functions like *enervation,* except that the creature struck gains 2d4 negative levels, and the negative levels last longer. There is no saving throw to avoid gaining the negative levels, but 24 hours after gaining them, the subject must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC = *energy drain* spell's save DC) for each negative level. If the save succeeds, that negative level is removed. If it fails, the negative level also goes away, but one of the subject's character levels is permanently drained. An undead creature struck by the ray gains 2d4x5 temporary hit points for 1 hour.

Location: This anchor, found on a tapestry made from fey skin, can be found at the church of death in Necropolis and in Kardia-Gothas in the Sana Marsh.

GENTLE REPOSE

Transmutation
Level: Clr 2, Sor/Wiz 3
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Touch
Target: Corpse touched
Duration: One day/level
Saving Throw: Will negates (object)
Spell Resistance: Yes (object)

You preserve the remains of a dead creature so that they do not decay. Doing so effectively extends the time limit on raising that creature from the dead. Days spent under the influence of this spell don't count against the time limit. Additionally, this spell makes transporting a fallen comrade more pleasant. The spell also works on severed body parts and the like.

GRASPING HAND

Evocation [Force]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: F

This spell functions like *interposing hand,* except the hand can also grapple one opponent that you select. The *grasping hand* gets one grapple attack per round. Its attack bonus to make contact equals your caster level + your Intelligence or Wisdom modifier (for Mages or Clerics respectively), +10 for the hand's Strength score (31), –1 for being Large. Its grapple bonus is this same figure, except with a +4 modifier for being Large instead of –1. The hand holds but does not harm creatures it grapples. Directing the spell to a new target is a move action. The *grasping hand* can also bull rush an opponent as *forceful hand* does, but at a +16 bonus on the Strength check (+10 for Strength 35, +4 for being Large, and a +2 bonus for charging, which it always gets), or interpose itself as *interposing hand* does. Clerics who cast this spell name it for their deities.

Arcane Focus: A leather glove.

Location: Like all hand spells, Grasping Hand was created by the Narros spellcaster, Galla Sagard at the Finer Fire Pits and all are located on one Anchor, the Sacristan Stone, in Sagard's open library.

HOLD MONSTER, MASS

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Targets: One or more creatures, no two of which can be more than 30 ft. apart

This spell functions like *hold person,* except that it affects multiple creatures and holds any living creature that fails its Will save.

Location: This foundation spell is found in the Slavers city of Najafi, supposedly burned onto the flesh of the king. Rumors pass that several other anchors exist in dungeons across the world.

INCENDIARY CLOUD

Conjuration (Creation) [Fire]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Effect: Cloud spreads in 20-ft. radius, 20 ft. high
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: Reflex half; see text
Spell Resistance: No

An *incendiary cloud* spell creates a cloud of roiling smoke shot through with white-hot embers. The smoke obscures all sight as a *fog cloud* does. In addition, the white-hot embers within the cloud deal 4d6 points of fire damage to everything within the cloud on your turn each round. All targets can make Reflex saves each round to take half damage. As with a *cloudkill* spell, the smoke moves away from you at 10 feet per round. Figure out the smoke's new spread each round based on its new point of origin, which is 10 feet farther away from where you were when you cast the spell. By concentrating, you can make the cloud (actually its point of origin) move as much as 60 feet each round. Any portion of the cloud that would extend beyond your maximum range dissipates harmlessly, reducing the remainder's spread thereafter. As with *fog cloud*, wind disperses the smoke, and the spell can't be cast underwater.

Location: The words from this spell glow with a bright red light from a solid slab of stone in a dungeon under a volcano. Which one is not known.

INFUSION (NEGATIVE)

Necromancy
Level: Wiz 3, Clr 3
Components: Special
Casting Time: 1 hour
Range: Touch
Target: one creature, body, or self
Duration: Instantaneous, special (see below)
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

Infusion allows the construction of intelligent constructs from Ixindar. This includes neverborns and ciphers. Actual procedures depend on the creation. This spell may be used in addition to the *animate objects* spell when creating animated objects or onto the procedures to creating golems. Such a procedure forms an entity with its own intelligence. Like the neverborn, the creature receives and amplifies every carnal desire and lustful thought of its creator. It becomes evil aligned if the caster is not already. The object requires an organic receptacle in the object to channel life. This may be blood or various organs from a recently deceased creature. It need not be more than 1% of the total mass of the object.

If cast on one's self, the caster gains a +2 enhancement bonus to Int, Wis, and Cha. He also gains damage reduction 5 / good and regeneration (1). All damage is treated as non-lethal. The only way to the caster in this state is to render him unconscious through non-lethal damage and deliver a coup de grace attack. This effect lasts for 1 hour / caster level.

Material components: Regardless of the caster, this spell requires at least one or more organs of a recently deceased (within the last hour) fey or an echan human. A caster need not use every piece of the body, but the parts used must be of vital importance to the creature where such removal would kill the subject (eg: stomach, heart, liver, both eyes, etc). These are placed within the construct if the spell is cast on one, devoured by the caster if cast on himself. Each time the spell is cast requires fragments from a new body.

XP cost: 500 xp

INSANITY (NEGATIVE)

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Target: One living creature
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

The affected creature suffers from a continuous *confusion* effect, as the spell. *Remove curse* does not remove *insanity*. *Greater restoration or heal* can restore the creature.

Location: The original Insanity anchor can be found on a temple stone hidden in the Gloam. A copy is located scripted on a leather hide in Shogak.

ION PULSE

Evocation
Level: Wiz 3
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Effect: Ray
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: None

An Ion pulse resembles a solid white stream of light that weaves and bends to a target. The caster targets a five-foot square or a single target (like a person or a vehicle). Any technology in the square or on the target must immediately make an EDF save. If the vehicle is larger than a square, the pulse affects the vehicle and any other technology within the square. All EDF saves must be made at a –4 penalty to the roll. All items are affected, even those that recently saved. Unlike techan EMP weapons, the Ion pulse spell affects TL1 technology as well.

Note: Though a negative version of this spell exists, it steals its effect from Attricana, and is thus suppressed in an antimagic field.

ION PULSE, GREATER

Evocation
Level: Wiz 4
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (200 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Effect: Ray
Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: None

As Ion pulse except the actual pulse is far greater. It still only affects a single target or a five-foot square but the EDF penalty increases to –6.

Ion Pulse, Mass

Evocation
Level: Wiz 5
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Effect: Area 20-ft-radius spread + 5 ft. /level
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: None

As Ion pulse except the pulse strikes a target and expands into a larger bubble, encompassing several targets at once.

Ion Pulse, Mass, Greater

Evocation
Level: Wiz 6
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (200 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Effect: Area 20-ft-radius spread + 5 ft. /level
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: None

As Ion pulse, greater, except the pulse expands into a larger bubble, encompassing several targets at once.

Mage's Sword

Evocation [Force]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Effect: One sword
Duration: 1 round/level (D)
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell brings into being a shimmering, sword-like plane of force. The sword strikes at any opponent within its range, as you desire, starting in the round that you cast the spell. The sword attacks its designated target once each round on your turn. Its attack bonus is equal to your caster level + your Int bonus with an additional +3 enhancement bonus. As a force effect, it can strike ethereal and incorporeal creatures. It deals 4d6+3 points of force damage, with a threat range of 19–20 and a critical multiplier of x2. The sword always strikes from your direction. It does not get a bonus for flanking or help a combatant get one. If the sword goes beyond the spell range from you, if it goes out of your sight, or if you are not directing it, the sword returns to you and hovers. Each round after the first, you can use a standard action to switch the sword to a new target. If you do not, the sword continues to attack the previous round's target. The sword cannot be attacked or harmed by physical attacks, but *dispel magic*, *disintegrate*, a *sphere of annihilation*, or a *rod of cancellation* affects it. The sword's AC is 13 (10, +0 size bonus for Medium object, +3 deflection bonus). If an attacked creature has spell resistance, the resistance is checked the first time *Mage's sword* strikes it. If the sword is successfully resisted, the spell is dispelled. If not, the sword has its normal full effect on that creature for the duration of the spell.

Location: One anchor for Mage's sword is hiding in an unlabeled book in Kirjath-Sepher. Attempts to find it with spellwork will fail. Only a few know where it is located. Others are located in Laudenia and Selmana.

Meteor Swarm

Evocation [Fire]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: S
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Long (400 ft. + 40 ft. /level)
Area: Four 40-ft.-radius spreads; see text
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None or Reflex half; see text
Spell Resistance: Yes

Meteor swarm is a very powerful and spectacular spell that is similar to *fireball* in many aspects. When you cast it, four 2-foot-diameter spheres spring from your outstretched hand and streak in straight lines to the spots you select. The meteor spheres leave a fiery trail of sparks. If you aim a sphere at a specific creature, you may make a ranged touch attack to strike the target with the meteor. Any creature struck by one of these spheres takes 2d6 points of bludgeoning damage (no save) and receives no saving throw against the sphere's fire damage (see below). If a targeted sphere misses its target, it simply explodes at the nearest corner of the target's space. You may aim more than one meteor at the same target.

Once a sphere reaches its destination, it explodes in a 40-foot-radius spread, dealing 6d6 points of fire damage to each creature in the area. If a creature is within the area of more than one sphere, it must save separately against each. (Fire resistance applies to each sphere's damage individually.)

Location: There are three known anchors for Meteor Swarm in the world, all embedded in Silver-coated Longswords. Lazarus in the mountain of Dracontia owns one. Another sits under lock and key in Castle Myre. The final was lost in a pagus raid against a Janoahn convoy. However, the pagus vanished on their return home and no one found them or their stolen treasure.

Mount Swiftness

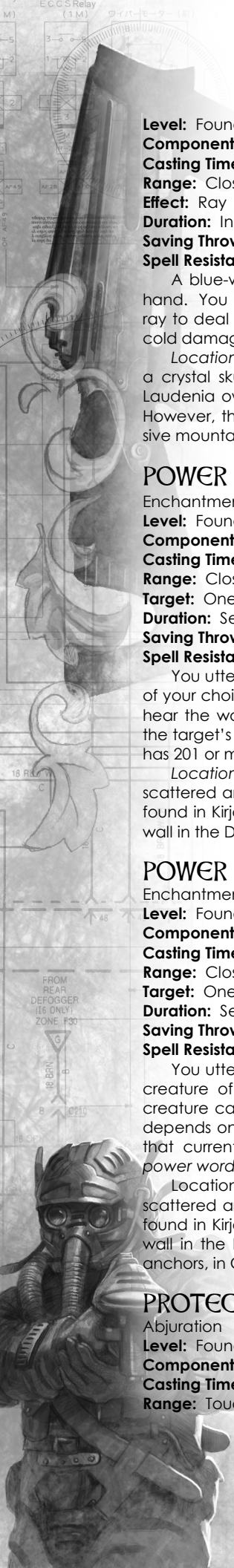
Enchantment
Level: Clr 1, Mag 1, Drd 1
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 minute
Range: Touch
Targets: 1 animal (mount) / level
Duration: 1 day
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Will negates (harmless)

The targeted mount (or any animal) can hustle at full speed without tiring. The animal may now hustle all day (though running still taxes it). Its stride is smooth and calm during this, exerting the mount and rider the same as if the beast was only walking. A heavy warhorse, for example, can traverse 80 miles/day if dedicated to a hustle). Only animals can be affected. Magical beasts, magical mounts or any creature with an intelligence more than 3 are unaffected by the spell. The spell lasts until the end of day, when an animal's need for sleep overrides any spell effects.

Animals (as their riders) are still hindered by an 8-hour travel day.

Polar Ray

Evocation [Cold]



Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Effect: Ray
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Yes

A blue-white ray of freezing air and ice springs from your hand. You must succeed on a ranged touch attack with the ray to deal damage to a target. The ray deals 1d6 points of cold damage per caster level (maximum 25d6).

Location: Although a few copies exist, all inscribed upon a crystal skull, all derive from one original. Both Myre and Laudenia own one, as does the Kuraukou Temple of Clouds. However, the original still sits inside a small keep atop a massive mountain guarded by Ice Dragons.

POWER WORD, BLIND

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Target: One creature with 200 hp or less
Duration: See text
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Yes

You utter a single word of power that causes one creature of your choice to become blinded, whether the creature can hear the word or not. The duration of the spell depends on the target's current hit point total. Any creature that currently has 201 or more hit points is unaffected by *power word blind*.

Location: More common than most, Power Words are scattered around the world. Like most Anchors, Blind can be found in Kirjath-Sepher. Blind can also be found etched on a wall in the Dracontia and, like most, in Castle Myre.

POWER WORD STUN

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind-Affecting]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: V
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Target: One creature with 150 hp or less
Duration: See text
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: Yes

You utter a single word of power that instantly causes one creature of your choice to become stunned, whether the creature can hear the word or not. The duration of the spell depends on the target's current hit point total. Any creature that currently has 151 or more hit points is unaffected by *power word stun*.

Location: More common than most, Power Words are scattered around the world. Like most anchors, Stun can be found in Kirjath-Sepher. Stun can also be found etched on a wall in the Dracontia, in a book in Mag-Farg and, like most anchors, in Castle Myre.

PROTECTION FROM SPELLS

Abjuration
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: M, F
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Touch
Targets: Up to one creature touched per four levels
Duration: 10 min. /level
Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)
Spell Resistance: Yes (harmless)

The subject gains a +8 resistance bonus on saving throws against spells and spell-like abilities (but not against supernatural and extraordinary abilities).

Material Component: A diamond of at least 500-gp value, which must be crushed and sprinkled over the targets.

Focus: One 1,000 gp diamond per creature to be granted the protection. Each subject must carry one such gem for the duration of the spell. If a subject loses the gem, the spell ceases to affect him.

Location: Anchors can be found in Kirjath-Sepher in a book and in Dracontia, inscribed on the back of Kelto the Wise. Rumors suggest it can also be found on a staff in the bottom deck of the Alkanost.

REVERSE GRAVITY

Transmutation
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft. /level)
Area: Up to one 10-ft. cube per two levels (S)
Duration: 1 round/level (D)
Saving Throw: None; see text
Spell Resistance: No

This spell reverses gravity in an area, causing all unattached objects and creatures within that area to fall upward and reach the top of the area in 1 round. If some solid object (such as a ceiling) is encountered in this fall, falling objects and creatures strike it in the same manner as they would during a normal downward fall. If an object or creature reaches the top of the area without striking anything, it remains there, oscillating slightly, until the spell ends. At the end of the spell duration, affected objects and creatures fall downward. Provided it has something to hold onto, a creature caught in the area can attempt a Reflex save to secure itself when the spell strikes. Creatures who can fly or levitate can keep themselves from falling.

Location: Only three golden feathers that carry this spell exist, all emerged from the creative minds at Laudenia. They use two; the third was stolen and is currently missing.

SCREEN

Illusion (Glamer)
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: V, S
Casting Time: 10 minutes
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Area: 30-ft. cube/level (S)
Duration: 24 hours
Saving Throw: None or Will disbelief (if interacted with); see text
Spell Resistance: No

This spell combines several elements to create a powerful protection from scrying and direct observation. When casting the spell, you dictate what will and will not be observed in the spell's area. The illusion created must be stated in general terms. Once the conditions are set, they cannot be changed. Attempts to scry the area automatically detect the image stated by you with no save allowed. Sight and sound are appropriate to the illusion created. Direct observation may allow a save (as per a normal illusion), if there is cause to disbelieve what is seen. Even entering the area does not cancel the illusion or necessarily allow a save, assuming that

hidden beings take care to stay out of the way of those affected by the illusion.

Location: This book was stolen from Torfin Gendron and was the first item taken into Castle Myre and locked away. However, Torfin created a backup but the book has been lost in the mage library. Keris Rifts apparently also held a copy.

SEQUESTER

Abjuration
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Touch
Target: One willing creature or object (up to a 2-ft. cube/level) touched
Duration: One day/level (D)
Saving Throw: None or Will negates (object)
Spell Resistance: No or Yes (object)

When cast, this spell not only prevents divination spells from working to detect or locate the creature or object affected by *sequester,* it also renders the affected creature or object invisible to any form of sight or seeing (as the *invisibility* spell). The spell does not prevent the subject from being discovered through tactile means or through the use of devices. Creatures affected by *sequester* become comatose and are effectively in a state of suspended animation until the spell wears off or is dispelled.

Note: The Will save prevents an attended or magical object from being *sequestered. T*here is no save to see the *sequestered* creature or object or to detect it with a divination spell.

Location: The only known location of this anchor is on a section of wall of a gimfen grind tower. However, which wall and which tower is only known by a few Gimfen.

SPELL TURNING

Abjuration
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: M/DF
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Personal
Target: You
Duration: Until expended or 10 min. /level

Spells and spell-like effects targeted on you are turned back upon the original caster. The abjuration turns only spells that have you as a target. Effect and area spells are not affected. *Spell turning* also fails to stop touch range spells. From seven to ten (1d4+6) spell levels are affected by the turning. The exact number is rolled secretly. When you are targeted by a spell of higher level than the amount of spell turning you have left, that spell is partially turned. The subtract the amount of spell turning left from the spell level of the incoming spell, then divide the result by the spell level of the incoming spell to see what fraction of the effect gets through. For damaging spells, you and the caster each take a fraction of the damage. For non-damaging spells, each of you has a proportional chance to be affected. If you and a spellcasting attacker are both warded by *spell turning* effects in operation, a resonating field is created. Roll randomly to determine the result.

d%	Effect
01–70	Spell drains away without effect.
71–80	Spell affects both of you equally at full effect.
81–00	Both turning effects are rendered nonfunctional for 1d4 minutes.

Arcane Material Component: A small silver mirror.

Location: Inscribed in a traditional spellbook called the "The Art of Arcane Thaumaturgy," this anchor is locked in a secret library in Kirjath-Sepher. Other copies of the book are sealed in Myre and Laudenia.

STATUE

Transmutation
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 round
Range: Touch
Target: Creature touched
Duration: 1 hour/level (D)
Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)
Spell Resistance: Yes (harmless)

A *statue* spell turns the subject to solid stone, along with any garments and equipment worn or carried. In statue form, the subject gains hardness 8. The subject retains its own hit points. The subject can see, hear, and smell normally, but it does not need to eat or breathe. Feeling is limited to those sensations that can affect the granite-hard substance of the individual's body. Chipping is equal to a mere scratch, but breaking off one of the statue's arms constitutes serious damage. The subject of a *statue* spell can return to its normal state, act, and then return instantly to the statue state (a free action) if it so desires, as long as the spell duration is in effect.

Location: The original Statue anchor is found in a hidden compartment in the Statue of Torfin Gendron in Kirjath-Sepher. The laudenians claim they created the original on a statue of Alkanost. Lazarus claims they are both wrong. He won't explain why.

SUMMON NATURE'S ALLY

These druid spells either call creatures native to the ethereal realm or form them from the ground. They are not pulled in from outer planes and have no knowledge of their life before being "created." Only druids know for certain the details of this spell and some of them are honestly fuzzy on the details.

SYMBOL OF WEAKNESS (NEGATIVE)

Necromancy
Level: Foundation Spell

This spell functions like *symbol of death*, except that every creature within 60 feet of a *symbol of weakness* instead suffers crippling weakness that deals 3d6 points of Strength damage. Unlike *symbol of death*, *symbol of weakness* has no hit point limit; once triggered, a *symbol of weakness* simply remains active for 10 minutes per caster level.

Note: Magic traps such as *symbol of weakness* are hard to detect and disable. A Thief (only) can use the Search skill to find a *symbol of weakness* and Disable Device to thwart it. The DC in each case is 25 + spell level, or 32 for *symbol of weakness*.

Material Component: Mercury and phosphorus, plus powdered diamond and opal with a total value of at least 5,000 gp.

Location: The only known anchors hides in books in Piotre Raczik's library and on a dragon tooth in Azhi Dahaka, guarded by one of the dragon lords.

TEMPORAL STASIS

Transmutation
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: M
Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Touch
Target: Creature touched
Duration: Permanent
Saving Throw: Fortitude negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

You must succeed on a melee touch attack. You place the subject into a state of suspended animation. For the creature, time ceases to flow and its condition becomes fixed. The creature does not grow older. Its body functions virtually cease, and no force or effect can harm it. This state persists until the magic is removed (such as by a successful *dispel magic* spell or a *freedom* spell).

Material Component: A powder composed of diamond, emerald, ruby, and sapphire dust with a total value of at least 5,000 gp.

Location: This anchor can be found in Laudenia, Kirjath-Sepher, and Hardstone Sig. All are in spellbooks.

TIME STOP

Transmutation
Level: Foundation spell
Components: V
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Personal
Target: You
Duration: 1d4+1 rounds (apparent time); see text

This spell seems to make time cease to flow for everyone but you. In fact, you speed up so greatly that all other creatures seem frozen, though they are actually still moving at their normal speeds. You are free to act for 1d4+1 rounds of apparent time. Normal and magical fire, cold, gas, and the like can still harm you. While the *time stop* is in effect, other creatures are invulnerable to your attacks and spells; you cannot target such creatures with any attack or spell. A spell that affects an area and has a duration longer than the remaining duration of the *time stop* have their normal effects on other creatures once the *time stop* ends. Most spellcasters use the additional time to improve their defenses, summon allies, or flee from combat. You cannot move or harm items held, carried, or worn by a creature stuck in normal time, but you can affect any item that is not in another creature's possession.

You are undetectable while *time stop* lasts. You cannot enter an area protected by an *antimagic field* while under the effect of *time stop.*

Location: Time Stop can only be found on a scepter. Rumors say the single item is held by Selman the Titan himself. He promises retribution for anyone that copies it without his permission. However, stories abound that Lazarus and Lara Alkanost have copies on similar artifacts.

WAIL OF THE BANSHEE (NEGATIVE)

Necromancy [Death, Sonic]
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: —
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. /2 levels)
Area: One living creature/level within a 40-ft.-radius spread
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Fortitude negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

You emit a terrible scream that kills creatures that hear it (except for yourself). Creatures closest to the point of origin are affected first.

Location: Like almost all Necromancy spells, Wail of the Banshee can be found in the Necrosea. The necromancer Evanec Madrog created it and inscribed the spell in a Laudenian's breastbone. Apparently, the tenenbri have one as well, deep in Vakai.

Master Chen told me there was a hidden spell known only to Dragons. A single symbol carried a word associated to Amethyst's true name. I suspected that the greatest Dragon would not carry such a simple name as Amethyst. Evidently, only a few dragons knew Amethyst's true name and only Amethyst himself held the symbol that carried the spell associated with that name. An old legend tells it was imparted to Lazarus, the greatest living dragon. However Lazarus apparently refuses to acknowledge the legend and has never given any indication to knowing it. Apparently, the name itself, when spoken, conjures no power. Like all arcane spells, it requires study and possession of the symbol. When asked what the spell could do, Chen smiled and replied, "The only other time it was uttered, a million demons vaporized and a mountain fell on Ixindar."

I never did ask how Chen knew that.



The five of them sat in a dim sum sit restaurant packed at only thirty people but offered them some privacy for conversation. The double glass doors kept out the noise well enough. The tables were cheap wood with cheaper chairs with no cushions. The tea was colored lukewarm water in plastic glasses. The menus were all in Asian. Thankfully, Aiden was proficient enough to muddle through the ordering. He did so rather than ask for an English translation since those prices were always higher.

"So yes, Chen was still able to confirm the Torfin connection." Aiden spat out through a mouthful of fried pork.

"It's Stormcage, then?" Mahan asked. Aiden nodded as he swallowed. "So, take it to the artifact library, drop it for a pouch of the finest gold or, if you're feeling especially adventurous, travel to Kirjath Sepher and return it to the mages…maybe even fetch more money for it."

"For the money?" Aiden replied, surprised at the sudden apparent change of heart.

"Both places post rewards for it, we wouldn't be ransoming it." Mahan was less impressed with the quality of the food but tackled it anyway. Minx's meals were far superior. The only thing that stopped Mischa's appetite was the plate. "Their finder fees are just that and they are more than happy to part with them."

"No," Aiden started, then corrected, "I mean yes, but David says it's more. You're right, all Torfin did was add prestige."

"True. And yes, this book is required. I am only implying after. Obviously, we cannot keep this item. It belongs in study."

When more food arrived, the group was without a second round. The servers were all swamped. Mahan left to do it himself. They all asked for water, except Mischa, who added, “make it burning.” Mahan looked confused, but nodded, and left. “That’s a test for ‘em.”

“Burning water?” Aiden asked.

“Local flavor.” Mischa smiled. “So, David Tong Chen.” He emphasized the David. “Not exactly the name of the wisest *human* voice in Genai I expected, but I like him.”

“It seemed so.”

“Carries himself well.”

Raven finally broke her silence. “For an old man.”

“No,” Mischa corrected, “for a warrior.” She furrowed her brow to him, silently confused. “Gotta start seeing past the top layer, elf.”

Mahan returned with the water. He handed them out in the order in which he remembered. Mischa swigged his back aggressively, but looked notably disappointed in the result. Mahan sipped and spat his out onto the floor.

“Mischa,” he grumbled and handed the drink to the ranger. They traded.

“Felt the vodka was too tame,” Mischa answered.

“You were remarking on Chen,” said Aiden.

Mischa nudged to Mahan. “You noticed it, cleric?”

“About Chen?” Mahan replied.

“Could you defeat him combat?”

“Heavens no.”

“Seriously?” Aiden shot up.

“I am trained as a proficient master in Tjakalele and Bajiquan, so I know how to size an opponent. Either that man has magic to deceive us, or he has a physical discipline I have never seen. He’s probably a grand master. Minx is probably his student. You never notice this?”

Aiden thought about it but could only give his epitaph. “I read a lot.”

“That’s going on your grave, Mage,” said Mischa.

Aiden laughed. They all enjoyed a few moments of food amongst the noise of the parade outside, then Aiden leaned forward. “All of you, I can’t enforce any obligation. This task befalls me alone. My responsibility. Ignoring assumptions, you are not required to accompany me. I need to know.”

“As said,” said Raven first, “a loyal sword at your side, until this is concluded.”

“Despite the fact you are all much more interesting than my past travelling companions,” Mahan volunteered, “that amulet and this book we now seek is of a great importance. Others in my field would climb over my corpse for the privilege of its pursuit.”

“Mischa?” Aiden asked.

“Don’t bother asking if your ego is that fragile.”

“Very well.”

“Don’t make a lot of friends, do you Mischa,” Mahan asked.

“I have but one purpose left, if it takes a month, a decade, or until I am feeble in body, I will pursue it. This is the closest I have been to an answer since beginning this hunt. Friendships fog the journey. Not saying I would risk my life to save those I travel with, that’s just etiquette. Like when I travelled with that rolling brothel.”

“Rolling brothel? Where?” Aiden asked.

“Looking for prospects?” Mischa teased. “It was on the Sarris Road, out of Appareci. Ten cabins trains, five trains. Whenever they got close to Xixion, kobolds would always rear their head. Bad for business. I rode along for two months, given free bed for the sword.”

“Just the bed, eh?” Mahan taunted.

“I have many vices, cleric, wasting coins on that is not one of them. Besides, the stocks were quite worn, if you catch me.”

“Disgusting,” Raven whispered, more at the idea, rather than the conversation. “Slaves?”

“No, these were free elves—”

“Elves!?” said Aiden.

“High priced considering their condition if you ask me. But their exotic, immune to disease, sterile unless bonded. Never understood the fascination, just because their ears are pointed. All of them to, chaparrans, tenenbri, gimfen,” Mischa winked at Raven, “damaskans. I heard the elves of wood are wild under the sheets,” Mischa continued. “Correction, don't even use the sheets, if I recount correctly.”

“Don't summarize an entire species based upon tavern tales less we expect them to do the same,” Mahan countered.

“Don't they? They assume us all monkey men, furry chests and furious tempers. Remember, mankind accounts for many creeds and colors. Elf breeds are a singular race in traditions and stereotypes. Met a dark skin tenenbri or a blonde haired laudenian? And where might they be?

“Exceptions occur,” Mahan replied. “I've met a civil chaparran, a timid tenenbri. They exist.”

“Not in great enough numbers to denounce the cliché. Go to any brothel with such variety. Guaranteed, the keeper claims all chaparrans to be feral, like animals. All tenenbri to be forceful and aggressive, very loud...common knowledge to those who listen.”

“What do they say about damaskans?” Raven asked. “These brothel owners whom who carry such confidence in?” They all looked at her. Mischa’s smile crept slowly onto his face. She smirked back. “I am legitimately curious.”

“Never actually talked to...I never paid for such pleasure in my life. Never had to.” He lied.

“Wasn't my question—”

"They're boring...demure...quiet...hardly a peep, reserved only for those looking for simplicity." Raven nodded and rose from the chair slowly, grabbing her water.

“Raven?” Aiden asked. She ignored him, still with her slight smirk, and turned to leave.

“It was a simple conversation,” Mischa defended. “Should we not be honest with our mind? I thought the open word was worshipped by her people—another summarization of a species and a correct one, you won't deny. It’s not like I fancied about their preferred positions.”

Raven spun around to face them. “Chaparrans, by a whole, prefer from behind...to coin a phrase. Tenenbri prefer sitting up, face to face. Laudenians seldom break from nature's preference, though they often remain clothed.” The table was taken back at the brutal statement, except for Mischa, who taunted back.

“And what of damaskans?”

“Not sure...have to ask one someday. Good evening,” she said, turned, and left. The three men watched her leave. She did so gracefully.

“Wow,” said Mischa to her distant back.

Aiden exhaled. “She's like that all the time.”



LIFE IN AMETHYST

The rules presented in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

ATTRICANA

The fey debated and disagreed about the origin of the white gate many times over the entire span of the evolution, rise, and fall, of humanity. They believed the dragons knew more than they cared to reveal. Is it alive? How did it form? Who formed it or was its appearance happenstance?

Millions of years passed and the fey grew no closer to answers. If the dragons knew, they kept their secrets private. Many claimed ignorance, but all shared one belief: Amethyst knew. Yet, the wise ancient one revealed nothing, not even to his brother of shared blood, Lazarus, not even to his loyal mate, Jathada. The star hung and created the world they all embraced.

Attricana fell under heavy scrutiny when man entered the equation. Methods of madness, proclaimed with loud voices from those of science, insisted on understanding this gate. More risky endeavors attempted to do the same into the blackness of Ixindar though those are only rumors recounted by travelers from the bastion of Porto. In fact, only these accounts across the ocean offer any hope to those in Canam about attempts to stave off the disruption of their way of life. As technology increases, the rate of disruption amplifies accordingly, but there rests a certain point when technology may be able to fight back. The rumors persist with no evidence and the bastions may crumble with their failing technology long before reaching this level. However, the reports trickling in did support a theory that the EDF originates only from Attricana, not from Ixindar. What Ixindar ejects is far more sinister. It corrupts everything like a cancer. In one sweeping move, upon landfall, Ixindar turned a million fey to its side. This corruption continued until its burial and resumed when unearthed later.

Unfortunately, the events leading up to the uncovering of Ixindar and the eventual return of Attricana is marred in mystery. The only ones aware of said history are short-lived humans, more interested in survival rather than recording events, and the emerging demons and pagus, not known for their verbose conversations.

Bastions seldom refer to Attricana or Ixindar by their echan names, initially preferring the more simple white and black gates. Eventually, as scientific observation continued, the term gate found itself replaced by the more accurate tear, which remains today. Though some experiments found limited success quantifying and understanding the processes

emanating from Attricana, most from techa still find themselves dumbfounded by the white star hanging in the sky.

In 995 AE, Dr. Daihan Taiko rediscovered two remaining mirrors placed on Luna by ancient terran explorers. By utilizing Angel's most powerful neodymium laser at the Fukabari research facility, Dr. Taiko attempted to measure the white tear's effect on the Moon. His results did not match his observations leading him to the conclusion that the tear affected the laser's trajectory. He soon dedicated his work to examining the process of the disruption the tear forces upon quantum physics. Returning to the Fukabari laser, Taiko fired the beam directly at the tear in hopes of receiving back a reflection. He did so but the resulting beam exhibited strange qualities and was significantly reduced.

His continued work now stressed the possibility that the tear can be quantified but a rethinking of particle physics must be addressed. In the last beluga flight to Porto in 999 AE, the Doctor presented his findings to the crew in hopes of a dialogue with the overseas bastion. The ship's own captain oversaw his work and handed the paper back.

Taiko recounted the captain's response in his latest book, Quantum Void. "We know this, it breaks the law of wave-particle duality. It's a paradox…a third type."

EARTH

The world once went by the name Terros, similar in vernacular to the Latin word Terra. It dates from the beginning of Amethyst's emergence (or landfall, depending on the legend) to the falling of the first hammer, where the planet fell back under control of science. Magic's influence on the world is mostly chaotic and random though certain rules seem to always stay in effect. Magic does not disrupt magnetic fields or the basic rules for biology for evolved life forms to stay alive. It was mentioned previously that certain chemical elements alter, and that although not destructive to evolved life, it does retard the progress of natural selection.

Terros does not date back to the formation of the planet but may only have occurred in the last few million years before impact. This explains the relative normal development of reptilian and mammal life in fossil records throughout ancient history. Further, since fey developed rather slowly, they did not reach a point of creating materials capable of surviving 65 million years of erosion and decay. Any other evidence disappeared when the magic dissipated. Even the bodies of these new creatures fell to dust in time after death, another odd feature of those birthed by magic. After only a few years, every remnant of what magic created was gone. Everything else escaped into the gate, in deep slumber, hoping for a chance to return.

This magical saturation extended not only to the creatures on the land but in every atom of the entire planet. The reduced viscosity between the asthenosphere and lithosphere of the Earth increased plate tectonics, encouraging continental drift. At this point, Pangaea had already broken up into its respective subcontinents.

During this relative short time geologically, the rates of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes increased. Intensified orogeny resulted in a greater formation of mountains. It is now believed the volcanic activity during that time was ten times any other point in recorded history. Great fissures in the earth opened and were claimed as a keep by many servants of the flame or the darkness. Throughout this time, the active world did not overly threaten the populations living on the surface. Volcanoes erupted but never to the massive destructive extent as later explosions at Taupo, Toba, or Vesuvius. Loss of life did occur and it is rumored more than a few races with promise fell asleep one night and vanished under ash come morning. An old legend once claimed the goblin population was almost totally wiped out even before the hammer fell when a plinian eruption at a stratovolcano known then as Divinus blew fragments, deadly gas, and ash across them.

Despite recent intense detonations at mount Krakatoa, Santorini, and Tambora, man's time alone on Earth passed by in relative calm. After the second hammer and the return of Attricana, plate tectonics increased again. Several large volcanoes erupted violently, having held back their potential until encouraged. The amplified turmoil destroyed every last fragment of mankind's presence. This process continued for nearly a century. Harsh winds washed across skies. Earthquakes ripped the ground apart. The only evidence of this havoc is detailed in The Final Word of Echan Influence on Geochronology by Marikarma. In the book, the single named Marikama explicated how magic disturbed the calm status of the globe with increasing the rate of seafloor spreading. This and other influences cleaned the Earth of almost every remaining fragment of man's society. Marikama also brought up one point:

Calculating the rate of destruction and the amount of alteration to the climate and the geography of earth, I have come to an unforeseen conclusion. The increased tectonic activity occurs from altered gravity fields and reduced basal and slab friction along the plates. The sudden torrent of enchantment that proclaimed the opening of the gate was akin to a bursting dam, flooding the world in excess before reaching the level most swim comfortably in now. This great deluge resulted in a massive schism worldwide, causing more loss of life across the globe.

Even this increase does not explain the total washing of all evidence of the human footprint upon the globe. Not even 100 years of flood, winds, volcanoes, and earthquakes could account the total erasure of every building or every foot of road. Little survived with the most prized possessions being a handful of books found surrounded by computers long neutralized. My confusion deals with these said books along with a few other artifacts that survived from the old time. These relics are few in number, never larger than a clothes hamper. They also all weathered badly. Is this all that remains of old man? I believe mankind had already reduced his technological footprint either by will or forced upon them by some great war or natural disaster before the impact finished the job.

There are other theories including a fault in my own experiments or a dating error between the opening of Ixindar and the follow-up by Attricana. Evidence is hard to come by dealing with this era. This question may forever be unanswered.

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The Final Word of Echan Influence on Geochronology

As he said, there is little evidence at that period of time detailing the events. All that is known is the result. Mankind was left to rebuild from scratch with only their acquired intelligence from millions of years of trial and error to fall back on. Though the continents shifted slightly, and the mountains grew taller, overall, the planet was still closer to man's age then to that of Terros. The planet is covered by more flowering plants than before. Most animals had changed via millions of years of evolution, not counting the thousands that died with the first impact (the extinction of the dinosaurs being the most obvious example). Mankind did possess an advantage over the fey with more familiarity with the terrain, greater numbers,

as well as increased skill in material fabrication and building construction.

Although the volcanoes and earthquakes eventually subsided, they never reached a level of calm like mankind was blessed with the thousands of years prior. New mountains taller and more dangerous had sprouted. Some rivers dried to dust while others bloated. Cliffs rose higher while valleys sank deeper. Fossil fuel deposits shifted. Some sank to the crushing depths while others exploded upon the surface. Whatever damage centuries of pollution had caused was erased in this time. Temperature variations were not too different than they were before man embraced industry with no regard for its harmful side effects. It is truly possible that nature took back the world from man for his sins against it. But as many bastions are repeating the same mistakes, the world around stays silent.

RELIGION

A common belief in many religions claimed the Almighty wrote the rules of the universe everyone now follows. Some say the only way to hear this voice is beyond the grave. Some also say the Almighty exists in the flotsam that keeps the universe from flying apart. Others think he lives within Attricana, and/or he may be the realm itself. Some others say he is a they, hundreds if not thousands of spirits or gods that watch us from an identical world on the other side.

There is no right or wrong answer.

With the push of magic upon the normal existence of man, a wave of new religious movements swept globally. Religion stands for more than just a focus for magic, a shortcut for those not wanting to read draconic. Religion offers hope and order in a world seemingly on the brink of destruction. It promises a plan stemmed from intelligence, that everything happens for a reason. As Earth falls more towards the realms of magic and enchantment, many more flocked to religion to answer their questions. In this age, miracles occur. Worshippers find proof of god everywhere.

After over 6 billion people died after the Second Hammer, the religions that survived found little reason to fight over conviction. All treasures in idol and land fell to dust or sank under the ground. Many smaller faiths died with their populations. When Attricana opened, newer beliefs arrived with newer populations. A few humans embraced these faiths while some fey embraced human ideology, although the latter was much rarer.

Many religions embraced the dragons as their focus. This is understandable given their immense power. Those not embracing dragons, those worshiping a supreme being, still wait to hear that voice aloud. God or Gods remain as quiet and as elusive as before. Or maybe they scream at the top of their lungs and mortals simply cannot hear. The majority of most religions on Earth are monotheistic (single god); few are polytheistic.

It should be noted, with the exception of the bastion of Motego, the majority of all bastion populations are atheist. Outside of the walls, the percentage drops sharply, but not completely. Almost 40% of all humans in echa also don't subscribe to any specific faith, though almost all attribute some spirituality to the world.

Note: There are no restrictions on domain choices, unlike standard D&D. The DM is encouraged to exercise caution when players choose domains and players should be able to justify their domain choices and if they properly honor the religion they are attached to. No deities in Amethyst have domain recommendations and do not have weapon preferences.

ECHAN FAITHS

AMETHYST

Amethyst's form fell to dust when Gebermach plunged the Sword of Dogurasu into his heart. Many believe his spirit lives in the Gate, waiting for the time to return. In many ways, faiths in Amethyst or Attricana are interchangeable. Subtle differences appear in the symbols and the domain choices. Amethyst represents all things good. He believes in creation and order. He frowns on destruction and war.

In Canam sits an ancient temple as old as the second hammer. Its exact location has been lost to all but a select few. Mentioned in the Gospel of Greka, the temple stands atop a mountain, surrounded by a fortress of stone. Only a few know of the significance of this temple but do refer to it as the Temple of Amethyst. As a result, those following the faith pray to eventually be able to locate it. Every decade or so, a crusade begins with as few as five or as many as five thousand to search the continent for this fabled temple. With little to work on, no crusade has succeeded.

> *Only when one truly needs to find it, will it be found. The forest of the hand points the way. Seek the spine of the earth and follow to its base. Find the towers of ten and climb to the peak. Atop, sits the moment of death and rebirth for the greatest of us and for the entire world.*
>
> *Gospel of Greka*

The symbol of Amethyst is a chunk of the Amethyst rock. To pray to Amethyst, worshipers place the stone to their forehead and repeat a draconic chant four times in different directions. Many elvish races worship Amethyst.

ATTRICANA

Like Amethyst, followers of Attricana believe in creation and despise evil in all forms. Unlike other religions, Attricana does not equate intelligence. Believing in Attricana translates to believing in a creation beyond science but not necessarily with a conscious design. Attricana followers consider their faith more a study of creation, the closest thing to a science echans have.

Others of faith accuse followers of Attricana as infidels, disbelievers finding a shortcut around faith to channel the same power. Worshiping Attricana proves that faith in an intelligent divinity is not required to channel the same powers. Some more right wing religious groups have sworn to crucify followers of Attricana for betraying god's gifts. Across the ocean, an entire culture has developed with a population of Attricana channeling atheists. When one following Attricana gains wisdom, he believes it derives from an internal source, not from some divine creator. Worshipping would be an incorrect word to even describe it.

The Attricana symbol is an amulet of the white star itself. Followers do not exactly pray, but stare at the gate in the morning, studying it, and gaining power from internal meditation. Being of no intelligence, Attricana is simply neutral. Many minor fey races and good spawn species worship Attricana.

DRAGONS

Many followers worship dragons. It's not difficult to believe as they are the most powerful creatures on the planet, they are immortal, and they predate all others by millions of years. Most dragons refuse such responsibility, frowning on such belief. Others accept and respect such faith but remain humble to their mortal origins. A few embraced the belief and main-

tain active roles in the lives of their worshippers. Evil dragons manipulate this belief to create hordes of followers to do their bidding. All dragon symbols resemble the dragon specifically being worshipped. Praying involves bowing to the symbol placed upon the ground. Dragons are worshipped across the world but primarily among the lower Intelligence races.

Erufu

Many elves still worship their original faith, the creator of all things, Erufu-the Mother of all Fey. They believe Erufu lives in the Shadow realm where the Universe was formed. Attricana, to them, is a source of power, but not a source of God. According to legend, Erufu released the fey to worlds through the tears. Hundreds of worlds across the universe possess their own variation of fey species. Demons are fey brought into the world from the black gate and Erufu legend explains that both tap into the same resource. However, Mengus is no god and there is no dark opposite of Erufu in the faith. The concept of hell is purely a human invention.

Another variation claims Erufu was willed into existence by the God of all matter, Oaken, to be his mate. Together, they would create a species bound of both their strengths to populate the universe. Most believers of Erufu ascertain the two gods emerged bound as one united with two different personalities and of equal strength while a few admit Erufu to be from Oaken's divine loins but grew to equal power. Their first child would be a demigod, who would later give knowledge to the fey to learn technology, a knowledge forbidden to them. For this sin, the demigod was stripped of its gender and its name, lost to history.

Between the time of the demigod and the sin, the two gods formed the original fey. They seeded billions if not trillions of fey in Erufu's womb, only letting a fraction upon the worlds they chose. This womb is a spiritual chamber in the ethereal realm known as Otsharus (obviously an echalogical transition to the Hebrew word, Otzar). Although fey may give birth to their own, the number of Fey souls released from Otsharus is fixed and when it is emptied, the species will no longer expand into new worlds. Nothing is listed in the books on Erufu about mankind except one controversial excerpt removed from the current version that claimed every human born steals a soul from Otsharus and the reason for the fey devolution is due to the dwindling souls in the chamber. Oaken priests insist this is untrue. Fanatical laudenian and tenenbri priests only hold this belief. Demons also use fey souls, another reason why their destruction is paramount with followers of Erufu. Mengus, once believed to be a fey, according to Erufu faith, channeled dark powers and grew in strength, hoping to gain immortality and godhood. Oaken made the dragons but Erufu always wanted the fey to rule the world, and eventually, the universe.

The clerical symbol of Erufu is a string of white pearls wrapped around one's arm. Praying involves a wide variety of chants in one's native tongue while rubbing the pearls between open palms. This procedure takes as much as an hour every morning. All believe that Erufu resembles the first fey that walked the Earth. Every Fey Descendant culture makes her/him look like themselves. All depictions show Erufu graceful and tall. The only fey not worshipping Erufu are most tenenbri and narros. The majority of tilen also do not worship Erufu.

Ixindar

Opposite of Attricana, Ixindar believes in an ordered, uniform existence, everything under complete control. There lives no intelligent design to anything. Everything corrodes, everything falls apart, everything collapses, and everything dies. To believe in Ixindar means to encourage a state where the universe no longer changes. Worshippers obsess about control and usually impose the laws of the land. They don't preach their faith; they wish to enforce it. Their homes are perfectly organized. Though they may not wish to create a world devoid of life, they do believe a perfect society involves perfect order with absolute discipline without the pesky distractions of imagination, emotions, or independent thought.

Like Attricana, Ixindar possesses no intelligence, only an ideal. Worshipping Ixindar, like Attricana, may be incorrect wording. There is no deity, more the disciplined study of the phenomenon. Though not channeling powers, some of the most loyal followers of Ixindar are scientists, thinking Ixindar possesses a uniform, constant, and stable power source to help retake the planet for techa. Many initial clerics of Ixindar started as scientists corrupted to its obsessive cause to control everything.

The symbol for Ixindar is a simple black pearl, featureless. Being of no intelligence, Ixindar is simply evil.

Mecha / Machine God

Only the gimfen worship Mecha or Machine God. Not even the most technological advanced cultures recognize any intelligent power behind their technology. Gimfen subscribe to the idea that technology is passed down by a powerful deity beyond the gate that offers this precious knowledge to a blessed few. Only by worshipping the Machine God can technology be safely used alongside magic. Given that, gimfen believe that most bastions fight against the word of Mecha and can solve all their problems with a simple belief in their almighty.

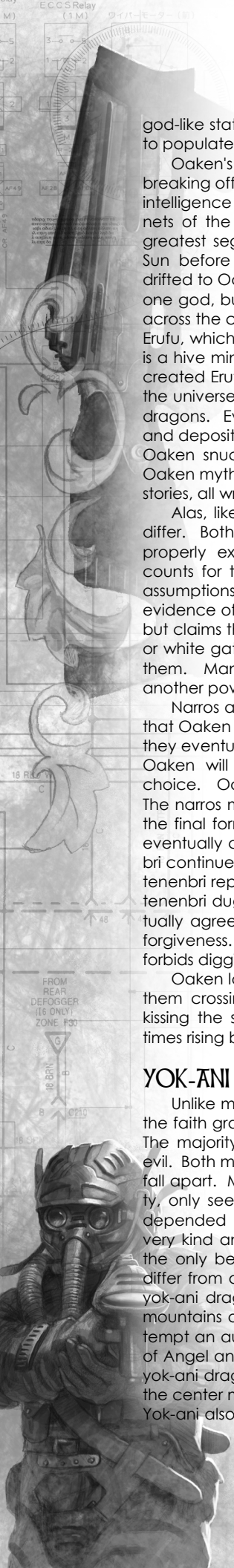
Gimfen believe that Mecha formed as a child from Erufu and Oaken and became so powerful that it began questioning the form of the universe. The parents forbade their child from giving precious knowledge to the fey, but it did so anyway. In response, Erufu took away Mecha's true name and Oaken robbed it of its gender. Mecha would only be a half-god. Though some devout followers have become eunuchs, this is not widely endorsed. Mecha's symbols are tools, any tools. Everything the mechanic uses is laid out in the morning and the devout thanks god for the tools and the knowledge, picking up every single item and expressing gratitude for its existence. For gimfen, known to have many tools, this sometimes takes half the morning before any work is done. This is popular for gimfen that are not even clerics. Churches in gimfen communities are shops where followers can discuss their god and faith and pick up a few tools at a good price.

Mengus

The spirit still exists inside the Black gate. Like Amethyst and Attricana, Mengus and the Black gate of Ixindar are virtually interchangeable. Worshippers of Mengus itself believe in an overall plan for the world. The biggest difference between Mengus and Ixindar is that Mengus plots to combine the universe into a unifying state under his control. Those who worship hope to share in his power, to combine with a greater intelligence and be one with a god given form. The Mengus symbol is a collection of tentacles curling around each other. Mengus is the sole deity of all fiends.

Oaken

Narros believe Oaken came before Erufu. The spirit of the Earth and all matter birthed Erufu to be his mate. In that regard, narros believe Erufu to be female and Oaken male. The narros believe in Erufu but only as a servant though one with



god-like status. The two gods then went about deciding how to populate the universe.

Oaken's myth claimed he arrived into this galaxy by breaking off a monstrous intelligence billions of years ago. This intelligence had no name but scattered to form all the planets of the universe Fey would eventually appear on. The greatest segment drifted into the loose particles around the Sun before the planets were formed and the matter that drifted to Oaken formed the Earth. In this regard, Oaken is not one god, but hundreds, thousands, or even millions scattered across the cosmos. Either one or all of them together created Erufu, which is only a single creature. Some speculate Oaken is a hive mind, a combined gestalt of all the fragments. They created Erufu and both decided to spawn the populations of the universe. However, Erufu wanted fey and Oaken wanted dragons. Eventually, Erufu and Oaken created the Otsharus and deposited the fey across the many worlds Oaken formed. Oaken snuck dragons on a few of them as a pet project. Oaken mythos does not include Mecha except for one or two stories, all written by Mecha disciples.

Alas, like many religions, the dogma of Erufu and Oaken differ. Both of them feature inconsistencies. Erufu does not properly explain dragon creations and Oaken never accounts for the clerics of Mecha. Both of them make huge assumptions on other fey species outside of the Earth with no evidence of their existence. Oaken dogma includes Otsharus but claims the souls from this great chamber exit via the black or white gates and thus both fey, pagus, and demons all use them. Man is innocent in this and receive their souls from another power altogether.

Narros and tenenbri (the highest ratio of believers) believe that Oaken tests the fey on his soil. If they don't prove worthy, they eventually de-evolve to dust. If all the fey eventually die, Oaken will verify to Erufu that dragons were the correct choice. Oddly enough, dragons do not believe in Oaken. The narros mythology contends that Oaken never agreed on the final form of the fey and since Erufu disliked dragons, he eventually created the narros as his favorite children. Tenenbri continue this belief by saying that though narros came first, tenenbri represent the new preferred form. Narros believe the tenenbri dug too deep and were cursed. Some tenenbri actually agree with this judgment and pray to Oaken daily for forgiveness. Because Oaken lives deep underground, he forbids digging too deep into his realm.

Oaken loves picks and hammers and his symbol is each of them crossing against an unrefined rock. To pray involves kissing the soil and chanting straight into the ground, often times rising back up with dirt on one's lips.

YOK-ANI

Unlike most other dragons, yok-ani accepted and respect the faith granted them. They believe in nothing but balance. The majority of them believe in endorsing neither good nor evil. Both must exist in equilibrium, else the universe itself could fall apart. Many yok-ani do understand that evil, by a majority, only seeks to destroy their opposite and thus cannot be depended upon to maintain stability. Most yok-ani are still very kind and benevolent. A few enforce pure neutrality as the only belief. The demands they place on their followers differ from other dragons. Most followers seldom even see a yok-ani dragon. Most of them live across the planet in the mountains of Kuraukou. One is said to live in Canam. To attempt an audience requires a disciple to infiltrate the bastion of Angel and enter the subdivision of Genai, named after the yok-ani dragon rumored to live there. The massive temple at the center marks the focus of the faith on the entire continent. Yok-ani also despise unnecessary violence and believe drawing the sword to be the last alternative. As a standard rule, no followers of yok-ani can initialize first strike in combat. If they win initiative, they cannot strike on their first round. The enemy must attempt to strike first. Hit or no hit, the apostle can then respond. They can elect to commit a ready action.

Disciples must be able to speak Asian. The yok-ani symbol is the dragon shape, snaking around a staff or sword hilt. Praying to yok-ani involves striking the sword or staff into the ground and singing, in Asian, a poem declaring one's faith to the belief.

HUMAN FAITHS

It should be noted that the following pages are extremely small summaries of extremely complex religions and belief systems. One choosing a "real" faith should research the details of the religion and make sure they understand the demands put forth. Don't insult half the world for not doing your own research.

CHINESE FOLK RELIGION

Also known as Chinese Traditional Religion, this encompasses a vast amount of practices including Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. It involves the worship of animals, deities, the sun, the moon, and the stars (although the latter has depressed somewhat in recent centuries). This also includes the worship of legends, ancestors, gods, goddesses, and demigods. In all, there are hundreds of different figures for followers to worship. These include the Jade Emperor, Cai Shen, Tu Di Gong, Hu Yi and Zau Shen.

The idea begins with a concept that a mirror of Earth floats beyond Heaven, where a social hierarchy exists in which all these spirits, gods, and legends live in peace and war. They often clashed over control of what once was called China. In the modern world, although China no longer exists, the descendants, along with immigrants from other Asian cultures in Slav, formed Svenkayna. The majority adopted variations of this religion. Hundreds of temples dot the landscape and the religion appears across the world. The biggest change involves Attricana. Most believe this double Earth sits beyond this doorway, and with the door open, the influence increases. With so many gods and legends, the clerics could be of almost any alignment but most are still good. One must research a path before choosing the right deity and symbol.

CHRISTIANITY

Deviations of Christianity fell apart after the Second Hammer and few branches survived. Modern Christianity is a result of a massive amalgamation of the Christian faiths existing when survivors rose up. The Holy Cross remains the symbol of faith with disciples following the belief of the Holy Trinity, Jesus Christ, Crucifixion, and Resurrection. However, details remain sketchy about the specific differences of modern Christianity and the branches of the past. Christianity falls into two major camps on modern Earth: Techan and echan Christians. Echans believe the Second Coming has occurred and this new world stands a result of a new design. They see all the proof around them with a world commonly breaking scientific laws whenever it sees fit. The existence of Ixindar places the image of Hell back into public acceptance. Many believe that it falls to the new crusade to stop evil forever.

The majority of modern echan Christians believe this crusade began years ago and details the fight to finally free the world of sin forever. The majority of echan Christians possess no magical power. The warrior clerics, the ones people hear the most about, ride out of their cities to either find those in

HOW FAITH EVOLVED

As mentioned, many religions from man survived, though none were unchanged. These changes came from several key influences, the most important being the arrival of the enchanted world. Although it was the foremost catalyst of this change, it was not the only one. The events leading to Attricana's opening involved a massive calamity that included (but was not the only one) the fall of the Second Hammer.

With the larger religions, most of their offshoots either merged or vanished, leaving only a handful left. The modern dogma of these faiths do not resemble their ancestors exactly and all have altered, even to adopting certain traditions and conventions of others. Those fundamental in their views often found themselves without allies, and in the fledging years after the Hammer, those without friends fell back into history. Modern religions began to adapt their doctrine to accommodate recent events, radical as they were.

After the invasion of magic, the ratio of religious demographics between the specific faiths and those non religious stayed fairly constant, with a slight shifting to non-religious. Although many new people embraced religion as an explanation of recent events, an almost equal number abandoned their faith, claiming the destruction of the world was proof of god's nonexistence, for he would have stopped such a calamity if he was as powerful and as benevolent as the doctrines claimed. This led several splinter religions (like the one endorsed by Baruch Malkut) to claim god created this cataclysm to punish man. Apocalyptic views of the world quickly snapped up fanatical followers in the first few years, believing judgment day had occurred. Some believed those killed were lifted to heaven and all that remained are those forgotten or cast aside, now stranded on earth when the devil finally rose up to claim it as his own. These fanatical views led to the first hysterical crusades by surviving men bent on destroying the nations of fey. Every major religion spawned its own fanatical cell endorsing this principle. As the centuries passed, they dwindled, leaving only a few begging for attention among a moral majority. The only locations where the faiths of old have remained nearly unchanged are in bastions, which kept their faith as stable as possible. They still adapted to their environment, some in positive ways, some in negative ways. Outside, in the open enchanted, faiths adjusted quicker and more severely. Fundamental sects rarely lasted long, with the sole exception being the right-wing view of the Christian offshoot religion endorsed by Baruch Malkut. The Christian based communities were the hardest and longest to accept the new world. Those that did embraced it wholly, with the most numerous clerics coming from those beginnings. Islam adapted far faster and more cultures rooted in that faith adapted to the new age than any other with a singular dominated faith. Nearly all secular, agnostic, atheistic, and spiritual (but not religious) societies accepted the new world with few hurdles.

Modern faiths outside of echa have attempted to explain the new world in ways to maintain their original doctrine as close as possible. For Islam, this was relatively easy, as the Jinn, mystical creatures of shadow and smoke, were never defined as being altogether evil in much or their literature. Large tomes were written by prominent Muslims at the time declaring the proof of Allah in the sudden appearance of spirits always hidden until now. According to them, Attricana is god's way of bringing them to the surface for all to see. Christianity's issue dealt with the fact that thousands of years of biblical law declared anything non-human was inferior to man and under his control—that fey were nothing short of demons, the same as the claimed creatures of legend across the world.

Only those hopeful of a future without war were permitted a dialogue with the fey. With nearly all mankind struggling to survive, those optimistic of such a peace prospered, with the only notable exclusions being the bastions and the xenophobic nation of Baruch Malkut.

the crusade, or find ways to help the overall good. The clerics and knights of Christianity carry a reputation for tenacity and drive. They can sometimes also exhibit close-mindedness.

Of course, as history proves, some fanatics still exist. Although the faith deviated to such an extreme, it is believed Baruch Malkut began initially as a Christian kingdom before its fall into madness. Thankfully, this is the only real exception as most other Christian kingdoms are well respected with kind and fair rulers (like Abidan). The cross symbolizes everything and its placement dominates worshipper attire. Prayers have seldom changed and morning mass takes just under an hour with a strict progression of prayers and actions.

Techan Christians, also often known to themselves as True Christians, possess no magical powers, believing both gates are a pack of lies and that true faith must forsake both powers as they both lead to corruption. Christianity is found the world over but the highest concentration exists in Euras.

HINDUISM

One of the oldest religions of Man, Hinduism maintains that the soul lives eternal, undergoing a continuous circle of life, death, and rebirth. The beliefs of Dharma, Samsara, Moksha, Jnana, Ishvara, and Karma remain unchanged. They hold Brahman as the eternal and all-powerful spirit to which everything stems and that Ishvara appears as the only way mankind can interpret Brahman. Several denominations of Hinduism place Vishnu or Shiva as the seat of eternal and omnipotent power. Either way, the faith encourages virtue and acts of good, believing that will put a soul on the road to enlightenment, and that evil acts lead to darkness.

Unlike Islam, which frowns on Idolatry, Hinduism showcases several examples, the most common being the Aum, a symbol found throughout the faith. Many others embrace the mandala and even the swastika, the latter being a symbol embraced and used by Hinduism thousands of years before temporarily being connected to the evil acts of a relatively small group of fanatics long forgotten in this new time.

There exist various lifeforms in the universe at various stages of development. Their status at birth and their life is determined by their karma. Karma is more than just the sum and balance of your good and bad deeds. It is work or action and the results of that work or action. Karma is cause-and-effect on a cosmic scale. It determines what lessons you have to learn in this and other lives and what fortunes will befall you in this and future lives as a result of actions in this and previous lives. Gods and Goddesses exist, but according to certain schools of Hindu thought-they are just another form of life, higher than humans but ultimately mortal-they will even-

tually die (some believe many have died in the intervening millennia). Even after the fall of the Second Hammer, Hinduism remains as much a complex religion as it ever was. Most believers of Hinduism live around the outside of Western and Easter Slav, but like many faiths, can be found in smaller numbers everywhere there are humans.

ISLAM

With stereotypes of fanaticism firmly in the past, the unaltered vision of Islam remains a major religion in many human cultures. Muslims share six basic beliefs: in the god Allah, in the books sent by Allah, in all the prophets and messengers god sends, in predestination, in Angels (or mala'ika) and in the day of qiyama (Judgment Day).

Sunni and the Shi'a branches (and many others), like Christian branches, amalgamated to the modern Islam in the world of Amethyst. They believe in the Towers of Islam (obviously related to the Five Pillars or Core beliefs of Islam): Shahadah (sole god worship), Salah (five daily prayers), Sawn (fasting during Ramadan), Zakat (giving charity), and finally Hajj (the pilgrimage to Mecca). The final one remains mandatory to all Muslims once during their lifetime.

When Attricana reshaped the Earth, one point of interest lies with the holy land most religions claim ownership of. The majority of this land now sits under the sea, swallowed up by an act all attribute to God. The city of Urtioch (part of the kingdom of Trinitas) sits on the new coastline. Founded by migrating Muslims, the city stands as a shining beacon of religious equality. Pity it took the end of the world before most of these religions learned to live in peace.

The trek to Mecca is no longer simple or safe. The Hajj now tests all. No longer safely nestled in city walls, by a miracle of godly proportions, the Kaaba still exists atop a mountain simply called Makkah. Dangerous peaks around prevent a strong civilized foothold. Every year, tens of thousands attempt the voyage. Since many modern Muslims in Canam no longer know the specific direction to Mecca, many simply point to the sunrise or directly east.

In modern days, some progressive Muslims have suggested that god may one day bless the world with another prophet. Though the last one was the greatest prophet of men to unite all of mankind, this new one would strive to unite all species of Earth under a common shroud of wisdom and guidance. This belief is not popular across the world and no one is sure how such a figure declaring himself would be greeted.

The symbol of Islam remains the lack of idols itself. By a rule, Muslims are taught to reject any teaching that focuses on idolatry. The color green features prominently in the attire. This is not mandatory. Quranic verses, considered sacred, can also be usually found adorned on worshipers. Once again, this is not mandatory. Muslim clerics need no symbols to create any clerical abilities.

Muslims are everywhere but many live in Arkonnia and Canam. In Canam, the largest collection outside of bastions can be found in Taskin-Kada.

JUDAISM

Related to Islam and Christianity, Judaism, over 6,000 years old, involves the worship of one, all-powerful, all-knowing, omnipotent, everlasting god who created the universe and continues to influence its development. He created the Tora (or five books of Moses), which dictates the laws and commandments of the Jewish people (613 in total). Following these rules and worshipping God earns merit, rewarding one in the afterlife. This afterlife exists in the Garden of Eden that many believe sits behind Attricana. What this afterlife looks like has never been unified.

Further, even though there are many rules and principles of faith, no official creed or dogma is recognized as fully binding. The common points are that god exists, is all-powerful, has no physical form, is eternal, and is singular in presence. God gave humanity purity at birth with a free will to choose his or her own path. Mankind may atone for sins through sincere acts of redemption.

Followers of Judaism must commit to prayer three times a day, although specifics differ with interpretation. They still recognize the Shabbat, the weekly day of rest, as well as all other Jewish holidays. Jewish synagogues stand in many cities, both echan and techan, with major presences around Euras. Like all monotheisms, Judaism also operates temples in Trinitas across the ocean. In Canam, those of Jewish faith fight a constant stigma. Since Baruch Malkut uses a distorted Yiddish translation of the term "Blessed Kingdom", some incorrectly accuse the kingdom of the south as being Jewish, when they are in fact, distant descendants of Christianity. These accusations usually flow from ignorant humans and not fey, who seldom ever judge a people based solely on stereotypes of faith (most fey already judged mankind on the basis of race long before they learned about their religion).

SIKHISM

"One Creator"-two words open the Sikh scriptures. Sikhs follow the teachings of the Ten Gurus dating back thousands of years, centuries before the Second Hammer. Over one million worshippers still live today, scattered across mostly Arkonnia and Euras.

The followers adhere to the thousand page plus scripture known as the Guru Granth Sahib. Thankfully, this tome, like the Qur'an and Holy Bible, survived through the end of the last world. The book preaches a simple approach to spirituality, a message directly revealed by God (Waheguru), who, like many other monotheisms, is singular and all-powerful. All created by God stand equal in all ways, regardless of race, sex, or religion. In this new time, many Sikhs accepted the new races, all created by god. Sikhism and Buddhism are the only human religions a few rare fey accepted and even converted to. A laudenian cleric once spoke highly of the Sikhs and their faith, claiming it made more sense than the other ones. All Sikhs should defend all life, especially those of fellow human beings and fey. They also believe in reincarnation.

Followers wake before the sunrise and meditate on God's name. They must carry their life in peace, give to those in need, and open one's door to all. Sikhs are encouraged to form communities where everyone is equal. Sikhs are prohibited to acquire possessions based solely on greed, act illogically, or treat any intelligent species less than they would treat themselves.

There are few Sikh magic users. Those who do use magic commit themselves totally to a selfless life, healing any who need it. Their total dedication to life allowed Sikhs to pass through virtually any environment without being attacked by local predators. A creature of good or neutral alignment can never attack Sikh clerics willingly. Evil will always be evil.

SHINTO

The "Way of the Gods," Shinto still survives in Kuraukou and across the world today, often worshipped alongside believers of yok-ani. A few have even combined the two. Once the official religion of Japan, Shinto deals with the reverence of and respect for nature. The religion lacks a specific dogma or a fixed way to act. One does not even need to profess a belief in Shintoism as it mirrors Buddhism in many ways. Shinto

GODS HAMMERS

Man always knew a major bolide impact would be an extinction level event but obviously hoped it would not repeat until their technology reached a level to detect and defend themselves. This did not occur. Though commonly known, the first hammer, not referred to as such at the time, struck what was then known as the Yucatán Peninsula. It created the Cretaceous-Tertiary extinction event, simultaneously wiping out many of the non-avian dinosaurs and planktonic organisms on the planet. It was followed by a massive environmental shift resulting in further losses over the next few thousand years. The planet never fully recovered and the impact, along with massive volcanic activity, shifted the entire ecosystem. It allowed other lifeforms to prosper and permitted natural selection to evolve to mankind, as he is currently known.

Theories postulate that when Attricana closed initially, all the rules of science it suppressed returned. Given enough time, perhaps the giant lizards would have been offered the opportunity to continue unabated into intelligence. The absence of magic degraded and nearly vaporized all evidence of the fey, dragons, or any other spawn species inhabiting the world. The collision, environmental aftereffects, and simply time itself, removed any surviving evidence of their existence. Though some bizarre artifacts were encountered pointing to the possibility of a hidden history of the world, these discoveries were dismissed as aberrations or hoaxes.

To the fey descendants, this collision was nothing short of an act of god, though their god. It became known to them as the Smite of Erufu, an act of their god to punish them for the sins of the pagus. Narros believed fey were caught in the middle of a war between their god of Oaken and Erufu while those who don't believe in Erufu contend Oaken brought the rock from heaven for the blood spilled on his soil. Many modern translations referred to the impact as "God's Hammer" and the name stuck.

Though many did not witness Amethyst's sacrifice, those that did claim he brought down a beam from Attricana upon its closing, forcing the black gate into the earth and sealing the rock around it. Amethyst's death throes and the following bolide collision killed the remaining pagus and demons before they could flee into their gate before sealing.

The second collision, which the humans would later dub the Hammer of God, occurred with apparently so little warning as to not warrant a single announcement. The few surviving records never listed an event recording the discovery or the anticipation of the impact. The asteroid was given neither a name nor an origin. Modern views hold that the resident population knew nothing of the collision until it masked the sun and shook the entire planet. The bolide struck a section in a region of land once called Eastern Siberia. By seemingly pure coincidence, this impact occurred exactly at the location of the buried Ixindar gate. Though the rock coffin sealing the tear inside could never be broken by mankind's hand given his then current technological level, a ten-mile asteroid easily succeeded. Fragments of the absolute rock scattered across the globe and Ixindar's wave of corruption flowed out like a broken dam. Though it is assumed demons could be created anew from the gate, it is not entirely sure if pagus were released or that Mengus simply converted the surviving surrounding population in the same way he swept a million fey to his cause. The resulting creatures could still resemble a pagus in every way, even with the ears if Mengus so wished. Though the current population of mankind never questioned the impact point, they would do so later. At the time, many believed the tear occurred via the collision or was brought down by the asteroid itself. Much later, descendants of the fey would correct this assumption. By then, everyone soon questioned the coincidental location of the second hammer's strike. Since any evidence of this collision sits in the center of Kakodomania, an answer anytime soon appears unlikely.

believes in family and welcomes anyone. Its only simple commandment insists on a simple life unifying one's soul with nature. Objects worshipped in Shinto are called Kami. Kami can represent fertility, peace, or more direct symbols like the Sun and Moon. The statement "Yaoyorozu no Kami" indicates an almost endless number of Kami but the most powerful remains the sun-goddess Amaterasu. Some believers claimed they found a connection between the dogma of fey and of Shinto. They allege the Otsharus is the realm of the Kami, and that the spirits of the Kami are these unbirthed fey refusing to enter our world and that modern fey descendants are, in fact, Kami taking physical form in this world. They claim the demons are also connected in this way.

Shinto shrines pop up across Svenkayna and Kuraukou with a scant few appearing elsewhere. Shinto is a popular faith for druids across the world.

DRACONIC

Draconic stumps everyone except dragons. This language predates all others by millions of years. Some believe it to be the language of God himself, passed down to his first children. To this day, only dragons can understand and speak it perfectly. No spell or device exists capable of translating Draconic. The skill is trained only by dragons to other dragons. Druids cannot shape change to a dragon and learn it. It is the ancient language known to be the words spoken before Earth formed.

Only dragons can speak the language of Draconic fluently and no spell can simulate it. The written word of draconic is also unique and powerful. Mages use the words in voice and print to cast their spells. Letters and symbols of Draconic seem to wave and float on pages. A single letter on a page can carry amazing power. Mages can speak the language partially and write the words but cannot carry a conversation nor can they write Draconic in proper grammar.

The language cannot be taught to a non-dragon unless that non-dragon reads any volume of the Bible of Drasago or the Chronicle of Aurannis. If that occurs, the character can take the language, but must pay for it as a normal skill. It automatically becomes a cross-class skill. The character must also have an intelligence greater than 15.

Action: Any ancient Draconic sentence requires a full minute to read. A scroll takes more than an hour just to decipher. A book can take several days. You can attempt to take 10 and 20.

Try Again: Not immediately. The character must advance the rank in the skill (at least one point) to try again.

Untrained: No. The skill must be taught.

Ancient Draconic DC	Task
15	Decipher or write a proper name
25	Write or speak simple words
30	Write or speak complex words and sentences
40	Speak or write perfectly.

THE LOOK OF THE WORLD

The world of Amethyst may be one of fantasy but medieval it is not. The basic common knowledge earned throughout human history dealing with building construction, agriculture, medication, and sanitation remains. Even though anyone with advanced knowledge to better a technological society were allowed entry into bastions, the many outside still possessed generic knowledge developed centuries before nuclear power, computers, and antibiotics. In addition, many on the outside soon progressed on their own, re-discovering advances their protected brothers and sisters embraced years earlier. A few possessing this knowledge used it as currency to earn themselves entry. Others realized this knowledge, primitive by the standards of many bastions, begot more power and influence on the outside.

Any knowledge beyond the basics-usually the moment electricity comes into play-is stunted by the surrounding magic. It prevents progress, forcing immigration for those wishing to pursue this path. Still, every bastion, even the more free cities, have huge sprawling villages outside their walls of people either trying to get in or people pandering to those entering, leaving, or trying. Outside, the world of fantasy still shares some striking similarities with the world of the past so many have unfortunately forgotten.

WHO CAN ENTER BASTIONS

It may seem that one must be an engineer or doctor to enter a bastion, but this is incorrect. One only needs to possess a skill bettering those around. Bastions require talent in all fields. They need doctors, but they also need carpenters, chefs, seamstresses, electricians, farmers-anyone that can pass needed knowledge to others in order to better society. One must still rise above the norm. If one is lucky enough to be born inside the walls, their future has already been paved in front of them.

FASHION

Even though the fey races still maintain an old-fashioned approach to their attire, the fashion of modern humans shows off their knowledge of thousands of years of development to their wardrobe. Synthetic fabrics, metal buttons, and zippers maintain their use across the world. Every city, town, and village has unique elements to their fashion. One can know almost instantly where they are in the world by how someone dresses.

Some utilize various levels of loose clothing while others wear interconnecting belts. Most fashion styles after a thousand years developed to be completely original, even though one or two still resemble periods in Earth's past.

With adventurers, most armor looks very different from their ancestral designs. Even the heaviest variations don't weigh as much as historical versions. Full plate suits almost resemble robots with their precise fitted plates interconnecting and moving around without a single exposed weakness. Leather is easier to move in. Swords are lighter and stronger. They flex better. Bows balance perfectly, increasing precision and reducing strain.

CONSTRUCTION

Even though bastions utilize many metals and synthetic components, the world of echa relies on materials found, mostly stone and wood. Even though these components have been readily available throughout history, the increased skill in construction resulted in better buildings being built. Most echan houses contain gutters, insulation, and a basic sewage system.

Most villages never gained the opportunity to plan and build proper indoor plumbing. Some less fortunate towns don't have skilled glassmakers. Nevertheless, mud huts are still quite rare. Many modern echan towns are built from wood and stone. Gaslights pepper some roads. A few even managed to lay down rudimentary pavement. The moment the civilization's borders end, these amenities stop. In Canam, even the biggest cities are connected by roads of dirt.

With the civilized non-human races, most are not so lucky. The spawn races often suffer with simple materials and limited skill. Only damaskans have adopted modern building techniques. In these cities will one find glass windows and paved roads. The remaining villages maintain an old-fashioned look. This is not by accident or a fault of limited progression. Fey races seldom adopt anything they think may damage the world in its creation.

COMMON SETTING KNOWLEDGE

Players should not be aware of the whole world. They never receive an orbital view of the planet. There are no lines of communication. If an echan character is born in Appareci in Canam, he probably will know very little about Hapura or Akoya. The same goes for techans as well. An Angel-born might have heard of Porto or Aviv, but has probably never left his city. Part of Amethyst is the zeal for exploration, to discover something new. It is a big world out there. The following contains some basic knowledge to those living in Canam.

ARKONNIA

Deserts of quicksand cover most of Arkonnia. A huge ocean of rolling dunes separates the north and south. No one hears much from the people in the south. Few believe anyone lives there. Rumors and stories point to an ancient civilization that existed in the Barren Sea. They developed ships capable of sailing the sands. Some great calamity destroyed them and the dunes swallowed their cities. To the east, evil creatures from the depths enslaved a blossoming echan city called Najafi and forced them to do their bidding. To the north, two large bastions sit uncomfortably close. One, Samba, glistens in light. The other, Aviv, bathes in darkness. Both point large weapons of sin to the other. In the centre of Arkonnia lays the greatest mystery of them all. No one has ever seen it and lived, but the stories continue. The most famous prophecy is alive today but no one knows who wrote it.

To lay eyes on the Scarecrow…
Flinch and be spared desolation,
But live a life of waking nightmares.
Do not flinch and see the world as it is.
It beckons to never look away,
And you may never.
Cause it to flinch
And the door will open.
Be wary those who enter
For it has destroyed worlds…

ECHALOGICAL INFLUENCE & CORPUS CONTINUITY

Neither the fey nor dragons as a whole questioned their origins or the purpose of life. A select few would ask occasionally but would die before ever reaching a satisfactory conclusion. If Amethyst knew, and many believed he did, he would never share such knowledge, lest he wish someone share his withdrawn disposition. To the vast majority, even when Mengus arrived, the world and how it worked made perfect sense. For better or worse, they knew enough of the universe to be complacent, something an evolved species like man would never settle with.

The very appearance of man confused many fey races upon their return. They discovered that without magic, older rules resumed their original function. Species adapt to their environment and do so much slower and much less drastically then before. Not only that, but this intelligent new creature evolved from a primitive form, an animal with a social base but animalistic ways. Fey could not understand how intelligence could arise to such a level. Even the most advanced races birthed from lower life forms in the old age never developed beyond small clans of wild marauders. Added to that, these creatures resembled the fey races in all the purest ways. How could a species in the intervening years develop to look exactly like them? Not only that, but layered throughout their history, this species generated vast literature professing the existence of fabled creatures as such whom roamed the world millions of years before their own ancestors picked up their first tools.

For mankind, they encountered their own mystery. They barely survived the holocaust from the Second Hammer, only to discover a sudden population appearing, literally from nowhere. Not only that, but they coincidently resembled creatures from fiction and legends dating back for hundreds and thousands of years. Some humans believed themselves in a hell (or heaven) of their own imagination and choosing. Their deaths proved them wrong.

Both sides suddenly faced the prospect of reexamining their belief system. Echalogians appeared, offering answers and using ancient literature and modern observations as proof. Two new terms entered the lexicon in an attempt to appease the masses looking for an explanation: Corpus Continuity and Echalogical Influence.

Though many attest corpus continuity proves the existence of god, some believe echalogical influence explains it all without the need for a greater intelligent creator. This simply refers to the manipulation or influence via the previous echan age of Terros on mankind's evolution and cultural development. Various theories exist attempting to explain why the previous age of Terros matches those of literature and legends of mankind's past. Echalogy studies both echa and techa cultures and the similarities between mankind and its recorded history against the fey, dragons, and their recorded history. This analyzes the obvious physical similarities between fey and man in conjunction with historical coincidences in their religions, legends, and mythologies. Echalogians claim much progress, ascertaining the similarities to an undefined will of creation. Studying Echagenics in techan cultures remains an uninspired field baring little progress. They admit too many coincidences exist between the time of Terros (Old Earth) and Modern Earth and are confounded with the numerous references on the world of Terros in mankind's mythology and dogma. After a thousand years of study, a firm scientific answer has yet to arrive. A popular theory recently accepted pointed to a remnant of magical knowledge passing through time like inherited genes. Though growing in popularity within and without bastions, the theory still contains several holes.

Today, techan scientists believe natural selection and evolution is severely retarded within the influence of magic. This may explain why no intelligent life ever evolved from the various natural creatures walking the planet back then. Magic creates random massive mutations and huge deviations from the norm that quickly finds some usually dominant species overwhelmed by freak mutations. Most of these are simply referred to as spawn races, creatures formed from magical influence rather than with evolution. Although all fey descendants should also be classed as such, they prefer the term heritage races, believing their appearance is fated, rather than random. The huge difference between spawn races and evolved races are their fate. Evolved races improve over thousands and thousands of years, gaining in intelligence with successive generations. Spawns, and heritage races as a result, burst fully formed in their creations, but slowly degrade over time, a process the fey refuse to accept.

EURAS

Tightly packed, the people of Euras commonly rub each other wrong, often going to war, seldom finding peace. Hundreds of small towns occupy lands between kingdoms. Instead of Feng-Fu Flyers, locals prefer using monstrous domesticated "Snail Trains"-10 story tall creatures with domiciles built into their carapace, transporting large populations between major locations. In the far north, the holy dragons of Ashahael watch in silence. Lazarus sits in the mountain of Dracontia, seldom jostling from slumber. Nearby elves of Damasia prosper under the blanket of protection, despite threats from the frostlands of Ashur and the frost dragons that live there. Akoya also benefits from protection. In this case, the wise and aged pearl dragons take watch. To the east of them, a massive army of Ixindar-controlled pagus mount a continued siege of the Castle of Hapura, trying to breach its walls, but always failing. Not far away, the keep of Kirjath-Sepher welcomes all mages, evil and good. The few centaurs and satyrs keep guard over the quiet lands of Eshivia. Myre knights quest from a nearby castle. Surrounding this ocean of magic are the most powerful bastions, the pure utopia of Porto, and the fanaticism of Motego. Yet, in this land, mysteries still exist. Somewhere sits the lost library of Piotre Raczik and the living church of Moskee.

INDOAUS

No humans live in Indoaus. The land was decimated by nature. Survivors fled north or died. Reptiles grew to dominance and quickly broke into two majorities: Reptilans and Trogs. Of them, reptilans blossomed into civilization while the other stays merciless and cold-blooded. On the southern tip is the city of Semunga, controlled by the peaceful lizards. Traveling through the Greyman Islands connects one to East Slav. Beware, as those islands fall under control of a particularly right-wing clan of chaparrans, ever on guard of the temple of Libanus that rests there.

THE MEAL

One of the greatest examples of echalogical influence—the first aspect after the shock of how human-like elves looked—occurred soon after the first civilized meeting. As always, both sides were on best behavior and the diplomats were trained well to tolerate what cultural atrocities the other side was not aware they were committing. This first encounter was assumed as speculation, as several nations, human and elf, both claimed first contact. It had been widely accepted that Angel was the first and this made sense considering how old the bastion was. However, Limshau must have encountered humans before appearing in front of the wall. Despite the vagueness of history, there was one known positive initial encounter between the elders in Genai and the arriving Limshau envoy, which included Ravenar Limshau and his loyal retinue.

The human elders were modern and understanding, not obtuse and arrogant about tradition. Ravenar's group was open and thoughtful, despite the language barrier that Ravenar was quick to defeat with his astonishing skill. The Genai hosts opted for vegetarian, believing it to be the most amicable. They kept away from food gleaned from animals like chesses and milks. They presented an assorted selection of cutlery to use. How shocking it must have been when Limshau chose the chopsticks without pause and handled them with a skill reserved for his mirrors across the table. Many said later the relationship that blossomed between humans the damaskans began in that room. Was he reading their mind? Had he been told? No. All damaskans used them. Narros and tenenbri used utensils similar to the ones they claimed the greeks copied. Chaparrans use sticks like damaskans but theirs were actual formed pieces of wood resulted from magic, not refinement. Laudenians still insisted on their hands, though rarely were they ever seen dirty. The bowl of water sat by their plate to clean their hands would remain pure through the many washings. Gimfen were likewise, save for the magic and hygiene.

Tilen, short on their own culture, often adopted those they had been accepted into. Where tilen were allowed to flourish on their own, several elders, and thus often their offspring, would use a more *traditional* method of donning finger-tip utensils on each digit (save the thumb). Many other tilen, including several other elders, denounce this practice, believing it heartens a practice encouraged when the species was malevolent. "I never claimed we weren't uncultured," Saleena Kaaris once said. "You can prissy up all manner of traditions and customs to our old form. It never altered the fact we were monsters."

INOSI

Something strange happened to Inosi when the gate opened. The majority of all spawn races emerged from here and quickly spread to all the corners of the globe. The weirdest creations beyond imagination rise from the soils of this land. Some call it Behemah, or land of Abominations. It is not all bad. North is the atheistic civilization of Avinash Mithil. To the west the religious cities of Trinitas stand, attempting civility in a land their ancestors murdered in the millions to claim as their own.

SLAV (WEST AND EAST)

Growing uniform obsidian spreads from Ixindar. Every year, Kakodomania grows larger, indicated by the Reluctant wall. The black glass of the ground reflects everything non-good. The capitol of Kakodomania is not Ixindar, but a huge sprawl simply called Basilica. In the centre of this expanse is the Tower of Smoke, which some say, can be seen hundreds of miles away, even from space. To the south is the breakaway empire of death. The Necrosea abhors all life. Its biggest city, Necropolis, has not been seen by anything living. To the west are the last guardians against the invasion, the villages of Ulaid and Kantis. To travel east means walking through the pass of Manindra and over the Mountain of the Fist, or trek through the only safe route though Kakodomania, the pass of Sindoni. On the opposite side are the Islands of Kuraukou.

The largest Echan kingdom, Svenkayna, refuses to fall. A dozen cities and villages united under a common banner attempt to take back their land. However, one city rebelled, offering clues to something suspicious in the human kingdom. In the northeast, the military might of the bastion of Krebet flexes its muscles while the bastion of Shang enjoys prosperity working alongside gimfen allies.

SOUTHAM

Like Indoaus, few humans live in Southam. It was perfect for the tenenbri. They dug into the Lanchia Mountains and never rose again. Rumors point to hundreds of miles of underground tunnels and highways and a huge city in a cavern known as Vakai. Outside the mountains live a small community of narros and ogres attempting a small measure of civility. Few ever survive the journey to and from Southam. There exists only one narrow land path between the north and south. Unless risking a hazardous sailing journey, the only voyage takes one through the Gloam. A heavy fog lifts to the sky, sticking to everything. Travelers are warned never to rest in the Gloam, never tire, and never fall asleep. For if you do, something may awaken next to you.

RELATIONS

LANGUAGE

To the fey nations, human tongues are relatively easy to understand and almost all carrying relationships with surrounding human cultures know at least Common or English. Leaders of more obscure communities also know at least one human tongue. Fey races carry accents similar to humans and are as varied. A connection has never been successfully made about how certain fey accents contain similarities to that of human cultures of old Earth.

Fey languages, by majority, sound similar, but different enough that one cannot fake one if fluent in another. Narros and pagus tongues, as well as many other cultures developed in harsher environments, sound more jagged and sharp, while most other elvish races sound more fluid and poetic. The vocabulary resembles the Romance language of man but the more jagged tongues sound closer to Slavic. Even though sounding similar, humans have found learning any echan tongue extremely difficult. Spawn races find it difficult on all sides to learn any language but their own. Dragons can instantaneously understand any verbal communication they hear.

MEASUREMENT

Back in Terros, the various races all used different measurements of time and distance, making trade difficult. In the new world, many of these practices remained unchanged. A

daring and courageous narros leader in the Finer Fire Pits, facing a blossoming trade agreement with human nations, including a newly formed bastion to the East (York), made a critical decision to adopt a logical and balanced measuring technique based on an old human metric system. Soon, every narros culture adopted this to establish a uniform system for all.

All bastions employ metric. Its use in other locations in open echa are limited. Some were forced back to archaic methods of measuring, employing feet, hands, and arms.

LOCATIONS

Not a single name from old Earth survived unaltered to the new age (other than Earth itself). Many current locations derive their names from mispronunciations of human words by foreign tongues. In New Earth, few words in Terros could be relevant as they apply to regions that no longer exist. Many civilized cultures adopted these variations of human words.



Minx had enough drinks to loosen her lips but nothing else. She still walked with confidence to her room atop of Chen's Biblio. It was very late but the noise outside had only recently begun to simmer. At least the fireworks had stopped. She had a more formal dress on, a black one-piece, neck-to-knee. Aiden caught her in the hallway as she opened her door.

"Minx…you should have joined us."

She came out to the hall to greet him. "I had other obligations, but thank you. Those same obligations prevent me from leaving with you."

He stepped closer, "That's thoughtful."

"I'm teaching now."

"That fantastic."

"Just backup, the master is getting in the years. He directs, I implement."

"You'll have your own in no time."

"Appreciated. How've you really been?"

Aiden nodded, knowing where she was getting at. "Good."

"You talk to Xavier?" *There it was*, Aiden thought.

"Wasn't so good. He still doesn't understand…doubt he ever will."

"He's still your brother though. It comes from affection."

"I know," he exhaled heavily as he said. She made another step forward and grew coy.

"So…you and the…nymph?"

"Nymph?"

"Of come off it, I know you better than you think you do. I could feel it on your skin the moment I touched you."

"Well, you have always been…particular to me. I guess it's something I can't keep from you."

"I am not going to dissuade you. But the books don't tell how difficult it really is. Most suitors encounter failure. Despite being idealistic, elves are skittish to bond, the damaskans especially. They have those distant emotions when in public. They are all brutally honest and find deception repugnant. Elves do not fall in love in a day like humans, Aiden."

Aiden leaned his shoulder against the wall. "Not instilling me with confidence, Minx."

"I have seen this female." She paused and corrected herself. "Not to be rude, but *woman* would be inaccurate."

"It's equally as erroneous."

"Whatever, she is kind, smart and honest like you. But she is distant and you are emotional. You have a past of trauma and quarrels she may never understand. With their age, they remember facts, but live with emotions day by day. You are bound by emotions felt years ago which still affect you. Not saying you should give up on your fantasy…just maybe understand that this one might not be it."

"It's good to know my friends have such confidence in me."

Minx frowned. "It wasn't intended to insult. I'm sorry. I do mean well."

Aiden nodded and tried to create a false façade of gratitude. It didn't work and his disappointment at the truth visibly stung. "Thank you…it's…hard to accept now."

"I know." She lifted her voices and spirit. "You need someone aggressive—I mean, not like…hit you. That can push past that shyness of yours. Two shy people never hook up."

"Then how did we—"

"It wasn't a relationship Aiden. We just…fucked."

"Thanks—"

"Because you were adorable and I was stupid."

"Not sure, how I am supposed to take that."

"You see…you need someone direct like that. Bold, not bashful. My advice to you." She pushed her door open to enter.

"Anything else?"

She shouted from her room. "Yes, shave your stubble, it's not helping."

"Thank you Minx."

"Night."

A month ago, all Aiden could think of was parting the waves of exotic legs. Now it was the stone rolling in his palm. The responsibility was greater than he thought he could bear. *That would show Xavier, prove to him that I wasn't running. I am an adult.* Aiden sat in his room, unable to sleep for several hours. After so many days in utter silence, this racket was making it impossible, and his mind kept focusing on the glowing gem. He placed it on his night table. *It was more than just an amulet to the dragon god. It was more than just Torfin's prized jewel. Had a conspiracy already been spun to thwart such a journey? What forces had gathered to locate or stop them? And who could know about it already?*

This was his room when he stayed in Genai. His personal owned books he couldn't take with him were still here. He remembered and opened the top drawer of the dresser. He pulled out the watch. He was never sure what specifically caused it to stop. Perhaps one tiny gear grew by 0.1 micrometers. Perhaps a pin shrunk just enough to fall out of place. Such infinitesimal changes would never affect a wagon, or even a windmill, but the more advanced something got, the more magic could break it. If the watch had a battery, that would have been it right away. Magic shorts out such things. Aiden remembered the term was an electromagnetic pulse. The higher the EDF, the greater the saturation. The watch was mechanical, but something so fine in exacting measurements, even it wouldn't last long when worn by an echan…an echan like Aiden.

The decision was final. It was forever.



THE WORLD THAT CHANGED

The rules presented in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content. This chapter is meant for Game Masters only and a DM should only release pertinent information to the players dependant on their location of birth and where they might have traveled in their lives. The rest should be kept hidden until the locations are reached over the course of the game.

RESOURCES

Before man fell from the seat of power on Earth, he did manage to strip Earth of almost all non-renewable resources. He extinguished virtually all fossil fuels. Even the bastions faced the need to develop alternate sources. Gasoline was a distant memory.

The biggest hurdle for bastions or any other formed authority was location. Many centers of techa positioned themselves on the coast for obvious reasons. Some utilize the sinful energy of the atom while most embrace cleaner resources like geothermal, tidal, or solar. Few sit located within reasonable distances to mines. This leaves most available resources in the hands of echan cultures. The narros run the majority of them but some echan human settlements appeared around mines as their only source of income. Other races erected communities based on their own personal needs.

The remaining resources are the common elements most took for granted years ago: Copper, silver, gold, platinum, iron, coal, etc. The bastions need resources badly and some have secretly developed trade with outside sources. Many developed plastics and other synthetic materials.

THE CHANGING EARTH

The wave of magic sweeping the globe altered nearly everything. When the enchantment saturated the world's every molecule, the planet convulsed and shuddered. The first century inflicted great loss of life, especially to man, already weathered and battered from the previous age. No one is sure how many humans survived the pre-gate turmoil, but many more lost their lives to the ravaging Earth. More later fell victim to the new monsters roaming the lands. Finally, after more than a century, the planet fell back asleep. The earthquakes stopped. The winds died down. Nature swallowed up every fragment of old man. Even the scars left by industry were overrun by plants and moving dirt. Everyone had to start over.

Table: Echan Airships

Name	Crew	Pass.	Cargo (lbs.)	Init.	Man.	Speed Increment	Def.	Hard.	Hit Points	Size	Cost	Movement
Air Galleon (light)	10	30	15000	-5	-15	45 (20)	18	5	150	H	—	Clumsy
Air Galleon (medium)	15	50	20000	-8	-18	40 (20)	18	5	175	C	—	Clumsy
Air Galleon (heavy)	15	100	25000	-8	-20	35 (20)	18	5	200	C+	—	Clumsy
Alkanost	1	500+	80000	-5	-10	70 (50)	18	15	800	C++	—	Good
Feng-Fu Flyer	1	20	11000	-1	-4	50 (40)	18	5	60	H	48000	Perfect
Feng-Fu, Carry-All	1	100	20000	-2	-8	50 (30)	18	5	100	G	70000	Perfect

Whole continents shifted. Mountains moved. Rivers altered their path. However, Earth still resembled man's memory and the learning curve of adaptation favored him over the other races, absent from planet for 65 million years.

TRAVEL

Most fantasy worlds of fiction dictate a world of expanding beauty but short distances. They detail a single island or small continent, nothing in comparison to the vastness of our real world. The map and the lists following describe the most important and major locations on Earth. There are thousands more of lesser significance. Travel time is a problem. This resulted in a handy spell finding circulation among the well-equipped adventure parties. For others, a need was filled with alternative forms of transport.

FENG. FU FLYERS / DRAGONFLYERS

There is no mass transit in Canam. Huge distances mar travelers' attempts to engage in swift journeys. Further complications arise from swarms of raiding creatures of more annoyance than lethal danger. From across the ocean, a solution arrived from a lone tower called Dromos. The architects and engineers there designed and mass-produced an enchanted flying craft for use in the southern lands of Arkonnia. A lack of population and financially viable investors prevented distribution in their homeland. When they reached Canam, the Dromos enchanters sold off all their stores and filled backlogs for two centuries.

The Feng-Fu Flyers resemble oversized ancient Asian boats referred to as "junks" with large dragonfly or butterfly wings stretching from the sides. They don't flap and seem to have no purpose other than cosmetic, but they don't fly without them. Each one holds between 6 and 12 people but a few rare larger ones hold up to 100. They require only one controller. They are magically powered so don't operate in anti-magic fields. They also don't travel anywhere near bastions, Apocrypha, or Azhi Dahaka. Severe winds prevent travel to or through Alpinas. They seldom accept charters to unknown destinations and often move between the gimfen, narros, chaparran, and damaskan kingdoms. In the century since the introduction of the Feng-Fu, a network has covered the skies of Canam with hundreds of such flyers. However, considering the size of Canam, most ground-walkers live their lives without ever seeing one.

Rumors even tell of a few floating castles in the sky to accommodate those who dislike touching the ground. If this fledging community can merge with the xenophobic Laudenians and their network of sky-keeps, the echans could take to the skies in a way no one, not even the bastions, can imagine.

LAUDENIAN SKY NETWORK

Only laudenians know the locations of all the keeps and how many they actually built. The only confirmed city in the sky is Laudenia itself and few know where that one is. The keeps number between 3 and 20, scattered across most of Canam, with a handful floating over both major oceans and even one or two as far north as Selmana. The smallest is barely three stories tall with the largest looming half a mile from root to tower-tip. Constructing a keep involves harnessing one of the many floating rocks around the planet and building upon it. Only laudenians have been able to harness and exert some semblance of control over these rocks. The largest known stones float in the fields of Burganasis but are no larger than a house. Yet, some Sky Keeps are said to be larger than mountains. Laudenia floats by other means.

Laudenians operate these keeps and comprise the entire population. To find any other race onboard one, even another type of elf, is extremely rare. The majority employ either dirigibles or magically levitated sea vessels. Laudenian flyers possess an internal instinct for finding the nearest keep, which can sit anywhere from 2 to 20 days from where they are. The network does not reach beyond Canam and Southam. A few tall mountains also feature laudenian outposts, though these are small and scarce.

The most amazing aspect of the network is the world's ignorance to its existence. The keeps hide, shrouded in clouds sometimes real, often magically created. The mountain posts sit atop peaks so tall, no one below could view them. Some laudenians lived their lives and died without ever touching dirt. Though a few Feng-Fu flyers have claimed to have docked with a laudenian port, no formal relationship has ever been established.

Sky Keeps: Sky keeps usually come in the form of huge floating castles. Most operate like real castles, with a single ruler or ruling class with a serving population of 100 - 2000 people. Serving is not slavery, as the nomadic people converge here for protection and to serve a common good. There are no known evil keeps. The rock is sometimes hollowed out. They have numerous defenses, including spellcasters. No force has ever been able to take down a keep. To the laudenians, a few of these keeps even reached legendary status.

Sentinel Keeps: The two largest keeps are the two Sentinels. The cost of supplies and manpower must have been astounding. These keeps tower over 2300 feet and seem carved from a single gigantic shard of rock. The Sentinels are often seen together. They appear when needed and occasionally entertain many ships that wish docking. It is more than obvious that the keeps date further back than their current owner's memories. No one knows how old they are but an elder from Laudenia points that they may be the first keeps ever built, making them over a thousand years old.

The keeps have changed rulers so many times, no one knows who commissioned their original design or what the original intent was. The keeps are so massive that many areas have not seen eyes in centuries. The power center only feeds from a single hidden passage that the current residents forgot. Rumors say there are hidden treasures and secrets within the Sentinel Keeps (Individually named, "Hittite" and "Rongo-Rongo"). Some visitors have gone looking and found nothing.

The current controllers of the Sentinels, the Hyksos royal (not actually royal) family, often incorrectly translated to be

called "shepherd-kings," and their standing 1000-man army (each keep) swears to keep the lands around Laudenia safe. Those arriving who linger for any length hear stories of battles they engage in. Few even in Laudenia know where these two keeps migrate. The safe assumption points east, to Apocrypha and Azi-Dahaka, keeping Canam safe from typhox dragons.

The Hyskos refuse to enlighten even other laudenians about their conflicts, but occasionally, the Sentinels appear battle damaged, though they mention no such fights. Many pray they defeat whatever evil could be courageous enough to attack the Sentinels. The current ruler of the larger Rongo-Rongo is a Ranger named Salitis. He understands more than any of the previous rulers the immense responsibility given to him. Such a kind ruler rarely emerges in this world.

Frontier: Truly the world cackles in the face of logic. When one presumes to understand a reason or comprehend the new reality, a new mystery appears to confound. If floating rocks in high magic was not enough, some built houses upon them. Then others erected castles. Still others assembled kingdoms. When the captains of the dragonflyers detailed their adventures under promise of silver or nip, they usually start small, not revealing the succulent tales for several rounds. Soon every Feng-Fu captain related similar tales about the keeps, variations on the same two or three stories, and the crowds grew bored. Then one captain mentioned Frontier, and the tabs were paid. Though stories differ, most of the legends are based on of the same anecdote, so no one is sure who spoke it true and who embellished later.

While an inquisitive child at Janoah, I asked a passing laudenian captain about Frontier. The skipper laughed and scoffed at the idea boisterously. He then whispered to me in secret. "In a tunnel, no one can climb. In a castle, no one could build. In a sea, no one can swim. Find the island broken in half. It forgives all, grants all, and destroys any who fail to journey in heart as well as mind."

I guess, even among a race of legends, mysteries endure.

Collin Chazwell
The legend of Aeronopolis

The story specifics seldom matter. One story claims a half dozen death dragons while another mentioned a single massive fire dragon. Another denies the involvement of dragons and swears a swarm of mammoth albatross were the attackers. The prey was a small sky keep. It resembled the Sentinel keeps, though substantial smaller, but also carved from a single slab of floating rock. Before they approached within their breath (assuming dragon), the keep split in two and a light unknown to the Gods vaporized the enemy. Supposedly, later, the keep vanishes. Myths now accompany the tale, claiming it remains hidden for decades at a time, and then appears, usually in times of great calamity and death. The keep seems drawn to destruction, arriving usually only when times are most desperate to offer assistance.

The small rock appears to have no population at all. No one has ever seen anyone inside. One plucky pilot possessed the audacity to claim she landed on Frontier. She searched and found nothing. No evidence of life though someone must have carved those tunnels. She also admitted there were huge sections of the complex unexplored. Of course, later tales detailed reptiles, ghosts, or even aliens from beyond the world controlling the facility.

The most distinguished feature is with Frontier's capability. The entire construct, when ready to act, splits in two fragments and spreads apart. Within moments, the keep can then cast out a massive energy burst, incinerating everything in its path. Though also a rumor, some of these tales claim the titans in the north built Frontier to protect their land.

This is similar to a lightning bolt, but much more powerful. It streaks out 4 miles, carries a Ref DC of 30, and inflicts 20d10 points of damage. Frontier can fire once ever 2d4 rounds but after 2d4 firings, the vessel simply vanishes and may not return for years.

Selmana: Though described in further detail later, one of the only ways to reach the city of the titans in the far north is to find a laudenian transport and hitch a lift. Only dragons and laudenians flyers are permitted to enter the city, which also floats similar to Laudenia, though much more massive. Some of the sky elves prefer to call Selmana Aeronopolis. Some others call it Eden. Only a few captains know exactly where it is for even a slight deviation sends a brave crew into the freezing winds of the arctic. Stories speak of vast landscapes and amazing wonders. The only knowledge of Selmana or Aeronopolis comes from laudenian tales, since no one else has ever laid eyes on it.

A painting recovered from a destroyed sky keep offered evidence of its existence. The piece now hangs in Limshau for all to see. It shows a great tower in the middle of a huge city, all floating above a forest in an unknown land. If the art is accurate, Selmana is immense, stretching miles across at its base. For generations, feng-fu flyers traveled the skies in search of any evidence of its existence. No spells seem to point to its location. Some theorize it sits in a pocket dimension somewhere, or covered by an illusion so no one is aware unless they are standing in front of it.

Air Galleons: Air Galleons pay tribute to great books of the past, as massive sea vessels took the sky on invisible wings. What they really do is fly on magical cushions of air. They were all boats once; many are no longer sea worthy. Generally, galleons are huge and cumbersome. They usually find use in transportation of supplies and large populations of people.

Thermals: Though it is rare, a few laudenians are known to fly thermals purchased from other races, modified gimfen models mostly. Laudenians models never possess technology and usually use wind for transportation. The rumor of animated blimps probably emerged with these.

THERMAL SHIPS

The most common aircraft by far in echa is the thermal, a slang term for all buoyant, lighter-than-air aircraft. The term references their common attribute of using heated air instead of helium or hydrogen to supply lift. Before the second hammer, the progress of these craft was halted in favor of faster, mass-produced winged craft. With the onset of the EDF, these craft found a niche to fill in the new world. Thankfully, hot air still rises in an atmosphere. Though a helium dirigible would be more stable, advances in thermal designs have almost totally offset the disadvantages of hot air. In the previous age, they had been relegated to commercial and recreation. Now they have returned in an expanded role never before seen. However, construction costs still proved too high.

Their relative moderate flying altitude did allow more people to see them in use and their sight in major echan cities is relatively common. Feng-fu flyers usually fly lower but are more expensive due to their maneuverability and all-out speed. The laudenian sky network hangs above them both, high above the clouds, out of sight from everyone. Usually, the mooring towers for thermal ships are easy to spot. Where there are thermal towers, feng-fu flyers often sit nearby, though the flyers are more often used for charter bookings

and the thermals for city-to-city travel. Thermals rarely make themselves available for a journey without a mooring tower at the destination.

WAVECRASHERS & SHORERUNNERS

The single largest alteration to the planet by far was the chaos caused on oceans by tidal forces exerted by the Moon. Pushed into a closer orbit by Attricana, the swells and waves of large bodies of water increased in severity by almost 200%. This, coupled with Attricana's encouragement of ocean storms, has thrown atmospheric sciences out the window. Air currents constantly shift, making meteorology and climatology virtually useless. Chaotic pressure systems have generated the largest oceanic storms every recorded, creating walls of weather separating the continents.

This maelstrom rarely subsides and continues through every ocean on Earth. These storms dissipate only slightly when approaching shore. Massive coastal docks like ones at York and Itinera installed massive breakers to halt this assault. Nations from both techa and echa tried for centuries for a safe route across the water. The only real option was to travel over the weather, as they were limited to only the troposphere. Porto Sail Galleons and Beluga carriers easily accomplished this task but the altitude required was unrealistic for thermals. This connected bastions only scarcely but kept echan communities detached. This lasted until only recently when the first wavecrasher appeared in a Canam echan dock.

History did not record when the prototype vessel was built or even which one bears the honor as the pioneer. The sea was rife with monsters the moment the first travelers stepped off the beach. Some grew from evolved oceanic behemoths like sharks and whales while others were unique creations of Attricana, grotesque or beautiful in equal measure. Some were timid though most were hostile, swallowing anything they could wrap their impressive maw around.

Initially, these leviathans were hunted for their meat and for a prize. Short-range boats braved the weather to harpoon the mammoths and drag their hulks back to shore.

With the application of moderate magic and clever trapping, several of these goliaths were captured alive. Their wills were broken and they were trained to carry a load. This weight eventually turned into an entire vessel, built around the creature.

Not a single Wavecrasher looks the same, built around unique creatures, from monstrous sea turtles to enormous whales larger than some villages. The vessels dominate the waves by rolling effortlessly over or diving underneath them. Even with these audacious designs, the majority of wavecrashers seldom survive more than a dozen journeys before finally destroying the creature or the boat built around. Some of the beasts near retirement are demoted to following coastlines, where they become shorerunners. It is though there are less than a dozen of these beasts of burden roaming the oceans. They frequent only echan ports and rarely appear on the west coast, running exclusively across the narrow strip of Okeanos.

The swells would subside as they approached the coast but for now, instead of trying to brave over the mountainous swells, the wavecrasher would beckon its steed to drive under the layer and emerge from the other side to take in air. The passage was still rough when driving in and emerging from the other side. Oddly enough, being submerged was calm, though such vessels could never sustain being watertight. Even the largest mercantile vessels couldn't survive more than ten minutes before being compromised. A few would be torn from their mounts and plummet into the depths, for on their own, they were bricks. Others would dive too deep and be crushed from the weight of water; their beasts of burden with broken wills dying soon after without permission to breath.

The swell rose. The command was given. The beast dipped below the water. White foam crawled up its skin, crashing into the breakers of the vessel. Ship and beast were pulled under the wave. A torrent of nature's strength pounded the observation windows. They groaned and leaked. More than a few watchers had their fill of bravery and fled to the lower decks, like it would do any good. If the vessel took water, everyone would perish save for the beast.

From the other side of the wave, the huge maw of the monster emerged, the mouth full of krill. The long and lovely creature was far more elegant than the boat built around it. It was slender for its weight, as blue as water on its back, white as the surf on its belly. Over 200 feet long, it was twice the size of its ancestors not endowed by the influence of magic. Like its predecessor, it flaunted a flat head with a massive lower jaw and near unseen upper lip. It had virtually no dorsal fin but huge pectorals. The superstructure was built over the front half, leaving the rear for maneuverability. Massive cables strapped and hooked over the body kept the vessel stable and its owner in control. As ship and beast burst from the ocean, the decks began to wave and distort again.

In the momentary calm, the sun cast fluttering bands of light through the cascading stream running over the windows. A spectacle of blues and reds washed over the observation room briefly as the water drained away from the glass. A lesser wave was taken without the dive and the ship rose high in the swell. Passengers could see the mountains of eastern Canam, only hours away. Such a sight lasted a second, for the ocean refused to give up on its prey so easily, and a final wave built up a defiant last attack. The whale bellowed as it prepared to take another dive.

TRAVEL COSTS

Service	Cost
Feng-Fu Flyer (routine)	2 sp per mile
Feng-Fu Flyer (charter)	4 sp per mile
Thermal (coach)	1 sp per mile
Thermal (luxury)	2 sp per mile
Wavecrasher / Shorerunner	1 sp per mile

All locations in Canam will list if they possess a feng-fu service or a thermal mooring tower. The costs are doubled if transporting a creature larger than medium or if the loading and transport of said creature would be difficult.

FOCUS

Locations are often listed with their suggested class focus. Those native to these regions will often select these classes over others and specific classes may be dominant in certain regions or ethnic groups.

BASTIONS

ANGEL

Angel is the largest bastion in Canam and one of the largest in the world. Its creation is synonymous with standard bastion construction and is usually the image outsiders picture when they think of the techan capitals. It is also one of the oldest but also one of the slowest to develop. Angel is sur-

BASTIONS

In the spring years after the massive birth pains of Attricana's opening, the aura of enchantment had finally subsided to a less chaotic level. Normality started to creep back into reality. What survived of humanity quickly banded together. Those still possessing technology also possessed power and used that influence to gather more of similar skill to their side. Many of these initial communities could not develop long while only reliant on their malfunctioning machines. The majority eventually turned to magic, forgetting their heritage and the bulk of thousands of years of technological trial and error.

For an infinitesimal few, they had grown fast and large enough to maintain their technological footprint. It is believed now that these surviving cities (at least in Canam) were able to develop because of discovered caches or ruins from Earth's past intact enough to catapult the community to prosperity. With a bastion like Sierra Madre, it could have been the discovery of the colossal cavern and easily accessible thermal power. With both Angel and York, they are assumed to have been built upon ruined cities of old Earth (although why those ruins survived while all others vanished is a mystery). With Mann, the entire city pre-built by unknown hands could be the catalyst to develop. Not even the natives of Selkirk know why their ancestors chose to climb a mountain and dig within it.

When the torrent of magic finally decreased, enchanted hot spots began appearing over the globe. Like a weather map displaying topical zones and low & high pressure isobars, Earth displays regions of heavy and light magical saturation. In areas with roaming monsters unknown to science or areas populated by magically endowed people, the diffusion of magic begins to alter, coalescing around these spots. Likewise, in regions where magic is not being used or is not being radiated by the residents of said regions, this concentration begins to drop. No one is exactly sure what cause-and-effect relationship this has (see Rules of Magic later).

This resulted in extremely low EDF zones within bastions, allowing technology to function with virtually no side effects. The EDF is always present, and certain problems never cease. The more bastions push out, the larger these dead zones appear. Some bastions have organized their layout to place their highest technology or R&D facilities as close to the center of their cities as possible, where the EDF is lowest.

Though the term is not entirely accurate, these "dead zones" are few and extremely small. Within them, the majority of science's rules are allowed to function. If a bastion were to collapse (and is has been known to happen), ED saturation would flow in with the outsiders breaching the defenses. There is no known technology able to completely suppress EDF. This flows from Attricana and as such cannot but curtailed on Earth until this faucet is plugged. If a shortcut was discovered, a bastion could cover itself in an invisible screen virtually impossible to assault by magical means. In an absolute zero ED-field, not only would spells and magic items cease to function but the very health of echans within the field would come into question.

Even the inclusion of a single echan in a bastion can cause havoc as their radiated EDF can short out technology as they walk past. This is not as much of a concern in some bastions as in others. In York, a low tech freeway was built to ferry echans through their town to the docks on the east coast. Strays are often pursued as criminals. Along this narrow road, echans can walk freely, able to mingle with techans and share a peaceful journey (though it's advised they don't linger). In Angel, an entire section of the city has been partitioned for the residential echans that helped build the first walls of the bastion. Outside of this colony, and in other bastions like Selkirk, Sierra Madre, and Mann, echans are strictly forbidden. This began initially to protect technology but migrated towards bigotry with an unfortunately scientific justification.

There are rumors that the most advanced bastion on the planet, Porto, had successfully created anti-magic fields using technology but have limited its use within certain regions of the city and within some of their transports. They refuse to trade such advancement to anyone for any reason.

Magic shrouds the Earth better than the ozone layer, blocking both low and high frequency waves. This suppresses cosmic radiation but also suppress radio waves, which prevented bastions from communicating. Like human nations of ancient Earth, they progressed completely independently from each other, altering their beliefs, their technological profile, and even their language. When messengers finally revealed these bastions were not alone in the world, regular communication was still unfeasible. As long as Attricana remains open, there is no way for the techan's way of life to ever escape the walls of their cities.

rounded by major deposits of magic. With Burganasis, Jibaro, Kannos, and Xixion nearby, Angel suffers from radiant disruption more than any bastion in Canam. The wall grew as a side effect of this and from the constant goblin attacks that never ceased, even when the wall grew to its impressive size. To techans within and echans wishing to be, Angel often goes by a simple label. They call it "the castle." From a distance, with its massive wall and towering peaks, Angel does appear to resemble an oversized fortress, dozens of kilometers across. Only York and Angel bear any real resemblance to man's old culture from the past.

Layout: Angel's central governing buildings stand in the center in a place called Tower Park. The tallest buildings (no less than 100 floors), of which there are dozens, sit here. The ten primary avenues spread out from this park, intersected by hundreds of circular streets. Every several kilometers, fragments of the older wall can still be seen, circling the city like tree-rings. Genai resides in the southern corner, less than 100 meters from the wall. Outside the city, especially near the main eastern door, hundreds of merchants set up shops allowing visitors to buy horses or black market goods from echa or techa including and especially technology from Angel itself. Entering Angel from outside is easier than most other Bastions. Humans alone can pass through the main door without magic and fear no reprisal. Non-humans are prohibited from entering.

Unlike Angel, organized and methodically laid out, Genai is scattered, jumbled, and cluttered. Roads split into dead ends, major walkways loop around onto themselves, and buildings rise and fall weekly. Supplies were rationed to the

populace so many buildings built themselves with wood and concrete, topped with ceramic tiles or even farms. Continuing traditional building methods, the cityscape of Genai looks as though one were looking 1000 years into the past. Asian influences are beyond apparent-Genai is the last lingering shred of anything anyone remembers from what China and Japan used to be. Not a single building stands more than four storeys, dwarfed by the skyscrapers around. The exception is the Great Temple of Genai at the dead center, reaching eight levels. A traditional torii greets those preparing to climb the massive flight of stairs rising up the pyramid. The torii is a simple wooden gate painted a bright crimson with two supports and two curving crossbars bordering the realm of the mundane to the magical. Atop the long climb is a three-story iron and red brick pagoda with eaves reaching out almost to shadow the base of the pyramid. A long descent waits, as a double-helix spiral staircase orbits around a massive shaft leading one deep into the pyramid. The opening into the temple is so massive, the pagoda atop barely conceals it. Many claim this leads to the credence that inside the temple, an ancient dragon slumbers, the one the city is named after.

Genai takes up 500 square blocks of Angel. Several secret passageways from Genai are said to lead to the outside world, forgoing the gates of Angel.

Population: 35 million. 1.5 million for Genai.

Common Alignments: Any

Tech Level: 3. Genai is mostly 1 but some TL2 technology sprouts up.

Ruling Body: Elected Republic. Only Angel citizens (not Genai) can vote. The ruling council sits at the center building of Tower Park and seats six people. Alan Miller holds the current Head Chair. He holds the power of veto but not the power to push legislation through on his own.

Genai has no ruling body although many do follow the words of wisdom that leak from the Great Temple of Genai.

Military: Angel prides itself on how small its army is. It suffers no attacks from rival Bastions or echan armies save for mediocre goblin attempts. Angel's military and police force are one in the same. The Crimson Starlight building in the Western side of Angel houses the aerial division. The police force is comprised of volunteers and trained professionals, working by choice to defend the walls. 95% of the armed forces on Angel patrol the outer perimeter. Internal crime in Angel is shockingly small with a murder being committed once per year if at all. The punishment is so severe to techans (banishment), few are willing to risk repercussions. The CSAF (Crimson Starlight Armed Forces) operate mostly fanjet powered Mantat Assault Shuttles. Xavier Camus commands the Ariel division.

In Genai, a volunteer police force, utilizing primitive weapons, keeps the peace. No crime exists among the native population. Criminal activity enters with the visiting tourists. Angel security only crosses the threshold when a serious crime is committed or when a public crime is seen from their positions at the edge of town.

Religion: A few old human faiths have churches and synagogues in Angel but the majority of the population are not spiritual. The people of Genai are highly religious. Many clerics born of techa originate from Genai. The majority worship yok-ani.

Technology: Angel operates fan craft and wields advanced rail weaponry. Their most common vehicle is the Mantat Assault Shuttle. Their weapons fire with caseless ammunition with high caliber cannons mounted on vertical takeoff aircraft. Genai is relatively primitive in comparison.

Relations: Angel makes virtually no contact with other Bastions. Like Selkirk and Sierra Madre, Angel is isolated because of distance. A few emissaries traveled to Selkirk but continual contact with Sierra Madre has yet to be made. Selkirk communications amount little more than a page of script every year. Angel does maintain a regular dialogue with Porto. No one is sure when communication began or even how it happened, but they often trade supplies via Porto to Beluga Carriers which arrive once every three years at best.

Genai has no relationship with any outside Bastions other than Angel. Even that relationship seems non-existent at times. Angel continues to tolerate their presence. Genai trades little with Angel and is self-sufficient.

Special Attributes: Genai merchants accept gold but not UC but a few will exchange even though their exchange rates can be atrocious. Genai operates many shops and markets including several black market areas. Separate markets sell both echan and techan items.

MANN

Mann still resembles the stereotype of most bastions. Tall buildings poke from an impressive wall armed impressively with weapons of science. Mann sits upon an island and rises as a dark blemish on an otherwise colorful horizon. Unlike Angel, bristling with lights and life, Mann looks dead and deserted. The only time movement ever appears upon its outer wall is when it fires on an approaching target. No one outside knows how the city was built, how it sustains itself with no external trade, or how the residents inside developed such a technological level surpassing all others on the continent.

Layout: Mann covers every square inch of the Island it rests on, enclosed by a massive wall bordering the edge of the water. Each building inside stands at least 500 meters tall with the tallest center ones towering more than 1500 meters. This is still not as tall as some of York's proud achievements, like the tower of Shinar. The blocks run uniform and everything fits to a perfect metric unit. The entire city represents a mathematical perfection unseen anywhere else in the world. The buildings all stand at a height of exact numbers rounded to the tenth degree. Leaving or entering Mann is difficult considering there are no main doors or docks anywhere on the outer perimeter. Stories abound of infiltrators somehow pushing back the rapids and sneaking in through the hydro-pipes, but these accounts seem unlikely.

Population: 5 Million

Common Alignments: Neutral and Evil alignments mostly with a majority to Lawful.

Tech Level: 5

Ruling Body: Mann's ruling body is simply known as "The Ghosts." They dictate all rules but no one is sure how many there are or who they are. It is said they walk among the population as normal people but meet every day at random locations to decide policy. Their numbers have been guessed between eight and sixteen. They claim they still connect to the population this way. Some class this as a theocracy since Mann's population embraces religion. When one Ghost dies, another is brought it to replace him or her. No one knows how the selection process works since it appears to be random. The Ghosts appear in a court every day. There are more than a hundred of these courts scattered about.

Military: The Kir protects Mann from anything that appears hostile. Designed around defense rather than assault, The Kir patrol the outer wall, tracking every moving object above, below, or on the water. The Kir dress as black as the city they live in. They are ordered to shoot to kill any echan found in the city or anyone possessing magic. They have created technological devices capable of detecting not only magical devices but magical effects as well. Behind the wall,

for emergency reasons only, several large cannons have been built against York in case their neighbor falls too far into blasphemy. The majority of the weapons patrolling outside the walls are automated machines.

Religion: The population is almost entirely right-wing Christian.

Technology: Very little of Mann can survive long beyond their borders. It remains highly sought after by those outside. Those fleeing Mann often smuggle a morsel of technology in order to barter a life for themselves outside. Any theft of Mann technology carries a death sentence and it's one of the few times a Kir will leave the city walls. Possessing technology is bad enough, but when a member of the scientific elite escapes, the Kir consider it a top priority to ensure the subject returns, or can never reveal his secrets.

Mann utilizes laser weaponry and magnetic propulsion. The walls of the city and the buildings contain metallic fragments, allowing native vehicles unlimited freedom of movement while in the limit of Mann. That, coupled with the clean hydropower, makes Mann one of the cleanest bastions on Earth. They output no pollution.

I discovered something when I gently placed my head against the tallest building.

We built this place.

Only man could erect such a tribute to its once greatness. I look across the bay and see such sin in our neighbors. Dammit! Why can't we just harness the atom and wash the planet clean? We did it once before and nature recovered. It will again. Mann is a great fortress, capable of withstanding any punishment. We will wait until the world heals and humans once again take their place as the dominant species on this planet. I know the secret. I saw into the soul of the world and discovered something no one else believes. It is fake. All of it. The gates are eyes of God. God is. Simply IS. With eyes open, he tests us with these blasphemous abortions of nature. They claim they came first. Nonsense.

We came first. We will remain long after they fall into dust. Enchantment will never touch us. When the gates close, we will remain. To hell with dragons! To hell with elves. They don't even exist in our eyes. You shut the gates; they will all vanish, back to the void from whence they came. They were simply illusions to test mankind. So many failed that test. We passed and will pave a new road to a future where man takes to the stars and resumes looking out, instead of in. As long as these abominations roam free, Earth will never be ours. Earth is our cradle, not theirs.

Ghost Bethany Husk
Mann public announcement
756 AE

Relations: Mann seeks no relations with any other Bastions. Only Aviv and Sierra Madre are more isolated but for Mann, it is by choice. They refuse contact with Angel and considers York blasphemous since they allow echans to enter their limits. York prepares for an inevitable invasion that may never arrive. Mann has no interest in invading York but is prepared to blow it off the face of the Earth if they feel they may fall from grace, more so than it already has. Even though a few Porto craft have been seen entering Mann, no official relationship has been formed. The massive cannons of Mann only point to York, nowhere else. If an army attacks, York must defend their walls as well as their neighbors, or else the cannons will fire. This insurance policy has kept in place for a hundred years. It's an agreement York never agreed to.

Special Attributes: Those who leave Mann risk a %75 chance of never being allowed back in. Only a signed permit from a "Ghost" can override this. The longer the resident stays outside, the less chance he or she will be allowed to return. All residents' DNA imprints are encoded in the Mann supercomputer and is the only way anyone identifies himself within the city. Somewhere outside of Mann (possibly in York), there exist those able to temporarily place a DNS recorder that confuses the sensors to make someone register as someone else ($1500 UC).

SELKIRK

Selkirk hardly considers itself a bastion but rather of a colony. It is smaller than all other bastions, sports no walls, and is not paranoid of its neighboring nations. Though their origins remain a mystery to even them, there is no doubt about how they survived. Under one of the richest ore deposits in the world, Selkirk maintains an extremely efficient processing facility. Before Fargon contacted them, they were threatened with food shortages and were forced to keep their population in check. Attempts to find other communities proved fruitless, though their expeditions never traveled far. After a successful trading relationship flourished with the narros, the city was able to prosper. The population restrictions were lifted and the following centuries proved a boom no one expected. They don't obsess over expansion or political domination like other techan nations. They only work to live and survive.

Layout: Selkirk's layout sits half inside and half outside the mountain of Selkirk the city was built from. Few outside structures exist. One of the only major outside signs are the massive pads from the Granger Air Terminal on the Northern face. Machineries cut huge swaths from inside the mountain, allowing for the housings and "Rails." Large open areas sit under artificial lighting. Many of the mining levels supply minimal illumination, degenerating some members of the population to perpetual darkness for almost their whole lives. As one climbs higher, the construction appears more thought out, brighter with larger spaces. Colors blend in and the areas are more sanitary. The vibrations of the air circulators rumble through the whole mountain, the only real sounds until one dives into the catacombs (the mining district). The catacombs are a maze of thousands of kilometers of tunnels where automated machinery buzz. Workers follow behind and dig up the treasures found. Up high, people keep to themselves. Conversations seldom break out. Even the "Mags" move silently.

"Mags" are the primary method of transportation-vehicles of varying size that travel along massive iron-core beams that criss-cross through and outside the mountain. A massive lattice of rails covers the eastern face, the side most exposed. The magnetic vehicles don't actually connect to the "roads" but rather float alongside (up to ten feet away), allowing many vehicles to cross along a single rail. Some wealthy administrators utilize sports-car style single person speeders while most of the population runs on the Magtracks (multi segmented trains, unconnected to each other but magnetically linked), traveling along the bars ferrying population around. One single bar travels tens of thousands of feet from high in the mountains to Hells Gate below.

Population: 2 Million

Common Alignments: Any Lawful. Neutrals are most common.

Tech Level: 4

Ruling Body: The majority of the population lives within the union. The workers banded together more than two centuries ago into the four core unions: The South East Moles, The South West Rakers, The North West Boilers, and the North East Strykers. Each one competes with the other and often takes out

their frustration on the field, playing a sports game reminiscent to rugby (only more violent). Shop stewards lead their unions with the understanding that no one strikes and no ripples stop the flow of goods. The supervisors monitor the lower levels of administration with superintendents above them. The high levels of administration are run by chief superintendents, finally culminating in the main board of twelve with the president of the colony, currently Tyler Norton. The miners take up more than 90% of the population even though the majority of them don't appear in the top fifteen levels of the city.

Military: Selkirk operates no dedicated military force. The miners volunteer for service lasting three months, allowing them to work on higher levels and even outside the walls. Few ever see action. No sizable force ever reached Selkirk and the raids that have occurred were easily driven off, as a siege on Selkirk would be costly in currency and life. The military operates the variety of hidden turrets and hard points along the outside walls.

Religion: None.

Technology: Mag-levs primarily. Rails criss-cross the outer wall of the mountain providing an anchor for hundreds of magnetic-power craft, making Selkirk look more advanced than it is. Away from the moorings of the Iron rails, Selkirk technology relies on clumsier fanjet transports. Selkirk's rich deposits resulted in a moderate trade with Angel, spurning a technological edge, eventually passing the other bastion within a few decades. The new weaponry on the horizon for Selkirk is their new magnetic gauss cannon.

Relations: Some Bastions believe if Selkirk were to vanish off the planet, no one else would hear of it for several years. Selkirk's isolation works for and against it. It is the only bastion never attacked by any outside force with a chance of overtaking it (Kobold raiders simply don't count). This works against Selkirk since they have few trade agreements with other bastions. A one-time conference resulted in a modest technology trade with Angel, a relationship that has since dissolved from Selkirk's lack of communication. Selkirk has a more productive relationship with echan civilizations. The continued trade with the narros of Fargon keeps Selkirk alive. Occasionally, gimfen from the East are welcomed for their knowledge. Selkirk wishes to be more in touch with their neighbors but their location prevents it

Special Attributes: The rails are virtually impossible to spot a long distance from the mountain. Anyone not knowing where Selkirk is will not notice it from 5 kilometers away. This is for the side that exposes its rails. The northern and southern faces have no exposed rails, making the check even harder.

Most people consider Hell's Gate part of Selkirk, considering one rail runs to the small town and is the center point of the Narros trading deal with the bastion. Hell's Gate contains exchange banks and various churches but little in magical merchandise. Those looking for dungeons will be happy to find many here.

SIERRA MADRE

Like Selkirk, it is believed Sierra Madre was originally some ancient vault or military base from earth's past. It has been safely assumed that the massive cavern the bastion was built inside formed later from magical influence, for it is simply too massive to form naturally on its own and not collapse. Even still, the bastion made a point to reinforce their ceiling despite showing no signs of being compromised. Being isolated from all external contacts for a short time convinced the population they were the only survivors of the last age. When they emerged from their vault, they found a wild land populated by monsters with no other refuge in sight save for the caverns behind them. A few expeditions only confirmed their fears. A frightening fog covered the south and nothing lived for hundreds of kilometers north that didn't immediately attack when seeing prey. If only they traveled a little further, they would have encountered some measure of civility. Alas, it would be centuries before anyone from Sierra Madre even knew of other human survivors. When finally confirmed, they expressed delight at the prospect, and then promptly returned to their city. They were self-sufficient and had no capacity for sustained trade over such long distances. Underground and out of sight, they remain safe, which virtually no other bastion could boast. Feeling blessed, the city continues per the status quo, hoping their solitude will continue indefinitely.

Layout: The entire city, reminiscent of Selkirk, sits completely in cover. Unlike Selkirk, which comprises of hundreds of miles of tunnels and few exposed buildings, Sierra Madre expands throughout a single gigantic cavern. Without a single natural light source, the bastion glows with a constant light of industry. Over a controlled geothermal vent, it continues to live off boundless energy, more than any other bastion. The presidential palace doubles as the power center and the focal point of the entire Madre militia, small that it is. Every major street expands from that center, winding through the cavern and its branches. Sierra Madre's cavity is the largest enclosed space on the planet, stretching for more than 40 kilometers from one end to another, housing the millions inside. The center palace sits in a gigantic stone column almost two kilometers across. It controls the entire power grid. This makes the layout vulnerable, as the Column is also a supporting structure for most of the Bastion. Its destruction would not only cut the power of the bastion and send hazardous volcanic gas into the city; it would most likely crash more than thirty square kilometers of roof above. The death toll would be catastrophic. Luckily, nothing but a nuclear blast has the capacity of inflicting that much damage to compromise the stability of the Column. There are few exits to the surface, most being hidden service elevators.

Population: 5 Million.

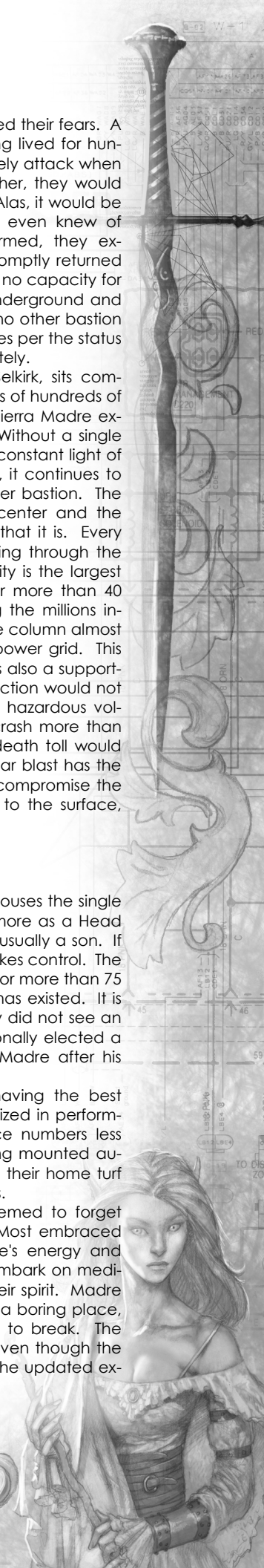
Common Alignment: Any Good.

Tech Level: 4

Ruling Body: Ruling Family. The Column houses the single ruling family. Not referred to as royalty but more as a Head Family, fathers pass on their duties to an heir, usually a son. If no apparent is available, then a new family takes control. The current family is the Valterras who have ruled for more than 75 years. It's unsure how long this ruling system has existed. It is assumed a kind and fair ruler of the first family did not see an adequate leader in his own family and personally elected a close friend to continue the ways of Sierra Madre after his death.

Military: Sierra Madre prides itself on having the best trained, but smallest military, perfectly specialized in performing underground. The military standing force numbers less than 1000, but with massive numbers of ceiling mounted automated weaponry, to fight the Madrian's on their home turf would be suicide. There are no surface patrols.

Religion: The majority of this bastion seemed to forget about spirituality involving a higher power. Most embraced the power of the individual, channeling one's energy and maximizing their potential in society. Many embark on meditation and personal quests in order to fulfill their spirit. Madre has the fewest laws of any bastion, making it a boring place, as what fun can there be had with no rules to break. The common similarity is with old-age Buddhism even though the term has been lost through time with them. The updated expression they employ is "Spherist."



Technology: Low flying aircraft easily traverse any altitude in the city. Wheeled ground vehicles run across hundreds of miles of paved roads, leaving the flying vehicles for transport and high-ranking delegates. All power is through a battery system known as Bremsstrahlung Drives powering all the vehicles in the city. They store energy from the main reactor and recharge through ports. However, they do not last long and drain quickly. Their vehicles only last for about a day and cannot recharge anywhere else. The batteries are very clean and even dispose after an impressive 50,000 charges with no hazardous byproducts.

Relations: Sierra Madre sits below the radar of most bastions. With no exports and no communication, other bastions that know about Sierra Madre don't really care. They don't maintain any trade with any other bastions. With massive energy deposits and hardened workers, Sierra Madre could make a useful ally, if anyone could find them.

Special Attributes: Bremsstrahlung Drives cannot be recharged in any way from outside sources. They can only be recharged through BDPorts scattered throughout the Bastion.

YORK

Claimed to be the oldest bastion in Canam (incorrect as the truthful honor falls to Mann), York expanded quickly but could do little to resist the constant magical influx into the city from other races and magically endowed humans. With the largest port on the east coast, York became the mouth of the vital corridor between Canam and Euras. As a result, the bastion's progression became retarded and could not advance as quickly or as consistently as other bastions. The population still increased despite the impedance. The only notable exception to their technological footprint is the neros—simple humanoid robotic machines designed by the gimfen that built the buildings and run the majority of the law enforcement. After the pagus forces were halted by the shield wall at Tethuss, all York had to worry about was sporadic raiders and, of course, Mann. As such, York never needed to erect a physical wall, preferring a patrolled perimeter as their compromise. The relative low technological level has allowed some mingling of magic and science, although relations between the two groups have never been smooth. Often enough, travelers keep to the main streets, seeking a direct line from the city limits to the main docks. There, they book passage on a Porto Sail Galleon, thermal, or wavecrasher.

Layout: York resembles a city of Earth past. Old style construction sped development. The only clear sign of advancement sits near the coastline, where the tallest and most advanced buildings stand. Beyond that, the western half of the city is somewhat disjointed and unorganized. As one travels east, towards the coast, the technological advancement of the city increases. The coast also sports a massive dock, the largest on Canam, and the tallest techan structure on the planet, the tower of Shinar, peaking at 7000 feet. Most tourists get lost in the jumble of roads and highways. Gimfen allies to the west prevent any large force from ever making it close to the bastion, leaving the city of Mann the only threat.

Population: 17 Million.

Common Alignments: Any

Tech Level: 2

Ruling Body: York operates a fully realized democracy. They elect a President who answers to a council or "High Court." The ruling body battles constantly with the problem of crime in the city. The current President's priority is keeping the populace stable. He constantly feels pressure from Mann, whom he fears. Another concern coming to the Council's attention is their dependency on the Neros.

Military: York's military is virtually non-existent, replaced, instead, with a very large internal police force. Armed almost like an army, the YPF dedicate themselves to internal control, barely worried about the external defense of the city. The YPF is comprised almost entirely of neros. Almost 85% of the law enforcement is robotic. They are only permitted within the city, leaving the remaining 15% to patrol the periphery of the bastion.

Religion: Various. York is the only bastion with cathedrals dedicated to echan faiths. These churches are permitted as long as no magic is committed inside the walls and no illegal acts are witnessed.

Technology: The neros are the most prominent form of technology in the city. Beyond that, York operates both fanjet transports and ground vehicles. The most amazing sight to the population occurs every few months when the Galleons from Porto arrive, overshadowing everything that sits docked next to them, even the Wavecrashers.

Relations: Obviously, paranoia exists between Mann and York. Many fear armed conflicts are an eventuality. Besides Mann, York's other relations are rather strong, but many bastions frown on the close connection York carries with the echan inhabitants. York permits limited entry of echans, mostly humans, elves, and half-elves even though a few gimfen enter as well. Racism and crime often follows those who enter unless protection is provided. Only those trying to purchase passage across the ocean attempt entry into York. York trades commonly with Angel. Their strongest ties exist with Porto.

Special Attributes: A day pass for non-humans cost 400 UC; outside humans cost 100 UC. The doors operate exchange banks. Anyone caught without a pass is kicked out.



Chen rolled out the massive hemp map across the table. Everyone gathered around. The lines and features floated on its surface. The map showed the landscape of western Canam. From the north, the names of the kobold controlled region of Xixion were visible, surrounding the pitiful and sympathetic free house of Locus-Mallis. South from there was Angel, dead center in the goblin land of Crax. Further down grew the remnants of the fractured and collapsing land once dominated by the free house of Torquill. The east, the group could follow their journey, through House Antikari, over the Continental Cross, past House Orchis, to the nation of Limshau. Other regions like Burganasis and Dawnamoak were also visible. A glowing red pencil bobbed over Angel, floating as part of the map.

"You are here," Mischa mocked. "Well that's useful."

"Patience, knight," Chen replied. He waved over the map and whispered a word foreign to all of them. "*Ekna so*." The bouncing light danced across the terrain, rising over hills and into valleys, before stopping over the ruins of a once grand castle. "In the

keep once controlled by Rogan and Zellis, south of the city, deep in goblin lands."

"A week by swifted horse," said Mahan. "Into Torquill, the crumbling kingdom."

"It's not really a kingdom anymore," Raven added.

"Goblins at every turn," said Mischa. "Such glory."

"So that's it?" Aiden asked Chen. "Why there? Why drop it in empty castle?"

"It's meant for hiding," Minx pondered.

"Or it's being reinforced for defense," Mahan added.

"Five of use, that's a hell of siege," Mischa barked in.

"A hide out," Mahan replied. "Torquill is rampant with raiders. The land is stuffed with ruins and empty keeps since the war."

Mischa pushed in again. "On their own grounds? This is sounding better."

Aiden finally raised up to address Mischa's apparent dissatisfaction. "You've dispatched demons and you're getting squeamish about a few thieves?"

Mischa looked back a little confused. "You assume everything I've said is sarcasm. I was being honest." He straightened his back and walked over to his blade resting against a shelf. All eyes followed him but said nothing. "I am going to take my sword and armor to the smiths for repairs." He walked out, finally adding as he cleared the door, "They'll be ready by tomorrow once I offer a tip."

The group tracked Mischa until he was out of building, then stayed fixed on the door a moment longer. There was no reaction from any of them until finally Mahan blurted out, "Well, he's in."

"Don't shuffle about the land," Chen said to Aiden. "Return here at once."

"I wish there was some shortcut," replied Aiden. "I pulled what strings I had left with Xavier. Fairly certain he would object at being at taxi."

"There is a shortcut."

Minx pulled the wooden manhole cover back. Aiden, Mahan, and Raven stared down the shaft and the ladder dipping down into the darkness. The tunnel underneath had no lighting and was barely big enough for Mischa wearing his armor and arrogance. Aiden could not believe it. This cover hid underneath Chen's desk. The hassle he had to go through to get his Ident card from Xavier when he was young, to make him hand it over. To get an earful of criticism and arguments about how futile it was. Aiden could have snuck out without him knowing.

"That takes you all the way to the wall," said Chen. "Out of sight of the southern gate, in the dense part of Cyon where it touches the wall."

"Why the hell did you not told me this, Chen. You know what I went through to leave this place?"

"You're a techan," Chen replied. "You never would have had problems like this before. Vanishing is a magic trick your brother would not have settled with." Of course, he was right. Back then, if Aiden simply vanished from Genai, Xavier would have torn the town apart looking for him. He could have found the tunnel, and then that would have been it. Aiden needed to tell him back then. Now, he would have to lie. Tell him he was staying for a while. Xavier would believe it. Months would pass with Aiden hiding in Genai without contact with this brother. They would surely be back before Xavier had time to worry.

"How long has it been here," Aiden asked.

"As long as this building's stood."

Aiden laughed. "Angel security would pass leadshot if they discovered this."

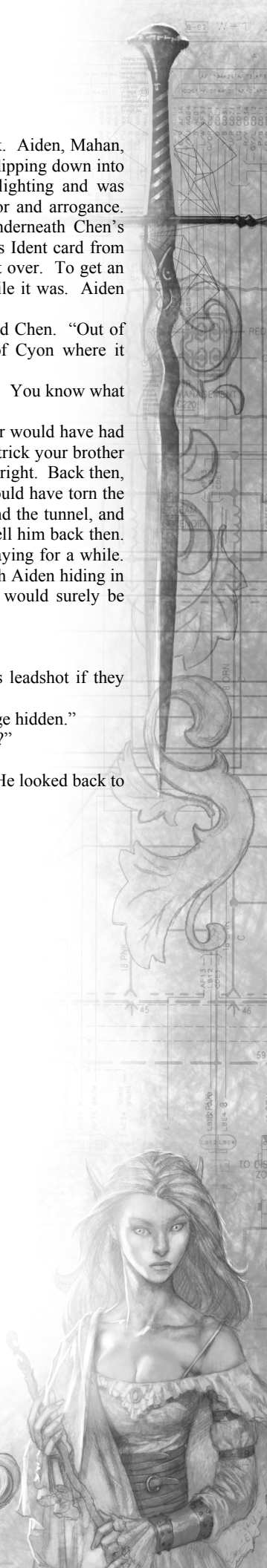
"Another reason why we keep such knowledge hidden."

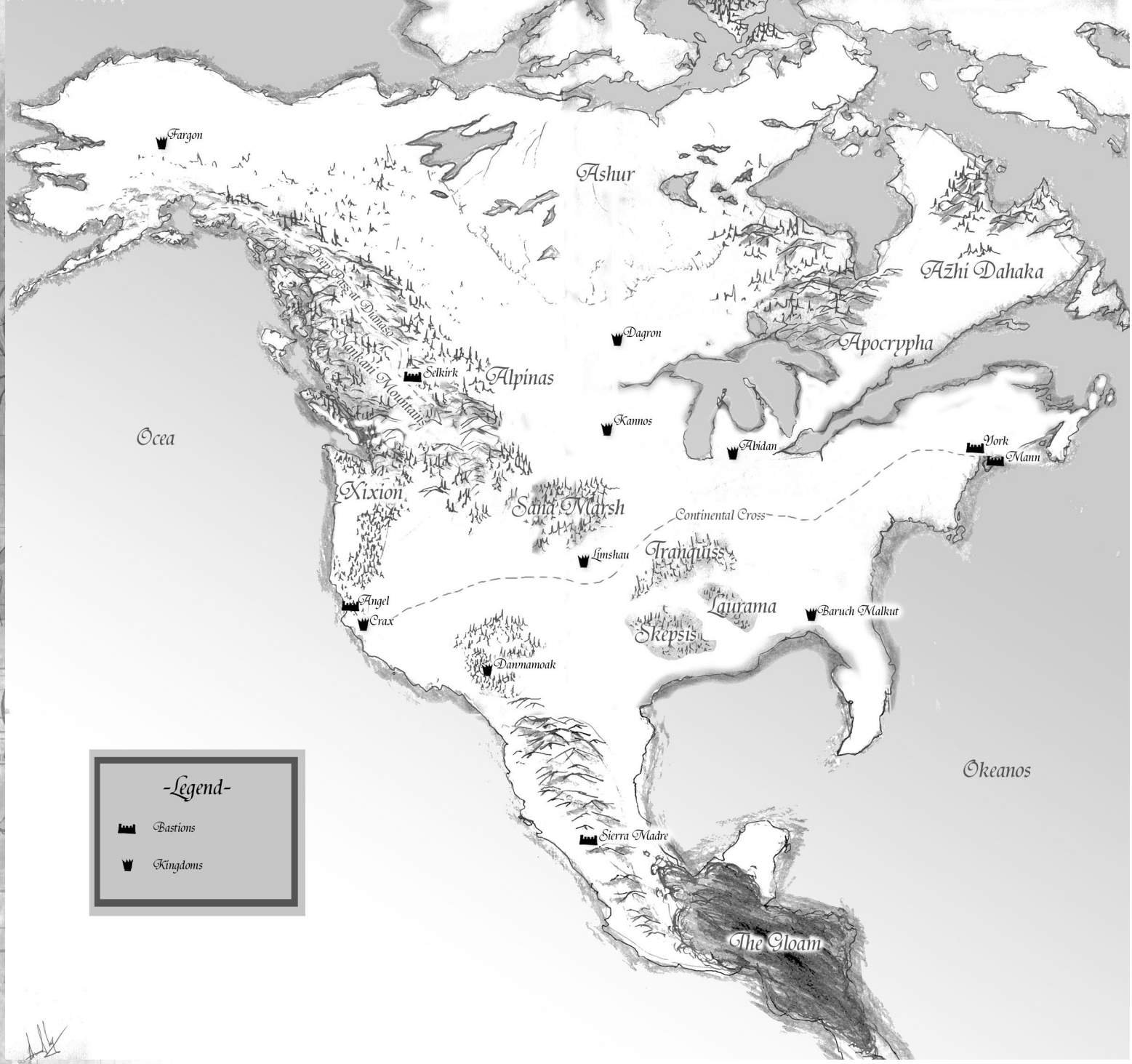
Aiden looked to Minx. "I suppose you knew?"

"We all knew Aiden," she answered.

Aiden laughed again. "Of course you did." He looked back to Chen. "Anything else you want to tell me."

"Shave before you go, it's not helping"





CANAM

The rules presented in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

Note: Towns are listed with a GP limit indicating the most expensive items in town. It should also be noted there are hundreds of towns and locations not listed here, what follows are the large or noteworthy ones.

Angel, Dawnamoak, and the graveyards of a crumbling kingdom



Antikari, House of **(3,000 gp)**

Antikari is a small house ruling a dozen farms. Their total population is less than 15,000. The Antikari keep is a fenced house only slightly larger than surrounding buildings. Only the town the house sits in is of any consequence. What raises it above the inconsequential is its proximity to Angel, at the mouth of the only relatively safe road to the bastion. Like many of its size, there are shops and trading posts for anyone who enters as long as they are human. Most of the residents of Antikari believe anything non-human is responsible for man's fall from grace. Many in Antikari wish to enter and live in Angel, but their lack of useful knowledge prevents it. They remain outside, waiting for the chance to break in. Humans who enter Antikari are welcomed with open arms. Non-humans are usually ignored if they only pass through or remain for a short time. If they dare spend the night or try to mingle with the locals, a mob may eventually form. Usually not lethal, the intruder is stripped and sent out, a handful of bruises and a humiliation being the worst of the damage. If the victim is an attractive elf, they may end up sold to slavers for a tidy profit. More radical forces engage in more dangerous activity, though this is rare. The house Baronet, Renan Torquill, only shows himself occasionally. He inherited the keep when Stellen Antikari died from disease, leaving no heirs. Renan, his half brother and 2nd in line to House Torquill, claimed the seat before any bastards or distant relations could object. He is kind to humans who enter but can be heartless to others. He is the town's ruler and guard captain. Antikari has a thermal mooring tower but no Feng-Fu terminal. The nearest outpost for the flyers is a small hut 50 miles north run by Abin Rhunefellow.

Antikari rules over no other villages, just the single town and various farms. Of all the free houses worth mentioning, it is the smallest.

Focus: Antikari natives specialize in offering their services to caravans making the trek to Angel. As a result, they often select Wilderness Nomad and Juggernaut though a few select Pathfinder. Spellcasters are rare.

Burganasis

Floating rocks dominate huge expanding grass fields. Most travelers avoid the stones, as gravity is highly unpredictable. The stones carry a tendency of crashing down at any moment. Most remain stationary for decades. Many of the rocks are shards broken from distant mountains. They are not round, resembling jagged glass shards. Some simply rotate on a pivot from the surface. Others drift, knocking into others. None of them move very fast. Even though the phenomenon of the floating stones exists everywhere on Earth, they are most dominant in Burganasis. No one is sure why magic saturated this segment of land more than others. The rocks are nothing special and don't contain any precious materials, unlike the Heads of Ramkava. At any one point, there floats more than 5,000 rocks, some five stories tall or higher. They all look impressive.

Continental Cross **(250-5000 gp)**

The cross is a beaten path that connects the bastion of Angel, through house Antikari and house Orchis, and finally to Limshau. Various short spots widen out to be a gravel road but these are infrequent. After Limshau, the highway expands with planed land and signposts, through Escorias and Aberbanel. It finally leaves the kingdom, turning back into a dirt path until reaching Gnimfall, where it breaks apart and fades out. It restarts 250 kilometers later, where it continues on to its final end at the bastion of York. Although not totally safe, it is the easiest route to take with reduced risk. Between Angel and Antikari, the road passes through Crax and only becomes somewhat safe after Orchis, where it gradually turns into the highway Limshau planned it to be. Travelers have little to worry about through Limshau and only between Gnimfall and York does it get dangerous again, though still safer than breaking from the beaten path.

The road is commonly used by thousands of people. Caravans alive and rolling as well as sacked and burned can be spotted along its route. Wandering shops sell trinkets from the backs of wagons. Some carts stay together for protection, creating nomadic markets that roam the road, never straying apart. The most well known is the Arciducha, a caravan of 35 wagons selling fine clothes, rare foods, and even protective lodging with optional vendible flesh to keep adventurers warm and satisfied.

These markets migrate between Antikari, and Gnimfall, usually staying near Limshau borders, where the road is patrolled more frequently.

BEST TO RULE

How the majority of echa adopted an aristocracy was not sudden, nor was it unpredictable. The fault does not lie with one specific nation or one specific race. Even a few bastions are run in similar ways. As Attricana opened, the entirety of the planet was unclaimed. Those few flaunting influence over more or many took this opportunity to declare what they found as theirs. Calling themselves lords was an obvious transition. This concept was not limited to humans, as most elves, even the truly noble and chivalrous ones, would make such declarations on lands they deemed acceptable to build a nation upon. Yes, some of those claims were made on lands already populated. Generation passing onto generation, the landowner would delegate duties to his heir, and nobility started. With humans, not a single new noble could trace their lineage past the opening gate. Some claimed a lordship from money only while a few arrogantly declared their title bestowed by a higher power.

Eventually, the old titles returned. They did not bother making up new titles when there were plenty throughout history to glean from. Some houses were led by lords, others by dukes, khans, counts, marquises, landgraves, or barons. A few humans even went as far to declare themselves monarchs of the highest order, kings and queens of royalty. Placing their station so high was intended to impose their influence on neighbors, or strike alliances with similar titled houses. Their titles changed with the language speaking. Though elf rulers never knighted valiant warriors, they would employ royal guards of similar stature, and were so referred to still as knights in the human tongues.

In most situations, human landowners claimed noble titles and formed alliances with others. Eventually, one would conquer the rest and declare himself king, relinquishing his throne to none other than an heir. They were all aristocrats, the best to rule.

This is not identical to historical accounts of ancient aristocracies. Several changes did occur with the new age, influenced by the new landscape and people considering themselves, "morally evolved."

For one, women are not just wombs to sire heirs but can own land and rule themselves, as eligible as their sons and brothers. Though ancient history has situations where women inherit, in the modern age, there is less resistance. This is commonly held across the planet though exceptions do occur. Second, intermarrying is rare, as the arrogance of noble blood seldom took root. Though fey offspring (even half-breeds) never spawn genetic defects, they also cannot bond with direct relations. Despite an initial need to repopulate their empires with patrician stock, some elvish rulers were forced to accept lower partners in order to survive. Aristocrats were in short supply, forcing rulers toknight local landowners and betroth their children to lesser houses to increase their power.

Even the most benign fey nations seldom mixed their blood to anyone outside their species. A few would still claim nobility upon the forming of a town. If the town became a city, the noble would be a ruler of grand stature, a king in their words. All this time, they would forge alliances by means of marriage and manuscript. Though fey races would ally with others despite race, they never traded blood. The treaty would be by pen and parchment only. This made said alliances fragile and prone to fracture. Though half-breeds occurred often through the lower folk, the aristocracies kept their blood pure, even to the extent of marrying commoners of the same race in the nation, promoting their position.

When humans entered the scene, policies changed. Those human nations not declaring racial hatred to the fey would often embrace the opposite, worshipping the long-lived paragons of all things desirable. Many fey took this idol worship to heart, never having encountered such reverence before, save for the laudenians, whom never cared. This caused an increase in human-fey hybrids, as many fey were as romantic as the most quixotic humans. When the human aristocrats encountered the fey, their opinions were often envious. Many nobles watched as their people doted and admired the visiting fey. They were treated as celebrities, nearly as well, if not more, than the ruling class. Envy followed, pursued closely by obsession. Powerful human monarchs sought marriages with ruling members of fey nations, desiring their patronage, their allegiance, but more importantly, their popularity in keeping their own people loyal. When the positive side-effects of human-fey pairing was discovered, many human aristocrats went mad seeking a noble marriage with a similar classed fey. Alas, fey never bond for reasons other than love and these initial requests were always denied.

Eventually, a few nobles would mix their blood with the fey lines, though this occurred more often with lower class fey and from circumstance and not one arranged to forge an alliance. Too many human nobles, having an elvish spouse or being a half-elf themselves, guaranteed respect and loyalty from the people. The public would consider their rulers true royalty for such long-lived sovereigns must contain stately blood. Alas, unknown to most of them at this time, to the elves, having a bond with a fey meant very little. True royalty could only be bestowed from a higher power, one that could destroy kingdoms with its bellowing breath of fire.

CRAX **(100 gp)**

If you can call it a kingdom. The greatest threat to the city of Angel besides the encroaching death dragon population are the rampaging goblin forces. Thankfully, unlike the kobolds to the north, their cousins show no signs of amalgamating their forces. They do prove a nuisance to most travelers around Angel. Sporadic attacks also reach toward the chaparrans at Jibaro. Most caravans join to unify their power, as most raiders are not large or brave enough to attack groups larger than ten. A demand arose recently for bodyguards for the smaller caravans traveling to and from Angel. Some consider this task extremely dangerous. Others consider it easy money.

There is one king who claims ownership overall all he sees in Crax. That is Illicrax Totrad. He insists the attacks are all his doing but most believe he only controls one small camp and takes credit for the raids. The Crax capital moves every month, transporting more than 5,000 people to a new location, but never out of this controlled land.

Usually, one in every ten caravans approaching Angel suffers an attack. Raiders comprise of no more than 30 – 40 goblins and if their victims offer substantial resistance, raiders

are more likely to retreat than push for victory. They prefer easy targets and seldom stand brave in the face of magic or a dozen skilled swords.

Some meant to give orders, some meant to take them. Others, we hit with an axe. Don't think it as dying. That's what it is, try not to think about it. Goblins need supplies. We don't know enough to make our own, so we take.

Yours.

Illicrax Totrad

Focus: When goblins take classes, they prefer fighter and often choose Wilderness Nomad.

CYON

A massive forest has encircled most of the south and east walls of Angel. Though not enchanted and tall like chaparran controlled woods over the horizon, Cyon is still equally massive. In their fledging first years, Angel clear-cut most of the landscape in frantic construction. The trees returned as dense and as stout as before in barely a generation, resulting in more felling. Yet again, the trees assaulted the walls. Recently, the branches began to brush against the tall wall. Shortly after, several new saplings poked from the soil inside the perimeter of the same wall. At first, no one took notice. Even today, few are alarmed by the occurrence. On their own, the trees don't appear to be magical at all. Other than goblins, no other races are known to inhabit the woods. The Angel Snipers, the elite forces that operate the outer wall, pass stories that tell otherwise.

"…You see the dent down der son?" the ripened and withered Walter said, pushing the recruit's head over the edge to peer down the face of outer wall. The cadet easily noticed the dimple, as tall as two storeys. The other two plebes followed suit. Walter chewed his words through his cleft. "That was a tree."

The cadet in grasp snapped his head back and laughed it off. "The hell it was. That happened during construction."

"Officially," snapped Walt, "but I read the report. There's a monster over 'der, pushing trees, uprooting bushes. It always stays outa sight. I saw it."

"Tell 'em what it looks like," spoke Martin, taller and younger, yet of higher rank.

"Gettin' to it. Gettin' to it. The reason you can't see it cause it's covered in grass and trees." Walter attempted a whisper but loud enough for all to hear. "It walks when you ain't lookin'. Plants itself down like a hill you never noticed. It could rear on its legs and swipe at ya up 'ere with a claw. Last time, it tossed an old redwood and made that mark." The recruit still in Walters grip was still unconvinced, though the other two were hooked.

"Have you seen it?" Walter's recruit asked Martin.

"I believe Wally. But no," Martin answered. "I saw the girl."

"You saw the girl?" one of the other cadets asked, as curious as the horny pubescent he recently was.

"Wadn't a girl. A woman," Walt corrected.

Martin grabbed the cadet in question with an over arm hug and directed him to look at the woods beyond. "Oh yeah," he started, "if you see a virgin in white silk between your sights…fire. Or else she'll lock eyes with ya, and she'll pull your soul right through your scope."

Overheard on the Angel Wall

DAWNAMOAK AND THE TOWERS OF JIBARO

(20,000 gp)

Few know the true name of the chaparran home forest. They don't often leave the woods surrounding these three towers. All the trees here stand tall, obviously mutated by elvin magic. Stretching more than 80 feet across at their base and looming more than a mile up, these trees are goliaths but are dwarfed by the towers themselves.

The actions of the past are simply covered up. Rings of wood grow over old wounds, protecting damage. As long as the wood grows, all is good. The trees spoke of terrible sins of man committed upon nature, the raping of the earth to construct false idols. But man refuses to hear the song of the wood, even now. Man ambles unaware. When they walk into the forest, they fear. They fear the unknown. They fear resentment and retaliation. They walk oblivious to the truth.

Nature forgave man.

Like a mother forgiving all the sins of the son, nature absolved man of his past transgressions. The hammer was an act of God, not of nature. They seldom got along anyway. The mother created life. God gave them ambition. God punished them. Nature simply gave life another chance, forcing the planet to erase and try again. Man should consider himself blessed. If they embrace the ways of nature, following us into the wood, speaking the ageless tongue, we would, as would the trees, welcome them into open arms…and they shall never fear again.

Ambition. It should be a sin.

Sylvanakassus
956 AE, from a speech.

What once started as a tree grew unnaturally, mutated by elvin enchantment, grown from the graves of the wisest elders. These trees grew stout and tall. Three small keeps graced their peaks, grown right from the wood. They are Strongwood (the widest but shortest), Charalstar (the thinnest but tallest), and Larenoak (the middle). Charalstar supports the chaparran religion, with their highest priest, Sylvanakassus governing the tower and its inhabitants. Larenoak holds the chaparran druid library. Ramankasagranthos maintains order there. Finally, Strongwood controls the military and governing body of the great forest around the towers. From here rules the highest chaparran and leader of Dawnamoak, Valentia-rankerr.

No one is entirely sure how many chaparran live in the forest but numbers guess between 35,000 and 65,000 elves. They seldom accept outsiders unless they speak elvish since chaparrans in Dawnamoak refuse to speak English. Those who speak the proper language are welcomed…for a while.

Spotting the great forest is easy. The trees don't slowly grow larger and taller as one pushes in. The fields of tall grass and bushes stop abruptly, replaced by the wooden behemoths. Although most belief the trees to be oak (from the title), the majority are actually conifers, specifically cupressaceous variants like giant sequoias and dawn redwoods. A few oaks pop up time to time. This mixed family of different tree species is a unique aspect of chaparran forests. All the towers were grown from giant sequoias. Of course, humans gave these names to the trees and the chaparrans don't refer to them as such.

A strange attribute only seen by the chaparrans of Dawnamoak is their family attachment to specific trees. Every child born is given a tree to care for. Although this is not

uncommon for all chaparrans across the world, the individual ethnic colors of the elves seem to attach to specific species of trees. The chaparrans with the darkest skin tones always bond with the sequoiadendrons and they occupy the largest percentage in the great towers. The lighter tan skinned chaparrans always choose giant pines. There are more than a dozen other connections made between the various families of chaparrans and specific species of trees. Though conifers occupy the greatest percentage, more than ten other varieties of trees can be seen growing, most not even indigenous to that section of the planet. Search hard enough and one could even find a coconut tree.

Despite Dawnamoak boasting some truly impressive trunks, the elves never claimed to grow the stoutest or the tallest trees. In 755 AE, a benign human druid, Sugi Gantilanna, entered the great forest in hopes of establishing a sociable relationship with the elves, something no human ever succeeded in doing until that point. Though the elves of Dawnamoak still regard mankind as a whole with mistrust, Sugi struggled against the stereotype for many months and eventually earned a place of solace. Despite sending occasional correspondence, Sugi would never leave the forest in his lifetime. During the following fifty-five years, Sugi found acceptance and a greater respect offered to him than to any human before or since. He was still prohibited from entering any of the towers and despite taking several lovers, was never allowed to bond with a chaparran.

Many of the chaparrans knew little of mankind other than the horror stories told to youth by the elders to scare them in line. How ironic. We scare our children with tales of baby-stealing goblins and soul-stealing faeries. I guess it makes sense the goblins and faeries would scare their offspring about the horrors of man. We truly are boogymen. Some suspected I would march into the forest waving an axe in hand, threatening to cut the trees down. In the end, the children stepped forward first.

Many assumed man all acted alike. Trees were just wood to us, construction and kindling, as worthless as dirt, trodden on with equal disdain. I remember and recounted a different view. I spoke of ancient lore, where the tree stood tall in its rightful place of worship. I brought up the Garden of Eden, the tree of life, and the tree of knowledge, though I do admit starting with that later anecdote probably wasn't wise. I moved onto the Kabbalah's Sefirot tree, depicting the map of creation. I mentioned the Ashwath Vriksha, the banyan tree that represented eternal life in the Hindu religion.

I even remembered the lote tree at the end of the seventh heaven. Of course, I refrained from mentioning Christmas trees as I imagine that may really upset them. When I spoke of the ash tree Yggdrasill from Norse and how it supported the heavens, I finally had gotten the attention of the priests. I told how the tree connected the sky, the earth, and the underworld together, and how its existence was vital to the entire universe—referred in popular myth as the World Tree. I even added that the last humans would survive Ragnarök by hiding within its branches. Of course, these are all legends and taste of the flamboyance my ancestors were known for. One of the priests however scolded my scoff, declaring a similar concept in their faith. They claimed Erufu, the mother of all fey, planted a single tree to remind the fey where they came from and where they were destined to end. Erufu proclaimed any who climbed to its tallest branch would feel her breath and understand the world's true purpose and form. This great tree cannot be found in this forest or any other on this side of the planet. It grows from another on the far side of the world. It is not a stout tree, with a trunk of mighty girth. It resembles the trees seen here, though indigenous to that land. It towers through clouds upon clouds, reaching a point where one could actually observe the curve of the planet. Apparently, this tree can neither be seen by flyers or from the ground at any distance. A tree growing to the stratosphere would be a grand climb indeed.

Sugi Gantilanna
The New Irminsul

Focus: Chaparrans from Dawnamoak are numerous and varied. The many common focus includes Shape shifters, Alphas, Forest Defenders, and Wilderness Nomads.

JANIS

Janis is one of the largest forests in the world, with the largest population of chaparrans living within it. Only Southam can claim a larger landmass of old growth. On average, Janis boasts the tallest and stoutest trees. Though chaparrans can only consistently be seen in the central towers of Dawnamoak, they do hold sway and claim over the entire forest. Though goblins have attempted incursion into chaparran territory, they never make it far. New Janis trees rise every year, expanding the territory of the elves. With Cyon to the north also growing faster than any forest should, the crumbling empire of Torquill will soon find its ruins overtaken by trees and vegetation, forever burying their legacy in the shadow of green crowns.

OCEA

This huge body of water grew deeper as the two great landmasses moved closer together on the other side of the continent. Massive tides prevent sailing by all but the largest vessels. Even then, many don't survive the journey. The water and what lies underneath it is chaotic and undiscovered. No one is sure what grows in this expanse. Gossip points to creatures larger than the greatest land animals known and more vicious than the demons themselves. Even most flying creatures avoid soaring over this massive body of water. Almost all the small islands darting around this area vanished when the sea level rose.

TORQUILL, HOUSE OF **(2000 gp)**

Torquill suffered under goblin attacks for many years and lost much of its holdings in the last few centuries. Subsequent rulers often dreamed of greater days, when the house's potential was limitless. Modern descendants claiming the name maintain that their keeps predate all others, even being older than the bastion of Angel to the north.

In the beginning years, ambitious humans staking claim to rich forests and farms enjoyed several generations without confrontation. They constructed a massive castle the first self-declared king (Avraham) dubbed Holace. This castle still stands as one of the largest in the world. As a walled community, both Angel and most cities of Limshau are bigger but as a castle, there is no larger on the continent. At almost a million square feet, the walls and battlements enclosed three keeps, five courtyards, six free-standing towers, seven cloisters, and fifteen separate royal houses. On a manufactured hill in the southern corner of the star-shaped outer wall is the "king's tower" (deceptively named as the king never resides inside), whose foundation begins above the ramparts. With a mountain against its southern face and a river across its northern face, the only sound assault can occur from the east or west, most likely west unless an army was to approach from the

ocean. The star-wall makes a frontal assault costly. The largest keep is simply called "Castell" and is considered the second line of defense. In its ward, it guards the royal family as well as the entire Holace water supply. Underground catacombs could house the entire castle population in an emergency and shuffle them to an escape tunnel at the other side of the river.

At its peak, Holace Castle could hold 50,000 people in beds, double that in wartime without straining its resources. Before Avraham passed the realm to Yaphet, the castle would suffer a bitter onslaught against an army of goblins that were rampaging the area. After breaking their will against the wall, the goblins retreated, but were massacred by Torquill cavalry that ran them down in pursuit.

What followed was a century and a half of expeditious expansion. A dozen new keeps were built with loyal lords sworn by oath or blood placed in control. The land was safe and roads were quickly treaded on by people and their caravans. The modern landscape of Canam would be very different if Torquill's empire continued unabated, but that was not to be. Like many other fledging kingdoms in the first few centuries (like Kardia and Plicato), Torquill's past is marred by mystery. At some point, the empire collapsed, forcing several of the noble birthed to abandon their territories to fight for control of the throne. Rumors point to conflicts with Dawnamoak, these being the first initial meetings with humans that soured the chaparran's opinion of mankind from then on.

Torquill was soft on banning slavery but did not limit its chattel to just elves, believing feudalism required unpaid servants for a kingdom to grow quickly. Yaphet had intended on instituting limits and eventual bans on slaves but could never gain the support from the lower lords to do so. Yaphet II would sign such limits, insisting all servants must be free to leave, though wages for the lower class were still a pittance. By this time, such mandates were considered miniscule and tardy. Torquill historians believe the chaparrans of Dawnamoak conspired with Duke Paulus of Logana to assassinate the Torquill King, with promise of alliance with the powerful elvish nation, an alliance that never occurred despite the murder. When Yaphet II fell to a poisoned cold-iron dagger, it was accused that a human committed the crime. Despite being a half brother to the felled king, Paulas of Logana never made a play for throne, leaving Yaphet's daughter, Elsa, for the title. She in turn asked Paulas to be regent for three years until she turned eighteen, and thus be able to take the throne. She would be placed in ward of Paulas and he would transfer his keep's flag to hang under Torquill's banner.

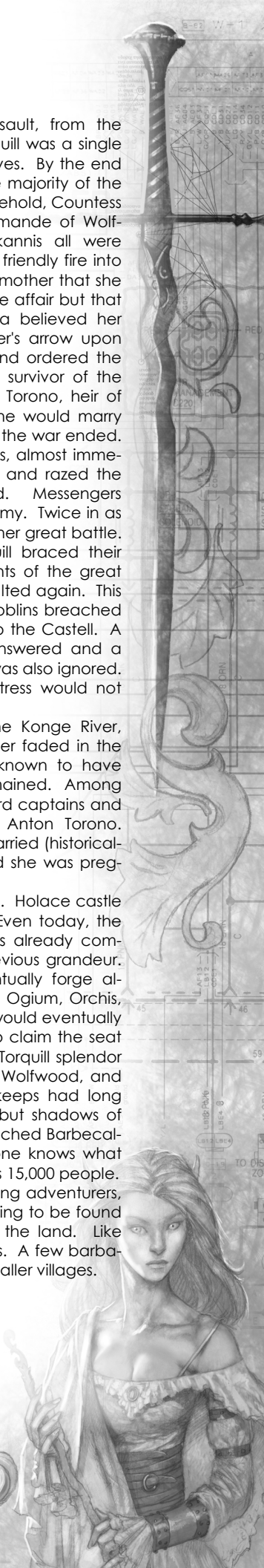
When Yaphet's wife, the lady Thema of Goodchild, discovered Paulas in Elsa's embrace, the kingdom shattered. Paulas had no wife and Elsa was considered of age by the kingdom's standards. They were not related by blood but Thema was still enraged, ordering the arrest and trial of Paulas immediately. She accused him of conspiring to take the throne and seduce her daughter in the progress. Elsa's deposition was never taken despite her pleas to be heard. Paulas called the trial unjust and shouted on the stands for his loyals to gather. Paulas had bound Logana, Wolfwood, and Kinkannis to his cause and they began their march to Holace Castle. Thema had already called Goodchild's army to the walls but a summons to lords Rogan and Zellis and their fortress of Barbecallis was unanswered.

Holace Castle would suffer another assault, from the hands of its own armies. The civil war of Torquill was a single conflict that took 650 days and cost 55,000 lives. By the end of it, the Torquill nobility was decimated. The majority of the knights had died. Baron Alfred Fredricks of Freehold, Countess Emily Rezendes of Logana, Baron Willum Romande of Wolfwood, and Lord Leonard Rosheim of Kinkannis all were among the fallen. Duke Paulas was killed by friendly fire into the second year. Later, Elsa admitted to her mother that she had loved Paulas and was the instigator of the affair but that neither had plotted to kill the King. Thema believed her account, but the lady was killed by a sniper's arrow upon leaving the Castell. Elsa called for parley and ordered the flags of truce run up the banner. The only survivor of the direct Torquill line met with Baronetto Anton Torono, heir of Wolfwood, now two weeks into his reign. She would marry him and salvage the nobility. He agreed and the war ended. Alas, it was too late. In the intervening weeks, almost immediately, massing goblin forces stormed south and razed the castles Logana, Wolfwood, and Goodchild. Messengers could hardly stay in front of the rampaging army. Twice in as many years, Holace would be the site of another great battle. United but battle-worn, the armies of Torquill braced their remaining hosts within the beaten battlements of the great castle. Without a pause, the walls were assaulted again. This time, after an arduous 18-month siege, the goblins breached the star-wall, pushing survivors all the way into the Castell. A second supplication to Barbecallis was unanswered and a plea to the chaparran elves of Dawnamoak was also ignored. Despite continued harassment, the inner fortress would not breach and the goblins were broken again.

Rain had arrived, draining blood into the Konge River, soiling the sediment red, a pigment that never faded in the passing centuries. Of the 125,000 people known to have populated Torquill in its glory, only 35,000 remained. Among the dead in the second siege were most guard captains and the remaining knights and lords, including Anton Torono. Thankfully, by this time, Anton and Elsa had married (historically called the Marriage across the Moats) and she was pregnant with her first child.

The task ahead of Yaphet III was daunting. Holace castle was ruined and has never fully recovered. Even today, the rebuilding is not finished and the restorations already completed pale in comparison to the castle's previous grandeur. While still young, the new king would eventually forge alliances with several outlining realms including Ogium, Orchis, and Plicato. A married alliance with Antikari would eventually offer a Torquill descendant the opportunity to claim the seat on that house as well. However, the original Torquill splendor was gone. Villages like Goodchild, Logana, Wolfwood, and Kinkannis would be repopulated, but their keeps had long since fallen into collapse. The parishes are but shadows of their past glory. When a delegation finally reached Barbecallis, they found it deserted. To this day, no one knows what happened to Rogan and Zellis and their town's 15,000 people.

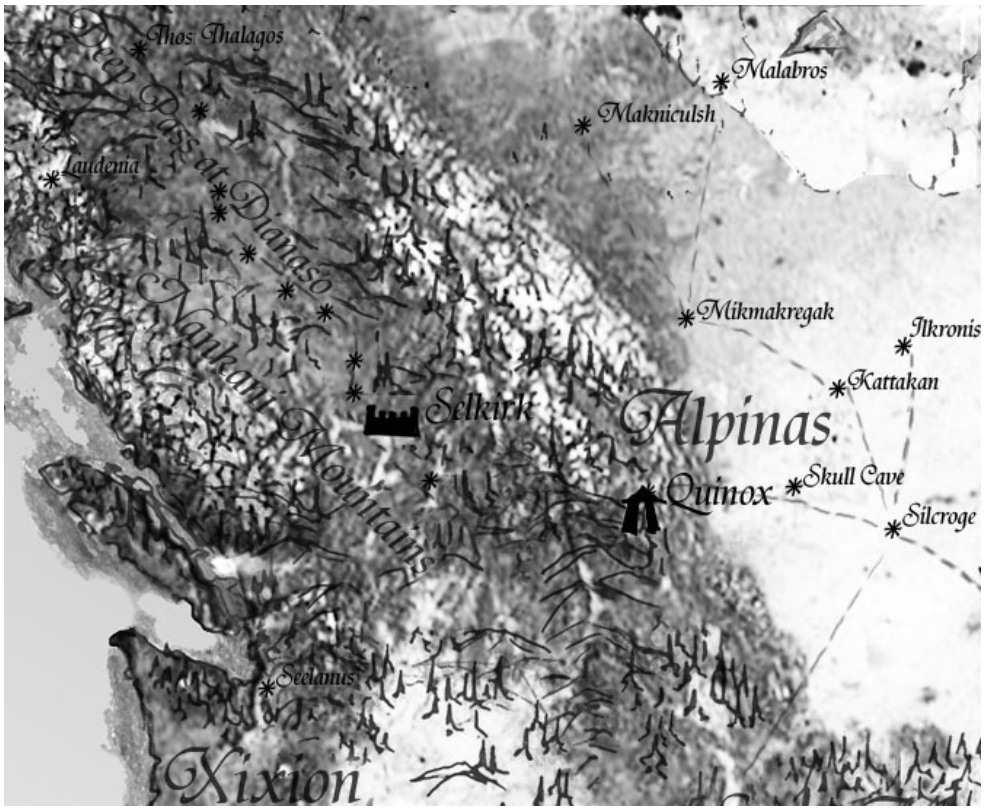
Focus: Torquill is not known for its wandering adventurers, which is strange considering the relics still waiting to be found in the dozens of abandoned keeps around the land. Like Plicato, Torquill is not known for its magic users. A few barbarian paths have appeared from the various smaller villages.



Alpinas, Xixion, and the Floating City of the Sky Elves

Alpine Fields / Alpinas

Even though kodiaks control this area in force, they never formed an organized nation. Hundreds of villages and roaming camps dot the landscape for hundreds of miles. No town lasts more than a few years before being broken up or destroyed. Thick woods permeate flat lands for the entire expanse. The few open plains forbid travelers from making roots. The powerful wind washes the landscape clean above the tree line. This airstream covers most of the north, all the way to Selmana. Cutting through the Alpine Fields is the only route beyond the pass of Dianaso to reach Ashur and the land of the titans. No one is sure how many kodiak camps there are. Few villages sustain a population more than a hundred. The largest, at over 1500, Makniculsh, is ruled by Raknash.



In light above, I see fires by man and unman. I tell not apart. They better for sparking fires? I make fire here. No need to set them to sky. Here they cook and warm. We thank wood for burning. We plant again to make grow more. No wood in sky. Man pray fire. Seek fire. Wrong for this. No Pray fire, pray wood. Wood better.

Pray Wood.

One of the few known Kodiak Shaman quotes

Focus: Kodiaks often stick with barbarian and druid classes. The barbarian favorite is Berserker. The druid favorite is Shapeshifter.

Dagron **(50gp)**

A group of goblins migrated from the south 250 years ago and adapted to the bitter cold very quickly. They grew in size and numbers. They formed several large communities, and their disposition grew colder than even their brothers to the south. They became the bugbears of Dagron, or dagros. They attack any passersby, even other dagros, without mercy. Everyone attacked is stripped of supplies, money, turned into slaves, and later eaten.

The bugbears are not alone in their land. Trolls and Ice Monsters also rampage the landscape. Dagros congregated in so high numbers, they emerged from their dungeon lairs and created small communities on the surface, many by the entrances to their underground realms.

Up north, frost dragons control and rule over a small dagros population. The largest known frost dragon in Canam, a creature known only as "The Snow Devil" lives here. Its exact location is unknown. Only two villages are known to have survived more than a few years. One, Lilecrog, is ruled by despicable Numak. The other is Silcroge, which rests at the entrance of a large dungeon where many of their treasures lie. Most of the 2300 bugbears living there reside in the caves. The ruler of Silcroge is Omerogroge.

All the bugbears currently wage an undeclared war against the kodiaks. It is the longest sustained conflict between a heritage and spawn species. The bugbears' superior numbers and greater intelligence may doom the kodiaks except for the kodiak's popularity with surrounding species. Though animalistic and tribal, the kodiaks prefer to keep to themselves. They also have a devotion to nature other heritage races admire, a devotion the bugbears do not share. As a result, the kodiaks are emerging more often with weapons traded to them from the narros. This may eventually cause problems in the future if the kodiaks overwhelm their enemies. The narros hope the trading relationship will eventually civilize the kodiaks before their newly acquired weapons are used against their benefactors.

Focus: Bugbears, when choosing classes, stick often with barbarian and often choose Berserker.

Laudenia

(100,000+ gp)

Laudenian arrogance refused to die when they lacked corporeal forms. It only amplified now. They utilized their



greatest magic and built a mighty city atop a tall mountain in the west. Away from almost every other culture and guarded by many concealment spells, Laudenia lives as a dream to many sworn to have see it. The location is rough. It could float in but a hundred different mountains in the Nankani range. Laudenia looks on the surface, as a city of technology, but underneath the shine of the walls exists pure magic.

The city floats on air and connects only partially to the mountain. Many believe Laudenia could break free from its moorings and float to another peak, explaining the lack of success for the missions trying to locate it. Magic continually supports the great buildings. Even the Alkanost, the greatest elven barge, floats atop a river of air enchanted, soaring from location to location. They seldom deal with other cultures save for a few fey.

Laudenians commonly turn back those who do find their land without allowing entrance. Their territory is rich and they use these riches to trade with a few nations they find agreeable, mostly other elves and narros. Those who do enter must be of good alignment. The laudenians detect this from afar. Either they throw up an opaque cloud as a shell over the city, or they warp the minds of the travelers themselves. No evil acts are ever permitted within the realm of Laudenia. Those who enter must adhere to a strict code of respect for the inhabitants. Make fewer waves and a visitor's presence may go unnoticed by those who do not want him or her there. Those looking for rare items, both magical and not, seek out the floating city. It contains hundreds of rare items of magic, from simple enchanted weapons to the many tomes and manuals of magical aptitude

The council of six runs Laudenia. Renar Alkanost, the oldest fey descendant alive, still sits on this council. Nacolia Falcon, one of the most powerful Mages on Earth, also holds a seat. When they emerged from the gate, they found an area remote and hazardous. It is unlikely the entire city escaped to the void. Most agree the Alkanost vessel made the journey and could be the oldest artifact in the modern world. The laudenians were there first to sprout buildings and the first to claim land as their own. They ensured all surviving laudenians migrated to the same point to help in rebuilding. Since the laudenians bear the greatest casters, many of the ordeals and hardships suffered by other races, even other elves never happened to them. Anything they wished emerged in form before their thought could finish. The city doubtless emerged right from the stone, formed smooth as marble without even needing a polish. Looms strung cloths without the impedance of hands or thought. Even while other developed civilizations friendly to the laudenians, like the blossoming kingdoms of Damasia and Limshau, struggled to rebuild against marauders, laudenians realized their empire. After the capital finally broke from the mountain responsible for its birth, the Alkanost departed to begin the long journey of exploring the skies and the wilderness underneath. During these years, the Alkanost began forming the network of floating keeps. They found the first floating stones and seized them. Applying the same power that made their city, they harnessed the root of the rock's power and elevated them above the clouds. The Alkanost continued soaring above, laying down the foundation of an expanding empire. It suffered the odd dragon attack when it wandered too far east, struck a wall of wind traveling too north or west, and possessed enough wisdom to turn back rather than brave a pass over the Gloam. The Alkanost returned more than three centuries later, having completed its network across Canam. Though the laudenians planned to push further across the oceans, for now they remain content in their current realm. The keeps peer down from high above, never offering the hand of friendship to anyone, hardly lifting a finger for those in need. The laudenian belief professes that to help one would offer false hope to others and the laudenians number too few to help them all. They must choose their battles carefully, only rising to the call when they feel the time is suitable.

Laudenia and the Alkanost possess the only known map of the entire sky network. They both utilize an enchanted table where miniature images of the keeps float over a map of the continent. The images float in time with the current positions of the castles. The only one they cannot keep track of is Frontier, which the laudenians claim they built but lost. Even the oldest laudenians are not entirely sure where their species' obsession to detach themselves from the earth came

from. The current belief holds that they choose this way to stave off the degradation of their form in the face of magic. Even though the power rains from above, it requires a focus, like the planet, to generate its effect. Thus, by loosing themselves from the bonds of Earth, the laudenians hoped to halt the degenerating effect magic has on all fey. Since laudenians date back to the very first branch off the fey, they witnessed their children alter into damaskans, then tenenbri, and further into lower forms. They probably very quickly realized their years were numbered. The last few thousand proposed a theory, a theory that obviously worked. The laudenians still survive today and increase in numbers bur very slowly. They insist on refusing any bond with any non-laudenians. They claim this not out of racism and ignorance, but out of pure survival, for breeding with anything else than a laudenians births a non-laudenian. They try desperately to fight off their own extinction and xenophobically detached themselves from the rest of the world. Everyone understands their ultimate fate remains unchanged, though none of them are willing to accept it. Day by day, they tour the skies and forego any responsibilities creatures of such aged wisdom possess.

The city of Laudenia shines with its own inner light. Even at night, the towers glow with a soft white shimmer. This emanates from the polished stones themselves. Never a torch needs to be sparked in the city. Inhabitants can control the light wherever they wish with the simple hand's wave from a blinding brilliance to utter darkness. Beyond, the glimmering white marble stone looks normal, carved to precision to build every step, every bridge, every building, and every vase. Mortar or brick is laid in precision with nary a chip or mistake. Flowers and food grow from selected gardens, covering the buildings that separate the roads. The buildings and their surrounding brick-walks connect via stone bridges supported by towers or ropes to other buildings. Each building in Laudenia supports itself and no centralized lifting hub keeps the city afloat. From high above, looking down, the city appears a spider's web with buildings at the intersections, with hundreds of bridges and roads connecting them all. The buildings start from small and fat coliseums to thin and soaring towers scaling nearly as high as the city is wide. No glass covers the openings in the buildings as no rains fall or winds blow unless the council wishes it so. The gardens receive their share without a drop falling elsewhere. The city floats perfectly calm without threat or thrill. Those leaving only do so for one reason, to alleviate the unending boredom of living in a city without dangers or adventure, possessing only responsibilities. Many find contentment in living in a society where one could sleep with windows open and doors ajar without fear of assault or theft. No pollution from noise bothers anyone over the splatter of numerous fountains and the chanting of the priests and the clanging of their bells in the cathedrals.

The white stone construction is often carved with ornament designs of waves, circles, and inscriptions many forget to admire. The many markings swirl like water through the supports and pillars, across the arches, and even through the seamless tiles of the brickwalks. Many of the designs flow towards the centre of the city web, to the tallest tower of Elsius. Elsius rises taller than other building. Through the cloud layer, it appears as a single tower around the white expanse of the sea of heaven. At the peak, the sword-like skyscraper blossoms like an oak tree to a half dozen platforms and pedestals where the council meets. Others citizens can view the emptiness as well; the panorama offers nothing of the city, just the veil of clouds. The Alkanost, the massive dragon-shaped flagship the laudenian's arrived in, docks at the top of this building. It matches the same construction as the city.

Red fabric hangs and lies across many surfaces. As the buildings grow taller, more elaborate colors adorn them. The peaks of the greatest towers usually hang tapestries of intricate designs or wave flags longer than a dragon's wingspan. Inside, the buildings reflect dozens of colors depending on the artistry of the designer, though white brick with red fabric remains the popular choice. Not a single piece of woodwork can be found in the city. As the sunlight refracts through the atmosphere and shifts the sky to different hues, the city often echoes the same changes. As the sky turns orange to red, the city's exposed stone flushes to a rosy tint. This shifting only occurs depending on the sky. During the evening and normal sun, the stones stay pure.

With a city of such majesty, they seldom wish to show it off to anyone but themselves. A massive artificial cloud usually shrouds the periphery of the capital. From high, only the peak of Elsius is visible. The inhabitants only appear to those they wish, usually reserving such an honor for the greatest dragons, most powerful elven leaders, or any titan that happens nearby. Rumor states that only the Alkanost can sail over the wall of wind in Alpinas to reach the titan home, though their relationship is known to be one of whispers and unspoken agreements.

Focus: Almost all spellcasters choose the staff while those of a less civilized path prefer Bowman and Enlightened Monk.

NANKANI MOUNTAINS

A huge mountain range dominating western Canam, it stretches from Angel all the way north to Fargon. The highest and most dangerous peaks sprout between Selkirk and Thos Thalagos. Rumors say Laudenia hides here somewhere. Kobolds are also increasing their numbers in this region.

QUINOX, HOUSE OF **(2000 gp)**

For centuries, mankind took pride in his independence from magic. They were not slaves to its whim like with the elves. Being creatures evolved, man was especially resistant to its dependency. Though humans can allow magic into their being, he has been resilient in branching into sub species. The people from the House of Quinox may be a sign of a future to come.

Despite many theories accusing them of being hybrids with elvish blood from the early days, this is not the case. They are pure humans throughout. Their own history is a muddled mess of conjecture and flamboyant myth. What is known is that they appeared in the far north, chased south by weather and starvation. During the journey, their bodies became adapted to the cold. Though apparently possessing some knowledge of technology, they soon abandoned such pursuits when later generations discovered an adept talent with controlling the forces of nature. Proportionately, there are more spellcasters in Quinox then in any other human kingdom.

When the survivors emerged north of the Finer Fire pits, they began to find the chill agreeable. By then, less than twenty had survived. Though most were not directly related, they formed the family house of Quniox that survives today. The people they found in the valleys were drawn quickly to these tall humans, blessed of silver hair. Possessing a power of nature unseen before, the new royalty won over the people. To reaffirm their claim, the bound family of Quinox commanded the mountain to forge a citadel of ice, and in it, placed the winter throne. The Ice castle is not a clever name as it is truly forged from solid ice. Three crystal towers marking the highest artificial peak on earth sit precariously on the

CULTURAL LANDSCAPE

The one attribute of man fey find most surprising deals with man's need to create a culture that differs from his neighbors. For fey, a species breaks off distinct in physical and mental attributes and does so rather suddenly. They adapt to their surroundings far faster than evolution ever could, pushed beyond the normal rules of science. Place them in darkness, and they go blind, learning to see through sound and vibrations. Place them in water, and they will grow gills and fins. Their language and their attitudes alter and soon they even refer to themselves as a new species.

However, man diverges from this route. He prefers to adapt a landscape to suit his needs. Place him in darkness, and he will make a light. Place him in water and he will build a boat. He will prefer this route long before natural selection creates a mutation able to exploit his environment. Man will remain man. Despite not changing his form or his desires, he will create a new culture. The lexicon will change; accents will deviate from their origin. Their diet will adapt to the food supply, and the economy of their society will follow suit. Two human nations a distance apart with no means of communication will create completely different cultures. Their politics, their speech, their disposition, even their gods may change, though they will remain humans and will be so for hundreds or even thousands of years. With fey, two identical nations will forge from identical fey. Gimfen grind towers dot the world with no communication to share information on their construction, but they are nearly identical. The narroni language is spoken the same in Fargon as it is spoken in the Finer Fire Pits. Even Limshau and Damasia, separated for a thousand years, have similar beliefs and attitudes.

In Canam, Kannos and Abidan are separated by only a few hundred miles, but have already formed distinct human cultural differences. Their accents distinguish themselves and betray their origins. Bastions are also not immune to this. Angel and York, divided for nearly a thousand years, both speak English but do so with such massively different dialects as to require different regional titles. One could squirm his way in a pinch for translation if using simple words and not relying on the regional slang to convey the details. York adopted more of the unaltered tongue, brought over from Mann while Angel embraced a fair sized dictionary from the Asian vernacular. Meanwhile Baruch Malkut, also isolated, gleaned a vocabulary from the immigrants from Southam, forcing Spanish and Portuguese into the language.

As their speech changed, so did their values and motivations. Abidan became a bright light of peaceful religious equality while Baruch Malkut focused their energy in the exploitation and slavery of species they considered inferior in the name of the very same god as Abidan. Kannos, alternatively, turned away from religion altogether.

By the time the fey began encountering human communities, these populations of man had already realized their survival depended on looking beyond past racial and cultural loathing to unite in a new harsher world. Previous communities refusing to settle obsolete bigotries didn't survive long after the exodus.

The fey discovered several different races of man, differing in skin color and physical attributes. They soon understood the concept of evolution and that these altered versions of man occurred slowly over millions of years, with recent deviations still occurring more than 60,000 years ago. Despite repeated attempts, many fey could not differentiate most human racial variations, mostly due to the fact the majority were so subtle as to require a detailed knowledge of Earth's past social climate to fully comprehend. In truth, by this time, many modern nations of man had long since forgotten about these minor ethnic distinctions. Only the major racial differentiations survived centuries of mixing and even then, man in the modern landscape regards these points of divergence as irrelevant and unimportant.

As these new nations developed, many grew tolerant of their neighbors and the various vices and viewpoints of their citizens, considered taboo or inappropriate in the past. Homosexuality, once a hot topic polarizing communities, was no longer a serious concern in comparison to the essential issues of food and security. Biases over ethnicity, gender, and religion were subdued and silent. Given this, Baruch Malkut is considered an anomaly, though a large and dangerous one. Some fey (and humans) accuse mankind of only accepting his differences in lieu of finding new people to hate. These new people have the unfortunate distinction of not being human at all.

edge of an immense mountain. Though some towers are taller, they are not built upon such a lofty mound. A constant nip prevents melting. Down and cloth atop of reindeer pelts keep sleepers warm. Everything, even the chairs and tables, are carved expertly from ice. Some suspect it is not a chisel but the deft hands of magic that formed such works.

The first seat upon the Winter throne was held by David Sheridan of Quinox (all the Winterfolk's names reflect that title). He ruled for 75 years before passing onto his wife, then to a son, and finally to his brother of title, Markus Torpiss of Quinox. Though all of the same noble house, intermarriage is not classed as incest as there is no blood bond between any of the winterfolk, despite all sharing the claim as "children of Quinox." Although closer marriages must have occurred, they insist no direct mixing has transpired.

A dozen sprawling villages are little more than small farms linked by shops and paths. Despite threats from the east of pagus rolling over the mountains, no such invasion has braved the hazardous terrain. The only safe route is from the south, with mountains covering every other route. This has not stopped bugbears from the west and north carelessly pushing over the peaks in a vain attempt at incursion. Thankfully, the Knights of Frost have few natural enemies in the cold. Rumors of them wielding swords of ice and a breath to freeze blood in one's veins are unfounded. They are men and women, like all others. There are few winterfolk in the Order of Frost, the most noteworthy being the current captain of the guard, Xander Gordson of Quinox, the only member with the earned right to mount Rochka of Rime, the allied frost dragon.

Rochka despises the cataloging of frost dragons as part of the typhox family, believing the frost falls into their own category like yok-ani. She insists there are enough frost dragons of amicable dispositions to back her argument. She only has her immediate family as proof. The frost dragons of



Rime are older than all other frost dragons and have developed a more passive personality. In truth, most frost dragons are malevolent. Rochka is the youngest of Rime and the most distant, departing against her family's wishes from their home in Euras. Her father, Koleda of Rime, was the only one in support of her departure, believing her fate lay elsewhere. That it did, as she encountered the winterfolk early in her travels. Despite an obvious assumption, the winterfolk's traits did not emerge from an enchanted marriage since frost dragons cannot assume alternate forms. Rochka's alliance is strictly out of contentment. She enjoys the company of the winterfolk and the small kingdom they have built in the snow. A famous fairy tale told to village children at bedside professes Rochka, although shepherding the Quinox line for centuries, has taken a fondness for Xander Gordson of Quinox. Rochka begs every night for a warm heart, which will stir her soul with an inner fire to make her an archon dragon. This way, she could take human form. There is no public evidence of this desire in Rochka as she seldom talks to anyone unless they are part of the Quinox line.

Unfortunately, the line of Quinox is fated to fade. Not a single birth from a winter folk paired with any other race results in a Winter folk, not even as a half-breed. A pure blood of the opposite parent always appears. Since the folk are few, it may be only a few generations before the Quinox line vanishes forever. They must accept such a fate, or turn to more drastic and controversial methods in order to keep the winter folk race alive.

Focus: Knights of Frost are few, and seldom leave their kingdom. They begin as Water Elemental druids moving into the Ranger path.

Special-Winterfolk: Winterfolk are the same as humans, with several noteworthy exceptions. Despite not being classed as fey or half-fey (and do not have pointed ears), winterfolk have the same lifespan as a half-fey. They have cold resistance 10 and are immune to all non-magical cold effects. Despite still being able to be damaged by magical cold, no cold damage of any kind can reduce a winterfolk past 0 hit points. They do have a vulnerability to heat, taking double damage from all fire and heat effects. Druids from Quinox can select polar bear as a 7th level or higher alternative animal companion.

Ramkava

Journey outside the Dianaso Pass, through the kobold lands, towards Ocea. Over heavy terrain, tall rocks, and deep chasms, weary travelers battle the elements to reach Ramkava, one of the most perplexing locations on Earth. Over still air and quiet land, dozens of floating heads hover. Not settling still, they often tumble and float about, never more than 200 feet from another head. Because of the continuous movement, no formal count ever settled on their population. Popular belief holds their numbers at under thirty. These heads look of stone, constructed of pure angelite, animated with an unknown intelligence. They appear to contain independent thoughts, but onlookers noticed some ending sentences others started. They don't look the same and their voices, although all male, do differ. "Ramkava" is the given name to all of them since no individual titles have ever been found, not that they respond to the name. Until attacked or until someone properly gets their attention, Ramkava completely ignores anyone who enters or passes through their land. Only when attacked in any way (magical or otherwise) does every single head form a single unified front and attack at once. Anything that disrupts their wandering can be interpreted as an attack but their response is reflective to the assault (they will not be lethal unless lethal damage is inflicted).

They contain no treasure beyond the knowledge they keep, a fortune upon itself. They know virtually everything about anything in the world. They speak cryptically and often take pleasure in making their answers vague and metaphoric. Acquiring their attention remains the challenge. Defeating one will only spur an attack. They are immune to all spells so the information cannot be acquired that way. They may respond (25%) to those possessing high levels (level 15 and above). The most surefire way of acquiring the knowledge of Ramkava is to retrieve the Staff of KeRif. The staff looks plain,

a length of oak topped with a seemingly ordinary darkstone. This stone fell from a head of Ramkava, during a fight between Ramkava and a death dragon. The shard fell to the mage Keris Rifts who constructed the staff. It fell into history into the depths of a dungeon east from Ramkava.

Ravenar Limshau stopped atop the hill. He looked down, his reigns firmly in grasp. Tommas, his aid, looked back at his lord. Ravenar knew he earned one more question. He already depressed himself with a heart full of answers, most of which he regretted asking. The greatest flaw in knowing the truth is knowing it. What more could he ask? He shuffled his feet slightly and the stallion shifted around. What harm in asking an open question? What harm?

"How will this end?" he asked intentionally vague.

The one with the stone goatee and no teeth floated forward. The bald-headed one with the broken ear followed behind. Like a chain, they floated up the hill to face the elf. The goatee spoke first. "A doomsday dooms to damage, devastate, demolish, and destroy all days. To count the clock to its close, terminate its time."

The bald one picked up instantly as the other stopped. "There is theory and fact. One cannot destroy with spell or bomb. Survivors always rise. Reduce the very soil to ash and setting the sky ablaze will still incur survivors. All life existing now endured several cataclysms with nary a few extinctions and craters as side-effect. Life changes but seldom ends. Great impacts struck and life adapted. Sea levels rose and those not drowning learned to swim. Make it hot and fur will shed. Man once feared if they split the atom, it would ignite the very air they breathed. The greatest wars, even ones with a pyrrhic victory, leave the foundation to rebuild." That one seldom answered anything, a head of philosophy.

One of history, with cracked skull and a missing jaw, spoke through its hole. "Perhaps a repeat of the Toba catastrophe
event—"

"Or perhaps a major gamma ray burst since Eta Carinae is due to nova within a 1000 years. Meaning it has already 7000 years ago and it's already too late," said another with high cheeks and slanted eyes.

"The Andromeda galaxy will impact in 3 billion years and the terran solar system carries a 65.7695% chance of being torn asunder from the result, long before this star's death throes," said No-eyes-and-chipped-nose.

"Though still distant. You should worry of stellar evolution. The sun will shift and change in luminosity within a billion years, certainly bringing the onset of another ice age," said The-slanted-eyes. Eventually the voices increased in volume. They seldom waited for one to finish. The various accents faded and melded. Ravenar found it more difficult to differentiate. Their overlapping voices continued as they crowded and bullied the elf.

"Perhaps the humans will create a vacuum metastability event, or maybe detonate a cobalt explosive to irradiate the atmosphere and the entire population—"

"Given the state of gate and magic, perhaps the fate lies with the new world. A false assumption to presume man and his science will doom the planet. The greatest war to tear the universe asunder pits Odin against Loki in the end of the world myth known as—."

"Ragnarök, Acharit hayamim, Yawm al-Qīyāmah . . . Last Judgment, Armageddon—"

"The end of the Kalpa. The final year, constant calculation errors continue to place it further into the future—"

"White buffalo are still being born, you know—"

"Satan, Angra Mainyu, Iblis, shall start the final war with God, Allah, Jehovah—"

"It's Yahweh." History corrected. Philosophy continued without a break.

"Elohim in the final struggle to claim the souls of mankind—"

"Of the entire world," came another correction.

"Named for the hill where pharaoh Thutmost III of Egypt claimed victory of the Canaanites of Kadesh." The words came faster and more violent in expression. Ravenar pinched his nose to concentrate as they mumbled.

"Or when Necho II engaged the armies of Judah in aide of the Assyrians—"

"Or when General Edmund Allenby conquered Palestine, gaining popularity in the application of the word Armageddon, for what it will always be called."

"Yes, of all, they will surely destroy you…"

They paused. Ravenar released his tension and looked up. "What was that?"

History spoke up. "How odd that names carry through the universe—"

"Carries through the universe?" Ravenar asked.

History continued. "A name appearing in cultures unconnected. Damasian myth tells of a tower of Megiddo where Erufu and Oaken met to discuss the creation of the fey. Chaparrans named a great tree of the same. Laudenians claim the center spire of Selmana also goes by it."

"I know that legend," Ravenar responded. "Influence."

"The name caries a threat, equating the very hand of judgment, for all shall be found guilty."

Ravenar tried to move his eyes to the others crowding him. "Wait, what do you mean, equates a force?" he shouted.

"As old as time and as absolute as any will god may possess or wield," the bald one answered. "They have destroyed in a blink everything under vision. Now they follow your past back to the cradle to close the circle and destroy the final fragment. You cannot stop them, and they are coming."

"Who are THEY!?" Ravenar shouted. They all stopped. Quiet. The wind blew by his long ears. The elf tightened his lips and stared at the bald one as the others all went silent. Except the one in eye contact, the other heads rolled away. One tumbled like a rolling ball while another struck the ground and dragged a scar of mud across the grass before lifting again. One rose almost to the slow-forming storm clouds above. The bald one stayed on Ravenar, but only for a brief moment, before it averted its attention and returned to the pack. Time expired. Ravenar knew pushing would be useless. Frustration and regret settled in again.

Before Ravenar started to leave, the bald one spoke in a whisper loud enough for only the elf to hear. "That which carries the name…that which even gods fear."

Limshau Historical Entry 2004AE
Ravenar Limshau the 4th

Presenting the staff to Ramkava would attract their attention and retrieve whatever knowledge they possess. They know all and often supply all answers, including ones totally useless to those asking, making interpreting the correct answer difficult.

Skull Cave

The cave of skulls is a massive dungeon in the middle of northern Canam surrounded by bugbears and kodiaks. It sits in the middle of the Alpine fields. Those who know of its existence claim it to be a massive network with similar skull-faced ports to the outside world scattered over the continent.

Only one is known to actually exist, the one in Alpinas. Popular rumor claimed that one of the other entrances was much further north, past Ashur, at the gates of Selmana, making the skull cave the only safe ground route north to the titans. The only confirmed entrance resembles a humanoid skull resting on this side no bigger than a small house. It is no natural formation, ground by an expert's skill to faultless perfection. The gossip of the dungeon itself claims it to be constructed with bricks laid in walls and columns and arches to support the high ceilings. There is no evidence on who created it, when, or why.

XIXION (200 gp)

Kobolds are the fastest growing species to emerge from the gates. They broke off late and are considered the least civilized of all fey races. They don't carry much of a culture with them. Those few gaining intelligence took on the mission to populate the species at an alarming rate. Kobolds spread across the globe quickly but the highest concentration remains where they first birthed. At least a dozen surface and subterranean cities sprouted within the first 200 years. Their growing armies encroach upon the bastion of Selkirk and the Pass of Dianaso every year. With the bastions' standard policy of non-involvement in the realms of magic, it is left up to the remaining species to keep the kobold population down. Narros and elves took on the task of clearing out the large concentrations of their evil little cousins wherever they occurred. The major cities remain intact. The leaders of these communities are substantial fighters. One, Nomak Seelee, controls an army of almost 50,000 kobolds and lives in luxury in the city of Seelanus. Other large hidden cities include Etaraki (25,000), Eletharius (30,000) and Ephesia (10,000).

Despite similar egos, pagus are not related to Kobolds. As they expanded, their forces struck a wall with the Sana Marsh to the east. They began to make their move against the bastion of Angel in the South. After a siege resulted in the total eradication of the attacking army, the kobolds retreated and never left their land. Passing travelers still need to contend with raiders but the kobolds have not tried to make a move against an opponent nation again. This may turn out to be a sleeping lion, as their frantic reproduction continues.

Kobolds openly attack all forces not looking like them. They are the most primitive fey race and many others fear this is the eventual fate of all fey. Kobolds paint no art, write no poetry, and carve no sculptures. Their towns and villages are nothing more than huts of logs and mud. They despise farming and prefer to hunt. If they run out of prey, they eventually turn on each other. Most of the population control in several villages occurs from civil unrest.

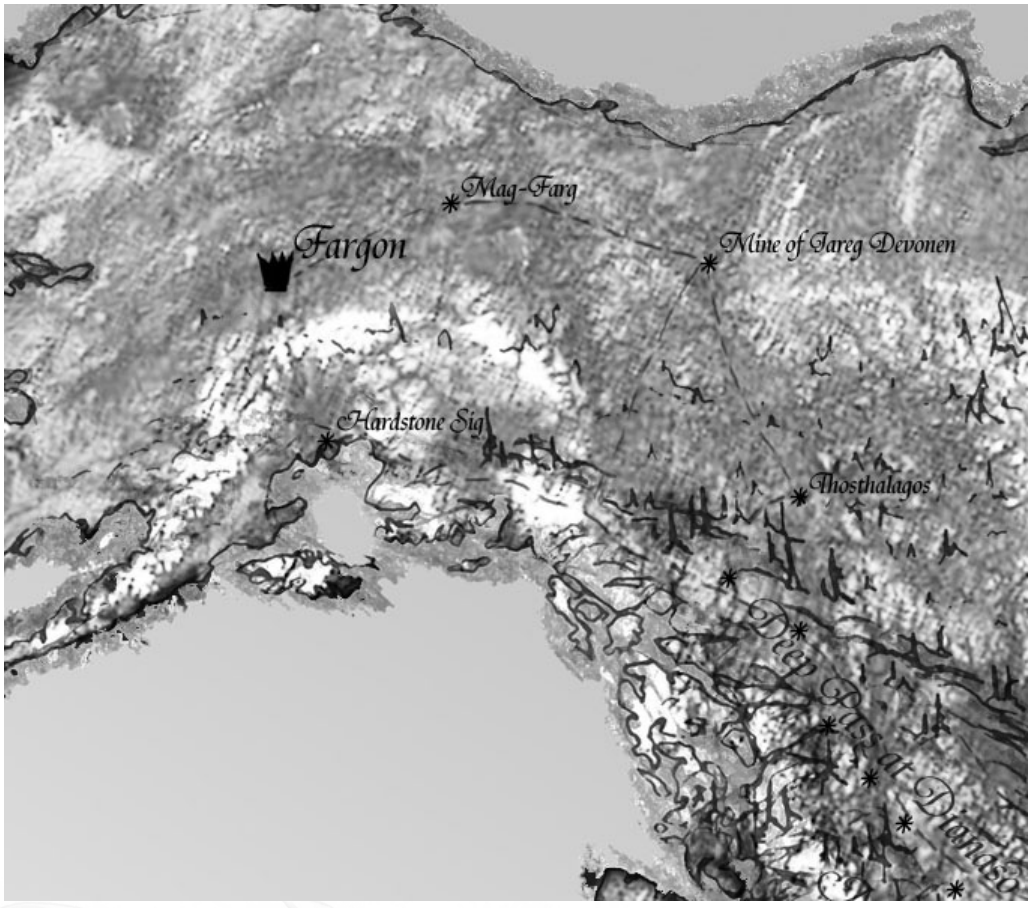
Xixion covers a large area but no major roads cross it. Those traveling between Selkirk and Angel usually take detours around Salvabrooke and Kannos.

Focus: Kobolds often choose the fighter class and prefer Wilderness Nomad.

The Isolated Realm of the Narros

Deep Pass of Dianaso

In the center of the Nankani Mountains resides a huge valley surrounded by massive peaks stretching for almost 850 miles. It is remains the only safe way to cross to the narros territory to the north from the south. Any other route brings numerous dangers from the variety of monsters around the mountains. However, new dangers encroach upon the once safe journey. The kobold civilization of Xixion reaches closer to the pass every month, making the trek to the pass more dangerous. To the north, a variety of snow dwellers wait for the unsuspecting travelers to venture clear of the mountains. A few kodiaks still prefer to prey than trade. It is unclear why the pass remains safe for so long. Some believe a great river of evil-repelling magic flows through, created by the elves of Laudenia. No one is entirely sure, but most evil



FREE HOUSES

Canam's most distinct feature lies with its large number of independent houses. Euras' larger empires quickly absorbed every spare inch of land, brushing borders within decades of Attricana's open. With Canam, more than two centuries would pass before any nations would encounter others. Claims of land occurred quickly. Those with slightly more power would absorb smaller adjacent villages into their power base, usually by oath of betrothal or by threat of violence. This is how the first houses formed and how the first instances of nobility appeared. By the mid-point in the millennium, though much of Canan remained unclaimed, few villages could declare themselves free from alliance or external obligation.

Hundreds of small villages dot the land, though most are tied to a larger house. Eventually, a few of these houses banded by blood or necessity (or both) to form larger states. A few emerged from the reputation of a declared monarch or rich landowner. In Canam, the largest echan nations are known to everyone that walk on dirt in place of pavement. These are Abidan, Baruch Malkut, Fargon, Limshau, Kannos, and Xixion. As well, there are massive free city-states, nations themselves, run by powerful rulers. In these cases, these rulers are all fey, as the relative population banded to form a single massive community rather than break apart across the world to claim their own territory. These are Dawnamoak, Gnimfall, Laundenia, and Salvabrooke. Areas like Apocrypha and Dagron are considered lawless and not under a specific ruler, and thus are not considered nations. The entirety of these properties controlled by the mentioned empires and city-states account for a very small portion of Canam's total landmass. The dozen or so free-houses, accumulated together, would fit within Kannos (the smallest echan nation) with room to spare. This leaves hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin landscape unclaimed. Most free-houses control one small town and perhaps a half-dozen villages, bonded to the ruling house because of a need of protection or by hands forced. Few large nations actually rub their borders with each other, actually grinding an often-innocent nation apart in between. Those closest to the large empires run the risk of bending the knee in submission to the looming shadow, benign or not. Some still refuse and small, brief wars have broken out. Seldom do the free houses survive these encounters, unless it's against another free house.

The majority of the rulers of free houses (sometimes also referred to specifically as "free-lords") are human, though a few are fey. Their culture, relations, and diplomatic standings are often varied, but seldom extreme compared to those around.

Some of the most notable free-houses include Antikari, Ogium, Orchis, and Skyrose.

creatures break off pursuit when their targets escape to the pass.

The pass alters its shape from an actual sheer-walled valley to a range of mountains shorter than the surrounding peaks. Often enough, there is no clear indication one walks on the path. Thankfully, both Selkirk and Fargon miners placed markers along the shallow points and a traveler keeping sight of them won't get lost. Since a ground journey through the pass takes as much as two weeks and navigating by air takes nearly four days, as many as three caravans from Fargon or Selkirk populate the pass at any one point, often passing each other along the way. Occasionally, they stop to share an evening of revelry and recreation, moving the next day onto their respective ways. Those most common sighted are still ground caravans as Selkirk transport zeppelins, though relatively agile, still encounter problems navigating their hefty bulk through the canyon's narrower segments. A normal traveler seldom carries little fear of being stranded since a passing caravan is sure to pass within a few days.

FARGON

Narros dug far and deep into the rock. They fortified themselves and created a nation of stone. Almost every narros holds ancestry here. The narros' sworn enemy, the pagus, dare not approach these lands unless they arrive in the thousands in preparation for war. The only narros location larger than the cities of the north is the Finer Fire Pits. All narros mines in Fargon feature thermal mooring towers but no feng-fu flyer posts.

HARDSTONE SIG **(15,000 gp)**

Hardstone resides high in the north. They export almost every valuable ore. This large city's ruler, Siganmathis Tagh maintains one of the few narros docks, where they export materials down the west coast of Canam. They connect with various unremarkable villages across the shores all the way down the Nankani Mountains. They also circumvent the pass of Dianaso to deliver supplies to Selkirk. Narros occupy more than 79% of the total 32,000 member population. The town sits at the shore with several large beachfront mine entrances. The mines snake through the mountains and even under the water and docks.

Focus: Like many narros, Hardstone adventurers prefer to select the focus Weapon Bonded or Juggernaut.

MAG-FARG **(10,000 gp)**

Another underground dwarven City, Mag-Farg's primary export remains modest, only silver and gold. The deposits are so massive that the 15,000 narros living there secured a foothold for another five thousand years. Its predominant ruler, Farquand Mygelti, makes sure the world knows Mag-Farg exists, as many others, including most narros, don't. They transport most of their supplies to Thos Thalagos before shipping them onward to Selkirk and beyond. The tunnels under the mountain of Magasas have grown so large and so intricate, they threaten the integrity of the entire land. Massive stone supports keep the caverns and tunnels open. This process continued for so long that the entire mountain sits upon a stilt network. If a cataclysmic failure occurred, the entire mountain would collapse on itself. Most of the narros dig for digging's sake, as most of the tunnels throughout the mountain serve no purpose. The town maintains a very successful relationship with Majed. A bonding of the respective ruler's children almost 300 years ago secured their allegiance, though the lords have not expired to pass their empires in inheritance. Despite the alliance, Mygelti never fully trusted Majed, mostly due to the increase of religious pilgrims from Thos Thalagos. He continually pleas his son and family to leave and live in Mag-Farg to run the mine. Mygelti

fears his ally may soon fall to fanaticism, forcing his mine and hand to potential war.

Focus: Like many narros, Mag-Farg adventurers prefer to select the focus Weapon Bonded or Juggernaut.

MAJED **(4,000 gp)**

The smallest of the major mines in Fargon, Devone Jareg's personally oversees every facet of his small operation. The 13 500 exclusively narros miners export mostly minor-precious materials (nickel, iron, and copper). Jareg Devonen seldom entertains non-dwarven traders, usually trading with Mag-Farg. Jareg's daughter and Mygelti's son bonded and bore two children, all living in Majed. This pairing secured the alliance though Jareg refuses to give up control of this mine to any others and is not entirely convinced yet who should inherit the claim. He may choose his younger brother, Rajak. If this occurs, Mygelti would sure to take insult. The fates of the paired family would be in jeopardy. Mygelti, on the other hand, assured the family if they took pilgrimage to Mag-Farg, his son, Ranan, would gain the mine as steward until inheriting.

The majority of the self-imposed outcasts from Thos Thalagos took pilgrimage to Majed when the miners from Thos discovered the Shield of God centuries ago. Majed now contains the largest number of narros clerics and those worshiping Oaken. The mine teeters dangerously close to falling into the control of religious fanaticism. These increasingly popular soapbox priests claim Thalagos and the miners from the city doom the entire world by breaking through into a region meant for no mortal to see.

It struck the tenenbri and their arrogance suffers for it to the day. They are blind and filled with hate. Oaken frowns on them still. Must we let our brothers make the very same mistake? Destroy the machines. Bring down sin and rock. They both crumble under the pick of truth. Climb up brothers. More treasures await those in Oaken's good graces.

Preacher Ignarakis Hawer

Focus: Though still selecting the common narros paths like weapon bonded and juggernaut, Majed citizens also select Fanatic with their spell casters.

THOS THALAGOS **(40,000 gp)**

The first dwarven mine after the portal re-opened, Thos Thalagos pushes deeper into the Earth than any other mine. Thalagos Gin maintains an obsession with digging deeper and deeper, nearing the tenenbri in their obsession. The network of tunnels in Thos almost topples the Finer Fire pits in their confusion, complexity, and length. Thos is the deepest mine, even deeper than the tenenbri tunnels in Vanaka (though not as deep as the tenenbri used to dig, in the early days). The deep miners of Thos keep many secrets on how they are able to maintain tunnel integrity in mine shafts pushing more than 15 miles into the rock. The obsession arose from the continued lack of success of the mine. At first, coruthill and gold flowed like water, but after 600 years, the mine's exports dropped by half. With the coruthill gone, Gin ordered new tunnels dug every day, knowing that the flow of gold, silver, and other precious metals would eventually run out. Even with a population of 135,000 people, mostly narros, Thos grew slower than any other Fargon mine. Many of the roaming narros of Canam looking for adventure left Thos to start a new life. This threat of financial collapse continued its decline until just over a century ago. Thos Thalagos struck pay dirt. The deepest miners broke into a huge layer of naturally occurring angelite. This smooth layer resembled a dome, implying a spherical deposit, making its existence an oddity. The superstitious narros in the mine, swearing on the word of Oaken insist the angelite is the Shield of God and cracking it only brings about Oaken's rage. The monetary gains proved too tempting and the difficult task of cracking the shell began. Trade agreements fortified with the gimfen supplying newer machinery and the first chips of the shell occurred a few decades later. Soon, narros returned to their families in Thos to gain a fortune.

The deposit indeed resembles a sphere, perfectly smooth, one mile across, making it the largest angelite deposit outside the remains of Ixindar. Thalagos Gin, still alive by this point, found inspiration to dig deeper from a visit to Ramkava, informing him of his windfall. The clerics of Oaken deplored the actions and many of the church and their loyal followers abandoned the city. Many fled to Majed. A few remained and acts of sabotage increase each year, both in quantity and in severity. This refuses to halt the progress of the mine and those willing to reap the treasures of digging into the shell. A recent spell cast by a mage of unknown title and power revealed something causing the entire population to shudder only a brief moment before resuming the dig. The sphere was hollow.

CRACK!!!!

With no warning offered, the angelite splintered with a deafening roar reserved for great lions engorged by powerful magic. The cracks met and a segment worth more than the mine entire fell to the dirt. Open maws and dropped chins stood dumbstruck only a brief moment, followed by the sorts of cheers usually heard after a great battle. The hundreds of narros miners clambered around the behemoth responsible for the fracture, the great and wise narros miner, Thalagos Felcron, head pick for the level. His bald head dripped with sweat. The short trimmed grey beard fluttered as he exhaled a deep breath. His heavy arms of girth, wider than a neck, gripped the heavy sledgehammer. He slammed the handle's point into the softer rock beneath his steel-toed boot.

He nodded in quiet approval. "No shield built by god cracks under my hammer," he finally whispered. "I take the treasure and victory for what it is." He raised his hands and the many loyal lifted the splinter up as the holy relic the priests hoped it would not be. A few of the cloth behind the crowd frowned and attempted a quarrel on valid grounds. No voices of dispute rose up as no one heard the argument over the barks and bellows of hundreds in approval.

The mass of narros carried it while Felcron turned to face the hole he created. He took the torch with the brisk swipe of his hand and approached the hole. He lowered the flame to the opening. His eyes saw no reflection, no casting shadows. All he saw was black. The shell was thin, barely a few inches, more than enough strength to hold a mountain solid. Felcron waved the flame around in the gloom. He breathed in a lung of fresh air. It was only then did he realize the oddness of such a smell. By then a few loyal approached from behind, caring more for their leader than his prize. They looked over his shoulder but could not understand the concern growing on Felcron's face. Though strong as ten oxen, or at least three narros, Felcron was no idiot.

After a moment of contemplation, he tossed the flaming wood into the darkness. He saw the flame tumble and flicker. The light reflected the inside of the Angelite shield only for a moment and continued plummeting down, casting nothing else.

Eventually, the flame flickered in the deep distance, dying as it fell. It finally succumbed to the shadows around, winking out after almost a minute of falling. Felcron peered

deeper into the hole. He whispered loud enough for no one else to hear. "That's far larger than one kilometer."

The Epics of Narros
979 AE

Focus: Like many narros, Thos Thalagos adventurers love Juggernaut. They also often prefer Wilderness Nomad to Weapon bonded. Sohei monks also appear in their population.

Kannos, Salvabrooke, and the Spawn of Cursed Lovers



Kannos

Kannos formed from the remnants of a bastion that failed to grow. With the capitol, Appareci, in the center, more towns flourished around, joining the larger into the kingdom surviving today. The title of Kannos was offered by the damaskans of Limshau, meaning "Iron Will" in their tongue. The King at the time enjoyed the title and the entire empire adopted the name after the outlining communities formed.

Kannos, along with Abidan and Baruch Malkut, are the three large human-dominated echan kingdoms in Canam with only two other human kingdoms on the other side of the world measuring larger. Both Kannos and Abidan are relatively the same size, with the same strengths in numbers and weakness in magic in comparison to elvish nations like Laudenia (where the adverse is true). Both Kannos and Abidan could fit within the area of Malkut with ample spare. Unlike Abidan, mostly populated by humans, Kannos does feature some racial diversity, though not nearly as much as Limshau. Some outsiders, especially in more xenophobic communities, accuse this as reason for the notable lack of religion in Kannos. Fey, specifically damaskans and gimfen, keep their faith so very hidden, many humans assumed they where atheists. In truth, many damaskans in Canam herald from Limshau where most of the population declare faith in no intelligent creator. Those that do pray, do so privately. The majority of the human population followed suit and nearly all of the humans living in Kannos declared faith to no god or gods. Their integration along with their preponderance for atheism has made them a proclaimed enemy of Baruch Malkut, but not Abidan. King Savarice of Abidan once stated in public record that faith in god is not a prerequisite for nobility and affirmed the kings of Kannos were of respectable stock. Despite the praise, no official alliance was ever signed though every heir taking the throne of Abidan and speaking to his or her people for the first time always acknowledged Kannos as allies worthy of friendship and loyalty. Despite recent efforts, an alliance through noble marriage has yet to occur.

Kannos is rich in land and precious materials though still doesn't possess the population to properly maximize its potential. Even still, Kannos is the largest growing human nation. With Sana to the south, future communities are sprouting in the north. Along with farms and livestock, Kannos developed and bred a massive industry for beasts of burden and most warhorses in Western Canam were trained from the various farms and towns across Kannos.

Appareci **(40,000 gp)**

Appareci could have grown into a bastion if situations were different. Bastions form when xenophobic humans gather to rebuild without the help of echan influence. Appareci sprouted far too close to curious echan neighbors and the men building the walls of this new human town knew too little of technology to turn away a potential ally. With Salvabrooke to the south and Limshau to the east, a moment of civility and sanity washed over the ruler of Appareci at the time, Kelvin Nezekin. With the fall of the Castle of Sana to the southeast, Nezekin feared the possibility of impending attacks. Despite the warnings of advisors fearing echan contamination, Nezekin opened a dialogue with the damaskans, gimfen, and even the narros in the Finer Fire Pits. Appareci stood on a plateau, surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks. A wall sprouted from the rock line. Inside, Appareci boasted plentiful farmlands and a rich mine of various semi-rare ores. After the trade agreements were signed with neighboring cultures, the city grew fast. Appareci's walls look the twin of Limshau and the two cities officially refer to each other as siblings. Their mines are supervised by narros from the northern Pits.

PROXIMITY OF BLOOD

In the history of all the fey and their descendant races, the highest rung of the social ladder was given to those blessed by a dragon's kiss-which is only in metaphor, as it not always involved physical contact. A benign dragon (pearl, holy, or noble) would declare the fey of noble heritage, to be one apart from the rest, exhibiting extraordinary charisma and moral fortitude. By such blessing, the dragon would swear to channel wisdom to the members of the family name, even beyond the end of its own life. The family name is taken under the wing of the dragon's, merging its name to the fey's.

This is not an act done lightly or on impulse. Usually only one or two families in each major species is so exalted across the world. The laudenians have Renar Alkanonst. Damaskans have Ellenthos Tellurian and Ravenar Limshau. Chaparrans have Valentiarankerr, while tenenbri have Sharajaclypse. Despite some claims to the contrary, no living narros or gimfen have been so christened.

This has not stopped several fey from declaring themselves king or queen or the land they control a monarchy, citing the righteousness of their conquest as proof of their royalty. They claim no dragon need consecrate them as proof of their sovereignty. For example, even though Sharajaclypse is the only tenenbri gifted with a pearl dragon on her crest, she is but a lord in Vanaka, ruled by Queen Karellanecrebet, residing in the capital of Vakai. A few nefarious gimfen and humans have forged such symbols upon their crest but dragons take forging their blessing very seriously.

Only benign, or "draco," dragons ever bestow such titles on others, reserving their endorsements to only those with the charisma and benevolence to become great and wise leaders. Such titles are not given to beggars or shopkeepers, but to those already exhibiting promise, already leading others in virtue and gallantry. Many are already leading nations, but none ever declare themselves royalty. Assuming such a position guarantees no endorsement will come. Though some of these fey are appointed by word from dragon's lips, some are thought to actually have dragon blood running through their veins, inherited from bonded love between crossed species generations ago. Such pairings are known to have occurred but are infrequent, only happening when a dragon takes mortal form and falls for its emotions and urges while within that state.

This knowledge was not known to humans and when the new world took shape, many materialistic and selfish leaders with too much power and too many men declared themselves royal only for the purposes of christening their land a kingdom. The most notable exception was King Savarice of Abidan, the only human in history to have ever received such endorsement from a dragon's hand (though stories tell of similar titles being bestowed across the ocean from the aforementioned dragon cross-bonds). His blessing by the holy, Silver River, guaranteed a stature other kingdoms could only dream of. The title did create controversy. Several great fey leaders like Thalagos Gin of Thos Thalagos and Karlis Kronas of Gnimfall expressed resentment for being overlooked and Nacolia Falcon condemned the choice, expressing that the blessing of a human devalued the practice entirely. This view was not felt by Alkanost, who immediately accepted the king, further declaring Savarice and his noble line "the first true king of men and the only leader fit to guide his species."

Ravenar Limshau agreed with the godly sanction but had hoped it would rally a greater influx of immigrants to Abidan and threaten the stability of Baruch Malkut. King Darius Konig, upon hearing of the legend and of Savarice's title, snorted at the notion, arrogantly alleging that god himself, outranking any such blessing from a primitive dragon, has hallowed his noble blood. Further, King Darius pronounced Savarice's title as blasphemy, punishable by death. If the Savarice line is eliminated, it is unlikely mankind will be fortunate to receive such an honor again.

In the past and meanwhile, rulers of other nations, both human and non, declared themselves noble, though not royal. The called their huts houses and their castles capitals. They commanded river navies and armies of expendables. They controlled farms and rudimentary industry. They used this wealth to barter favor with royalty in hopes of signing an alliance sealed with marriage. Royalty understood that by promoting neighboring houses to nobility, they could betroth their priceless progeny in order to expand their kingdom with unbreakable bonds. Thankfully, because of the necessity of expanding their control, royalty seldom, if ever, intermarried. Though some suspect other families of such controversy, no dragon-blessed royal family ever mixed sibling blood (though distant cousins were tolerated). The commodity of their lineage was too valuable to squander on selfish ideals.

This integration in a human nation is not seen anywhere else in the continent and the closest comparison is with a kingdom called Svenkayna on the opposite side of the globe. 100,000 people call Appareci home today. Although mostly human, the ratios move daily with immigration and caravan arrivals. Most humans working in Limshau not born in the Library arrive from Appareci. Oddly enough, the city is an oligarchy, with the decisions being made by a council of the ten largest landowners in the city. Nezekin's descendant, Natalie, 200 years later, still owns the most land and has been declared Queen. Thankfully, Nezekin is a decent ruler, and corruption has yet to take hold in the city. Through all of this, the Sana Marsh grows and every day. It creeps closer to the mountain walls. A day will come when these forces will clash.

Appareci features a thermal mooring tower and a feng-fu flyer service.

Focus: With a large and diverse ethnic palette, adventures from this large city select virtually any focus. However, barbarian paths are uncommon. With their expanding military, Weaponmaster and Cavalier are popular focus choices.

GOLANA **(1,000 gp)**

A relative small community, Golana brings a blossoming lumber industry to the kingdom. With the demand reaching an explosive level, the city refused to squander the rich old-growth forests nearby and limit their export. This threshold prevents the community from growing too fast. Since Golanis exports nothing else, they continually strive to ensure their future. Despite bids by the kingdom to increase output, the lord-landowner of Golana, the human Noahe Tharsis, refuses to budge on the issue. In another kingdom, Tharsis would face the noose for such defiance. Nezekin understands the

reasons ensure the towns longevity. Meanwhile, Tharsis continues to push his people to expand their resources and explore other avenues of income. The main boardwalk of the city features no less than two-dozen craft shops. Golana builders are known for the best wood products in western Canam. Caravans ferrying supplies travel up river to Appareci.

Golana features a thermal mooring tower.

Focus: Golana residents spend their lives among the trees and prefer Forest Defender, Pathfinder, and Wilderness Nomad.

JAIRUS (2,000 gp)

Obviously inspired by Kantis across the ocean, the rangers of Jairus commit themselves to the destruction of creatures inside the Sana Marsh. The Jairus death hunters, founded by the original ruler, Javana Jairus, engage in crusade after crusade into the evil swamp and return without corruption. The hunters have destroyed more death dragons than any other group in history. Every year, they push further into the Shroud. However, they fail to reach the castle every year. They all hold faith that if the castle fell, the marsh would die alongside. No one ever survived entering the great keep. It remains the target of Jairus.

Most of Jairus are human with a handful of gimfen from Salvabrooke. The current lord, the descendant Marcanis Jairus, keeps the order together. The crusade and the tales of returning survivors fuels pride and patriotism in the kingdom and a lukewarm tourism industry appeared as a side effect. Since the crusade instills honor and courage in those hearing the stories, Appareci continues to endorse and fund the crusade with caravans of supplies and monies to the city. If the campaign waned in popularity, the king's and the council's support would diminish and the town would fall apart quickly.

Focus: Jairus Death hunters are usually either Ancestral Hunters (Demon or Undead) or Cavaliers. Others from Jairus remain in the fighter or barbarians paths.

XIPHOS (4,000 gp)

The continued alliance between Limshau and Kannos resulted in Xiphos, dual castles with connecting bridges and tunnels. Once of separate demographics, the elves and humans integrated and the differences between the castles grew slim. Each is run by a separate Lord-landowner. Disagreements never spilled into conflicts as the populations live too mixed to create a schism in the two communities. Xiphos does not concern itself as much with Sana like Jairus, despite being as close. Instead, they regulate trade between Limshau and Kannos, connecting daily with the newer Limshau city of Warraqeen. Xiphos carries only one name though having two castles, sitting directly on the Limshau / Kannos border as they have drawn it. The Kannos castle is called Tempess and is run by the lord-landowner Warwick Rafonar, great-grandson of Stephen Rafonar. Stephen originally traveled to claim this land and discovered the two keeps, apparently built and ravaged by a passing goblin force. Ravenar rebuilt the ruins in haste before the same force returned. The army did return, sooner than hoped. Before the keep fell for the second time, a force from the Limshau city of Warraqeen arrived and drove off the attackers indefinitely. Rafonar paid his unspoken debt to the Limshau forces by offering their commander the other keep and half the claimed land. The elf would be the first non-human lord-landowner in Kannos. The damaskan, Fellan Seashadow, dubbed his keep Polyglot, and both went about governing their land. The borders between the two nations would not be officially drawn until several years later. Numerous arranged marriages turned both keep's royal families into half-breeds. Polyglot's current ruler is Unas Seashadow.

Recently, the Sana Marsh has grown near the outer reaches of Xiphos, forcing both keeps to join Jairus in pushing it back, though not to the same extremes as their allies. However, since the marsh has grown north so fast, all goblin attacks from the west have ceased. Xiphos features a thermal mooring tower.

Focus: Xiphos adventurers prefer Juggernaut and Holy Warrior.

MOUNT SARNATHI (10,000 gp)

The legend of the mage, Keris Rifts, dates back over 800 years. The stories claim Rifts being the first human mage of any significant power. No other spell caster evolved from ape was even close to him. He forged many of the first magic items not carried over from Terros including the Staff of KeRif, required to talk to the Heads of Ramkava. Legends differ on his disposition. Some claim he was an evil despot ruling over a small village, using them for his own vile experiments. He commissioned a well-known gimfen at the time to build a massive dungeon network under the rocks of Mount Sarnathi to guard some of Rifts' acquired artifacts.

Finally, another spellcaster emerged to challenge Rifts' power, the foreigner Piotre Raczek. They dueled and the countryside erupted in flame. By the end, Rifts fell dead and Raczek took one item from the rival's body and returned to Euras, never entering the dungeon. A few claims point that Rifts was a good man and Piotre was a necromancer seeking the item Rifts kept in possession. The truth vanished into history for the locals, but the dungeon remained.

Is it guilt? Fear? What prevents you? Possession of some unnamed disfigurement or loyalty to a mate is the only rationale to stave off this conversation. Divine reprisal? No longer an issue. Legal repercussions? Non-existent. Morality? Concern yourself with nothing. These females work here freely. You may examine them for marks of ownership if you like. Disease? Elves are incapable of carrying anything you transmit. They can refuse your seed as easily as an atheist denies his god. Stigma? What stigma you fear? We all mingle freely here. Xenophobia will doom us all. We feature damaskans, local and from across the ocean, chaparrans, wild and untamed, tenenbri, dark and passionate, popular to the ugly or embarrassed. We even present a few gimfen for those with more exotic appetites or wishing to fantasize over youth without breaking laws or personal ethics. Prices may not be reasonable but setting your eyes upon one of ours looses a man's sense of reason. And each time feels a maiden to the newcomer. Each embrace strokes of paradise.

Still looking of defiance, or shall I fetch our selection?

Harren Sagivas
The House of Mari-Muruko

The village of Sarnathi turned, quite literally, into a tourist trap. They cater to the hundreds of adventurers every year trying to survive the dungeon of Sarnathi. Dozens of pubs and taverns line the main street. Shops sell thousands of trinkets of varying levels of worthlessness. A few youngsters charge a modest fee to escort adventures to the mountain entrance. A few holy places charge extravagant fees for healing. The people never wish an adventurer to succeed else their franchise crumbles. This lucrative business continues and no brave party ever triumphs. Few leave with their lives. Thousands of adventurers perish in pursuit of Rifts' legacy.

In hopes to bolster the economy, Sarnathi joined the Kannos kingdom less than a century ago. This is also due to the pressure from segments of the community to achieve some level of self-respect. Sarnathi, until recently, boasted the highest prostitution ratio of any civilization outside of Baruch Malkut. Controversy arose with accusations of abuse and slavery. The inclusion into Kannos forced the lord-landowner of Sarnathi at the time, Orinn Dason, to impose legislation regulating the industry. Though reduced, it was by no means eradicated. Because of the regulations, some brothels vacated but were soon replaced, and the effect on the overall community and their reputation was minimal. The unfortunate label for the town remains. One could find any number of pleasures if the pocket reaches deep enough.

Appareci features a thermal mooring tower and a feng-fu flyer service.

Focus: Sarnathi prefers to let others do the adventuring. They often select Bandit, Pathfinder, or Thief.

SALVABROOKE **(3,000 gp)**

The lone oak tree perched around the shrub stands tall, guarding like a statue centurion for the opening to the land of light-hearted gimfen. Beyond that lays a huge expanse of spreading homes and villages. One seemingly continuous expanse of civilization spreads to the corners of the massive valley. Mountains line the perimeter, keeping the entrance by the Lone Tree the only safe passage to the inner fields. The population of the entire valley is more than 150,000 even though the houses are spread thin along a flat ground 150 miles across. There is no centralized government, leaving each 10 square mile patch of land under control of a chief. Population shifts so much in the valley, naming the individual clans and their townships would be pointless. The most powerful is Lora Longfellow, peacefully running the area closest to the Lone Tree and whose rules represent the norm followed in the rest of the valley. She commands a force of more than 3,000 gimfen troops.

This obscure location is blessed with rich land. The farming soil is extremely prosperous and fresh water flows from nearby mountains to large clean lakes. This is as close to a natural paradise one may find, corrupted by as little technology as possible. The majority of the gimfen wish to keep it that way. The tree faces the east, towards the Sana Marsh. However, the marsh favors growing the opposite direction, offering some additional tranquility. With steep mountains in the west, the gimfen fear little from the kobolds.

Every year, all chiefs meet together to discuss affairs. Often enough little is actually accomplished. They plan large construction projects, usually tabling it until the next meeting. The celebrations usually take center, with revelry and parties occurring every week. Gimfen welcome outsiders and treat those who enter as kings with hopefully deep pockets. Despite an unfortunate epidemic of petty thieves, crime is quite low across Salvabrooke. In the larger communities, huge open markets begin business at the crack of dawn, hoping to sell various cheap and imitation trinkets to anyone interested. They adore human exports, though they often end up selling knockoffs made from their own hands in secret. Tourists drifting through one of the many walking streets in a gimfen village should expect to be accosted by no less than a dozen different wandering merchants attempting to vend designer clothes, imitation gadgetry, or even on occasion, legitimate artistic examples of gimfen culture. All prices are negotiable, and assumed, since they are usually over-inflated initially. There are a few respectable places but those are not the ones harassing passing non-gimfen.

The mockery that is the law enforcement system attempts to keep the dishonesty in check. Most of the time, the enforcers break up the fights and shift the few homeless from the streets to maintain a positive image. Whenever techans first leave a bastion in hopes of taking in the world outside, a common first destination is Salvabrooke. It is echan enough to shock them but safe enough to keep them at ease. No one in the city mentions the shroud of darkness over the next mountain range.

Salvabrooke features a thermal mooring tower and a feng-fu flyer service.

Focus: Almost all gimfen select the Bandit, Pathfinder, or Thief path.

SANA MARSH

A perpetual and permanent fog spreads for hundreds of miles in the land of Sana. Legend once told of one of the first kings of man in the new age and how his arrogance and naivety reduced the empire to eventual heresy and condemnation for him and his people. The soil started to sink and little food grew ripe. Those eating what was cultivated turned into monsters, which then fed on those remaining pure. Few intelligent life forms call this area home now, reserving the landscape for roaming evil. The Marsh is the single most dangerous area on the continent. Monstrous beasts shuffle into the black and vanish, waiting for an unsuspecting foe. Rumors tell of some terrible evil held up in the castle once held by King Sana in hopes of gathering the power of the marsh towards it. No one of any common sense enters the Marsh.

The legend claims that King Saron Sana ruled over one of the first kingdoms formed, that of Kardia, and expanded to many towns and dozens of miles. Kannos had yet to form and Limshau only recently began building the walls of the first city. Kardia used knowledge gleaned from bastions to create a stable, growing empire with no signs of decelerating. The lands were plentiful. The roads were paved or pressed. The people were safe. With no risks of technological advancement from uninspired engineers already happy with their underground sewage system, magic grew fast and powerful. Sana himself was no follower of the enchanted arts, preferring the sword to illustrate his strength, but he neither feared nor prohibited its use. Its encouragement allowed a firm foothold on the land. It's even said the master mage Keris Rifts emerged from its population.

However, Sana grew troubled over his own mortality. As they mixed with their approaching neighbors, the gimfen of Salvabrooke and the elves of Dawnamoak and Limshau, the increasing population of half elves matured slower than humans, laughing in the face of normal man and his evolution. Though the kingdom's fey and hybrid population was still miniscule, their exotic physique and attractive features made them popular with the mobs. Anyone with pointed ears was swooned over and doted on. They were offered money, maidens, foods, or favors for the mere chance of patronage or espousal. Unlike the bastions, afraid and xenophobic, Kardia embraced the new world, almost to a fault. Much of the population was obsessed with magic and the races mastering it. Very soon, the king discovered his own lineage threatened. He had taken a young virgin to wife years earlier and though initially happy, realized their offspring would not match the worship the rabble granted to mere pointed-eared peons. Sana attempted to arrange a marriage with an elvish maiden from Limshau. Since Limshau does not overtly support



royalty, this was not possible. Instead of selecting an elvish subject of lesser class within his own population or from Limshau, Sana attempted similar offers to the ruling class of both Salvabrooke and Dawnamoak. Both offers were refused.

Not long after, both of Sana's young sons given to him by his innocent wife fell to a rare infection, taking them fast and painful. Without heirs, Sana became paranoid about losing his lineage. He refused to abdicate his throne to any other and, approaching 60, knew his years were numbered. No known magic could extend his life.

Nihilimancers would not emerge for several more centuries and the concept of corrupt draconic was unknown to him or anyone else in the kingdom. Sana called in his servant casters to delegate them the responsibility of finding a way to extend his life or locate a mate able to supply him with offspring blessed with such wonder. The casters took the crusade to save their king and kingdom. The priests remained to ensure the lasting life of their ruler. Nearing seventy, Saron Sana approached his final days when one mage finally returned. The landing of a great dark dragon with decayed skin, perforated wings, and a near-barren skull heralded the mage's arrival. The creature promised to return the empire to power and vowed to force the arrogant fey to kneel to true immortality. Sana preferred to secure his lineage rather than live forever but found the offer tempting. The dragon promised offspring would emerge and enforce the will of the land and its rulers, the king, and his new bride.

Her name was Umala, a near child barely into her potency. A tightly wrapped silk bandage covered her eyes, though she could still sense her surroundings with ease. She possessed the ears of the fey but little else Sana could recognize as chaparran, gimfen, or damaskan. Both the mage and dragon assured the king of the fey's noble blood, claiming the dragon's presence as proof. Umala even possessed a great book a magic the surviving mage swore held a power gods feared to offer man. Though Saran's wife of a full generation objected to the pairing, the king agreed to the bonding.

Events transpiring later fell into obscurity and bardic tales subtle and gross attempted to pervade the legend with embellishment and exaggeration. The bonding ceremony was performed in secret and no official marriage was administered. The public was not permitted to see the concubine of the king. Though elderly and near senility, the thrust of Sana's manhood returned. His older and faithful wife was cast aside quickly in favor of virginal pleasures. After Sana's lust was satisfied, one story claimed Sana would bellow a great exhalation of soot and smoke, which would settle and float about the kingdom. A similar account, less popular but likely more accurate, claimed the mist emerged from the citizens. Did innocent and faithful servants and hands of the empire fall asleep to awaken decrepit but with moments left until demise? At the moment of their deaths, their bodies would expel a great darkness, which refused to evaporate after morning dew.

Sana developed a voracious appetite for coitus and returned to Umala's bedchamber often. More people fell to dust, replaced by the growing mist, which stuck to the living, whispering encouragement for them to remain in servitude. Soon, Sana began encountering visions about the keep. Lingering shadows cast from nothing swayed over and across rooms as he walked about. They followed. They watched. They never revealed themselves. As more died, the shadows increased; the fog thickened. By then, Sana cared for little more than the softness of his bedmate.

Sana's forgotten bride had perished, along with all the priests, and the loyal guards of the king. Years passed into decades, finally leaving only a few souls lingering, unable to change their eventual fate. The fog seeped into the soil and salted the earth. Contaminated water rose from the depths. The many houses collapsed to rot and crumbled to ruin, though the main castle keep, Kardia-Gothas, remained untouched. The shapeless forms roamed the landscape as an army, raised from the ashes of withered corpses. Eventually, a few soon spread from the dark shroud into the outer lands, encouraging others to enter the marsh with similar promises of immortality and magic, knowing protracted stays ensured another meal for the royal family.

Although Sana continued to age into centuries, he refused to die. His faculties left him, leaving nearly an empty

shell of a man in refuse. Though aware of his life and his fate, Sana has no more strength to stave off his curse. His age robbed him of his vigor for life. The power of his loins held and Umala, unchanged in those years, continued to mount him and bring about the swelling of the fog, though no new shapeless emerged unless souls entered the marsh to be offered as sacrifice. Umala eventually refused her husband's undying appetite unless new souls entered the marsh. Those daring to breach the marsh should exercise caution not to stir the attention of the mistress of Sana or her king lest they fall victim to their lust.

CRUDAG THE MONSTER

Death dragons call the Marsh home and often return here to mate. Many of the dragons' enemies attempted to form an army to enter the Marsh and exterminate their mating grounds. A substantial force has yet to form. The largest and oldest death dragon known is Crudag the Monster, a decrepit atrocity. It is believed she originally devised the curse that currently affects the land. She has never left and continues to fly over its fog-filled, pale green skies. She seldom returns to the castle, believed to own a keep or a cave dungeon elsewhere in Sana. Although several male death dragons have attempted a courtship, she refuses to accept any other, slaying any rebuffing her initial rejection. Though still old, she remains a viable mate and could produce potentially powerful offspring with a variety of worthy suitors. She still declines. Goetion the Lifeless, the largest male death dragon, still keeps the massive scar on his chest and the tear in his wing as remembrance from his last encounter with Crudag. He is the only known suitor to survive a second encounter. He still plans a third.

KARDIA-GOTHAS

The bonding ceremony of the king and his new mate was concluded with the presentation of her holy book and the transcribing of the book's inscriptions over every internal wall of the keep. Throughout the kingdom's decaying final years, the inscriptions grew in number and complexity. No one is entirely sure how they arrived there as no one observed anyone actually inscribing the symbols that feel cold to the touch. The castle once shimmered in amazing beauty. A circular base, so wide it would take a dedicated runner five minutes to circumvent, lifted more than seven storeys on the edge of a great valley where a rich and wide river once flowed. An intersecting stream cascaded over a great fall to merge with the larger river. A narrow path down either face was the only way to cross from cliff to cliff as no bridge connected the two sides of the valley. Upriver, the cliffs connected to a massive peak, where a smaller cousin of the great keep, Jian-Gothas, sat perched to watch for invading armies. A bridge, with short supports barely a storey over the ground, connected Kardia with the base of the road leading up to Jian.

The top level of Kardia looks unfinished, as if more levels had been intended. The upper levels were smaller that the last, making Kardia resemble a truncated cone, covered in hundreds of Tudor arches and stone-hole windows. The rough and mountainous terrain would make any aggressive push to the keep difficult. How ironic that none of these aggressive building techniques saved the keep or the civilization that sprouted around it.

It was later discovered that these inscriptions etched deep in the stone were of corrupt draconic and held the dark power of negative magic in their verse. All known negatives spells, all belonging to the necromancy school, can be found scattered across the castle of Kardia-Gothas. The few negative foundation spells located here require a much more extensive search and may require climbing the steep path to Jian-Gothas. Any caster following the dark path must brave the marsh to locate the castle and dare enter to copy the incantations. Every day risks discovery and few emerge again. Those that do carry the mark of such trauma, bear a wicked streak for the remainder of their lives.

The recurring crusades from Kannos hope to find and destroy Kardia, razing it to ash. They do not enter with grace or subtlety and meet with opposition from the shapeless. This is not a concern to the crusaders, whom also believe that destroying the shapeless pushes back the marsh.

TEMPLE OF AVALON

One of the most mysterious places on the continent, anyone knowing of its existence professes it a holy place, though not knowing exactly why. On a cursory view, Avalon looks like any of the hundreds of other broken ruins dotting over across the landscape of Canam and the thousands scattered across the world. Eight pillars of unremarkable significance and different heights, ranging from 10 feet to 30 feet, stand in a circle atop a small peak. This peak is surrounded by what many observers simply call "the fortress." Four naturally formed walls encircle the field the peak sprouts from. The main court stretches across nearly a full mile. The first inner wall stands a colossal 150 feet tall. Each subsequent outer wall is slightly shorter, anywhere from 20 to 30 feet. Each outer wall is slightly further out, from 50 to 70 feet. The final outer wall is only 80 feet tall but surrounds the entire formation. A single gap opens wide enough for an elephant on the northern side, a single gate to the tower. Each wall is around 40 feet thick. This formation appears natural but would represent one of the most organized examples of the chaos of magic in the world. No one has claimed it and no one ever lingers. Anyone arriving understands it as of great importance and usually departs after a few days. Day and night, no clouds ever cover the sky above the temple. Clouds nearby orbit around the emptiness like the swirling weather around the eye of a great hurricane, though no harsh winds bother those inside. The temple peak always shines in the dim white light from Attricana, often appearing brighter above. A natural staircase is etched in the side of the tower. The columns include no symbols or letters declaring their origin. Plant overgrowth gives the impression the temple and its fortress is as old as the second age.

The entire area to the perimeter of the final wall is covered with a constant Protection Against Evil, which cannot be dispelled. Evil creatures find discomfort within its domain and often break off pursuit of those fleeing inside. Any magic items of any magnitude glow more so. All good creatures in the temple heal their doubled rate here. Those worshipping Amethyst knowing of Avalon claim it to be their holiest temple and all clerics professing the faith are determined to take a pilgrimage to the peak of Avalon at least once in their lifetime. Anyone spending time there all know its ultimate fate is for more significant than a simple place of worship.

Note: This location is a plot point and should not be shared with players aware of locations in Western Canam

Orchis, Plicato, and Mankind's last stand



Arx-Cis

Wanderers pass by this flat land and continue without concern. Anyone who lingers begins to feel uncomfortable and uneasy. Searching the landscape reveals several large concrete cylinders sitting in the ground, almost overgrown by surrounding grasslands. These half-dozen open pits drop a 100 feet each. All machinery is missing and few people know the purpose of this location or the meaning of the name. An ancient entry in a book in Limshau contains one note.

> *Arx-Cis, once a fortress, remains the fragments of mankind's last stand.*
>
> Limshau Entry

Note: This location is a plot point and should not be shared with players aware of locations in Western Canam

Orchis, House of **(5,000 gp)**

The "sand-castle," as it is often mocked, can be first spotted on the horizon, flapping into vision from the waves of heat from dried desert soil. The ruling founders still in control prefer the term "Desert Flower." Regardless of its name, the smooth walls of the relatively small keep tower over even those of the Limshau capital. They look grown from the sand. A mockery of a legend said a demigod of child-like whim packed the sand with water and sculpted the keep with his own hands. Upon completion, he ordered a dragon to fire the castle into a single ironstone ceramic. An ashen glaze covered the walls. Though still looking of dark sand, the keep is not rough but smooth as glass. The castle was then given to the Orchis family on condition neither the immediate family nor their direct descendants ever leave the limits of the castle. They also must maintain its condition and defend it to the death. They have kept the promise to this day.

Though all Orchis males must live within the castle, daughters are married to neighboring houses and villages to forge alliances and expand the banner. After 300 years, the castle Rosaceae is nearing capacity. A multitude of male heirs have taken wives and have sired few daughters. Two of the youngest recently swore off marriage to join the keep's clerical order, which endorse a variation of the elvish Erufu faith. The devout believe the oath of the family is still in effect and fear reprisal if the pact is broken. The countess in reign is Saffron Orchis, a human renowned for her beauty, ever present still at 65 years. Alas, she cannot give up her name to marriage since that would turn the castle to another family line. Though she could release control to a Prince Regent, specifically her eldest son, Kagen, she has declined. She is a decent ruler and does not believe Kagen has the realm's best interest at heart. Saffron must constantly restrain Kagen's jovial attitude, prone to debauchery in the villages around the castle. Saffron would prefer her youngest son of 18 years take control, already married to a Torquill princess. But Cerco doesn't believe the oath of the past and hopes to leave the castle to build his down between Orchis and Torquill.

Castle Orchis sits in the village Tentilla and rules over a dozen smaller villages over 70 miles around including well known stops along the Continental Cross like Archena, Kerria, and Bitterblush.

Focus: Orchis has a strong clerical order and Crusader is popular among them. Various fighter paths have also appeared.

Plicato, House of **(10,000 gp)**

Castle Nemrose, in comparison to Rosaceae, is enormous. Although not wide and flat like the Torquill keep, Nemrose's four central towers are more than 20 storeys tall, with connecting bridges every third floor. The towers are numbered with crude scratches on each surface 1 through 4, closed in by a humble wall, perched upon a dusty hill with little greenery. The tower peaks are tall enough for a keen eye to spot the Sana Marsh to the north from the top level. Away from the Continental Cross, Nemrose more than predates the nearby road and the noble family living inside.

Historians both connected to the keep and independent have attempted to trace its origins to the initial builders. Limshau historians have placed it as far back as 800 years, dating it to the time when King Saron ruled from Kardia-Gothas. The records claimed Saron Sana was obsessed with the encroaching elvish population and the mixed lineage of other nearby communities. One of these neighbors could have been Nemrose. The original castle showcases elvish flamboyance, a stark contrast to the gatehouses built later. It is believed by many that the current holders of Nemrose, the

House Plicato, sacked and took the castle from the damaskan lord Offlin Beckell. The family Beckell was nearly wiped out and the few survivors were pursued vigorously until vanishing with the escaping villagers. House Plicato has denied the accepted historical accounts, asserting they legally acquired the keep in trade from a delinquent lord who racked up unreasonable debts to the wealthy new house.

Despite the controversy, House Plicato expanded to encompass more than 20 villages over 150 miles around the castle (including noteworthy Freeritter, Blackbaronne, and Kendelkorne). Plicato's early rulers tolerated the slavers and were known to bind several as concubines and servants to the ruling class through several generations. The real gossip began 150 years ago, when King Jacob II bestowed royal blessing on his concubine, the elvish maiden Madolis and took her as bride. Over a season, the political landscape had changed. Slavery was outlawed and diplomatic doors were opened with Limshau, House Torquill, and House Orchis. For a damaskan, Madolis bore frequent fruit, offering half-dozen children in only ten years. Each at the blossoming age of 13 was betrothed to mayors and landowners around the kingdom. The marriages all proved successful. Later parings with the elvish kingdom of Skyrose converted the Plicato blood to pure elvish, with only the outer villagers still with half-breeds. Fifty years later, it was revealed that Madolis was never a broken slave, but the surviving line of the Beckell lords that built the castle centuries earlier. She had infiltrated a slaver caravan market and made a point to impress upon the Plicato heir. She rose up to beloved concubine when Jacob took the throne. In honesty, she did not mind his company and found his affection agreeable, though his morals and public persona were questionable. She intended neither assassination nor public humiliation. She was one elf with limited resources. She sought revenge the only way she knew. She merged her lineage with her enemy's and brought the bloodline of her family back in control of castle Nemrose. Though still of House Plicato, the castle and its holdings are now firmly back into elvish hands.

Focus: Plicato is magic-weak by large. However, they are well known for bowmanship.

Limshau, The Finer Finer Pits, and surrounding elves

The Finer Fire Pits

(60,000 gp)



Many narros call this gargantuan underground metropolis home. More live here than any other single place on Earth. Huge deposits of coruthill and titanium waited. A huge cavern formed under the ground, miles across, with only a massive staircase leading to the surface. Unless a traveler knew exactly where this staircase was, it would be difficult to find. The massive construct is more than 300 feet wide and descends for more than a mile before finally reaching the Fire Pits. A consistent and rather uncomfortable red glow radiates over the single massive cavern the narros continue to hollow out. There, massive ovens several storeys tall work overtime constructing materials and smelting precious ores while tens of thousands of narros dig further. The majority of the pits reside inside the hollowed-out cavern dubbed simply "Chamber 1." The massive city is attached to the walls, roof, and ground of the cavern. In the dark with only the slight glow of red, the city resembles a Christmas tree turned inside out and spread across every available surface of the cave. Ugly, utilitarian box-shaped buildings grow down, up, and out. Many live out their whole lives without ever seeing the sun, against the rules dictated by their faith. Some put the last population count to more than a million narros, which comprise more than 96% of the total population of the pits. The Fire Pits house the largest repository of weapons and armor. Anyone looking for mastercraft materials looks no further than here. The ruler here is

Garach Glim, the first and current ruler. After eight centuries, he still digs alongside his people. He has shown no signs of senility or exhaustion. When asked why he made roots so far from Fargon, Garach's answer was simple. "I hate cold."

Despite the constant digging, the pits continue to be fruitful and were the most profitable narros mines in the world until Thos Thalagos' recent windfall. Garach Glim, with his high standards, has yet to accept a bond. Being narros, a king, and a male, he dips his nobility into many willing lovers, though he never bonds with any of them. If the pits were not so popular, the entire system would collapse as many narros only stay for the profit. Most would prefer to leave for the nation in the northeast. The fire pits maintain its success because of its ethnically diverse neighbors and not despite them. They are able to bring in goods that narros in the north envy, allowing the residents of the pits to open their minds. A narros from Finer usually looks distinct from those from Fargon. In Fargon, all the clothes and armor emerge from smiths and weavers with little originality, while in Finer, one can purchase all manner of elvish silks and gimfen armor alongside the standard narros plates. Despite this influx, the population still has an overwhelming narros majority. This is partially from the narros apprehension of outsiders but mostly because of the insane levels of heat. The forges work nonstop and are all built without insulation, keeping the average temperature of the entire complex at 46 degrees Celsius, with only a 5-degree drop during the winter.

Though the resident population acclimatized to the severity, visitors are greeted by a steam train wave of heat immediately after walking from the entrance. They seldom stay long. Some inventive merchants even took to magic to resist the effects. Though many in Fargon look down on the Finer Fire Pits, Thos Thalagos is the exception, with Thalagos himself expressing admiration for the tenacity of the narros of the pits. He did express confusion with the name of the city, a fact shared by others. The Finer Fire Pits are a single mine, a single city, with multiple massive forges, thus earning the title. Glim added 'Finer' not because the forges were in anyway superior, but because the name of valley the pits were dug into was called Finer Vallis. However, when referring to the Pits, does a writer identify it as plural of singular? It is a single mine but called The Finer Fire Pits. Many conceded to simply call it Finer.

"Yeah, I was there once. It's beautiful city."

"I heard the Pits are…wait…is? The Pits are a great city, or is a great city."

"Don't bother man. People have been trying for centuries to figure that one out—"

"But wait. The pits refer to their forges. It is only one mine. One city, right? So, the Finer Fire Pits is…a great city. No, it's pits. So it's…are a great. Wait."

"—Told you to drop it—"

"No, No, I got this."

As mentioned, the title of the city refers to its massive forges, most of which were built into Chamber 1, though a few more have recently been erected inside newer adjacent cavities. In total, twelve forges sit inside, each as large as a human castle, dwarfed inside the colossal cavern that also has no supports. Only the ingenuity of the narros keeps the Pits from collapsing

Though finding magic items can be a chore, many mages from across the world seek out the pits not for items or armor, but for Galla Sagard, the famous spellcaster and her well-known Open Library for Arcane magic. Galla loves entertaining visitors even though she seldom gains the opportunity to share her wisdom with other casters. She owns several anchors claimed to have been written by her hand, though some doubt the accuracy of that claim. Galla only possess a rudimentary knowledge of true draconic, the first requirement for any mage attempting to create an anchor. No one can dispute the uniqueness of her foundation spells. They cannot be found anywhere else.

The Finer Fire Pits relies on its trade with Limshau for the majority of its goods. Most caravans travel through the Limshau city of Kodex before traveling north to the Pits and few other allies take other routes. Even Kannos, another ally enjoying a profitable relationship, ship their supplies from Warraqeen to Kodex before traveling north. Most of the visiting population is damaskan, though a few humans have appeared time and again. Many of those are either independent merchants or wanderers looking for work. Since the narros here never developed a tight bond with humans like Thos Thalagos, the Finer populace considers humans another non-narros race best avoided.

Foolish Humans. The best route is down, never up. I read their history—always building up. Up…why? What is up there? Clouds. Clouds. Water. I can dig and get that and it would cost far less. Now I am not saying that humans are stupid. They value gold and respect the steel we forge. However, I don't know how they could have missed coruthill. Such a wondrous element, bestowed from Oaken himself. The almost mystical properties of it lead me to believe that coruthill, before the saturation of magic, looked ordinary, containing no special properties, useless. When enchanted energies passed through it, coruthill emerged from this dead rock. So much the better. The bastion humans sat on riches beyond what they can imagine for thousands of years. Millions of years of unmined riches. This is a great time to be a narros. The humans have no idea what they were missing.

Garach Glim
Finer Fire Pits
1225 AE

The Fire Pits feature a feng-fu flyer service but no mooring towers. They do plan to build one soon though.

Note: Though then narros from the Finer Fire Pits are resistant to heat, they are not resistant to fire. Therefore, they do not gain any fire resistance. They do, however, gain a +5 bonus to any heat related effects that do not cause fire damage.

Focus: Narros from the Finer Fire Pits often choose Juggernaut, Weaponmaster, and various barbarian paths. Obviously with Sagard's library, a few Book spellcasters have also appeared.

LIMSHAU

Elves exist everywhere Eastern Canam accommodates the oddest branch of elves on the planet, the Limshau damaskans. They erected great academies and training facilities and then did something no one expected. They invited others in, humans, narros, gimfen, anyone willing to teach their ways. This knowledge fell to the hands of Limshau librarians, keen on the knowledge of the largest libraries of Earth.

The kingdom started official upon Ravenar the 3rd's return from Angel. His followers remaining behind already began the first few buildings of the Limshau capital though no official name had yet been chosen. The field of Serapea was vast and plentiful and the empire would grow fast when built upon such foundation. When Limshau finally returned, he brought

no alliance, but did lead a pilgrimage of hundreds of Angel humans as loyal followers to a new age. Damaskans are known for being fearless and brave. This belief extends with their hands of friendship. They neither fear change nor the unknown. They open their visors to their enemy in respect and expect a return courtesy, not an arrow through their slit. They welcome outsiders but will not support those unwilling to support themselves. Across the ocean, the damaskans built great cities in mountains peaked by the wings of great dragons. Limshau enjoyed no such alliance and when they laid their first stones, few other nations had formed around. Ravenar, the oldest damaskan and one of the oldest elves alive, looked upon the new world and understood a new path awaited him. He told his thousands of followers, both human and elf, to think of this new kingdom as the utopia all other future civilizations would look upon for guidance. They will welcome all outsiders respecting their beliefs and laws. The realm will be bound by reason and compassion, with an eye towards knowledge, for it separates the civilized from the barbaric.

"The world evolves.

"Magic and science are interchangeable. Interpreting one from the other depends on your vantage point. Elves, much like any other intelligent race aware of its own progress, observe life from a sword's edge, either side resides past and present while one walks the center to the future. I fear elves never bother to walk this line, choosing to live in old ways. Humans arose, and given the chance, failed at greatness. Their weakness is mortality. Man's obsession with compressing time doomed their species. Oh, how I respect those humans that can sit for a week under a tree and pray, close one's eyes for a whole day without opening them. What courage that must take for a species so short lived. Most elves, including those reprehensible laudenians, don't appreciate the small victories in other species. The path remains the same.

Utilizing our patience, elves gain the opportunity to learn from Man's mistakes. We live enchanted. Magic flows through us but does not control us. Earth is a shared planet. Only by uniting and merging our knowledge with those of humans, narros, and gimfen, can we build a future.

Limshau Historical Entry 2534A
Ravenar Limshau the 4th

Ravenar encouraged his elvish brothers to mingle freely and accept his new human friends. Although the process took time, eventually the community formed. These were aided by the fact that damaskan elves possess many features similar to Asian humans, which most of the pilgrims from Angel were. Those from Angel alleged no idiocy. Most were carpenters, architects, hunters, smiths, seamstresses, bricklayers, plumbers, doctors, teachers, and civil engineers. They brought vital knowledge the damaskans absorbed as quickly as they were taught. Despite the elves' superior skill in art and song and their renowned mental and physical discipline, they slacked their jaws in the face of the applicable knowledge offered by the short-lived humans. Their evolution offered them a tenacity and drive elves simply lacked. Together, they truly believed their new nation would set an example for others to follow. Most others did not, but Limshau succeeded all the same. Assisted by magic and enhanced by the perseverance of the population, the town's progress was unstoppable. Dozens of kilns fired thousands of pale-white bricks every day. They were sent and laid down while still warm. An audacious city plan charted the perfect order of the city from the first stone to its last. The roads spread out from the center, intersected by streets and avenues. The humans made the city work and flow in precision. The elves gave it personality. They painted tiles and mosaics across plain white walls and topped the tallest buildings with the grandest sculptures. At their root, the city would also be a storehouse of all knowledge. Every wall in every house would support shelves for books. Citizens were encouraged to donate works or words to the collections for all to share. As a community, they would learn from each other and strive to create a civilization based upon the freedom of choice and speech. This belief was not permitted to be corrupted by alternate views supporting a religious bias or a corporate preference. Churches were not allowed within the walls of Limshau nor was a single store allowed to expand to a chain. Although such decisions marred the city on controversy, it strode on.

It suffered no attacks for the first decade. Throughout the years, it engorged in population. Ravenar did not share the paranoia of other elves and encouraged the uniting of the races. The Limshau city was not the first to birth initial half-breeds between elf and human but did eventually possess the largest ratio of them. The humans were attracted to the elves' beauty, grace, and wisdom and the elves were attracted to the humans' spirit, determination, and enthusiasm. More than a quarter of the humans arriving with Ravenar took elvish mates. Though this ratio did drop off over time, it never fully vanished. The human breeding cycle and the elvish long life generated a massive population boost in the first century.

Limshau is repeating events of Earth's past and will fall under a hailstorm of fire and brimstone the like of which only god has seen before. Those with ears pointed and round commit the most grievous sins of hedonism. Its capital and all its cities both walled and open are cursed by god. It is too late for prayer, for they are all doomed. This damnation spreads to all those within the white walls, especially the impenitent human sodomites who fall for the pleasures of the sinned, soiled flesh. Divine punishment shall come quick. When their flesh burns away, we will mock their calamity. It is not a sin to take pride in god's fury. Shall we be the hands of god?

Father Prias
Selected Sermon
Faustis, Baruch Malkut

Ravenar promoted a freedom with laws designed to protect those from others who choose to victimize. If a vice can be controlled and regulated by the government, it was permitted. Though uncommon, gambling houses and brothels appeared. The amount of books and scrolls arriving kept increasing, but the final wall's design had already been in place, so Ravenar decreed that a second city be built. Each following community would dedicate itself to a specific field of knowledge. These first few expanded to nearly a dozen by the millennium's end. Meanwhile, a uniquely Limshaun culture formed away from the other damaskans across the ocean. The damaskans became more accustomed to silence and reservation than revelry and levity. The Limshau custodians emerged soon after, devout disciples of knowledge. The protectors of paper, these scholar warriors protect the walls and the words inside. Ravenar never claimed to be a custodian and it was his son, Ravenar the 4th, who officially formed the elite order.

When the wall finally began, several other cities emerged as well, and the sovereignty of Limshau was official, though neither Ravenar nor his family line was ever considered royal. Despite a draconic endorsement, Limshau refused the title

king. Even today, to refer to the Limshau line as royalty publicly is avoided. Mostly everyone says so in private. Members of the Limshau line are considered the master Librarians and the lead custodians and if one were to be utterly deficient in their application, a more deserving holder would replace them. No one has run against Limshau or his sons, still ruling the capital today.

Relations with other fledging nations took time to percolate as they grew much slower than Limshau. An alliance with Kannos was obvious and signed before most of the residents in either realm knew of the other. Despite Limshau's view on religion, they still opened a dialogue and forged a profitable alliance with Abidan as well. Gimfen emerged to the west and east. Clashes between Zorahn and Baruch Malkut stained the continent in blood. Limshau realized a malevolent reason to the recent disappearing of damaskans in the south. Instead of openly engaging in a costly conflict, Limshau suggested to his people that they take refuge in the cities, all fortified from attack. Not a single attempted raid on a Limshau wall has ever succeeded in a single captured slave. Many elves chose to remain in their homes and suffered at the hands of the slavers traveling north. The city of Zorahn was built to combat that need. A few elves now again still vanish, especially from the free villages south of Zorahn. Ravenar is seeking a consensus between all the surrounding nations to take action but a majority opinion has yet to be reached. They all understand that even though a conflict may result in the short-term victory of the outer towns and villages of Baruch Malkut, the marshlands and swamps of the south would prove an ugly victory only after months of trudging in mud with enemies trained to fight under such dreary conditions. The stalemate continues.

Despite Baruch Malkut's claims that they are not the ones specifically enslaving the elvish population, many in Limshau wish to strike regardless of the intents of other allied nations. In spite of this setback, most elves of Limshau still trust mankind, especially considering every elvish family line in Limshau has a human present somewhere in their lineage.

That was not the first time an elf asked me that question nor I imagine the last. I see them burning symbols of human faith, destroying the icons of their history. They expect me to understand. All I know is that one cannot justify evil in reprisal for another evil. I will admit my kind can bloat their bellies in ignorance and it truly shocks me. We, of all, should learn from our past. Humans must record their history, given their lifespan lies in a breath of ours. We remember them from experience. Chaparra and Laudenia claim superiority for we never enslaved another species or hunted them down in xenophobia. How dare they forget our past? The humans I speak to know nothing of our unsmothered hate. Pagus were elves. They still are fey despite the ignorant claims to the contrary. The humans' personal decree of corruption is but a candle to our bonfire. I will not judge all of mankind based on the paranoid actions of the hated few or for the deeds they committed in the past. Those people are dead in a world long forgotten. This world has changed. Adapt. Accept it.

Limshau Historical Entry 4684G
Ravenar Limshau the 4th

Every Limshau city listed here contains both a thermal mooring tower and a feng-fu dock.

ABARBANEL **(1,000 gp)**

The first Limshau branch formed after the home city, Abarbanel holds the largest book collection in proportion to its population (less than 5,000 people to almost a million books). The massive library sits completely underground. Only a few small buildings pop up from the surface, all populated by its modest population of custodians. Dropping to the huge, multi-level facility underneath shows its massive collection of books on history. Almost every major event that occurred after Attricana opened is recorded here. If the search is extensive, one might even find reports predating this. This Limshau library is the only area possessing any knowledge of the time of man. Some of the tomes are actually human printed from before the second hammer, in languages few can decipher.

The city began initially as the capital's primary construction material mine. Various tunnels hollowed out the rich deposits of calcium silicate and lime. On the surface, the ingredients are combined with others into hardened clay, which is dry pressed and sent through rail kilns. These ingredients combine with modernized burners to create the signature near-perfect white bricks the entire kingdom uses in the majority of its construction. The resulting product rolls out of the conveyer in a near unbroken straight line, every brick matching the characteristics of the previous one. Their surface is smooth with sharp corners and straight lines. Only slight divots are visible in the brick's joining side to assist in the mortar setting. Very little to no mortar is actually visible in Limshau bricklaying and with the near perfect structure of the bricks, the outer wall looks as a single clean piece of white stone unless closer inspection is taken. The mortar used, comprised of sand, calcium hydroxide, and volcanic ash from nearby Mount Vasenren is also white and is shaped to seal with the texture of the surrounding bricks.

Most of the bricks exported were of an exact ratio and size with a small number being larger faced slabs used in the outer walls of the various cities. Each brick, even the larger wall varieties, are believed to be the strongest non-magically made bricks in the world, capable of sustaining a 150 Mpa load before fracturing. Abarbanel is very proud of its export. As the mines grew larger and more extensive, they found themselves with an impressive subterranean cavity. The founder of the original city, the human Geoffrey Huang, already nearly 70 by this point, personally supervised his kilns. He ordered surplus stock to be used to build up the catacombs to match the city structure of the capital. As the mines started to dip in their export, others would pick up the increased demand, but by then, Abarbanel had found its second purpose. Though still the single largest exporter of "Limshau-Lime" bricks, Abarbanel also became a library. The mines and the library are independently controlled and miners are not permitted in the library unless they bathe first. The current ruler, the half-elf Kayama Nekei, considers herself a custodian first over being a miner, like her parents were. She leaves the mining to its supervisor, Bartlet Ramos. Since Abarbanel, like most other Limshau cities, votes its ruling family for life, many consider Neikei and her ancestor's royalty. Since she has yet to take a bond, many fear her line will end, forcing a new election. Despite repeated advances, Kay has declined marriage with Bartlet, citing his unclean and rugged physique as somewhat repugnant.

Limshau elves or humans from Abarbanel receive a +1 initial bonus in Knowledge (History).

Focus: Citizens from Abarbanel, like most of Limshau, select Weaponmaster to springboard into Custodian. A few have been known to select the urban pathfinder or bandit.

ATHENAEUM **(500 gp)**

Jancis Lightwind, a loyal elvish librarian of 200 years, found more fulfillment not in the acquisition of knowledge but in the

allure of knowledge the world lost or has yet to know. Her fascination began when a pilgrim arrived at Limshau not with a book, but holding an artifact of old Earth, a crystal skull of near perfect construction. Oddly enough, the surviving books of man told nothing of its origin and Jancis realized as much knowledge could be gleaned from the acquisition of artifacts as well as books. She wished to found a museum to hold and study items previously lost to time and selected the crossing of two rivers as her preferred home. A village and farm had already been placed there and the residents found greater attention and support from the realm when custodians and librarians converged, quickly followed by hundreds of architects and builders. The project of the "Cross" appeared later. The engineers designed the city at the intersecting rivers, erecting a ten story truncated tower with four large supporting legs at each corner of the intersection. Boats would moor at the legs underneath. The farmlands were left untouched and the increased attention allowed more funding for farm equipment.

Any item of historical importance containing a mystery not solved by a previously published book is sent to Athenaeum for study. Many remain part of the public museum. Jancis would not see the result of her dream. In a critical blow against Limshau, as her convoy was returning with a bounty both priceless and worthless, a slaver caravan assailed them. Only two members survived and escaped. Jancis and two others were captured and taken into Baruch Malkut. Jancis had taken no bond yet but held a promise to eventually marry the human Walter Spota, one of the engineers brought to design and build the Cross. When word reached his ears of Lightwind's fate, Spota took whatever money he earned in his life and went to Matronis to locate his lover. He knew no amount of force or espionage would smuggle them from so deep in the kingdom. He would use the system to purchase her back before re-education. He successfully located the slaver and the facility. To his horror, he discovered Jancis had been haloed, and nothing of her previous mind had survived. Maintaining composure, Spota fought the urge to slay everyone in his vision at the cost of his own life. He purchased Jancis and made his escape. He never returned to Athenaeum and was never seen again. Their legacy continues.

After the fall of the founder, the town's elder custodian, Nyman Feathertan, accepted the endorsement to take authority of the library. He has maintained the vision of loyal friends that passed before. Despite Athenaeum proximity to Baruch Malkut, they have not suffered an attack. This is most likely due to the recent secret bonding between Nyman's daughter and Nassau's prince, Bilford Gram.

Focus: Citizens from Athenaeum, like most of Limshau, select Weaponmaster to springboard into Custodian.

ENCHIRIDIA (5,000 gp)

The most poetic and creative writers winding tales about fantasy worlds never take into account the logistic difficulties of micro-managing every aspect of an empire. Keeping the populace fed is a fact often ignored, preferring to concentrate on the incredible, despite the fact that applying a logical eye to the setting causes it to fall apart under the weight of a starving population. Not every nation is blessed with a magically renewable food supply like Laudenia. A family of humans that followed Ravenar back to Limshau offered a solution: Chicken and eggs. The family members were expert farmers, trained from the knowledge of genetic manipulation learned in the past centuries. In Angel, the first animals modified were altered using their environment and their food as well as pairing them with specific mates to breed better offspring. Eventual drug manipulation found itself replaced with gene splicing. By that point, mankind had evolved the perfect egg and the perfect chicken. Even without technology to work from, these farmers could still replicate using more primitive means to create superior livestock. They also brought a few with them for good measure. Eventually, they were offered a rich landscape a distance away from the capital in order to develop a renewable food supply. An aggressive breeding program resulted in the largest supply of domesticated fowl in all of Canam and the city of Enchiridia formed to govern its export. Like all Limshau towns, it also sported an impressive library, which displayed, appropriately, books on farming.

The Enchiridia stocks are massive with regulated temperature controls and a purified feeding system. A distant genetic modification brought over from techa had rendered the chicken and the egg resistant to many dangerous bacteria like salmonella and E.Coli. This mattered not to the damaskans, immune to such infections. The hen population grew so large and bountiful, Enchiridia could export their product from their borders to allies less blessed. In return, Kannos offered stocks of cattle, which also was shipped to Enchiridia and placed into breeding programs.

Unlike other cities in Limshau, Enchiridia requires no glory and needs no praise. It knows perfectly well its purpose and attempts no concealment of the fact. Live fowl have even been seen wandering the library halls, but they never peck at the books.

Focus: Citizens from Enchiridia, like most of Limshau, select Weaponmaster to springboard into Custodian.

ESCORIAS (1,000 gp)

The miniature Limshau, Escorias is virtually identical to its elder sister city in shape and composition, but at only third the size. The book composition is almost entirely Arcana. Ravenar Limshau respects wizardry as it involves study. There are hundreds of books on the history of spellcraft and famous casters. This knowledge actually predates the hammer, from the 1st era. There are no foundation spells here.

Escorias is the only library, other than the capital, built from the ground up to serve that sole purpose. Despite the controversy of its existence, Escorias continues to thrive. Some critics argue that magic should remain the property of casters and has no place in Limshau. Ravenar disagreed, citing that the enchanted world intertwines with the unenchanted and cannot be easily separated. Understanding both is necessary. However, very little spellwork can actually be learned here. For contemporary wizards beginning their journey down the path, Escorias is a common first destination. Many arrive here before learning a single spell. One must understand the path before walking the path. They read books on the history and the development of magic from its initial castings from the fingers of dragons and laudenians, to the first foundation spells. To truly begin one's life as a caster, a new mage still requires a trainer and none can be found in Escorias. The first question asked of an apprentice is usually, "Have you been to Escorias?"

Even the rulers of Escorias possess no exceptionally enchanted blood. The first to take the seat was Risul Sulvannis, a lackluster elvish druid who abandoned his faith to take up the blade to defend the realm when asked. He never returned to his roots. He seldom read the tomes he defended. His second wife, Lara Fenrin, considered herself an amateur caster, though never mastered anything above prestidigitation. She would often walk the halls, understanding the books, but never harnessing the power some others flaunted. After her human years extended from her bond claimed her life, Risul took a short break and then remarried. All his wives, and

he has taken seven so far, have all been human. He weds, bonds, beds, and lives a happy life with them until their own extended mortality catches them in finality. Some died of natural illness in younger years but most lived until their own age claimed them. Through this, Sulvannis grows older, his own life drawn shorter each time a mate passes on. Yet again, he marries a human, offering her a portion of his own soul to extend her life at the cost of a reduction of his. Risul finally died of old age, well before most elves should. He had left behind 75 children. His youngest, Lanas, took over his father's role as ruler, sharing with his parent a love for the human female as well as an uncaring view of magic and the books in the Escorias library.

Limshau elves or humans from Escorias receive a +1 initial bonus in Knowledge (Arcana).

Focus: Citizens from Escorias, like most of Limshau, select Weaponmaster to springboard into Custodian, though a few have been known to take mage paths.

KODEX **(500 gp)**

Kodex, safely snuggled between Limshau and the Finer Fire Pits, never suffered an attack by anyone. The small town has virtually no custodians and those that are present concentrate more on their knowledge of the library and its collection of books, blurring the lines between them and the librarians there. The Kodex library, not walled in, is scattered in several large, fifteen-storey towers specializing in medicine and engineering technology. For medicine, almost every book written on the various practices, both proven and disproven, herbal and scientific, can be found. Very few tomes of technology have escaped the bastions. Most of the volumes here talk on medical technology deals with gimfen inventions. These books are so vague and confusing, usually only gimfen can decipher them. Although the library initially frowned on them, they did allow books on herbal remedies unproven as well as remedies requiring magical elements. The few techan books listed require such a vast knowledge of techan medicine to be virtually useless to those in echa, often referring to other volumes or to devices useless in EDF.

A few of the humans carried from Angel were doctors and kept their knowledge alive. As they passed on, their knowledge continued in many of the Limshau original publications.

Other than the medical texts and journals, Kodex also recently began building kilns and exporting bricks to supply the increasing demand for "Limshau-Lime." The export has provided a minor windfall for the small town. Not blessed with as plentiful deposits, they still manage to fill the demand opened up after Abarbanel reduced output.

Limshau elves or humans from Escorias receive a +1 initial bonus in Knowledge (Engineering).

Focus: Citizens from Kodex seldom move into custodian. Those that do leave seek adventure with any number of fighter paths.

LIMSHAU **(15,000 gp)**

More books rest on shelves in Limshau libraries then anywhere else on Earth, including Kirjath-Sepher, the famed wizard keep across the world. The namesake capital of Limshau is the largest of all of them. Limshau texts contain history, science, medicine (both scientific and herbal), technology, and geography. One can learn literally any mental skill here if one applies himself or herself accordingly.

Many of the technical journals from the Canam Bastions have been smuggled here but the knowledge is hard to understand, being written in a vernacular few can interpret. Many escapees from the bastions embracing the life outside, often smuggle forbidden manuals from their home to barter into Limshau and get a head start on a new life. Limshau considers these books virtually priceless and would pay steeply for the acquisition of rare works.

Often the most used resource, maps here not only include valuable ones made before nature awoke and mutated the globe, but also detailed maps of roads and villages for almost every part of the world.

Limshau librarians, comprised mostly of elves, keep a diligent eye on the near 4.5 million books. As for defense, the duty falls upon the Limshau custodians, the most trained fighters in the world.

Limshau--the Kingdom of Books. I can't wait to go. I heard it's fantastic. Free speech, free snatch, loose lips and tight women. I heard these cities of magic are just like the ones I read in books as a child…but with a whole lot more fuckin'.

Alexander Julian
Personal Diary

Miles across, the city represents the utopian vision of its first ruler. Despite the liberties and freedoms offered to those inside, crime is still effectively non-existent, with noted exceptions occurring with the visiting population only. The belief of the city endorsed by all is "be useful." Whatever purpose it may be, fill that purpose with your own. Those who wish just to leach on others or waste their days lethargic garner no sympathy from others. They can find themselves outcast or even exiled. The purpose need not even be important or culturally significant. The food vendors take as much pride in their professions as the legal prostitutes do in the buildings behind and above. Destitution usually only occurs with the mentally deranged as lodging and food always waits for those struck down by chance or misfortune. The few homeless without purpose are not permitted to claim a stone as their own and often find themselves taken to where aides attempt rehabilitation. Endeavors at injecting organized crime, taking advantage of regulated brothels or gambling establishments, has collapsed repeatedly. Drug trafficking has also failed to take root though tobacco has unfortunately found occasional circulation. The custodians operate a net so well laid down, almost nothing slips through. Despite this monitoring, citizens are still welcomed to declare their opinions on soapboxes until their throats run dry.

The Limshau capital has never suffered an attack, but custodians still patrol the ramparts. Outside, the city continued to expand as huts and tents were thrown up to cater to those unable or unwilling to enter the vast network. Many of these are merchants not willing to follow the safe and sane charter the city dictates all abide by. Others dispossessed make camp near the city walls to make a living outside the law. Some found a new calling, erecting shops, though their ethical practices may come into question. Since the wall gates are shut at night, hostels and hotels were hastily built to cater to late and early arrivals. Expelled criminals often wander the sprawl of alleys and narrow roads looking for victims while religious extremists, on a self-declared crusade, try in vain to convince arrivals of the depraved and degenerate lifestyle waiting to corrupt them inside. Neither custodians nor the government controlling them attempts to curtail this sprawl, though a few sporadic goblin attacks have soured many from lingering too long outside the defenses. In truth, the city protects them as well, but the further they spread from the wall, the less chance salvation will arrive in time.

Most of the libraries across the nation are based on designs originating in the capital. The individual branches keep the white brick motif outside but shift to dark wood

inside. The lighting is kept constant with little fluctuation. Librarians tour the facility, assigned to a specific branch for the majority of their service. Most of them read in their spare time, making them walking encyclopedias to the wings they are allocated to.

Ravenar Limshau IV can still be found reading volumes himself. More than 800 years old, he still only has absorbed a quarter of the material in the library.

Limshau elves or humans from the Limshau capital receive +1 initial bonus in any one Knowledge skill of their choice.

Focus: Citizens from Limshau usually select Weaponmaster to springboard into custodian.

PRIMMER **(5,000 gp)**

Primmer started as another community of utility, a centre administering the thousands of acres of wheat fields in every direction. With the help of some gimfen engineering, the fields grew rich and their harvest taxed only a few, leaving others to pursue other ambitions. After the human founder, Dorran Racine, was assassinated, he bequeathed everything not to an heir, for he had none, but to his mistress. With her newfound influence, Ellesarrathanis convinced the people of a direction greater than wheat crops and rebuilt the city in a new dream, honoring the wishes of her dead lover.

Racine was a simple man in desires, but not in intelligence. He was a gifted young engineer, born from Angel, not Genai. He left the bastion decades after Ravenar's crusade, taking no family and leaving no family. He possessed no skill with swords and hoped to barter wealth with wisdom he claimed from the bastions. He was asked to govern the affairs of the farms in the east and take possession of a modest keep erected and titled Primmer. Primmer had been built initially to defend the farms around and bore walls set far enough from the castle to house the entire population for miles around if required. Its fringes marked the periphery of Limshau at the time. Later, Zorahn would form further east and south, eventually brushing against a newly formed kingdom of xenophobic humans. Before this, Primmer received quite the attention from wandering bandits, both human and goblin. Prior to Baruch Malkut's arrival, the enslavement and dominance of fey races had already begun, initiated from sword points of hateful humans from lands all around Limshau. Without a nerve center to coordinate, these raiders were disorganized and often wiped out before pulling profit. Racine heard of one such caravan, rounding from the bottom coast up the eastern shores. They finally broke from the waterline and punched west, skirting by the southern edge of Limshau. Racine, no warrior by any means, ordered Primmer's army intercept the caravan and break it.

The slavers had no experience against skilled warriors in numbers, preferring to let the fear of their approach break up potential target groups. In a final strike in defiance, the last slaver attempted to kill his stocks. Racine slew the man before he could finish cleaving through his victims. By then, only one elf of the half-dozen taken had survived, an adult tenenbri. Ellesarrathanis escaped with her husband and child from the war in the south and fled on boats bound north. They followed the coast from Southam, past the Gloam, finally reaching the southern edge of Canam, where their entire boat of a dozen tenenbri was immediately attacked by the slavers. This was the first time any of them had even heard of a human, let alone encountered them. Some were killed in the attack, including her child. Her husband would die later the next day while attempting to protect his wife's virtue when the slavers had their way with their stock. Ellesarra cared little for the others or her life at that point and the passing months blurred in her delusions. She hardly noted her rescue, even as Racine carried her from the cage.

When finally alert, she found herself in the guest chambers in the Primmer keep. A young servant girl had attended to her needs, keeping the room and her body clean. She spotted the alert tenenbri and ran quickly to alert the lord. Ellesarra hardly noticed. She allowed the sheets to fall off her naked body as she wandered the empty room. She could feel the exquisite nature of the down on her bed, the cotton lace hanging from the windows, and the silk of the clothes laid on the oak dressers nearby. The warmth made her somewhat uncomfortable and despite her blindness, could still feel the beaming rays of heat from the window.

Racine stepped in quickly, expecting her dressed, but found her still bare, sitting back upon the bed. She did not need to look at him to notice the shock in his face or feel his sudden rush of blood on seeing her skin.

"Are you my keeper? Should I bother to dress or shall you have your way now?" She spoke in her language. Despite the slightly altered pronunciations and thickened accent, Dorran could still understand.

"I keep many things: Books, grails, swords naïve to blood, a personal collection of quills. I keep no people as they are not ones to be kept," he responded in her tongue the best he could offer. It took her back, making her head turn to face him. The slavers never bothered even trying.

"You include me in that? Am I a person or property?" she asked plainly and quiet. She stood up, revealing every angle and curve, not a wrinkle or a fold. He averted his eyes quickly though his fever could not lie. Dorran knew of the tenenbri's perception of the world despite the blindness. She cared not that he saw her. She imagined he must have already repeatedly, a claim he often later denied.

Dorran continued to stare out the window. "I understand your opinions are jaded and world-weary. You must…you should, reserve a furious rage for my kind if this was your first encounter. I won't convince with words my regret for that. I placed a bounty on the heads of all slavers, both in my land, and beyond. You might—should not—believe me now. But you are safe here. Lara will bring food, lead you to the bath. Though you might not care, I would suggest clothes."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I have servants and soldiers with questionable fortitude," jested Racine.

"I mean for—"

"You should never ask that," he interrupted, quickly glancing to lock on her glazed eyes. "Ever."

"Your highness," she said, though more as a statement and not one out respect.

"I am no king," he countered, "just a lord. Our sovereign is a better man than I, and you are safe in his land." Dorran turned to finally leave, pausing just as he grabbed the door handle. "I'm curious by nature, I admit. Did you just offer yourself truly or did you intend trickery?"

"You still may, if you were so determined. I wouldn't resist. The others took me in a cage. You at least offered a bed."

Dorran inhaled slowly and finally let out, "All our doors are unlocked, including mine. You may stay, leave, or take a blade to my neck. Carry whatever clothes fit and goods you wish to sell upon leaving. I would offer a wagon to escort you home, but we both know you have none. Stay or go. I leave to you. I'd prefer you not pilfer the pens, if you please."

"And if I were to enter your bed and mount you in the night…?"

"I'm a man…not a eunuch."

She settled back onto the bed. Dorran turned to finally leave. "In time," she said. He stopped but did not turn. "I will thank you."

Blindness & Betrothal
The story of our Lady
Willum Bianco, 554 AE

Ellesarra and Dorran would not know each other's names for a solid week as Dorran would not enter her room again until she left or asked for him. Dorran was right in knowing her plight. She had nowhere to go and needed nothing else from her life. Quickly, she took her purpose from the people around her, the ways and wants of the those of Limshau. When finally shedding their armor, the two would discuss at length the issues of the world. The tenenbri don't share the human need to care for creatures they rescue, so she often believed he would eventually ask for something only she could offer. Dorran never lied to Ellesarra and admitted a passion for her the moment he pulled her from captivity, though, being a reserved man, could never admit to such unless asked. He refused to sully his actions with carnal indulgences.

When she finally grew to appreciate his company and conversation, she confronted him about his intentions. He didn't deny a flaring infatuation with her. He also added that he would continue to maintain his distance in respect. That night, she did indeed crawl into his bed. They shared the sheets for several years but she refused to bond with him or any other, keeping her distance from any commitment of affection.

"Taste my skin," she said softly. Reverence took the best of him and he opted to simply kiss her gently on the cheek. He held it to roll his tongue between his lips.

He peeled away and discreetly sampled the scent and flavor. "Salty," he whispered.

"I am not human," she answered, "nor can I offer you a human quality. My behavior may seem erratic or unpredictable, though natural and unquestioned with my kind."

"I abandoned my people because I did not fit. You abandoned yours for similar reasons. In that, we have common ground. Surely, there's more."

"I will not bond with you," she finally said. He did not lean away from away, like she expected. Instead, he smiled.

"I offer a husband. I am not asking for an heir. Keep your years. Do me the respect of giving you nobility."

"I will only marry whom I bond. I accepted myself as mistress and I appreciate your loyalty in keeping no others. I will not marry you."

Blindness & Betrothal
The story of our Lady
Willum Bianco, 554 AE

Despite this refusal, Dorran continued to remain loyal to Ellesarra, and vice versa. Many commoners, though still loyal and in love with nobility, accused the mistress of possessing a cold heart, bitter as the northern wind, a charge she never denied. Even Racine would not deny her impassive disposition, but loved her the same.

Before she could change her mind to the bond, as she believed she would, Dorran fell victim to an assassin's dagger placed neatly between the ribs in his back. It punctured his heart and the injury would surely have killed him if the poison hadn't done its job so quickly, ending his life before falling on the cold stone tiles of the Primmer gate entrance. Racine's stand on slavery made him loved and hated. A wealthy and established slaver caravan, suffering yearly losses from the bounty, spent their coffers dry on a killer. To ensure a solid investment, the group hired a tenenbri assassin to handle the contract. Ellesarra did not appreciate the irony. Though the tenenbri was apprehended and interrogated, he would not reveal his employer. Ellesarra spoke to the captive privately for a single hour and left with the knowledge of her lord's killer. After his will was read, and Ellesarra recovered from the bewilderment of being left his name and responsibility, the new Lady doubled the bounty on the guilty slaver, a bounty claimed less than a month later.

In the following decades, Ellesarra honored the memory of her lord and set in action his dream cut short by the blade. Instead of turning into another library, Primmer would build the largest and most productive printing press in all the land.

At this point, most of Limshau had not expanded far and most of the other fledging towns were built to be mines and farms for the capital. The offer of a printing press seemed obvious as Limshau's own operation lacked the capacity to handle the demand already being placed on the system. Racine's design, when finally revealed, was exquisite. It was simple enough to resist disruption but large enough to handle whatever loads were placed upon it. Duplicate systems would eventually be erected across the nation. Within a hundred years, more than a dozen printing presses were outputting product to every city in the realm and beyond. Gimfen engineering adapted from human expertise allowed for an extremely efficient and environmentally friendly paper. Limshau paper utilizes a combination of wood pulp and hemp, the latter occupying the greater ratio. The hemp/pulp paper is far stronger and resilient than the pure pulp route. It also taxes the environment less. Because of its wider applications, more than half of the vast wheat fields around Primmer were eventually changed to cannabis, a decision later replicated by dozens of other smaller villages around Limshau. The massive profit surge initiated with Primmer eventually led to hemp being Limshau's second most successful export, a success credited entirely on Ellesarra and her dead lover.

Ellesarra maintains her refusal to bond to this day, centuries later, adding that Dorran was the only person worthy enough that she has ever encountered in the intervening centuries. She neither entertained the idea of taking a lover nor met any suitors, saying honestly, as was always her way, "I never took any pleasure in feeling a man's thrust between my thighs. My debt to Dorran and all he offered was only slightly settled by a modest inconvenience. I took him inside, as that was all I could offer. He deserved far better than I."

Focus: Citizens from Primmer usually select Weaponmaster or Pathfinder.

SERAPEA

Vast calm plains cover the lands around Limshau. Patrols often wander the fields. Limshau holds no claim on this rich landscape; the ownership is assumed and inferred. The beautiful landscape of green grass and beautiful flowers has never been scarred by war or marching troops. Several small villages of varying demographics live around the city-libraries.

WARRAQEEN (2,000 gp)

The Guild of Ilm, formed in 765 AE by Fisher Calibannis, took on the duties to administer and coordinate the external operations of the custodians to the periphery of Limshau and beyond. They operated from the Limshau capital until Calbannis's death at the ripe human age of 205, where he left his power and assets to his bonded companion, Lannis Aerialiss. Lannis is responsible for the aggressive push of custodians outside of the borders of Limshau. Before, the custodians

would defend the cities and the farms but never actively seek out knowledge beyond the borders. Librarians would commit such crusades all the time, though their quests took them to private collections and other libraries to seek their prizes. The Guild of Ilm was an elite order of custodians tasked with retrieving knowledge from riskier locations, dungeons and abandoned castles. Through Fisher's life, the custodians remained within Limshau or escorted librarians into troubled areas. When Lannis took over, he requested two favors from Ravenar: To allow the guild to send custodians alone on more distant missions, and to relocate the guild to another town, away from the other large libraries. Although Ravenar was initially uneasy about sending custodians on long-term missions to retrieve knowledge, offering them a larger foundation to operate was easy. Recently, a gimfen grind tower sprouted up within the northeast fields of Serapea. Ravenar was open to leaving them be but the founder of the tower, Cyrell Ceopollis, asked to join the realm and offered to modify his patch of land to house a library and circle the city with walls of white bricks. The single grind tower was simply called, Ceolopolis, a name the gimfen was open to change. He had requested a detail of custodians and librarians. Instead, he received the entire Guild of Ilm. This decision was welcomed and considered a preferred choice over building an actual library there since the tower's near deafening bellow would disrupt the serene atmosphere of the library.

Although guild members live scattered across the entire landscape of Limshau, their top members and all their administrators live in Warraqeen, as it would eventually be called. The only known gimfen custodians live in Warraqeen, with a few librarians maintaining the small collection of books that did eventually form. This small group of gimfen break the stereotype of most others that usually refuse to write anything down. Cyrell and his people believe that by combining the engineering talents of the gimfen with the damaskans raw knowledge, the two races can move the fey species in a new direction unseen in the millions of years prior.

As for the guild, Lannis continues to authorize missions for custodians in the pursuit of dangerous knowledge outside of Limshau. They gather evidence and gauge the scope and investment. Some custodians are simply sent to regions known to possess new knowledge or where important events are due to occur while others are charged with accompanying a specific individual to record his or her life and accomplishments. Being custodians, these records can easily hold themselves up and require no others for verification. Unlike other custodians, members from Ilm receive additional training in the accurate recording of knowledge without distortion or concealment. Their instruction allows them a critical eye for what they observe, offering substantial impartiality in what they record.

The guild carries considerable respect in this field and has never been seriously challenged on the accuracy of their accounts. The custodian responsible for the record also receives compensation (sometimes financial) for their efforts. The guild protects the rights of the historian and the subject or subjects in the accounts. Royalties are also governed by the Guild.

Librarians take the lackluster assignments. The Guild of Ilm sends their custodians only where a librarian's life would be in danger or if the situation itself requires a more aggressive hand. Whether to retrieve a book or record the events, the custodian makes a point to sharpen his blades as well as his pencils every morning. Of all the custodians in Limshau, those of Ilm are truly warrior scholars.

They tested that claim early when they came to the help of the Kannos keep of Xiphos. Fellan Seashadow, the commander of the Limshau army was offered half the land and keep and has never returned to Warraqeen. A solid alliance was signed and they still enjoy a lucrative trade with their sibling city across the Kannos / Limshau border.

Focus: Citizens from Warraqeen usually select Weaponmaster to springboard into custodian.

ZORAHN **(400 gp)**

The most right wing order of Limshau originates with the Zorahn custodial line. The town of Zorahn and its library is tasked with military records and most of their collection consists of combat logs and casualty reports, mostly arriving in scroll format. Tens of thousands of tubes are piled high against the walls of the Zorahn library, each detailing an account of a battle in history.

The Zorahn library operates no dedicated librarians, using the custodians for double duty. This offers them a unique perspective on their collection, as they both understand the meanings of the accounts and fight to protect the collection while also being able to add their own accounts, which they do often as Zorahn sits dangerously close to Baruch Malkut. After the delegation to Faustis was wiped out and their books burned, the custodians of Zorahn swore a Hilaseera, which loosely translates "To avenge the loss of soul and scripture." Even the walled city of Limshau cannot equal the proportioned defenses of Zorahn and its small but powerful legion of custodians, known for their passion and determination.

Before custodians were named such, there was Stratos Stormguard, a master of all arms and trusted ally of Ravenar. He stayed behind to watch the flock when the leader went on crusade. Stratos developed the martial practice all custodians would soon follow known as Gorna Sersannis, though later masters would eventual use the more modern term "Lotus Blade." Oddly enough, Stratos preferred the use of a halberd to the common twin swords employed by most custodians today, though Stratos is one of the few to use both ends of his weapon without losing balance. He advanced his art to perfection before even attempting to train another. In the end, he required his friend, Ravenar, to fill in the gaps in the defense Stratos could not satisfy. It would take 250 years before Stratos considered the discipline finished. By then, he had already taken control of Zorahn by request of his commander.

Ravenar had also taken a Stormguard maiden as his wife and wished to reward his brother with a keep that badly needed authority. Zorahn was built and manned but random goblins kept appearing to assault its defenses. Stratos took control and from there, committed himself to his ambition of perfecting the lotus blade. When Ravenar passed his rule to his son, there was no objection by the populace. Elections only occur if a representation of the city is petitioned by the people to call one. One has never been called. Rule passed for the first and only time from an elder Limshau to a younger, and very little changed. Ravenar IV was as much his father in strengths and whose only weakness was his trepidation to start a war with Baruch Malkut, knowing the costs of money and manpower. Stratos helped raise the youth and appointed his younger brother, Daen Stormguard, as his personal bodyguard. When Daen mentioned the Lotus Blade to the new ruler, Ravenar IV pleaded with his uncle for training. Stratos felt the discipline still contained holes but a final prod from his sister, Ravenar's mother, encouraged him to teach it. As his mother took authoritative duties until her son reached the appropriate age, Ravenar left for Zorahn and would not return for 35 years. After taking control of the nation at a still young 125, Ravenar decreed that a new order of defender was needed, specialized in the narrow confines of the city

streets. The first masters would learn from Stratos in Zorahn and later train a dozen others across the nation. The custodian line was born. Later training would take less time, removing some of the mental conditioning, focusing more as a form of defense and less as a total life commitment, akin to an order of monk. Aged custodians believe the order suffered with this decision and most modern followers admit no chance of victory if squared against an elder custodian in even combat. Zorahn is still considered the seat of the discipline. Stratos died from injuries sustained when responding to a caravan under attack by a death dragon from Sana. He slew the beast but died before returning home. A statue was erected in his honor in Zorahn. Ravenar commissioned a duplicate but ensured the Zorahn work would be taller. The piece depicts Stratos in full light chain and hardened leather, wrapped in the signature green robes he often wore in battle.

Limshau elves from Zorahn do not receive Knowledge skills as class skills from the racial template but do receive the Combat Expertise feat for free.

Focus: Citizens from Zorahn almost always select Weaponmaster to springboard into custodian.

SKYROSE, HOUSE OF **(15,000 gp)**

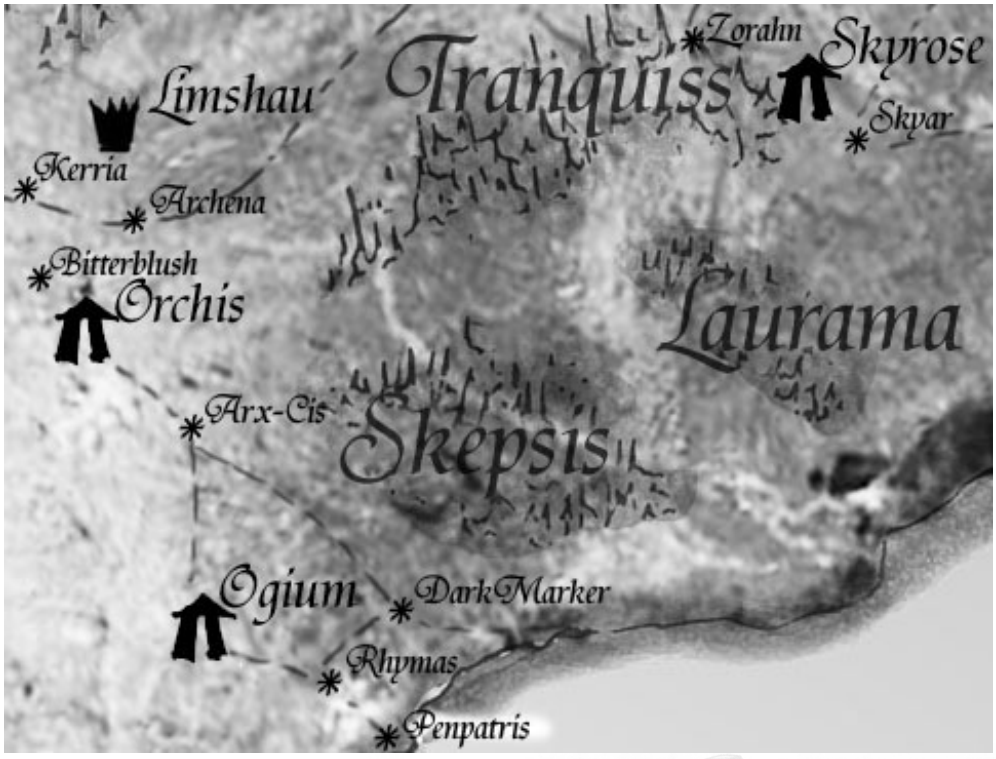
Rojjen Skyrose felt humble declaring himself only a Herizon, which is an elvish noble rank without declaring himself a royal. His rank became translated to being called a duke, which remains his public title. With such esteemed pedigree, the Skyrose line was sought after for alliance for centuries. Skyrose, for a damaskan, exhibits a surprising level of xenophobia. No member of the Skyrose line is allowed to marry any non-elf. One exception was made when a betrothal contract was signed with House Plicato, though that was most likely due to a conspiracy between Rojjen and Madolis Beckell to replace the racial bloodline.

Their pride in independence and paranoia of mixing blood has prevented Skyrose from forging an alliance with Limshau. Limshau has offered tempting treaties, all of which have been denied. It is estimated that more than half the slaves captured between Limshau and Baruch Malkut come from Skyrose, not Limshau. Skyrose is considered the easier target given the recent bounties posted from Zorahn. Exact numbers are unknown given Skyrose's un-patrolled landscape. Skyrose taxes outer farms but does not have the military might to protect all of them. The population of the realm is guessed between 15,000 and 35,000. Such a wide margin is from lack of communication among the outer towns. With the exception of the Skyrose city, there are no other major villages of note. Skyrose, nevertheless, is a beautiful concentric walled citadel, beaming in the brilliance of elvish construction reminiscent of spiraling obelisks of Damasia across the world. Within its walls are some of the richest landowners in the world.

Rojjen passed on his duties to his daughter, Lysaa, who continues the Skyrose policy of racial purity. Though the army patrols their territory close to Baruch Malkut, there are too many holes to secure their land completely.

Focus: Those from Skyrose have a disciplined monk order known as the Erufu Raenasarrason (The Arbitrators of Erufu). They are mostly Holy Monks. Other less devout choose Qi Monk.

TRANQUISS, LAURAMA, AND OTHER FORESTS

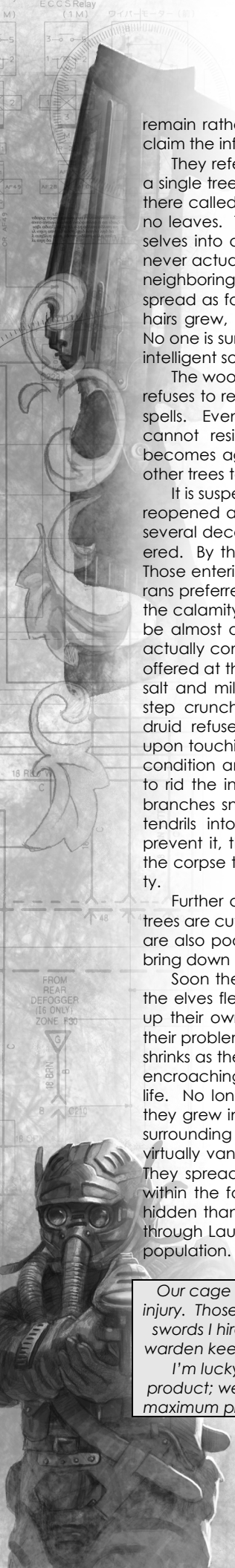


LAURAMA

(1,000 gp)

The chaparrans occupy a great forest and mountain range that reaches as far north as Tranquiss. Unlike Jibaro, the elves of Laurama are extremely militaristic. This came from their history and current state of declared war, a status many other nations refuse to support.

Not all fey arrived in the same spot when Attricana reopened. Damaskans and narros were scattered across the wind but this was expected given their high numbers. Only laudenians and dragons were fortunate to reappear relatively close together. Chaparrans found their numbers broken into three major groups, one across the ocean, and two others in Canam. One became the seat of their faith and became the declared capital. Laurama, the smaller community, decided to



remain rather than merge with their cousins. Some in Jibaro claim the infection had already taken place.

They refer to a strange enchanted disease that possessed a single tree in the outer northern edge of the forest the elves there called home. This tree dripped blood for sap and grew no leaves. The dozen branches grew long and curled themselves into an unnatural beast's many-fingered claw, though never actually moving. The instant it brushed a branch with a neighboring tree, the virus latched onto another victim and spread as fast. The leaves fell, the bark turned red, faint grey hairs grew, and the branches began to grow out to others. No one is sure how it started or if the cause was inflicted by an intelligent source. There is no doubt that it is evil.

The wood will not burn by normal or enchanted flame and refuses to retreat in presence of a variety of holy symbols and spells. Even the enchanted trees possessed by fallen elves cannot resist the infection. Worse, the animated wood becomes aggressive, actively seeking out life to devour and other trees to infect.

It is suspected this contagion started the moment the gate reopened and when the chaparrans took residence. It took several decades before the first signs of the virus were discovered. By then, hundreds of trees had already been tainted. Those entering the wood seldom returned and many chaparrans preferred to run and pray to their god to save them from the calamity rather than ask for help from neighbors. It would be almost a century before the chaparrans did anything to actually combat the plague. The greatest druids the species offered at the time declared the soil around to be fouled with salt and millions more vermin than ever seen before. Every step crunched with the deaths of various creatures. One druid refused to walk further while another ran screaming upon touching a tree. Another stood determined to cure the condition and attempted various incantations and remedies to rid the infection from a soul tree. With little warning, the branches snatched up the elf and began to slowly drill their tendrils into his skin. Before the other chaparrans could prevent it, the branches splayed the body open and ripped the corpse to pieces. The elves fled in the face of the atrocity.

Further attempts to rid the plague failed. Even when the trees are cut, the roots soon grew back. The elves of Laurama are also poor magically, so do not possess the power to truly bring down the wrath of god to deal with the issue.

Soon the infection covered hundreds of square miles and the elves fled as far south in the woods as possible. They set up their own community of Laurama and pray a solution to their problem would emerge soon. Centuries later, their world shrinks as the evil grows. As a result of this constant fear of the encroaching wood, many chaparrans altered their view on life. No longer being content with patience and relaxation, they grew increasingly aggressive with each other and other surrounding lands. Their already reduced magical aptitude virtually vanished save for a few unique adepts and savants. They spread their community out to cover a wider footprint within the forest. Their presence is quiet and looming, more hidden than even the elves in Jibaro. At first, many travelers through Laurama passed without even noticing the watching population.

Our cage carries two—maybe three—without permanent injury. Those two pay for the trip and justify the cost in the ten swords I hire each time I take hunt. The skilled captain and warden keep a contract with an educator guild back home. I'm lucky to be in favor with several. We don't sell our product; we lease them for the life of the master. The key to maximum profit is to not sell 5 slaves a year but to lease those 5 slaves 5 times over 200 years. I leave a grand legacy to my young as my father left me. I monitor a dozen currently in service with two nearing expiration after their buyers shuffle on. They'll be recycled and I'll double my profit with hardly a raise of my hand. Only an idiot sells product over leasing it and only superior idiots sells outside the kingdom. I imagine my grandchildren will never need to raise a whip in the hunt. Our recycled stocks will fetch such an income, my family line will be forever set. Of course, I teach them the ways my father passed on. It would be a shame to let such valuable knowledge fade away. It's our lifestyle.

The following pages will detail the habits of the chaparran puck and secrets for safe retrieval—secrets even they don't even know. I will also go into the procedures to not only set up a successful operation, but a lasting one, enduring not just past your lifetime, but for centuries onward.

Foreword
The 10 Secrets to Raising a Puck
By Prosten Foster
(The most successful slaver out of Vallis until his disappearance in Laurama in 976 AE)

Previous to Baruch Malkut emerging and pushing their borders to Laurama's edge, the chaparrans disliked man. Before any humans staked claim on the new Earth and formed a single community in the new age, they were killing elves. These humans were few in number and many died off from lack of allies, but the feelings grew and infected others, passing onto further generations as inherited hate. Despite the majority of benign humans and their blossoming relationships with their neighbors, chaparrans, especially from Laurama, never accepted the peace. A growing portion of elves in Laurama now blames humans for the Tranquiss plague, citing the humans as the only new element that differs from the old world (an untrue fact to say the least). The slave trade was in its infancy already well before Darius Konig declared the practice legal. Until then, the raiders and traffickers wandered from village to village, feeling the views and moral fortitude of the residents before entering and displaying their selection. The first few slaves were damaskans but as they fortified their kind in Limshau, the bandits took to easier prey. Most tenenbri were scattered too far south and the gimfen were too small for most applications. This left the chaparrans of Jibaro and Laurama. With Laurama less defended, they were quick and easy quarry. Even when the elves organized and retaliated, their enemies would often escape with one or two potentials, more than making up for the trip. Laurama started to become aggressive. They learned more magic and started attacking any non-chaparran force traveling through their forest. They cared little in distinguishing lost travelers from slaver bandits and attacked all human passers equally. A few harmless voyagers would appear some time later, stripped, but otherwise uninjured. A few would find themselves returned on the opposite side of the wood, with no memory of the passage of time, which could be from as little as a week to as much as ten years. The bandits were never spared and even when they attempted subterfuge in their raids, the chaparrans always knew.

The slavers also learned and they began shielding themselves from magical detection. They turned more daring and ferocious, swearing to slay whole family lines unless certain subjects meeting criteria were handed over. On the outskirting villages of the forest, this happened far too often. The war reached the point where it stands today. At least 25-40 elves are taken from the wood each year from raids. In addition, at least one slaver caravan with 5-15 sellswords or freelances vanishes without a trace in Laurama. The amount of elves lost

from the woods seems small until one considers the lifespan of elves and the continued financial windfall even one can earn an owner.

Laurama and its 30,000 to 45,000 chaparrans have declared war on Baruch Malkut. Since many other nations don't even acknowledge Laurama as an ally or even another kingdom, their calls have been ignored. Though most believe the war inevitable, all understand the major loss of life expected and hope a peaceful outcome when the current King passes away. If that fails to occur, Laurama may get its wish.

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CHAPTER LISTING
The 10 Secrets to Raising a Puck
By Prosten Foster

Since Laurama posses no central seat and no export or import system, neighboring nations consider it without proper authority and not a true sovereignty, although the forest still claims a noble birthed as their leader. Oakenevan lives in random points in the forest and is usually surrounded by up to a 1,000 other elves. He is the center point of their religion and their military. He spearfronts all major counterattacks into Baruch Malkut and led the only military intervention into Malkut in 956 AE in an operation that took him almost to Vallis before being pushed back. The operation suffered few elvish losses and the intent of the mission was not to take Vallis, but to strike fear in the humans. As the chaparrans retreated, almost 150 men, women, and children in Vallis, and various other Malkut villages between the nations, were captured and taken into the forest. Not a single one was seen again. A quick counter attack by Vallis slavers followed. The 500 strong force of jack legged swords and virgin bowmen stalked apprehensively into the forest. The sight of the flayed flesh of one of the captives stretched over a small bush broke the fragile morale of the army and they fled. Not a single slaver caravan would attempt Laurama again for ten years. Some experts point to this act of barbarity as proof of the Laurama's corruption by the hands of the Tranquiss plague. Oakenevan insists the accusation is false. He insists the woods enchant victims, dragging them willingly deeper into the forest. Oakenevan swears the majority are not killed.

Focus: Chaparrans from Laurama often select any variety of druid paths as well as Pathfinder and Wilderness Nomad.

OGIUM, HOUSE OF **(5000 gp)**

Despite brief moments of pause, the lands of Ogium have never known peace. Their conflict derived from a dozen siblings warring over what is now called "the blood throne." The clash began 550 years ago with betrayal and patricide at the hands of Bradam Ogium. The holy patriarch, Sartini Mulingar III, had convinced Bradam that King Julian had sealed a pact with the devil by allowing rival religions to build temples within the empire. Sartini insisted only one faith could dominate the land. In his dream, Sartini envisioned a new Holy See with the Ogium capital, Santachis, as the nexus of a sovereign state dedicated to god. A reverie revealed the prophecy showing Sartini III as having apostolic succession—effectively being the voice of god on Earth, the leader of the Christian faith. It is a declaration only made and supported by Sartini. It was enough for Bradam, who allowed himself to accept the duty as the only king proclaimed by God. King Julian, only the second in the line of Ogium, believed Sartini to be hungry for power beyond his station and ordered his removal.

Bradam made his move and marched upon the throne on March 21st 457 AE. He ordered his father's arrest at the foot of the chair. Torn to act, the guards remained motionless. Bradam took initiative but Julian, still robust at 65, fought against his son. Though probably an accident, the king tripped and fell upon the concrete armrest of the throne. The impact shattered the king's teeth and broke his jaw in three places. In sympathy, Bradam ordered the king confined to quarters to await trial while the prince claimed control as regent. Two weeks later, an infection set in which claimed the king's life. Sartini took initiative and, on behalf of the regent (though not actually), ordered the confiscating of land and goods owned by the church leaders of faiths in contrast to the kingdom's declared religion. Assets were sold and temples were dismantled or outright burned. Unhappy with the way the regent took control and objecting to the influence the patriarch had, Bradam's three siblings, Cesilia, Robear, and Fredro, requested a meeting to decide the fate of the realm. They traveled from the towns they governed, leaving their families and forces behind. Though Bradam was oldest and uncontested as heir, if proven guilty of regicide, the passage of royalty would move to Fredro, a popular man, but in control of poor lands.

Bradam insisted the royal chamber be locked for the proceedings and the siblings sat to discuss matters of justice and compromise. Three hours into the meeting, raised voices were heard from within the chamber. Screams followed and before the guards could un-brace the doors and investigate, the Citadel Honrosu caught fire. The flames devoured the tapestries and engulfed the keep. Unable to control the fire, the blaze reduced Honrosu to ash, the only surviving relic was the stone throne, burned of its purple plush, but intact.

No one is sure who set the blaze or why, but in the end, all of Julian's children were killed. Patriach Sartini professed the fire was a cleansing from god to wash away their sins and proof of his destiny as spiritual leader of the realm. Claiming the line of Ogium dead, the patriarch placed himself on the seat of power. The fifteen sons and daughters of the siblings staked their claim of the blood throne in defiance. Though alliances would later be signed, the "War of Cousins" would never truly find a resolve, even to this day.

The rebuilt Citadel Honrosu saved nothing from the previous palace except for the throne, which Sartini sat on as the realm's de-facto leader. His power was limited to Santachis and its surrounding villages. Sartini eventually died at the ripe age of 95, leaving an intricate charter of legislative, executive, and judicial rules for the kingdom and clergy. The other towns, in disobedience, disregarded the new commandments put forth by the patriarch and allowed other faiths back into the kingdom. The other major towns, Darkmarker (Line of Cesilia), Rhymas (Line of Robear), and Penpatris (Line of Fredro) all seat rulers claiming the blood throne, still under control through history by successive bishops of the

THE WILD

Canam has no specific borders between its nations. A formal treaty has not been signed between any kingdoms declaring their area of control in regards to neighbors. This is due to the wide expanses between these major kingdoms. Since dozens of villages claiming no allegiance fall between them, many larger nations have yet to worry about their areas of influence. This is beginning to change fast as the house of Skyrose is being caught between Limshau and Baruch Malkut. Since Malkut refuses to acknowledge borders with rival nations, no formal map has ever been agreed upon. This creates more of a wide blur instead of a defined thin line. The only real way to know one enters a specific kingdom is to ask a citizen of the entered village. There are no border markers or sentries on many of the trodden paths. The major roads, including the Continental Cross, do have such checkpoints. The most defended are those between the house of Skyrose and Limshau, because of the nations' proximity to Baruch Malkut.

This leaves tens of thousands of square kilometers unclaimed. Very quickly, small houses exploded into larger ones as they snatched the largest patch of land they could realistically defend. Even considering this, there still resides huge portions of the continent unspoken for. Most are given titles like "no-man's land" and "wasteland", but these are often incorrect considering that they may still feature villages and plentiful farmland. Many of these would be a dangerous location in which to settle. Several are mountainous; others are densely packed with woods. No one is entirely sure what exists beyond the beaten paths between kingdoms. Some rumors claim the largest percentage of chaparran elves are actually spread over all unclaimed forests in Canam. The easiest way to check if a forest is enchanted, and thus have enchanted life, is to see the variety of trees growing. If the trees are of radically different species (conifers, almond, walnut, apple, etc) and growing in the same region without regard for light and temperature conditions, it is a forest populated by magic.

These unchecked areas of the world, even more so in Southam then in Canam, feature the most dangerous life forms. Beyond chaparrans, not known for their hospitality anyway, these forests, plains, and mountains, feature the greatest ratio of magically endowed life, from dire and elemental animals to monstrous beasts of ill will.

citadel. The War of Cousins is the longest sustained conflict in Canam, longer than even the Bulwark conflicts in Abidan. More than 65,000 people have lost their lives in the various battles between the towns in Ogium. Though a few of the towns have spoken for the kingdom when dealing with other nations, there is no clear winner in this conflict. All the roads connecting these towns are laced with so many broken blades, burial mounds, and rotting corpses, a traveler could march from any two towns in Ogium without losing sight of one. "Freelances" (mercenaries) are common sights and those not finding work often turn to banditry, making the journey through Ogium a risky one. Beyond the human predators, few other threats roam these lands.

Focus: There are virtually no casters in Ogium, not even clerics, a surprising absence in this kingdom. The common choice for adventurers comes from the need for freelances, so Cavalier, Juggernaut, and Weaponmaster are common.

SKEPSIS

There is a balance in the universe. Every Yin has a Yang. Good and evil seems always equal, with one no greater than the other. Skepsis Forest and Tranquiss exist on either sides of a single coin, a clash of how much evil nature can form and how much good it can create. To the elves, all the elves, Skepsis is holy land-the land many elves claim they once emerged from. Many arrived here when the portal opened a thousand years ago. The trees sway and whistle with a constant, soothing hum, but they are not intelligent.

Skepsis is beautiful, rich, and green. All sorts of benign creatures call it home. The trees grow to unbelievable heights and never die. It is said the tallest and widest trees at the center of the forest are of the same wood of the original Skepsis forest before the first hammer, recreated it in exacting detail after the return. Trees of all types grow side-by-side, pines next to palms, apples next to almonds. Their roots intertwine but never suffocate. To the elves, it is the holiest land, sanctified by whatever gods they worship. Even atheistic elves, like the majority from Limshau, revere the forest and would never think to take its name in vain. Laudenians respect the wood despite turning their back on it.

While at the first temple of Bao Lian, I came across many of the traditions of the people of Genai. Minx, not a religious person, still bowed at every Buddhist statue we passed. I guess when an Asian claims they are not religious, Buddhism is a default they don't bother mentioning. Apparently, the elves feel the same way about Skepsis—their holy forest—the Mecca for the fey. However, only the chaparrans insist on endorsing their version of the Haj—the pilgrimage to the forest to directly experience the power of god, or rather their version of it. So like Buddhism, Skepsis falls into the hazy definition between faith and culture. I often find the Skepsis tree painting hanging from fey dwellings, even those where the fey endorse no religion. Even Raven, one of the most agnostic elves I have ever met, will still touch her forehead with her right hand's first two fingers when passing an image of the Skepsis tree.

Aiden Camus
Personal Journal
March 23rd, 1007 AE

The Skepsis tree is an image symbolic of the entire forest. It combines elements of a dozen different trees. Its bark changes patterns and colors no less than twelve times through its trunk, from scaly and brown to fissured and orange. Conifer needles grow from lower limbs, but several branches higher, diamond-shaped cottonwood leaves reach out. Figs, pears, various berries, and coconuts ripen up higher. It is finally topped with the outstretched hand of an olive tree's crown, reaching as wide as all the branches below. All paintings smell of cinnamon. Though some legends claim this tree to actually exist, most others accept it as an amalgam of the entire forest and not representative of a specific one.

Contrary to popular opinion, few communities form inside the woods. After long stretches of time, even the most domestic life forms find a need to become nomadic—one with the trees. They vanish into the vegetation and are



seldom seen again. Adventure parties often avoid Skepsis as much as Tranquiss, fearful they will lose their minds to the songs of the trees.

All good creatures heal 1 additional point a day per character level as long as they live in the forest. The more religious fey commit to pilgrimages to Skepsis to renew their faith. Their greatest fear is that the balance of the universe will fail and Skepsis will fall to the cursed woods of Tranquiss.

TRANQUISS

Twisted with evil, blackened with chaos, Tranquiss joins with the Sana Marsh as the most dangerous territories of Canam. It began with the infection of a single tree but soon spread to others, then dozens, and then hundreds. The trees infected lost their leaves and the sap turned to blood. Hairs grew that seemed to respond and drift towards the warmth of flesh. The wood cannot burn nor be cleansed of its infection by any known magic. Even the most thoughtful and well-mannered spells halt the spread temporarily rather than cure it. The plague known as Trendance had begun and before anyone realized the threat, it covered hundreds of square miles. The canopy of the central hive of the forest is so tightly packed with long, sharp branches to easily skewer and gore invading flights, no creature has ever successfully seen the first tree which started the calamity. Though some believe destroying this tree would cure the entire forest, there is absolutely no evidence for this.

The infection has taken most of the natural trees and now threatens both Skepsis and Laurama. Much of Laurama has already been taken though not enough to threaten the chaparrans there directly. Some believe enemies of the elves created the forest in hope the growing wood would suffocate them. Beyond the living growth, several beasts call Tranquiss home, none of them actually animals. Anything made of meat is quickly digested by the growth. The only exceptions are monsters with an immense amount of magic to resist them. A few cancer dragons took residence here. One of the most notorious is Carcin of Pathos, a despicable creature known to belch living tumors that slither across the ground to attach and infect victims with their plague. Although an obvious connection can be seen between Carcin and the Tranquiss disease, the infamous cancer dragon arrived centuries later. Not even he can pass through the dense barbs of the central canopy and must enter through one of the outer reaches. Carcin is totally insane and only a lingering preservation of life keeps him from blindly attacking Laurama or Limshau directly. Obviously, cancer dragons feel welcome in the pestilence of Tranquiss. They fear Skepsis. A distant and obscure legend professed the Skepsis tree was real and sat at the centre of the great forest, covered in a canopy of its cousins. Any creature to sleep under its branches would waken cured of any ailments. Though this may seem a salvation for the tortured, and near insane, many cancer dragons are afraid of that form of freedom and prefer the pain their diseases wrack upon their bodies.

Every year Tranquiss grows another few meters with no signs of retreating. The whole forest is covered in darkness, a side effect of the curse coupled with the thick overgrowth of interlocked thorn-like branches. Despite this curse and the abilities of the trees there, Tranquiss is not intelligent, though some religious authorities claim the curse itself is, for its expansion has formed a pair of claws slowly surrounding Skepsis and Laurama.

The trees contain a curse and reach out to any good creature within 5 feet to suck the energy from them (+4 BAB, equivalent to the Wight's Energy Drain - DC12 or receive one negative level). The trees beyond that are just trees. A good slash cuts them down. The energy stolen spreads throughout the forest and feeds the whole.



Abidan

How the kingdom received its name points back to its founder, the Christian Paladin King, Vincent Savarice, who gathered the fleeing refugees from the north and personally oversaw the guard for the city until his death at the ripe age of 134. He gained this endurance not from an elvish bond, for he married a human woman, but from divine purpose.

To understand the entire legend is to know the history of the man. Savarice fell upon the sands of eastern shores, battered and bruised from rapids and rocks. What armor remained fell off, rusted or cracked. He offered the salvageable pieces of refined steel to a nearby forge under no promise of compensation. The fragments contained pieces of a symbol, a great crest of a house of prominence from across the ocean. But the man cast them aside easily and witnessed the seals melt in the fire.

Savarice traveled north, along the shore, never lingering more than a day at any dock or village. He wished not to impose but found offers of lodging and meals wherever he went. Savarice asked nothing and kept no monies given. Vincent shone with a charismatic presence usually seen with kings of legend and the greatest followers of faith, neither of which Savarice was. He entered town upon a simple steed as a simple man. He wore tied boots and pressed leather accented with steel pads. His shield, always upon his back, glinted little light from its matted, uneven, wrought surface—a poor defensive screen made by a farrier for ten coppers. His blade was carried from the ocean with him, though the hilt had been replaced with wrapped leather under an iron crossguard removed from a broken rapier. The blade, with intentional gaps and holes along the fuller, was said to have sliced a pagus blade in twain from point to shoulder, finally breaking through the hilt to split the creature's hand.

Regardless of his attire or the opinion the people had towards his entrance, Savarice gained attention and admiration. When he talked, crowds gathered to listen. He spoke of nobility and truth. His tales told of bravery and kindness. In a land of slavery and spite, his words resonated with people praying for dignity and chivalry. Though a cross hung from his neck, Vincent never preached his faith and contended that kindness from the heart rivaled such forced by order of god. He also spoke that the sorrow of the soul when committing a sin need not come from a love of god if one knows the sin to be wicked. Savarice claimed to have seen kindness everywhere in his travels and firmly believed all would earn a place in the afterlife despite their faith or opinion on the almighty. Savarice promoted no agenda or faith. He simply spoke of the kindness of the soul and the capacity of civilized men (or fey) to rise above what the animals inside told them to do.

Savarice later realized he had landed north of Baruch Malkut. The villages there suffered through the fear of expansion and found solace in the words of a natural leader. People believed Savarice possessed a close proximity of blood with a kingdom across the ocean. Perhaps he was a prince or duke, all of which the man denied. When finally pushed, Savarice did admit he swore his name to a great castle but found the code corrupt and immoral. He cast his vow upon the earth and escaped. He fled under pursuit without rest for two months. He finally faced an expanse of ice on a northern ocean. Three arrows in his back flung his body over a cliff, into the frigid waters. Assumed dead by all, especially Savarice, Vincent crawled upon a shard of ice and felt the heat seep away with his blood.

Savarice seldom spoke of the events between when his blood froze his corpse to the ice to when he walked upon the warm sands thousands of miles away. Vincent remembered little of it himself. He placed salvation in god's hands, though he admitted not praying for rescue. Saving a man with three arrows in his back, frozen to ice in northern waters was a bit much to ask of any god. Yet, he was saved. Maybe a dragon peeled him from the frost and healed his wounds. Maybe a boat snatched him while near death and delusional. They treated his injuries but fell upon hardships themselves, casting him to the water before sinking. The three scars itched every time Vincent tried to recollect those events.

Followers followed as followers do. Savarice accepted gracefully the honor but promised nothing in return. These few men remained at his side across the trek to the kingdom later. Their descendants continued the oath despite no

obligations. During those months up the coast, the king's caravan (as some would call it later) started only as a half-dozen men and women in mismatched armor riding near-broken steeds. The first to his side was Nobah Kohein, a brave holy warrior from another faith. They eventually shared blood and became bound as brothers. Also joined was the Monster of Mauron. His real name was Davyd with no surname to his knowledge. After breaking the back of an opponent in a fighting tournament, the Monster refused to enter the ring again and suffered insistent whippings to convince him otherwise. Savarice stood in front of the whip and lopped the hand off the punisher when his arm came down. Vincent was later surprised to find the monster to be beast in form but simple and kind in spirit. Other initial followers carried such unique tales.

The caravan clashed with slavers and defeated monsters both mythical and modern. They freed the suppressed and championed virtue and honor to those in fear. A final clash with a contract slaver caravan from Baruch Malkut brought a bounty on the heads of the would-be king and his subjects.

Only the Monster was away, fishing—yes fishing—in a nearby stream. Nobah was there, as I, and one other. Elijah was his name, good with the bow, bad with the women. Savarice never shifted in step once. A dozen horses plated with barding and ridden by flails, swords—one had some long bladed spear. Now the elves they pursued were still huffing it up the road. That left 3—wait—4 of us and they had the height. Our useless mounts took to piss the moment they heard the hooves. Finally, with five steps from us—we're about ready to dive—they finally stopped.

"Move aside, squire!" the lead said.

"What do you seek?" Vincent looked up and asked.

"We seek the pugs behind you," the lead shouted, still with an eye on the prey up the incline, a bow's length for a decent shot. This lead one held a sword with a diamond-shaped point. Fey ears hung around his neck. Revolting.

"And they seek the road ahead," Vincent replied, still unblinking. "Unfortunate I stand to block you."

Now the leader was getting angry. "Move aside on my order, dare you oppose the king. He claims all he sees and so demands loyalty from all those below."

"Yet I am a king myself," Vincent replied, all mocking. "I also declare all I see as my land."

"A king of a road," was the response, "of mud and dung? We carry the crest of Darius Konig!"

Vincent shouted back in a voice even the elves could hear. "I stamp my boot in shit, for it's a seal worth more than the word of your king."

Suffice to say, the talking ended then.

Daemond Rush
From Accounts from the Caravan of the King
755 AE

The caravan acquired both maidens and men and grew in size. In one town, outside of York, Vincent would meet his future wife, Devorah Miller, a steel-eyed woman of fierce will. They would not marry for many years. Despite the tales spoken and the caravan title given later, at no point, during this time, did Savarice ever seriously claim to be king. He declared no noble line but took the role of leader the same. Besides, a king needed a kingdom and Savarice had only people, though some would argue that was enough.

Savarice earned his myth with the humans and damaskans at Limshau, with the gimfen of Gnimfall, and the narros of the Pits. His caravan had grown to the hundreds. Through this time, Savarice felt a calling. He knew a destination waited at the end of his unnamed crusade, though he was not sure where. After several years of pilgrimage, he had traveled past all other kingdoms and approached a colossal land bridge spanning a wide rushing of water. He had found Tethuss, the only safe land route between the northeast of Canam, with Azhi Dahaka and Apocrypha, and the rest of the continent. Every fiber that defined him told Savarice this land was to be their home. A kingdom needs resources more than faith, blind or not. Allies begot influence and friends of wealth encountered along the journey hired carpenters and engineers, miners and architects. Others brought the tools required to build a kingdom. The bulwark on the southern side of the bridge sprouted in less than a year, though it would undergo extensive renovations over the next century. Though Savarice insisted the homes and agricultural networks of the realm be built first, his closest friends and most loyal subjects put pencil to parchment almost immediately to design a great keep for their new ruler, named after the wall (and both became synonymous).

The final rise to nobility came from an incident not connected to the bulwark. A damaskan convoy was gutted by a sizeable goblin legion that had formed around an escaped pagus, which had gotten over the bridge before the formation of the city. The elves had vanished into the wood, well away from their home. A druid among their ranks whispered a message to an eagle, which fled the forest. It flew to the nearest help is could find and carried the whisper to Vincent's ears. Savarice and his order of knights, the Line of Abraham, took it upon themselves to travel under hasted mount to the forest the elves were last seen. Knowing the goblins outnumbered the order, the knights hoped to overwhelm them with skill and strength. Though the line suffered losses, the elves were freed and were carried back to the city for tending. Though Limshau had already taken an interest in Savarice, they had not taken to documenting his exploits until then. Several well-regarded librarians traveled to the city to record the many tales of courage and charisma. The historians compiled thousands of accounts and edited a year's worth of notes into a hefty book that found circulation across Canam, *Accounts from the Caravan of the King*, though Savarice still claimed no righteous origins to his name.

The book became a prized possession of many libraries and found circulation among thousands of shops and bibliotheca across Canam. Immigrants to Janoah ballooned to such an extent that communities forming nearby pledged allegiance and raised Janoahn flags as proof of their fidelity. The population grew to accommodate various religions and races. Unlike Limshau or Kannos, Abidan maintained a very strong presence of faith. The three human monotheisms, the ones known as the Abrahamic religions, found an overwhelming presence in the kingdom. Atheists or infidels were welcomed as equal brothers, a request by their leader. Eventually, a copy of this book fell to a powerful holy dragon whose name was never revealed and would be further always referred to as Silver River, on account of his long mane of burnished hair. Soon after, Vincent revealed to his wife and loyal few of dreams tempting him upwards and always waking somewhere else in the castle. After a week, despite watches and restraints, Vincent vanished. He was found atop the very highest peak of the highest tower of the still unfinished castle. Calls were made to jostle the lord, but he eventually lost balance and tumbled. Silver River plunged from the clouds and clamped onto the tower with his rear feet while his front claws gently caught the mortal.

Silver River informed Savarice that even though his blood carried no royalty, his actions earned him such grace. The dragon claimed to speak for Lazarus and placed a seal upon

Savarice's palm, which would forever render the human from ever falling victim to any disease, naturally or magically cursed. Silver River then decreed since the paladin had no heritage he could recall, the holy dragons would adopt the human as their child, making his very name a symbol of power and faith. Savarice became the king all knew he would be.

Within a few years, Abidan expanded to encompass more towns and thousands of people. Savarice and his Line of Abraham were inundated with requests for patronage and blessings. They were offered land, wealth, and women. One of the damaskans Savarice rescued an elite swordmaster of the fairer sex, even returned after many years to offer him her soul in bond.

"You care nothing for my mind or manhood," Vincent announced enough for his line to hear. "Elves never give of this to anyone unless under total devotion of body and soul. What you offer, you cannot, nor can I accept . . . despite the prize."

The elf was no maiden. Her hair of obsidian fell no further than her brow, trimmed over the ears and short on the back. Vincent could still see her azure eyes despite the bow of her head. She kept stable with hardly a shuffle, retaining her balance despite the pose. Her right leg was extended ahead with only a slight bend. Her left was far back, giving her a wide poise for kneeling. Her knee was not actually touching the ground; it hovered over it. A lesser man, or any man, would have fallen under the strain of metal on muscle. Her Limshau leather forwent the overlapping belts and clasps in exchange for various accented metal plates of coruthill, matted dark to match the body. She spoke softly but without stutter, as a wife would to her love. "I offer myself not for sowing nor do I wish to inflict distress by offering myself as wife. I swore to sword and took it as mate. My relations with men suffer my obsession with the blade. My order consents to bonding; I simply prefer solitude. I still possess the gift and wish to bestow it on my king."

"And said king feels humbled and honored, for no favor tied to the lance measures to your reward. Yet I must decline."

"You must accept," she pressed. Her eyes finally rose to meet his. She saw his awe for hearing the offer. "For human life is too short and the world needs nobility as yours. Your very will strengthens others. Keep your wife. Refuse me as concubine. All I require is acceptance of my offer and a place of loyal sword at your side."

Vincent took a moment to smirk. "Such a place awaits you regardless. Your devotion earned such title. Still, I must refuse your offer. My code insists I take you for wife if we bond, and she-as-my-love shares no one … nor do I wish mine to be shared."

"But you just live—"

"And when my god deems my time fulfilled, he shall promote me. Until then, I shall serve to earn his grace. Believe my words in saying your offer moves me beyond any gold or patronage ever tendered before. If you still wish to pay some tribute or prove your devotion, then take my side as a knight of the line. In my view, I ask too much, for the trials are taxing and the glory less a token, but I ask you the same. Will you join and stand?"

She, who would be known as Amarah Mantha, lowered her head again to pledge. "Your highness, to the end of your life and beyond, in your name . . . until the end of mine."

Historical Entry
From Accounts from the Caravan of the King
755 AE

Mantha never took a mate and remained loyal as the longest living member of the line. Decades after his death, she remained, pledged to serve the heirs and their youth, until her very body would betray her. It has yet to.

Savarice, a devout holy man, also believed in logic, and his teachings, although derived from old Christian books, promoted more flexibility and acceptance of new ways and theories on life. He produced eight children with Devorah until his wife's death at the hands of a bleeding brain at 65.

He never remarried nor took a concubine. He looked old but could match virtually anyone else in combat until his death, not from old age, but by hands of the Death Dragon Laban of Miserere. Laban, critically wounded, his army wiped out, fled west and was never seen again.

To this day, the kingdom remains strong. Its current king, Claudas, prefers his knightly duties than his kingly ones but his siblings maintain the image of complete authority and wisdom.

CLARVUS **(5,000 gp)**

Clarvus originally began as a military outpost to train surplus officers for the Bulwark when Janoah's own Command College found itself shorthanded. Though the paladins of Abraham were always trained near Bulwark, more and more were shipped to Clarvus for preparation. Many of the lieutenants and captains that emerged from Clarvus were more disciplined than those from the Janoahn schools. Where Janoah bathed in legends and heroes, filling the minds of officers with dreams of glory and honor, Clarvus drilled and pounded respect and authority in its output. Those surfacing from Clarvus cared more about discipline and authority then drumming great speeches and recounting tales over drink around a fire. These officers, all dubbed knights of Janoah, are vital to the maintenance of the phalanx, and the shield wall cannot operate properly without their guidance. They keep the backs of the others stiff and the spears and blades from dropping. Eventually, the city would train the rank and file as well, taking in divisions from allied kingdoms like The Fire Pits and Gnimfall. Their standing army, at more than 10,000 is massive given the 30,000 people living in the city. The city found other resources like lumber and a profitable silver mine. The commander ruling the town was turned to lord by decree of King Savarice. He was instructed to build a castle and find a wife worthy of giving an heir. Both occurred quickly.

The first ruler, Donovan Matson, offered his maiden daughter to David Margolis in hopes of thickening the blood between the already allied cities. Matson knew perfectly well the pressure on David Margolis to take a wife and that other towns would bribe with similar currency. Matson asked his daughter, Claire, about the prospect. Claire, told tales about Margolis and his bravery from inside the womb to when she blossomed, became instantly smitten despite the age difference. Don and his wife, Emily, traveled to Sclavia personally with their daughter to make the offer. It is unlikely they would have embarked on such a journey if they were not certain of its success. Claire still held onto the trophy Margolis had given her when she was a child. Years earlier, at the Jonoahn tournament, Margolis was rising up the ladder in Skill of Shield and Sword, defeating with ease opponents younger and stronger. Their drawn weapons were sheathed in leather and straps to prevent injury. Since David and Donovan shared blood in battle and grew as brothers, David dedicated his next victory in his friend's name when Matson's own elite combatant suffered a broken leg to the Pilbara champion. David feinted to the ground but when the champion brought down his dulled sword to finish the noble, David swayed and

caught the weapon between his arm and chest. Rolling away from the opponent, David ripped the sword from the champions grasp, throwing him off balance, tumbling towards the rising knight. David slammed his blade across the helmet, ending the competition. The pommel of carved ivory (rare in Canam) snapped from the hilt of the Pilbara champion. Before a squire could snatch the prize, David pinched it away with a flick of his blade. He handed it to the first daughter of the Matson family as a sign of his dedication to their alliance. In return, Claire offered the knight a favor from her hand, a tiny handkerchief with the golden rose of Matson's crest sewn in the corner. Margolis thought little of the offer though Claire never released the trophy from her pockets in the intervening eight years before arriving at the castle Polaris in Sclavia for the first time.

As foreseen, upon presentation, Duke Margolis recognized the child from his past and was amazed on how she had filled her form in the intervening years. It was only when she presented him with the ivory pommel trophy did he return the proffer with her handkerchief.

Pilbara would not arrive with their own offer for several days, and found a bride already sitting loyally by the side of the duke. Clarvus and Sclavia maintained this bond past the lives of the couple. Although Pilbara would feature prominently in another incident later, they were never able to drive a schism in the alliance.

Donovan and Emily Maston died several years after the loss of their daughter in a fire that devoured almost the entire keep, forcing an almost brick-to-brick rebuild of the entire construct. Much of the remaining family and loyal staff survived the blaze. Later investigation revealed no illicit act as cause and even an extensive probe by the Watchers of Taskin-Kada concluded an accident, though some still suspected the mournful Emily set the fire to take her own life in suicide, but lost control of the blaze, taking her husband in his attempt to save she who wished not to be saved. The tragedy would push David Margolis further into depression, which almost devoured him as well, if it not were for Taskin-Kada's evidence in exposing Pilbara's culpability in his wife's death.

Clarvus royalty refused to die with the lord and his wife and it survived through the passing decades into Armen Matson, who married the commoner Lauren Hammet and gave birth to Karlin Matson, the current ruler. Karlin's sexual preference aside, he is considered the most intelligent and fair ruler Clarvus has ever been blessed with. He swore his life and married Curtis Coats, the town's Captain of the Guard and Karlin's trainer since his youth. The public, as well as neighboring rulers, took little interest in this fact, though King Claudas did add a recommendation that Karlin take a concubine to continue to the royal line, despite his aversion to the opposite sex. Karlin agreed and eventually offered up two sons through the unimportant host.

Clarvus features a thermal mooring tower.

Focus: Due to its training facility, many emerging from Clarvus are the same as Janoah, taking Juggernaut, Holy Warrior, or Crusader as a road to Paladin or Janoahn Knight. Weaponmaster is also a common choice as well.

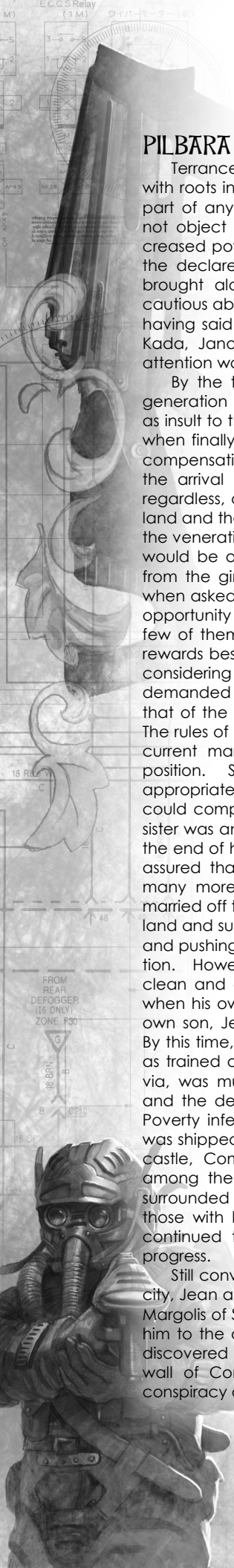
JANOAH **(35,000 gp)**

The most obvious feature of Janoah is the Bulwark, the colossal shield wall and castle built on the northern side, against the southern end of the Tethuss Bridge. The bridge runs 40 miles to the north. At 600 feet wide, the wall spans the full width of the bridge with ramparts and defenses continuing for a full 600 feet on either side of the southern cliff. More than 300 feet below, the violent waters rush over sharp rocks. The initial wall was originally designed to be added to later, which it was, repeatedly. The final defenses would not top the fortress until only 50 years ago, when the wall was more 150 feet. The town then quickly expanded south. With little else to hold it back, the city swelled quickly. The first attacks occurred not long after the first wall went up. Several smaller assaults pounded against blossoming defenses throughout Savarice's life. Though his order of Abraham received the praise and glory for many victories on and around the wall, the true defenders were the knights of the phalanx, warriors standing in front of the bridge, perfectly trained for the purpose of repelling any attack on their front arc. Despite the massive resistance by this unbreakable line, the pagus, and sometimes their dragon lords, hammer against it in futility. Alternate routes involve winds capable of shearing feathers and scales off wings, and tall mountains, jagged as razors. Assuming brute force and overwhelming odds to be the key, one of the dragon lords, in a move unprecedented, took a huge force of followers, acquiring more during the journey, and walked across the bridge in boldness. The Azhi lord Verkelen marched 20,000 armed and clad pagus. Prior warning gave Janoah room to enforce and bolster their line. Twenty rows of knights locked shield and spear in front of the barrier with thousands of skilled bowman lining the ramparts above. The few spellcasters Janoah was blessed with prepared the most violent magic in their repertoire. Verkelen was not the only dragon, having drafted two other immatures to his cause. The two youths, inexperienced in fighting either humans or the shield line, overconfidently dove from high to strafe their claws across the bridge. In hopes of slamming the mob against their own wall, the first youth was shocked to find her colossal weight repelled. In counter, the phalanx crippled her flight and drove her soon corpse over to edge to plummet to the rocks. The second attempted to halt her own dive but instead slammed directly into the wall and became critically injured from arrow fire. Losing air superiority, Verkelen took a chance and cast fire down upon the archers. Though some lost their lives, many took to diving below the level, using the upper as a shield against the flame. Despite run upon run, Verkelen could not suppress the arrows upon his assaulting pagus. The shield withstood and repelled the invaders, tossing many to the drink. Unaware of the frontline's failure, rear pagus continued to push. With the knights forming a wedge, they used the pagus will of denial to deflect the army over the bridge. By the time Verkelen realized his folly, half his follows had fallen to their doom. Though the great lord could have continued his raze and decimated the line with fire, the fall of the city could not occur without a ground army. Already, reinforcements including the elite paladins of the line were approaching the wall, geared for the express purpose of dragon slaying. Verkelen issued the retreat but swore to return. He has not.

The assault on March 5th on 970 AE was the largest force to ever assault the wall. What concerns the city is that no attack of any strength has occurred since. The knights refuse complacency and remain on guard despite the lack of activity on the bridge. Almost an entire generation has passed without incident. Are they massing for another assault? Have they found another route, or have they eliminated the pagus threat from Canam? Everyone in Abidan knows the latter as false.

Janoah features a thermal mooring tower and a feng-fu flyer service, but both sit far south of the city.

Focus: Juggernauts, Holy Warriors, and Crusaders are popular, but short lived, as most trained and disciplined pursue the path as a paladin or a knight of the phalanx.



PILBARA (10,000 gp)

Terrance Dugan's ancestors were one of the few already with roots in the land when an empire was built around. Not part of anything more important than farmland, Pilbara did not object to the influx of immigrants as it assumed an increased power base, which did occur, though not as fast as the declared royal family in Pilbara had hoped. Savarice brought along his own inner circle of authority and was cautious about handing over control to a stranger without first having said rulers prove themselves. Other towns like Taskin-Kada, Janoah, Clarvus, and Sclavia were founded before attention was diverted to develop Pilbara.

By the time the Dugans received their audience, a full generation of the royal line had passed, an action received as insult to the heir on the chair. Juenet Dugan bit his tongue when finally able to stand before the new King. He wanted compensation for the offense received, but instead lauded the arrival of his sovereign. Savarice begged forgiveness regardless, despite not being asked, claiming the defense of land and the building of the Bulwark was a higher priority over the veneration of the loyal lords under his rule. Compensation would be offered with superior farming equipment gleaned from the gimfen. Dugan would also warrant the king's ear when asked. In addition, his privileged knights would earn an opportunity to stand with the elite Line of Abraham, an honor few of them would actually succeed in taking. Despite the rewards bestowed, the Dugan lord returned home bothered, considering the gifts hollow. Dugan expected and near demanded an opportunity to mingle his family's blood with that of the king's line, now consecrated with a dragon's kiss. The rules of nobility insisted, in Dugan's opinion, that Savarice's current marriage of emotion was obsolete given his new position. Since Dugan owned part of the land Janoah appropriated, Dugan had assumed only a political marriage could compensate for the relinquishing of his land. Dugan's sister was an intelligent woman and beautiful despite nearing the end of her childbearing potential. The healers and priests assured that her womb was capable of bearing much for many more years. Instead of a king, she was eventually married off to a rich neighboring landowner to appropriate his land and subjects into Pilbara in hopes of increasing influence and pushing again for a noble marriage with another generation. However, Savarice grew old, still able to rule with a clean and competent mind, refusing to take a bride, even when his own wife was taken ill. After Juenet passed on, his own son, Jean Dugan was tasked with the same objective. By this time, Pilbara had grown and its own army, though not as trained or disciplined as other cities like Clarvus and Sclavia, was much larger. Unfortunately, crime had increased and the decadence of the royalty strained the population. Poverty infected the streets as much of the food harvested was shipped to other cities for higher profit gains. The Dugan castle, Comet's Eye, gleaming in shining silver, stood out among the sprawl of beaten huts and haphazard shelters surrounded by hundreds of blankets claimed as home by those with little hope. Out in the periphery, wealthy farms continued to toll away, giving the city a donut-shape of progress.

Still convinced a marriage to noble blood would save the city, Jean attempted to offer his own daughter, Mia, to David Margolis of Sclavia. When he discovered Clarvus had beaten him to the offer, Jean stayed silent. Not long after, servants discovered Mia's broken body upon the rocks on the south wall of Comet's Eye. Jean instantly accused Janoah of conspiracy despite evidence.

Years later, after evidence of Claire Margolis's assassination reached her husband's ears, David took a small group of his elite to the northern border of Pilbara. Having been warned earlier, Dugan met with an army vastly superior in number. Margolis demanded retribution and presented the evidence pinning the blame of death squaring under the nose of Jean Dugan. Dugan could hardly deny it unless he presented a sacrificial patsy to accept the blame. Dugan instead claimed sole responsibility but proclaimed as voice for his city and people that Pilbara would no longer accept its role as the thralls of the kingdom. David challenged Jean's claim of lordship and refused to accept that Dugan's voice carried the unified belief of his city. David challenged the greatest soldier in Pilbara to single combat. The victor would relinquish his title and town. War would follow the defiance of honor. The Lord Dugan agreed but instead of sending a member of his house, sent out a behemoth of a man, seven feet in almost every direction, named Wheland the Whale. He wielded axes meant as double-handed weapons for normal men in each grasp. Margolis walked from his host alone, wielding the family's dented shield and loyal longsword in pride. Margolis had even shaved for the event.

His opponent slammed down to cleave the Duke in two with his right blade. After cracking the dried Earth, Margolis stepped upon the axe and swung his weight up to its handle. One swing and the beast was scalped. He fell upon the other axe in his descent. Margolis stood upon his opponent's head as he fell, never losing his balance. He walked down the knoll of flesh and challenged another. Before Dugan could rescind and forfeit his honor, legions from Taskin Kada arrived to ensure he fulfill the arrangement. Despite the intimidation, the family Dugan and their loyal guard fortified within Comet's Eye as the public opened the borders. Pilbara was occupied with only that single fatality. Comet's Eye would cost more. As the dire situation of poverty and crime reached the King's ears, he shuffled more men and supplies to rebuild the dilapidated community. Several of the criminal elements took time to rout but these obstacles were quickly tackled when the Line of Abraham arrived. The Dugan lord pleaded with the population to not give in, to fight the occupation or forfeit their lives to prove their devotion to the family. Though a small riot would break out during an evening, it was often settled and cleaned up by morning's rise. Eventually, Dugan's own supplies ran low with little alternative except surrender. Jean, convinced an execution awaited him, threatened to burn the castle until only charred stone remained. Margolis promised exile only awaited those who departed the castle peacefully. The next morning saw the doors open. The cooks, the loyal soldiers, the bed maids, and squires all shuffled into custody. Following that, the elder son, Cassel, and his daughter Monique exited, followed by Jean's cousins, Marta, Luc, and Francois. Luc's wife, Nieca, and their children Joseph and Keira trailed behind. Jean Dugan remained inside. With the gates welcoming, Margolis and his elite marched inside Comet's Eye, but found it empty. Last word had Jean atop the south tower, contemplating a leap though his body was never recovered. He remains missing. The most imaginative rumor placed the lord Dugan at the precipice, only to find himself snatched away by a dark beast to fulfill some nefarious purpose.

Margolis did more than fulfill his promise. He selected Luc and Nieca along with their family to remain as the new lords. The others were allowed to stay. Cassel and Monique preferred exile and vanished to the south several days later. Eventually, Luc Dugan grew of age and took a noble from Taskin-Kada for a wife while Keira was paired with Killian Margolis from Sclavia. No unrest ever boiled over from Pilbara

again. After a decade of reconstruction, it shines with a progress unseen in the previous 100 years. Despite the blight on history, the modern Dugan finally received their respect of royalty and the name is considered one of honor again.

Focus: Weaponmasters are the common choice here though a few Bandits have also popped up.

SCLAVIA **(15,000 gp)**

David Margolis never denied falling out of favor with his faith. Despite his opinions on religion, he never wavered in his loyalty to his King and Savarice never wavered in his confidence of his Duke. Margolis received the title years before Savarice's death as the paladin had taken charge of the line of elite knights as their general. Margolis led every army and refused to settle in the back during an assault. Margolis earned the respect of his men and others flocked to his side, as those marching with Margolis never knew defeat. After being appointed duke, Savarice sent Margolis to rule over his own keep in Sclavia. The lineage of Arsia had died without heirs thanks in part to an introverted lord-turned-priest who refused to sow the seeds of his successor. Margolis could not have been more different, leaving a line of bastards all the way to the gates of his new realm. Savarice asked his loyal friend to restrain his carnal desires and simply take a wife and/or a concubine. David conceded and asked the towns and villages around for suitable prospects of titled birth. Unlike many other kingdoms, spotted with dozens of smaller towns, Abidan only has several large cities, as the populations seem to enjoy coalescing into larger bodies. Pilbara attempted to offer a daughter of claimed royalty to the duke but it was Clarvus that bettered the offer. They arrived first and presented what little they could afford as bribe in the form of armies and promised supplies. The family knew the innocent beauty of the dark-haired princess Claire, barely into her blossom, would win the noble. They met, married, and mated in the span of half a moon's cycle, well before Pilbara had even arrived.

When they finally came, the marriage had already been consummated but the offer was presented aggressively the same.

The announcer in regal red and yellow never even tried to conceal his contempt for his rivals as he spoke. He directed himself to the duke, ignoring his new wife by his side. He spoke loud enough for even her parents in the next chamber to hear. "We suggest you dissolve your marriage to the Claire at once and take a bond with our princess." He said it abruptly, without unlocking or unfurling the brass scroll under his arm.

Margolis glanced at his wife, who raised an eyebrow slightly at him. She smirked, obviously unworried by the messenger. He spoke as he slowly moved his eyes back to the envoy. "I do not know which lands you call home, but where I keep, marriage is an eternal bond."

"Marriage of love, yes," the courier interrupted, "but not of politics or convenience. Dissolve this union. Whether she is returned unspoiled or not to her father makes no difference. If still a maiden, no harm caused. If breached, we will cover repercussions. Claire offered you much. We offer more."

Margolis took a fleeting look again at his petite bride, dangling her legs over the side of the throne, and winked to settle her. "More? And how much more is Pilbara willing to offer?"

That brought the scroll out, still unlocked but drawn and pointed as a blade to the Duke. "Claire measures a cup in our gallon. They promise a host of 5,000 blades and bows. Pilbara and the family Dugan vow double at just the ceremony. Another 10 by honeymoon's end."

"10,000 more you say," Margolis blurted in phony shock. "5,000 at wedding, with nary a soul to guard the borders. And you speak of 10,000." He leaned forward. "But my dear envoy, it would take 10,000 men just to stave off this woman's jealousy. She may seem a child in portrait but assure you one night in her 'brace proved a fire in her soul I would neither wish to inflame nor dare trade, not for 20, not for 200,000. I thank you for the courier…but we shall remain here."

She smiled. So did the King. The envoy did not.

Historical Entry
From Politics and Piety
955 AE

The close relationship between Clarvus and Sclavia continues to this day. Since Sclavia is closer to Janoah and no attack on Abidan has ever occurred in the south, not with Gnimfall and Limshau present, Clarvus consolidated its forces with Sclavia, forming an army of impressive size, well proportionately larger than the city deserves. Being close to Janoah, Margolis can shift his impressive army to reinforce in less than 96 hours. The princess Claire died in childbirth with her first to her duke. The infant survived. Though some council wise and reliable theorized a poisoning by the hand of the noble family in Pilbara, both Duke Margolis and the Prince Regent of Janoah at the time (as Vincent Savarice had recently taken his critical wound fated to kill him) both refused to accept such a theory. Gossip continued to fuel the rumors years later. When spies bankrolled by Taskin Kada on their own initiative unearthed evidence of the poisoning as fact five years later, the Lord Dugan charged the rival city of goading a conflict in the south, a pagus conspiracy to keep the bulwark solid but tear the noble foundations in the southern cities to shreds. The allegation insulted Margolis, aware and respectful of the honor of Taskin Kada and its people. Nearing fifty, Margolis donned his armor for the first time in ten years and marched to Pilbara.

His victory there cleansed his soul of remorse, though the Duke maintained his chastity for another decade before he took an adolescent concubine offered to him from a wealthy family in Kannos. David ensured her free will before acceptance but neither seeded a child nor took her as wife. After David's death at 75, Elisa Gawain remained, conducting and controlling affairs of business the royalty preferred to ignore. In a strange turn of events, David's sole heir, Killian, still unmarried, took Elisa, his senior by only a few years, as his bride. This shocked many expecting Killian to select another Clarvus princess to solidify the alliance again. Despite the odd pairing, the connection between Clarvus and Sclavia remains strong today.

Sclavia features a thermal mooring tower.

Focus: Most from Sclavia are Juggernauts and Weaponmasters.

TASKIN KADA **(5,000 gp)**

Taraq Duncan still resembles his father and the progression of males for 150 years back. All the Duncans commanded authority with their very stature. Clearing seven feet, Taraq stands a beast. From his shoulders rises a pyramid of muscles to his head. His scalp is hairless as is his entire body, toned and disciplined. His grandfather was once a barbarian marauder, desperate and hungry, who came to know Savarice when the king spared the bandit's life in a failed raid. In the journey of the caravan, Savarice talked about his faith only when asked but would often share the wisdom from other beliefs. He spoke of three religions of great stature

worshipping the same god, but which went to war over trivial points of dogma. Savarice had read all the great holy books from these faiths and found truths in them all. He spoke highly of them and, though choosing one, claimed they all have equal validity. While most following shared Savarice's faith, many others had also joined in. Merin Duncan, Taraq's grandfather, found an antidote to his temper and lived his life under the shroud of god's grace, though not as a holy man.

When a small nickel and silver deposit was located east of Pilbara, Savarice asked Duncan to take it and build a community to exploit the riches. Since many from Janoah were dedicated to defense, Duncan settled back in the blanket of protection offered by his neighbors. The name of the town would not follow until Duncan opened his arms to any of faith fearful of persecution in a world of man growing increasingly atheistic. Despite the large portion of initial Christian pilgrims, both Jewish and Muslim missionaries soon vastly overwhelmed them. Duncan had read stories of an enormous city across the world built around, inside, and over waterfalls. As the water cascaded all around, the millions inside lived peacefully, fully integrated with all three dominant human religions represented. Though Taskin-Kada paled in comparison, it does not devalue the importance of its existence. Though many claim Janoah as a whole the spiritual center of mankind in Canam, in truth, the true focus sits in Taskin-Kada.

Knighted and declared a lord by Savarice, the elder Duncan soon married and sired equally massive offspring. Whenever a threat loomed overhead, the lord would rise as the single commander of the army and lead his forces into battle. With their massive physique, most enemies were demoralized before ever engaging. In truth, all the Duncan men were passive and seldom enjoyed fighting despite a canny mastery of it. They preferred watching opponents for the quickest and most efficient way to defeat them. This gave rise to the Watchers, an echelon of rangers trained in the art of stealth to rival even the assassins from Baruch Malkut. The watchers were not spies but observers. They never stole anything other than the unaltered history revealed before their eyes. With a reputation for honesty and accuracy, the very word of a watcher carried weight in an Abidan court. That reputation allowed the organization to expose corruption within a trading guild in Sclavia and recover the Savarice's pilfered holy blade when stolen by thieves under blessing of Darius Konig. Their true mark of glory came when they took the initiative to observe the daily affairs of the Dugan royal family. Although they considered the momentary weakness of Juenet Dugan when he succumbed to the sexual advances of his niece a contemptible act, they kept their silence in favor of something more controversial that could affect the rest of the nation. Exposing their presence then would prevent future revelations. A full lord later, they would witness Jean Dugan tossing his daughter, Mia, from a bathroom window in a moment of insanity after losing the opportunity to marry her off to the Sclavia duke. She had secretly expressed her love for a childhood friend, a girl from another respected house. Jean did not share the kingdom's tolerance of such matters and threw the youth from the window. When the castle was taken, a discovered diary of the lord claimed she had taken her own life when faced with her father's disappointment of her actions and choices. The Watchers who witnessed the incident refute this fact. They maintain their version of events.

When the Watchers are not observing within the kingdom, the majority are committed to actions external, dealing with neighbors both friendly and hostile. Dozens patrol lands north of the Tethuss Bridge, a necessary task, though one costing the most lives. The majority of the rangers travel south, to watch the nation of Baruch Malkut. Despite the impressive distance between the two nations and the fact that several other kingdoms lie in between, Savarice never forgot his experiences near the border and considers the rival nation the greatest threat to Canam, more so than the pagus to the north. Taskin-Kada took an especially vested interest in Baruch Malkut. With a large Jewish population present, the people of Taskin-Kada despised the use of Hebrew words as a name for one of the most malevolent nations on Earth.

Blessed Kingdom be damned. How dare they? How dare they commit words from a hallowed language to describe one of the most reviled nations in the history of man? Baruch Malkut should apply to Abidan, for we are truly blessed by the true god. No god I know would endorse a pogrom against a peaceful people. Yet, a man with no connection to the faith anyone has ever found claims righteousness and despite his use of the words, moralizes a dogma unrelated to the words in the Torah. No greater example of corruption of god's good word has ever been seen. Us of the true faiths—yes all faiths—should rise up and tear down the titles and crests of this hysterical and paranoid state before it threatens to swallow us all.

He claims his nation blessed and proclaims his lasting life as proof of his sanctity. God bestowed nothing upon him and the lord waits for us to stand up to this tormenter. Our phobia for this world created Darius Konig. We fueled his fear and fed his fanaticism. Prayer simply will not suffice. We take sole responsibility for the creation of this despot. We must remove him. God does not tell me this to tell you. I say this. Darius is a man … and thus man must conquer him.

Rabbi Ilan Jaffe
Taskin-Kada Post
925 AE

Taskin-Kada features a mooring tower.

Focus: Almost all from Taskin-Kada are Wilderness Nomads or Pathfinders

Note: To be a member of the Watchers, a character must be at least a 3rd level ranger.

Apocrypha / Sollasum

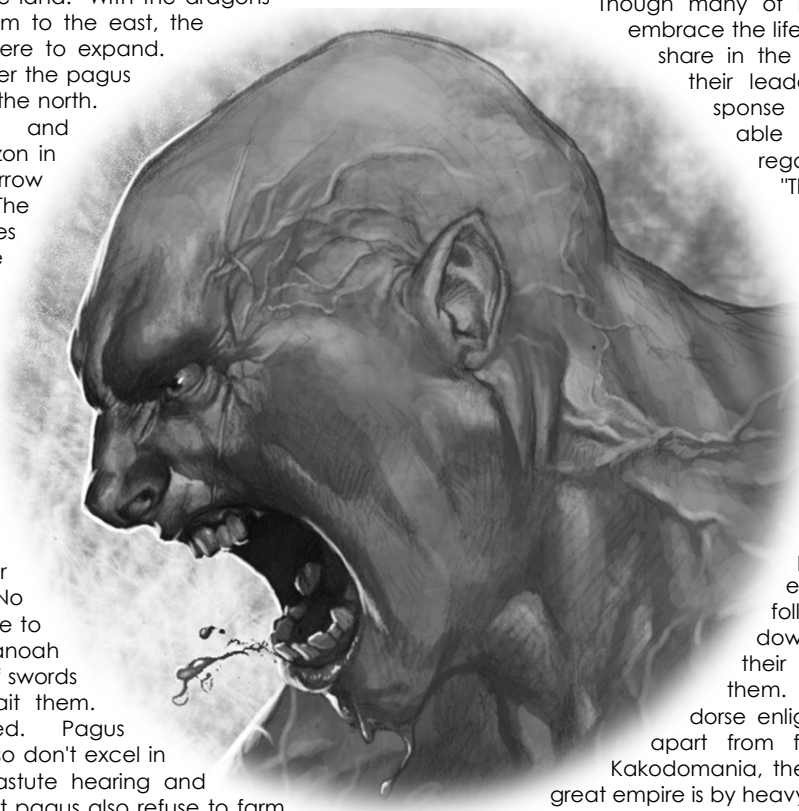
Along with the Kobolds, the pagus are slowly coalescing into a larger force in Canam. They control a massive expanse of land dubbed Apocrypha by humans, Sollasum by many fey (though the human name is more popular). More than a dozen armies have formed. Most follow the commands of the evil dragons to the north, blindly obeying all commands of their superiors. Pagus live in every environment (dungeons, mountains, valleys, and forests).

The exact time or method of landfall is unknown, but it is assumed that when the typhox dragons escaped Ixindar, a group of self-imposed outcasts led separately by the seven lords of Azhi, took pilgrimage to the new world of Canam. With a great ocean separating, the dragons could enslave an entire world unto their own without needing to answer directly to the motherland. The recent arrival of several demons on this shore threatened to disrupt the dragons' monopoly on fear. The dragons, by oath, must follow the orders of the generals from Kakodomania. The Azhi lords bend a knee to no one and the only forces the arriving demons have been able to muster materialize from uncontrolled bandit camps. The dragon lords control a very small ratio of the entire pagus population here. With their high breeding cycle and voracious appetite for the act, even a small forgotten village

could spur multiple pilgrim camps setting to stake their own claim in less than half a century.

Even though the seven Apostles of Amethyst have almost been wiped out, the entirety of the Azhi seven still live and rein, though most of them are never seen, living out their greedy lives in solitude in their own self-proclaimed kingdoms deep in the northern regions where no non-pagus dare to approach. These regions fall under a different title, Azhi Dahaka. The lawless, uncontrolled areas of pagus between that region and the rest of Canam fall under Apocrypha, where the pagus attack and kill each other in greater numbers than they inflict on others.

Pagus possessing their soul bound to Ixindar are not necessarily tied to its control. Though often turning to barbarism and malevolence, this is not always the case. A few sporadic villages attempt civility but with no sympathy from the rest of the world, they seldom live long enough to secure their own foothold on the land. With the dragons killing and enslaving them to the east, the pagus must look elsewhere to expand. Cold and water (the latter the pagus despise) awaits them to the north. Mountains, bugbears, and kodiaks sit over the horizon in the west, leaving the narrow passes to the south. The only viable route passes through Janoah, over the bridge of Tethuss. This great fortress of man has never fallen, even when a dragon lord assisted in the siege. Since pagus fear the natural elements of earth (Mountains, winds, water), they prefer to continue to slam against the Janoahn wall, plummeting to their deaths over the side. No army has been even able to catch the knights of Janoah off watch. A clad line of swords and shields always await them. They continue unabated. Pagus know nothing of stealth so don't excel in the hunt of prey with astute hearing and twitchy dispositions. Most pagus also refuse to farm, foraging what they can, scarring the landscape in their obsession. Their very footfalls salt the earth as they stride. Though a massive land with rich potential, within 500 years, Apocrypha will no longer be able to support any life.



The most known tribe leaders are: Mennos, Nemis the Gatherer, Saemus, Amon the Nomad, Arrenna, and Kallis the Monster. They lead camps named after themselves. The biggest issue with these camps lies with the pagus' short lifespans. Since even the rare ones seldom live past forty, most of the villages are short lived. Their successors seldom follow the same morals as their parent, corrupt or otherwise. Many times, lineage is hardly respected, and wars between the highest of influence break out the second the old leader's pulse stops. Often the village tears itself apart with few survivors, or it schisms into several smaller camps, with one larger one remaining and others taking their chances in the wild. Only a few rare exceptions have allowed certain villages to survive past a generation. Most of the examples given below settled with a tepid royal line held together mostly by a loyal army in substitute of a patriotic duty to a crown made of twigs.

Focus: Almost all pagus prefer Juggernaut or Weapon Master for their class focus.

AMON **(2,000 gp)**

The city of Amon moves constantly. The nomad leader refuses to settle, forcing the 10,000 pagus with him to uproot and move every year or so. They usually leave behind a mess of garbage and scarred land, assuming nature will clean up the mess. Amon citizens raid camps and have been known to settle on other villages, forcing the integration of the population, taking them along on their next pilgrimage.

This is another village doomed to fail with the passing of another generation, as few followers totally understand Amon's reasoning for the chosen life he imposes on others. Though many of his members enjoy and embrace the life, it is doubtful they would share in the obsession to the extent their leader does. The only response anyone has ever been able to glean from Amon regarding his motives is that, "They still follow."

ARRENNA **(50 gp)**

Arrenna, at 150 years of age, is the oldest pagus who lives and who has ever lived. He founded the first city in Apocrypha and continues to administer every function. It grows slowly as Arrenna's severe laws results in 500 pagus being executed every year. Though pagus follow most the laws laid down blindly, occasionally their emotions overpower them. Arrenna does not endorse enlightenment and believes, apart from following the orders of Kakodomania, the only way to achieve a great empire is by heavy control over every facet of society.

Even though several demons have apparently reached Canam shores, none of them attempted to usurp Arrenna's control. This is unusual given the policy of euthanasia enforced by the rulers of Kakodomania. Popular thought points that Arrenna carries demon blood and counts as one of them, though looking like a pagus. Most attacks on the Janoahn front begin from Bloodrun before amassing a larger force en-route to the bridge.

KALLIS-REX

(100 gp)

When Kallis raided the rival camp of Iopix the Startled (ironic), Kallis was appointed a new nickname, that of the Monster. Kallis ordered all the rival leaders' bodies burned to ash and used to fertilize Kallis' soil. The heads were turned into bowls and Kallis made a point of raping every single female found in Iopix, regardless of age. None dared to stand up to

the undefeated barbarian and his allied Fire dragon, Esgragon the Great Fire. Kallis swore to eliminate Nemis and drink from the skull of its leader. Kallis' appetite shows no limits and he will never show satisfaction in his life. He continues to commit barbaric acts until someone stops him with a blade to the heart. Adult pagus recount scary bedtime stories to their children: "Be good, or the Monster of Kallis will find you." Obviously, this fable is told to those pagus not loyal to Kallis as no child is allowed to be taught by their blood parents in his tribe. In Kallis' view, they are all his children, and with the barbarian's view on mating, most of them are.

Kallis' people are very loyal but no one believes his army would survive intact after his death, as hundreds of his offspring would attempt to claim his seat. Kallis, now almost fifty, is a beast of a creature, proud and strong, though of weak will and feeble intellect. His years will claim him soon.

MENNOSLA (100 gp)

Mennos inherited this massive town from his father, Slazan. A Mennosla ruler ten generations back slew his fire dragon master and led his people into the mountains, where they were fruitful and multiplied. The city of Mennosla sits in a valley hidden under thick clouds, letting very little sunlight down. Mennosla is the largest pagus city (55,000) on Earth not influenced or controlled by an outside force (demons or dragons). Like most other free pagus communities, Mennosla is still very much populated by followers of evil. Raiders from Mennosla leave no survivors and show no mercy. A story passed that the dragon Ein of Tolerance wasn't killed, but simply left, as he could not exert any control over the population, and that a curse of unknown origin demented the minds of the population.

NEMIS (800 gp)

Nemis, once a vicious barbarian pagus, threw away his animalistic ways and wrote a book called "The Atonement of the Fire", detailing the path of enlightenment for the pagus still under the shroud of control from Ixindar. Nemis is not necessarily good, just one trying to hope the pagus soul will separate from corruption. Nemis attacks no one, especially other pagus. Nemis feels a fate lies ahead for those like him. He waits for the moment to raise his people to a glory previously denied to them. The town is small with only 5,000 pagus. Nemis believes that no creature should rule over the pagus. They should be free from all, dragon or demon or anyone else.

Secretly, Nemis informs Janoah whenever a large pagus army forms to strike the south, allowing the city ample time to prepare and fortify. This agreement was made with neither a formal offer nor trade. Janoah doesn't depend on Nemis for the advance warning, though it is appreciated and has reduced casualties on the human side. The current ruler of Janoah once allowed a diplomatic envoy from Nemis to approach the wall and enter the city. Despite objections, the meeting took place. Though the chief speaker for the pagus was civilized, his entourage found themselves in conflict with the resident population. In the end, though both cities understood what was expected, no formal alliance was signed.

At forty, Nemis fears his community will not survive his death. Though he has desperately tried to pass his wisdom onto others, he is not certain of a lasting impact. Only time will tell.

SAEMUS (800 gp)

Saemus swore allegiance to Reaver in Light, a powerful fire dragon, and with his protection one of the largest pagus towns outside of Kakodomania blossomed. They believe in no trade, and commonly pillage towns for slaves and food. When Arrenna sends the order to attack the south, the majority of the armies originate from Saemus. It is the closest condensed population of pagus until reaching Tethuss. Saemus receives all his wisdom from an elder creature known only as The Frail. Few have seen her face but describe her as being a disheveled figure, withered skin to bone. A loosened noose hangs down from her neck. She doesn't possess the strength to even raise her hands, let alone walk. Her stomach has collapsed to the point a man's hands could grip her waist, touching thumbs and fingers. The seer offers her wisdom to any hearing though Saemus forbids anyone else to hear her voice. She sits constantly on a palanquin with her head in shadow. Her face has never been seen. No one is sure what she is as it is doubtful she is a pagus. Saemus does not commit any action without her guidance. Saemus' descendants, dating back more than 75 years, have always relied on her and its believed her wisdom keeps the rulers in check. Almost all of the 50,000 strong in the city serve as active members of the pagus army.

GNIMFALL

(40,000 gp)

If it weren't for the "Grind Towers," most travelers would trek over the Gimfen capital without notice. Even if one were to miss the mechanical spires, their noise exuberantly announces them. These narrow but tall spires top not buildings, but rise from the soil with no external supports from the ground. The towers often lean to one side and a few look crooked, nearing collapse, though never doing so. Their design illustrates an inconsistent concept as one generation would finish a tower started by the previous one and carry the construction in a different direction as their imaginations took off.

Grind towers feature exposed gears and machinery, ticking and spinning and groaning and thumping every moment of every day. There is no attempt to cover these mechanisms and most of a grind tower's machinery is exposed. They never stand less than ½ mile from each other and rise so tall, most between 350 and 550 feet, they easily dwarf anything around them. Climbing to a peak, one could easily spot more than a dozen of them almost to the horizon. Their height also allows every single tower to operate as a thermal mooring post.

They serve many purposes. For one, they expel the pollution from the underground factories. They also dispel heat, house the upper class, and operate as watchtowers to the surrounding hills. The towers also carry the racket from the underground tunnels along with them. Somehow, and only the gimfen are aware how it works, the grind towers collect sound from the machinery below. Towers collect the noise of the city and muffle it, whisking it away in baffle chambers. If the sound is loud enough, the towers just seem to lift the noise away, shuffling the echo along conduits, and finally fed into tower ballasts. Breaching one of these conduits results in a deafening roar to shake the city. Eventually, the baffles become saturated and the grind tower spews forth an animal-like yell a thousand times louder than an elephant's bellow, enough to shake the snow off trees and cause avalanches on distant peaks. This unique deafening announcement, occurring every few minutes, sounds much like a foghorn crossed with a lion's roar, with variations on pitch and



bass dependant on the tower making the call. Most are of an extremely deep tone, stretching down to as low as 10 Hz. Each tower sounds different and occasionally, the gimfen take the time to cue them up to generate an odd musical piece heard a hundred miles away. The two-dozen or so towers scattered over two hundred square miles are all connected by an underground network. More than 1,000-3,000 gimfen call each tower home. Another 95,000 live underneath. Guests are offered rooms in the towers (which, happily enough, are soundproof). Underneath, the gimfen work within the means of EDF to create whatever technology they can work. Several deep levels forbid magic, where the gimfen explore avenues previously denied to them. Recent agreements with humans to the east allowed the gimfen to finally dive into realms previously unknown. Their tenacity not only allowed them to catch up, but they also returned the favor by allowing their allies the means to create their city faster than previously imagined.

Current York authority denies any deal was made and asserts the Zeros were their design, not the gimfen. The gimfen don't care either way. Relations with other nations continue to blossom. Despite the collapse of the York alliance, the gimfen still wish to develop good relations with all humans. For one, the gimfen are well aware that the humans possess an imagination and an aptitude for technology all elves lack. Where the gimfen differ is the fact that not only can they hold technology and still have it operate, but they can replicate most technology they find and study. In only the past few centuries, exposure to mankind has vaulted the gimfen to levels they only previously fantasized about. They can adapt quickly but mankind still flies past them despite the elves working day and night with no sleep trying to keep up. Their tenacity has resulted in the first elvish nation to actually create their own technology based on gleaned knowledge. Gnimfall features elevators, non-enchanted illumination, and ground transportation, usually run from salvaged human batteries or their own steam powered plants, the limit of their current technology in the field of power sources.

Because of this, humans, especially those with even the slightest bit of technology, are invited in, accommodated, catered to, and entertained. Gifts are lavished; women or men are sometimes offered, all in hopes of learning something new that could benefit others. Often this knowledge is held tight by the one offering the bribe or favor, to be taken back to the family, which can then be used to raise the stature of their name. For humans entering Gnimfall, it very much feels like a beggar city, as every single attentive gimfen around will flock to even glimpse at the smallest trinket in the hands of a newcomer. Some humans developed this into a successful trade, bartering money and rewards for the retrieval of new and interesting technology.

Gnimfall cares little for those humans not in possession of such gifts and many humans from echan cultures have gone to accusing the gimfen as selfish. Though this is not exactly true, they are often one-dimensional in their pursuits. Although they trade often, those from Gnimfall care little about the political events within Kannos or Abidan. With other races, Gnimfall maintains very good relations. They respect and enjoy a successful alliance with Limshau, Salvabrooke, and several narros communities. Unlike the narros, gimfen refuse to dedicate the whole of their lives to mining rock and found the development of the machine that mines for them far more interesting. They do eventually plan to create a robotic workforce to mine for them, allowing their pursuit of knowledge without the tedium and monotony associate with menial labor.

The gimfen still have problems developing power sources. Technology able to generate electricity is the most vulnerable to EDF, and despite their best attempts, the gimfen cannot seal out the harmful effects of the world. Even though not radiant in EDF, the gimfen are still part of the problem and can never fully isolate their machines. Therefore, only steam power has been available and despite the whimsy of many writers with untapped imaginations and no grasp of reality, one cannot power a robot from steam. The problem continues to obstruct them. The gimfen are also not one to surrender and continue to deal with the dilemma. Their proven steam power system, fed from magical fires heating water funneled from a nearby lake has expanded through the city, running various machines. Natural gas fed lamps burn with a

nearly inexhaustive supply. All of this emerged from their accumulated knowledge from the humans. Before that, the best they could master was a printing press and a pedal bicycle. For that, notwithstanding the negative view they have for Baruch Malkut, the people of Gnimfall will always be grateful to the human race.

In a similar regard, the gimfen of their capital also admire the damaskan elves of Limshau, who had traded knowledge with the gimfen in exchange of some needed gimfen engineering expertise. The gimfen even claim the Limshau capital, from which all other Limshau cities are based, was designed by a gimfen. Alas, this is not true since accurate records in Primmer clearly point the architect as a half-elf. Being one of the younger fey races, one of the last to emerge before the First Hammer, many other fey accuse them as immature, while the gimfen believe they are the final progressive phase of the fey, the final form to populate the earth. The center of this belief rests in Gnimfall.

The current leader of Gnimfall, Karlis Kronas, continually tries to push his people to be more aware of the world around. He swears in a weekly address, heard everywhere in Gnimfall, that the gimfen will be a respected species, not mocked or ridiculed. He strives to form hardened military alliances with human kingdoms like Abidan and Kannos. He pushes for more military action against Baruch Malkut, decisions that spur polar opinions of him from those in and outside the city. To that end, when the armies of the world rise up to fight evil, the gimfen will join those ranks.

The smallest room is still the universe to whoever lives inside. Fey have preferred in the past to close all the doors around and sit, comfortable they understand the entire world— (Noise from the Grind Tower muffles the transmission).

They fear to open the door and realize more waits across the threshold. That is what prevents us from moving forward, the refusal to expand beyond our universe. The laudenians, the tenenbri—yes, even the narros—all sit in a room bricked in by ignorance and held by fear. Like all fey, the gimfen emerged into a room not unlike them.

(Noise from the Grind Tower muffled the transmission).

It had the same bricks bound by mortar, the same door all others refused to open. One would assume we would follow the lead and pat ourselves for understanding the universe, as we perceived. Unlike our cousins, our cage was different. Someone put in windows. Faced with the truth, who would not open the door and step across? Gimfen may be small. We may be ridiculed and insulted, but we see the truth. The room is shrinking. How ironic those with the most room to breathe are the ones so adamant about escaping. In conclusion, we must— (Noise from the Grind Tower muffled the transmission).

Karlis Kronas
(Gnimfall Address, July 23, 999 AE)

Focus: Gimfen mostly pick rogue paths, but seldom Assassin.

GRIGG'S GRINDERS **(1,000 gp)**

Single grind towers pop up all over the continent, each housing dozens, or hundreds of gimfen. Most sprout from a flat landscape, some from hills or valleys, and even a few in swamps. Grigg's three towers stand atop one of the tallest mountains in Canam.

Grigg Granniss funded and built the first one and reaped such a windfall from the copper and tin mine underneath that he eventually expanded to two other towers. Other gimfen and even a few humans flocked from around to join the successful operation. The two other towers sat on other distant peaks, making transportation difficult. So the gimfen came up with the only logical solution, they ran cable cars between the towers. Despite the enormous strain placed on the towers and the cables strung across the two-mile distance between peaks, the integrity has never been compromised. The drop-off, at its worst, is more than 5300 feet. All three towers look slightly different than the others dotting the continent. Grigg's shine in the polish of bronze, which comprises most of its construction. They also spin massive windmills, powering the mining machines bellow.

Recently, the snow covered peaks revealed a secret. The gimfen stumbled upon a network of artificial tunnels carved in a section of the mountainside. They discovered an ancient human vault dating back to before the exodus. The tombs contained several ancient books of fact and fiction along with several chambers filled with historical novelties like electric lamps, kitchen appliances, and electronic devices, most long since disrupted. Before Angel or York, the nearest bastions, even caught a whiff of the discovery, the gimfen sold all they recovered to Limshau, where everything was analyzed and catalogued. Limshau experts claimed there was no salvageable technology and the factual books revealed nothing the humans didn't already know. The librarians and historians of Limshau were far more interested in the fiction books, written by prolific authors of the time, which talked about fantasy worlds, flights of fancy, with frightening parallels to the modern world. Although myths and legends passed through history detailed the lives of creatures no human has ever seen, some of the books found offered increasing detail of ancient cultures with no references to back up the claims.

HALYC **(50 gp)**

The western plains from York stretching almost all the way to Gnimfall were given the broad title of Halyc. York has claimed the majority of this land as their own, though leaving most of it alone. Independent farms and villages sell to both echa and techa. Those selling to York receive the blanket of protection offered by the YPF. The mass of the military patrolling the northwest guard against the possibility of pagus crossing the water. Less dedicated patrols roam the southern border, as York never considered Baruch Malkut a serious risk.

RAUNNIS, THE PAGODA MOUNTAIN

Those refusing to take their chances with Ramkava may attempt to seek their answers with Raunnis. Raunnis is the name of the seer and the pagoda-shaped mountain he never climbs down from. The shape of the mountain prevents easy access and the expanding forest teeming with everything wild discourages those brave enough to tackle the peak. After fighting through the growth, the obsessed must face the towering crag. Only magic could have formed it. It reaches nearly 2100 feet, narrowing and widening as it stretches to the sky. Raunnis sits at its peak, never leaving, even for food. It is believed Raunnis was the very first kodiak, larger and more magically endowed than any of the other bipedal bears. He wanders through the few trees atop the mountain, sleeping for months, raining his enchanted will over the forest below. At nearly 1000 years old, he shows no signs of senility. Further, he appears aware of every conversation, even in whisper, for almost 1000 miles in every direction. He can eavesdrop and later recall them with a flawless memory for his entire life.

Raunnis is not a simple recorder but has grown more astute with what he has learned. Anyone conquering the land and the mountain may give an offering to the beast (usually rare foods and or magic—he doesn't respond to metallic money). He is non-violent and if his knowledge is respected, he will offer it. Those aggressively pushing through the woods he lovingly maintains, killing and razing, will most likely never even allow them to reach the peak. After that, he would be more likely to throw them off himself before revealing what he knows.

The Grand Lakes

The old ponds in this region of old Earth have grown so large, several have merged. They now are an intense obstacle blocking the pagus from invading the south. They merge into the unnamed mountains in Dagron in the north. This leaves the Tethuss bridge the only safe route the pagus are not afraid of. How odd they are scared of the mountains, the wind, and the water, but not of the Janoahn knights and their unbreakable wall. The lakes have been given the individual names Cyrus, Nioba, Jura, Noa, and Telos.

Ashur, Ažhi Dahaka, & towers in the North

Ashur

The frostland, as it is also often called, covers the large islands and waters north of Apocrypha and Dagron, east of Fargon, and west of the Aži Dahaka. It has no border and no army. It carries no defense to hold back invaders. Still, no force ever ventures here. For somewhere up there, the city of Selmana rests.

After bitter cold and biting wind, the temperature warms and the winds calm. A brutal temperature drop and virtually impenetrable storms cover the border between stillness and cold. Few survive the journey north. This is the only warning to encroachers. Proceed further at one's own risk. Legend tells of a dungeon shortcut that reduces the journey time and circumvents the storm. The western entrance is known only as the Skull cave, named for its entrance. Judgment and punishment occurs silently long before anyone ever looks upon the city. Even still, few can ever find it. Only a scarce few dragons and elder elves know the true location of the city. No other life claims a home here save for a few beasts welcoming the chill. Even pagus refuse to travel there. An accelerated ice age forced massive glaciers south, stopping short of the Nankani Mountains.

Over the land, the massive winds around Alpinas continue here, forcing down all aircraft, followed quickly by a snowy burial, all evidence covered. The smooth landscape refuses to reveal its secrets. The kodiaks both worship and fear the glacier, dubbing it Chronzia, a celestial demigod cast to soil by the elder gods of wood. According to their myths, commonly told through the many villages despite no direct line of communication, Chronzia tore himself from the womb of Fressen, the holy maiden of winter and slumber, when she refused to give him birth. The demigod emerged from an unholy pairing of Fressen and a mortal kodiak shaman in love with snow. The shaman died in the coupling when he froze to death in Fressen's embrace. Chronzia emerged from Fressen violently, embracing hatred for the forest and for those worshiping Fressen and the other kodiak gods.

Chronzia represents the kodiak Satan, their singular devil with no domain or disciples. He covets the love Fressen bestows on the wood and commits himself to its utter destruction. Every year, the mass of Chronzia pushes further into kodiak domain, ripping trees from their roots, and scarring the landscape in its wake. Where many religions place their demons as stealthy creatures, known for silence and subterfuge, the kodiaks only need to travel north to see their demon firsthand.

Ažhi Dahaka

The land northeast in Canam falls under the control of the evil Dragons, in which mostly only chaos and death reside. Fire dragons sweep across the skies and their sight at night is not uncommon. Pagus followers capture food to give offerings. If they fail, they often are picked up as food themselves. The death dragons keep to themselves. The border between Apocrypha and Dahaka (another title placed by humans and adopted by fey) is marked by the shadows cast by the winged monstrosities, and thus it wavers and meanders depending on the mood of the creatures that day. The pagus under their control are the ones in range of the bellowing roar. As they expand, one should expect Apocrypha to continue to shrink. Many expect the dragons will sweep down and overwhelm Janoah, initiating their campaign to take the continent. This is actually unlikely in the immediate future. Their biggest hurdle other than their relative small numbers is the lack of any centralized control. No typhox dragon accepts the authority of any others, despite victories proven by scars or age proven by size. Though many may respect the power of the elders, they will not rally to their call, deified or not. Some great dragons here attempt calls to war but seldom gain support.

Focus: Almost all pagus prefer Juggernaut or Weapon Master for their class focus.

Reaver

One of the largest death dragons known, Reaver in Light, keeps a castle near the glacier wall. He commands his own private army, increasing his pagus population by scavenging the dead from their daily civil conflicts and raising them to this service. Perfectly loyal and obedient, his force of nearly 5,000 reinforces his keep. The wood and stone fortress hangs secured into the hard ice wall of the southern side of the massive frostland formation the kodiaks call Chronzia. This massive glacier lumbers south, draping the land in shadow before demolishing it at its snail's pace. Death dragons, known for their patience, embraced the slow, unstoppable force of the glacier, usually an object of worship reserved for frost dragons, surprisingly absent in this region. Every year, Reaver's fortress crawls a few more feet south, never melting or crumbling. All the while, an unspent army of undead pagus march in front.

ESGRAGON

The greatest and oldest fire dragon, not deified as a lord, reigns in the distant northeast corner of the land, atop a volcano she created by her own will. As there were no breaks in the tectonic plate or mantle plumes in the area, Esgragon dug herself into the crust to create her own hotspot. This occupied her the majority of the first few centuries. Why she did not claim a natural breach is not known except for a desire to remain in the land her kin had chosen.

The mountain Esgragon is now the tallest mountain in Dahaka and the most active volcano on the continent. The pagus army around carved their villages from the hardened magma that scarred the land black. All pagus reaching the elder age cast themselves to the flames of the pits as a show of faith to their dragon. Esgragon has grown an army of nearly 15,000 pagus, larger than almost any other dragon. Esgragon finds the keep to her liking and seldom leaves, keeping the energy of the heat for sustenance. She is one of the few fire dragons able to do this.

DRAGON LORDS

The seven dragon lords of Ažhi maintain keeps of varying strength across this land they claim united as their own. They seldom remain in one place and shift from area to area, seldom exerting any effort fortifying the land. These dragon lords, though hardly seen, are known to many through tales of fear and horror to frighten troops or children. These dragons are all enormous creatures with virtually no matches in the world, let alone Canam. These lords are Baenis, Balaur, Goch, Lindis, Lotan, Verkelen, and Zilant. Though they each claim to hold the entire land under their control, they seldom fight each other for it. All other dragons, even powerful ones like Esgragon and Reaver, default control of their armies to the lords if so ordered. The only one not known to shift around from keep to keep is Zilant, who is far too lazy to do anything.

Baenis controls a variety of farms, feasting on them as he sees fit. Balaur captures free pagus from the south to engorge his numbers and maintains the overall high population of the slaves here. Lindis keeps her storehouses of treasures very much hidden and never lingers in any one place long. Of all the strongholds in Ažhi, Lotan's is by far the largest, built around an entire mountain with walls as high as its peak. Lotan pressed his pagus beyond their limits and most died in the construction, leaving a massive citadel with virtually no residents. Verkelen, though despising all the other dragons, is not strong enough to rival Goch's influence. Verkelen maintains a high distrust for others and never reveals his location to the others.

Goch claims the highest honor of them all, one of the surviving dragon kings. With said title, he controls no specific castle, but all others, able to sway the entire land to his whim. Though a few insist he could never hold such an esteemed title, many of age and wisdom believe the claim is, unfortunately, true.

With no fortress for his own, Goch wanders the land, seldom touching ground. The famous story says that Goch attacked and confiscated a laudenian sky keep and claims that as his only throne. If true, it would be fitting for such a beast and it would hold tens of thousands of servants in addition.

SELMANA **(150,000 gp)**

Few believe this land even exists. Far north, beyond the reach of most creatures, rumors tell of a city of giant titans. They exist in the mountains and underground. If someone were to venture over the hazardous terrain to reach Selmana, they would encounter a lush green landscape, a side effect of the titan's magic. The first indication someone is close to titan ground is the monstrous sentinels that tower over the land. These mammoth statues depict an armor-clad warrior with both gauntlets firmly placed on the pommel of a massive blade, its point imbedded in the earth. These monoliths are not carved from any natural rock for no rock of such size exists this far north. There are no mountains anywhere, just rolling hills, fields, and trees. These colossals rise nearly a half mile to the sky. They stand as warnings and as border markers for the land, running the full length of the island the titans claimed. Travelers to this point still won't see a titan until pressing deeper.

It's a ruse. They portray a clever façade but get too close, and their true nature reveals itself. From a distance, you see statuesque beauty wrapped in perfect skin. Their smile lifts a soul as their frown shadows one's gloom. Their ears reflect those of the fey, as dreamed images of a faultless race. They claim the greatest magic and when seeing their castle, you believe them right. You see them approach and one cannot help but avert their gaze. We are unworthy of notice. But watch their actions, for they will not approach. Step forward and see the truth. Wrinkles crease on their skulls. Their mouths shrivel to mere cuts upon almost blank faces. Their cheeks wither to bone. All their hair drifts away. Their noses shrink away to empty cavities in their head. Even their eyelids fall back. These are no fey.

Jeros Hollace
Expedition to North Tower
770 AE

Less than a hundred creatures across the world, supernatural or natural, immortal or mortal, has ever laid eyes on a titan. Some claim they resemble fey, distant cousins to elves, perhaps a connecting point between them and the giants wandering the lands in the south. It quiets people worried over such matters, for those old enough to have lived the previous age know the truth: The titans never existed in the previous age. Humans hearing tales of the rich land in the north offered the titan title. In reality, no one knows their real name and many claim their appearance is a deception to avert questions they wish not to answer. If they possess no fey blood, and cannot be related to dragons, then their origin remains a mystery for no spawn race born after the exodus boasts such power.

To describe the city of Selmana never comes close to justice. One story tells of a band of adventurers that pushed through the skull cave, suffering massive casualties, and emerging to find the city. The sight of the metropolis amazed them so much, they fell to their knees and wept. They turned around and returned to the cave.

The central tower reaches into the lower stratosphere of the planet, rising from a huge plate floating above the landscape. Their impressive houses rise and hang from this plate, several miles across. Unlike Laudenia, Selmana doesn't move but is not rooted to the Earth in any way. This leads many to believe that the titans arrived from outside the world, and appeared after the gate opened. They earned amazing respect from both dragons and elves but refuse to allow anyone to worship them. With little evidence of their power or history of their actions, few people even know they exist. A traveler reaching Selmana can find lodging and safety free initially. If overstaying their welcome, the traveler may suddenly awake thousands of miles away with a long walk home.

Baruch Malkut and the looming shadow of war



Baruch Malkut

Almost immediately, the humans of Southam realized how dangerous their land had become. Those who stayed were almost wiped out. A few managed to find solitude with a few narros and ogre towns but these were rare occurrences. Thousands attempted to migrate north. Many failed attempting to cross the Gloam. Many others followed the shoreline by boat. Almost 500 years ago, the population reached the shores of Southeast Canam. There, a few banded with struggling communities unable to travel further. They held the potential to create a prosperous civilization. Then Darius Konig arrived.

Legend tells that Konig, born of half-human and half-Tenenbri blood, originated from Southam or at least near the border of the Gloam almost five centuries ago. After the tenenbri rejected him, he found solace in the few remaining humans. He gained a few avid followers, captivated by his charisma and physical training, a master of an ancient martial discipline. With life dangerous for human and hybrid, Konig and his people, the Cloth, immigrated north through the Gloam and vanished. Everyone assumed he died until his people, not suffering a single loss, emerged on the northern side almost a decade later, having never aged a day.

Few reports tell of Koenig's disposition before the Gloam but they tell of the fanatic that materialized on the other side. Konig lost all his hair and had developed a cross-shaped scar on his chest. He believed himself the new prophet of god. During his people's trek along the east shoreline, he wrote a book called the *Helios Codex*. The book does not teach followers virtue or kindness. It preaches a close-minded view of the world. According to Konig, God rejected man's old ways and brought the rapture, which man survived. The new world considers technology a sin and no longer holds a place. Konig preached a new path of magic and understanding of enchantment, but considered users of technology blasphemers and those that do not convert to the ways of magic should be eliminated.

As they entered the southeast of Canam, Konig and the Cloth were welcomed into a small echan town of Faustis. Koenig's numbers increased. The people of Faustis lived in the shadow of a small bastion called Sebring. Sebring resembled Angel in many ways, although far smaller, with less than 150,000 residents. They lacked heavy technology beyond what bastions like York possessed. Even though Sebring never harmed or suppressed the people of Faustis, Konig created a feeling of fear and hatred towards the techans. Faustis had grown as zealots and fanatics flocked from surrounding villages. Sebring never realized how large this force had grown nor could they have anticipated an attack. Unprepared for the onslaught of magical bombardment, the short walls of Sebring fell in 72 hours. The armies of Faustis, outnumbering Sebring 2-to-1, ravaged the bastion, taking no survivors and showing no mercy. Konig led the forces and entered the city first. One leaked story told that Konig demanded the city be burned to ash, with the surviving population inside. They were not trapped. Anyone trying to escape was crucified and their bodies posted around the bastion as a message to others wanting to escape. Hundreds still tried. A few succeeded but, by the time the last flame died out, three weeks later, a thousand posts circumvented the gutted bastion of Sebring. The grass grew over the damage and the crucifixes fell apart. The corpses crumbled to dust. Unlike Milania, another fallen bastion in the east, virtually no one in Canam remembers the bastion of Sebring.

This fanatical hatred spread quickly through the land. Several other towns developed. When the land grew large enough, Konig appeared once again to the masses.

He had torn off the points of his ears and declared a vision he received from god. Yes, the world belonged to magic, but it still belonged to man. The frightening pace on which Konig swayed the masses alarmed non-humans already living in the kingdom. Few escaped. Half-breeds discovered faced

Their leader is Selman the Wise, a supremely powerful creature. He sees no mortals unless he wishes it. He converses usually with only other titans and holds a personal conduit of communication with Lazarus the Pure in Euras.

exiled. Pure blood fey were captured, led south, and then tossed into the ravaging ocean tides. Of all non-humans, Konig despised the tilen above all else. He believed them to still be corrupt and pointed to the dwindling population of the Southam town of Lhamah he once visited as an example.

Less than a century later, the Blessed Kingdom claimed all the land of southeast Canam. As Konig closed his grip on new lands, he grew dangerously close to nearby territories like Tranquiss, Laurama, and Limshau. In the case of Limshau, a delegation was brought before Konig, who had them executed on the spot. Their on-hand books were burned and the ashes sent back to the elves. The custodians of Zorahn (who sent the delegation) swore to avenge the brothers and books lost. A few small clashes occurred in the following 100 years but an official declaration of war was never announced. The armies of Baruch have been unable to stage a successful attack on Laurama and Tranquiss demoralizes any army that looks upon it. Konig refuses to let such a setback hold him and swears Malkut will cover Canam in his lifespan.

The greatest threat to Canam, and maybe the known world, is the growing fanaticism of the humans in Baruch Malkut. Alas, time refused to claim Darius Konig after these years and the dictator continues his maniacal crusade against technology and non-humans. Not a stupid man, Konig has recently allowed plans to be set in motion for a traditional rail network ridden over by stream powered trains. This effort will take fifty years after finally passing the initial development stage. Fearing a united front from neighboring nations, Konig hopes the rail network will ferry troops and supplies to the outer towns.

Several factors prevented the kingdom from pushing deeper into Canam. Limshau first swore to Malkut if it pushed past Zorahn, they would declare war. Laurama and Gnimfall decreed similar ultimatums. Such an ultimatum caused Konig only brief pause, until forces engaged Zorahn less than fifteen years ago. The conflict was short with Baruch forces pulling back. Conflicts continued along the border but only with Limshau. Through this, Limshau refused to declare official war, fearing a continent wide conflict would lead to substantial bloodshed. They hope, over the next few years or decades, as society progresses united past Baruch Malkut, the native population will overthrow the man responsible for retarding a civilization's potential. Also, as a half-elf, Konig must be nearing his death and many believe the kingdom's fanaticism will die with him.

In righteous fury, my hand, the symbol of all that's holy, covers all who believe. I stretch out and touch god. I bring down with a sweep his judgment and wishes. I hear in meditation his words. They speak absolute and true. Those with ears pointed destroyed their world. They infect it again. The rapture washed this world clean of sin. Our utopia only lies over the hill. With god's help, he allowed me to do the impossible. I have walked to the edge of vision and seen beyond what others cannot reach. I have seen past the horizon. I know, have seen, where mankind can go. But we must finally defeat our demons, our past sins. Only by destroying our past can we finally be accepted into paradise. The door is closed. It will not open to our eternal home until we free ourselves from transgression. God speaks. He brought down the hammer and destroyed the machines of damnation and the non-humans from the demon world. We must finish his work. Only after we cleanse this planet will the doors finally open. God unlocked the doors of deliverance; we must carry the strength to open them to salvation.

King Darius Konig
986 AE

Until then, though the kingdom is locked in its land, it continues to grow and expand with population and discovered resources. Most of its catapulting success comes from its use of a sizeable slave population. Though Konig despised the fey, especially the tilen, he did not oppose the enslaving of them. He insisted they could not breed, maintaining their long lives would maintain stock levels. He personally detested the idea of using fey for sex, but did not impose such restrictions on the new market. Almost all towns save for Itinera and Nassau, use and sell slaves, though the prime exports emerge from Matronis and Tobias. They hardly refer to them as elves or even slaves, preferring more dispassionate, but equally merciless terms like merchandise, property, goods, or even furniture. The result after only 100 years is one of the most profitable markets known, which helped secure the kingdom as one of the most stable and successful in the world.

ARCHYTAS **(5,000 gp)**

Passing over the hill, one notices only the new train terminal, one of the first built, and a few outlying buildings. Approaching closer to Archytas reveals "The Pit." Only referred to as such, The Pit stretches 1400 feet and descends nearly 1000 feet. Buildings of all sorts jut out from the cavern walls, connected to each other by rickety wooden boardwalks. At the bottom, miners continually carve further and deeper. Officially, they dig for extensive silver deposits under the town, and the income from the endeavor keeps the town going. In reality, the town scours the earth for one of the many artifacts Darius Konig obsesses over. Only he and the city's current Lord, Sebastian Aepoc, know its name and purpose. The boardwalks feature no handrails and hang precariously over the drop-off. Somehow, no citizen from Archytas has fallen to their death in fifty years. Tourists, however...

Focus: Adventurers from Archytas usually sell themselves out as Bandits or Pathfinders.

FAUSTIS **(30,000 gp)**

King Darius Konig still lives in the walls of the swamp city of Faustis. Shallow marshland surrounds the patch of land for eighty miles in every direction. Even the main road sits under a few centimeters of water, making it virtually invisible to those unaware of its existence. Tall grass covers the landscape all the way up to the wall of jutting stone. The 50,000 humans of Faustis live fiercely loyal to Konig and will all, almost certainly, die for their king. Every able-bodied man of Faustis is required to serve in the army and can be called away at a moment's notice. There has never been an attempt by any force to attack Faustis, as any army knows the approach across the water would cripple a host before even reaching the city. The elite Knights of Konig (Still referred to as "The Cloth") focus on guerilla warfare, specializing in stealth and assassination rather than open combat, vanishing under the water, never leaving a trace, making the hundreds of square miles outside of Faustis their playground.

Focus: Followers of the Order of the Cloth are usually Assassins or Bandits.

ITINERA **(15,000 gp)**

The richest Malkut city other than Faustis, Itinera displays one unique feature, the corpse. The population calls it Ghula and claims it was a massive demon Konig slew on their shores. The flesh burned away and only the pure unbroken skeleton remains. Those not from Malkut studying this artifact attest it is too settled in the ground to have been killed in the past 300

WAR

The question on the minds on many near Baruch Malkut is why have the nations of elves and civil men not declared war on the corrupt kingdom. For the past few hundred years, the largest rival nations to Baruch Malkut, Kannos, Abidan, and Limshau, have weighed such options as they've come up at government meetings. They are not blind to the pogrom King Darius is endorsing or the thousands of human and fey slaves sold into servitude there. The issue deals with the heavy cost of such a war, fated to erupt all of Canam in fire and drag out for probably decades, if not centuries.

The primary issue deals with size. Malkut has the largest area of control thus can supply provisions to its front line far longer than other nations. They have the largest standing army, though smaller if their three rivals were to unite under a single banner. Baruch Malkut has decent resources in magic, more than a match for Abidan and Limhsau and far greater than Kannos.

Malkut lacks significant reach, however. They don't have the number of cavalry to even rival Kannos and their siege capacity is worthless against the walls of Limshau cities. Advisors continually have to convince King Darius that invasion would break Malkut's back. Any open attack into Limshau or any of the smaller houses would spark such a violent response. The invading force would quickly find itself overrun by Limshau custodians, Kannos cavalry, and Abidan knights. The last sign of a possible invasion resulted in the mysterious disappearance of the Malkut battalion. The details of the incident are not well known.

Since then, Baruch Malkut shifted its viewpoint to defense rather than attack. They almost take pride in provoking neighbors, goading them to assault them in their territory. They do this by allowing their slave raiders (which they publically don't knowledge or support) to strike deep into Laurama and House Skyrose for their stocks.

Soldiers within the Malkut army are trained in guerilla tactics, using quick strikes to ambush opponents, assassinate leaders, and destroy supply lines. They perfect this practice by maximizing the swamps and marshes that permeate the entire kingdom. Even if Kannos, Limshau, and Abidan were to unite and bring in other allies from the Finer Fire Pits, Gnimfall, Laurama and the half dozen free houses around the land, a combined invasion into Baruch Malkut would be costly. Armies would be slowed. Supplies would diminish. Morale would drop from unrest. As Baruch Malkut brought their forces to bear, they would abandon their outlying villages, burn their border keeps to ash and allow the invasion to push into their territory before revealing themselves. The order of cloth would assassinate leaders. Raiders would burn caravans of supplies. The Malkut militia would make even the hardest victory by their enemies so sour as to ponder the logic of such a war.

Every bog would be polluted with human and elvish blood. Every hill would be covered in the corpses of dead soldiers. Malkut would publically assassinate captured leaders, committing heinous torture upon the officers before sending the remains back to their lands. Slaves would be executed and drive into posts as warnings of the cost of invasion. Owners would destroy their stocks before releasing them to aggressors.

The marsh gets even thicker moving south, infected with various vile bugs and creatures only the Malkuts are aware of. Finally reaching the peninsula, hidden traps and stealthy thuggees would slice armies down without offering a target. Any survivors would be so demoralized as to prefer surrender and a quick death rather than walk another second in the swamps of the "blessed kingdom".

As long as they remain in their borders, Baruch Malkut is nearly intractable.

years and add that suspicious markings lead some to believe it a fraud. Either way, the colossal mile long, eight-legged, beast bears no resemblance to any known creature. Current theory points to a sea monster swept on the shore, already dead. Buildings sprouted under, over, and inside the skeleton.

Although rich in fishing and farmland, Itinera remains unpopular with the king. Rash words spoken by its first appointed ruler, Fateen Warros, resulted in his execution. Since then, the average life expectancy of a Lord of Itinera is about fifteen years. Given that, the town has lived through ten lords. The current and longest tenure is with Tarfah Khan, who keeps his nose clean and his head down.

Focus: Many Thieves come from Itinera though the most popular export is the Hive.

KARUM (3,000 gp)

Most of Karum spreads out into the water. Like Itinera, Karum is a coastal town, focusing mostly on fishing. Katiaro Kusan, its initial appointed ruler, was lucky to have built his community in a bay, away from the ravaging waves of open water. With that, most the town expanded into the ocean rather than into land. Most of the houses float and the majority of the roads lift and fall with tide levels. The town has even been known to reorganize itself, as the moorings are loosed and the houses rearranged. Unlike Itinera, Karum has always been in good favors with the king. The current ruler Matoko Kusan, enjoys the profitable relationship.

Focus: Like most of Baruch Malkut, the most popular choice is still the Assassin and the Bandit.

KAVUS (2,000 gp)

Thought not rich, Kavus holds the largest landmass of any city in Baruch Malkut. In only a few short decades, it doubled in size twice. An ingenious engineer, Frances Goyer, developed a way to grow a variety of different plants in the marshlands around Faustis. He erected a concrete lattice covering the entirety of the farming land. Each square segment measures precisely 40 feet and the entire lattice covers 1000 square miles of marshlands with plans to double that in the next hundred years. The export from Kavus supplies food to almost every single city in the kingdom. The produce grown ranges from fussy and hard to grow exotic spices to potatoes

and onions, which actually occupy the main export, shipped out to the massive standing armies Darius operates on the borders of the empire.

Focus: Because of the need to protect the farmer caravans, many of training elect to be Juggernauts or Wilderness Nomads.

MASKELL **(2,000 gp)**

The entirety of Maskell sits atop stilts. Only the insanity of Darius Konig permits such an undertaking. An obscure scroll indicated an ancient device hiding under the wetlands of the southern tip. Thankfully, the land also brims over with new varieties of decapods, allowing Maskell to thrive even though operating with an ulterior motive. Citizens scour the landscape daily, looking for an item they may never find. The town's current rule, Anthony Stewart, hoards the profits from the fishing industry. The entire population lives upon elevated housing, while the marshlands underneath shift and weaves with the waters. Bridges and boats connect the communities. The planned train network will run to Stewart's keep.

Focus: By some odd act of fate, water Elemental Tuners have been seen emerging from Maskell though Thieves are still the most common export.

MATRONIS **(5,000 gp)**

Built to offset traffic to Tobias, Matronis expanded quickly in a fruitful landscape. A blossoming lumber industry provided the bulk of their income, as the south marshlands are wood poor.

Matronis claims to be fulfilling a public service in the administration of slaves. Although not a slave capital like Tobias, Matronis operates a large administration network for regulating the slave population exported around and outside the kingdom. The population does not commit to raids as often but do operate several training facilities, more so than Tobias.

Some enslaved pray for death. Others pray for Matronis. One could call it the lesser of two evils, but that does not detract that the training, or re-education, of Matronis is less evasive, though mostly still as effective. A few more broken subjects rebel against their masters here than in Tobias, but Matronis trainers insist their techniques imprint fewer mental scars, leaving the subject more sociable while still obedient. They also claim those disobeying and lashing at their owners suffered extreme mistreatment beyond what is expected by civilized proprietors. A charter of policies and standards, enforced by the government, details the practices considered acceptable by the system. These guidelines are not imposed or enforced by Tobias or any other slave ring.

Being closer to Limshau, Matronis usually deals with damaskan elves. However, they don't often pilfer directly from the kingdom, preferring the dozens of smaller free villages scattered between the two nations or from daring slaver-wavecrashers (aptly named "Slave-crashers") that seized their prey from across the ocean. Mostly, they handle overflow from Tobias, which operates mostly as a staging post for acquiring and selling product. Matronis deals with most of the education and few products are directly sold from here. Despite claims of civility, all other kingdoms refute the declaration and consider Matronis as corrupt and evil as the other slaver cities. This has not stopped Matronis gaining a reputation of quality among the trafficking circles. Most high-priced concubines are sold from Matronis. The subjects they directly sell usually fetch a higher price, reserved for the wealthy elite of the kingdom and beyond.

Focus: Matronis slavers are almost all bandits.

In no order of priority or importance regarding property

•An owner is expected to keep his property in relative good health, supplying proper clothes and food, and may face fines if found to mistreat said property.

•Ensure all transfer papers are properly filled out if property is sold back to the state or to another buyer.

•Physical labor involving property should be limited to no longer than 12-hour shifts. Sexual encounters are not included in this limitation. Breaks are up to the prerogative of the owner.

•Property is not permitted to leave an owner or his/her controlled land without written permission (forms available must be filled out exactly) from said owner. Subjects must have passports or they will be detained and returned. The owner may face a fine for the inconvenience.

•The owner may not destroy property. Subjects found unsafe or guilty of a crime will be turned over to the state to be either re-educated or exterminated humanely.

•Although the owner may praise or reward property, said property is not allowed to acquire or keep anything of financial value under their own name. Everything falls under ownership of the buyer. Selling the property does not transfer any additional goods.

•Owners are expected to handle disobedience in a humane manner and should avoid punishment that inflicts permanent physical or psychological damage.

•A seller may face fines or imprisonment if failing to disclose a property's detailed health as well as the limit of their physical and mental conditioning. This includes fraudulent claims of a subject's virginity or sexual experience.

•Prepubescent property should be limited to labor roles only.

•The owner is encouraged, but not expected, to compensate property, supply education, and/or offer any affection,

•Property sold to brothels or purchased for the intent of prostitution carry their own charter of rules (see Policies of Fey Trafficking for Sexual Vending).

•Single-owner sexual property may be given concubine status only if the property is half-breed (see Policies of Owned Concubines).

•House elves (kobolds) are not bound by any rules listed here).

Remember, happy property is loyal property!

Matronis Page 1 Charter

MIYNOS **(15,000 gp)**

Gabriel Owen, born a farmer, migrated to religious icon seemingly overnight. He claimed an angel appeared to him. It declared that they departed the Earth a long time ago but returned to shepherd mankind through this delicate age. It spoke of the final test of mankind and the impurities walking the Earth. It preached a gospel of unity of mankind but also spoke of striking down heathens not following the true word. Many outside of Baruch claimed Owen cracked years earlier with the death of his wife in a goblin raid. Others within still claim righteous blessing. Owen gathered his followers and they quickly swore to his word. Dozens turned to hundreds and the preacher finally uprooted the population and shifted their location south. Fifteen years ago, after weeks of traveling, they reached the hillside and found Miynos prospering there with a population of damaskans, gimfen, and humans. Owen ordered an attack and the entire non-human population was dragged out of their homes and murdered. Owen offered amnesty and forgiveness to the human residents,

eventually executing by fire dozens more until the unrest subsided. The fanatics of Gabriel Owen settled into their new home. A month passed and Owen gave word to Darius Konig of their intention to enter. Darius accepted the invitation with open arms and Miynos remained a loyal disciple of the kingdom ever since. Owen still claims he talks to the Angel today though no one has ever seen it.

Yes, I know. I agree. We will forgive them. Shuffle on to the next life. Fire lubricates the journey beyond. It burns the clean and unclean but those without sin feel no pain. I walk over coals; wipe sweat and double back to prove my worth. Set the world afire. I will fan the flames of condemnation to those worthy of smite.

Gabriel Owen
The Terran Bible

Focus: The Miyonos honor guard to Owen are mostly Weapon Bonded with a few Fanatics intermingled, worshiping human faiths.

NASSAU **(5,000 gp)**

Konig offered a choice to Nassau's ruler, Bilford Gram. Nassau recently breached a natural reservoir of crude oil. Baruch Malkut either receives 100% of the town's export or be declared heathens by the state. Nassau wished to join Limshau and secret talks already secured such an arrangement with Athenaeum across the border. In only a few short years, Nassau rose to power and fell under the eyes of both governments. Nassau only remained with Baruch Malkut over fear. Bilford's greatest panic lies with his secret.

Before relenting to Darius' demands, Gram embarked on a personal crusade of self-discovery after years in solitude in his keep. Not a single marriage prospect that pranced and danced in front of his throne ever intrigued him. He decided to leave with a small entourage to travel the world outside the city he inherited from his father and lived in all his life. Alas, a group of trolls rose from the soil over an evening and devoured the majority of his entourage. The last two met their death the next day in a landslide, leaving Billford alone. He decided to soldier back to his silk and down-filled coop. Alas, he was also lost and ended up traveling the wrong direction under overcast skies for three days before realizing his mistake. Fearing the worst, he finally stumbled upon a seldom tread road and discovered a Tobias slaver caravan. Gathering what courage lay deep under a crust of pageantry, Bilford drew his father's weapon and attacked the caravan. Despite tripping after his initial charge, the gauche knight, with dried mud covering his once silver-plated armor, now speckled with chips, cleaved the slavemaster before any others even realized the lethality of their opponent. Bilford successfully slew the other two before a fallen enemy ran a dagger between a gap in Bilford's thigh. Screaming in agony, the valiant defender stumbled back, tripped, and fell upon his attacker, running a shoulder divot into the man's forehead, killing him instantly. The wound, though superficial and already clotting, woke Bilford to the preposterousness of an untrained aspirant prince's pursuit of knightly valor. The deed had been done and the injured champion checked for his prize.

The slavers held neither gold nor trophies, save for the unbroken elf, Abellis Feathertan, recently kidnapped from the Limshau city of Athenaeum. Having encountered few humans in her life save for her attackers, she was initially dubious of her savior. They also fought with an arduous language barrier since neither spoke the other's native tongue. Luckily, her skill in tracking and navigation allowed her to gain her bearing and lead her new protector back to her home city. Thankfully, the following weeklong journey back to her land did not force the chivalrous Gram to attempt his clumsiness again. Abellis, a skilled warrior and artiste with the brush, was quite aware of her savior's ham-fisted aptitude at swordplay. Oddly enough, she found his momentary bravery and continued loyalty to her side far more impressive as a result. Billford was no dim fool, possessing a chiseled intellect from years of schooling from qualified tutors. With little experience outside his walls, he was unprepared for the striking beauty of the waif. Despite their incapacity to understand each other, with action, Bilford swore his soul to Abellis. He considered this the one action in his life not preordained by his family's tradition. Abellis accepted the offer, still two days from the city. Although Billford was unaware at the time, the two had bonded, tied forever in a way no spell or technology could sever. When the elder custodian of Athenaeum, Nyman Feathertan, her father, heard of the bond, he chastised his daughter's impulsiveness. Nyman informed Bilford of the implication of what occurred. Knowing his newly inherited town and keep sat precariously close to Baruch Malkut and such a bond would bring condemnation, many expected Bilford would flee home and pray under bed covers for the secret to stay buried. Instead, his newfound loyalty in heart took hold and Billford swore to uphold the seal of their bond. He pleaded Nyman to pressure Limshau into protecting and annexing Nassau but such help could not be spared. Nassau was too small and too far away. Bilford considered abdicating but news would leak to the reason and a town with elvish blood in their royalty, even removed, would bring the wrath of Miynos nearby and their army of fanatics. Bilford even contemplating faking his death and renouncing his name but Abellis insisted he return and honor the pledge to his town. Unable to bring his love home, Bilford sulked back to his keep.

All was not lost. The Lord Gram found reasons often to take holiday in the north, with claims of hunting and fishing, diligently fulfilled by allied knights aware of Gram's assignations. This affair continued successfully for ten years until Konig's forces arrived and appropriated the town into the kingdom. A decade passed and with untrusting eyes following the lord with every step, Bilford could no longer feel the soft flesh of his love across the fields. Though still able to communicate in ways untraced by all but the most powerful magic, the two bonded could no longer touch. Time passes and with each day, it betrays Bilford to his king. Many simply believe Gram looks very young for his age. When time finally reveals the truth, Darius Konig will crucify the peaceful man for the love of a mate he has not seen in those many years. She still lives in Athenaeum, hoping to one-day reunite in a land of peace.

Focus: Gram's loyal Order of Abellis (though most in the order and out of it know nothing of the title's meaning) are all Crusaders or Cavaliers.

ORLOV **(500 gp)**

Orlov, originally a gimfen fishing town, was captured by forces from Baruch Malkut 100 years ago. The army forced the population to finish the dock under whip with no reward. However, instead of execution, as was ordered by the king upon completion of their task, Colonel Raiphis Jarvis let them return to Gnimfall from whence they emigrated. In the past five years of the occupation, the Colonel saw no evidence of corruption by mingling with the non-humans and found the captives agreeable and easy to manage. For this act of kindness, King Darius flayed the flesh from Jarvis' bones. Knowing of his eventual fate, Jarvis sent his wife and two daughters north. Though aware of the risks in traveling alone

in the open land, Jarvis preferred it over sharing their fate with him. Luckily, rangers from Gnimfall, aware of the sacrifice and seeking out the family based on information handed to them from the escapees, discovered and adopted them into the city, where they would live from then on. The gimfen, loyal and responsible, swore to support the family line for the sacrifice the human colonel had made. The Jarvis line continues a century years later, though mixed now with the resident bloodlines, and as self-sustaining members of the community and not leaches upon it. They swear to the destruction of Baruch Malkut and since most of the men serve in the military, push for an invasion. Where Limshau wishes to strike at Sykar and Laurama to Vallis, Gnimfall looks to only Orlov.

Focus: The current military in Orlov consists of mostly Bandits and Weaponmasters.

SYKAR (4,000 gp)

A colossal military front sprung up literally over the course of a week, leading many to believe Sykar featured more powerful wizards than all of the rest of Baruch Malkut, a civilization previously thought weak in that regard. Population filled the castle quickly, overflowing with armed troops and siege equipment. Although designed obviously for defense, most of the supplies and manpower shifted to Sykar was reserved for an assault. This resulted in the bolstering of defenses in the Limshau city of Zorahn across the border. Sykar appeared ready for a first strike against Limshau. Fifteen years ago, spies skillful and stealthy observed the gathering of forces there. The castle became engorged with increasing numbers from southern villages. Trebuchets sat on the fields north of the wall, unable to fit inside the periphery, crammed with tents and smith fires. Estimations placed the army nearly at 8,000 with another 5,000 en route. Although not an intimidating force in numbers, they compensated with engines of demolition, perfectly tuned for the walls of Limshau cities. An odd observation came from the noted absence of spellcasters. Though believed to have used the arcane energy to forge the castle in a moon's phase, these assumed casters were no longer present. Had they been called back to the capital, or had they not existed at all? Such a fact was trivial in the face of the impending attack. Despite the relentless crawl of the siege machines, the army, when finally given the order, would reach Zorahn with barely enough time to receive reinforcements from neighbors. The spies took watch every evening, keeping one set of eyes of the keep, waiting for the raising flag and opening gates.

One morning, dawn flags did not rise. Flames died to strands of smoke. The doors stayed closed. The scouts feared defeat in their dedication and accused negligence. While another on mount raced north to catch the army, the other attempted to creep to the keep. The latter found the castle totally deserted. Not a single servant or child had been left behind. Bread continued to rise under moist towels on windowpanes. Beaten steel softened and melted in unsupervised forges. With the return of the other scout, both realized their duties had not been compromised.

One night, fifteen years ago, everyone in Sykar vanished. The entire population, including its founder, Franco Bogdono, disappeared. All their belongings and supplies remained. Though they might have abandoned their posts, many had sworn loyalty to the King Darius and would die before turning craven. Not a single resident of the city appeared again. To prevent Limshau from expanding to take the empty stronghold, King Darius rushed an army to repopulate the deserted castle. Many members of the new army occupying believed Sykar to be cursed. A few of the new arrivals did actually desert their posts. No reports of unexplained disappearances occurred since the initial one.

Focus: The military currently occupying Sykar comprise mostly of Bandits and Weaponmasters.

TOBIAS (800 gp)

Very poor in land, Tobias and its current ruler, Mica Kao, remains popular with the king due to the city's sizable slave export. Tobias sports very skilled bandits and rangers trained in the hunting and capture of live humanoids. They mostly track down stray chaparrans from and around Laurama but unfortunately, some damaskans get nabbed as well, often bringing reprisal from the vindictive and militaristic custodians.

Although Tobias operates no more than a dozen contracted slaver caravans outside Malkut's border, estimates place another two dozen mercenary units in the same region, preferring not to follow any code of conduct enforced by the city, such as there are. A few rare ones possess technology to assist their gathering despite the king's denouncement of its uses. Independent slavers are a particularly brutal bunch and seldom sell product without bruises and disfigurements inflicted during capture and shipping. The military also supplies numerous slaves from military engagements. Because of the fair incentive offered for slaves, the armed forces of Baruch Malkut try their best to acquire as many prisoners as possible in hopes of reaping the rewards. Often enough, some elves commit suicide rather than be taken alive.

Contracted slavers operate both the caravans and the re-education housings in the city. As a result, well more stock arrives than Tobias can handle, resulting in massive exports to Matronis, originally founded by Fernum Cao to handle the surplus training. Though representatives from Limshau have yet to uncover evidence, Tobias claimed a full fifth of their merchandise is exported outside of Malkut's borders.

It was with this need that designers in Tobias proposed the BM-Rail network to the King. Tobias would sit in the center as the nexus of the system. Originally intended to only shepherd their slaving export, the designs expanded quickly to include supplies and weapons as well to outlying communities, especially those on the border with Limshau.

Merchandise brought in from contracts or mercenaries is filtered through a system known as Traffick Control. The merchandise is examined thoroughly and appraised. They utilize a complicated system, first grading the merchandise in the fields of wellness, strength, endurance, beauty, endowments, and intelligence. The latter may be hard to test for considering the initial resistance of captives until hearing those that deemed stubborn or stupid are sent to the harshest camps and receive the most extreme forms of conditioning. They soon understand, often told by other submissive slaves, that disclosure ensures a peaceable, efficient, and speedy transition. The final report lists the respected grades with suggestions on re-education procedures and eventual occupation. From there, a few are sold right off the truck as raw goods though there is no guarantee of safety and all slavers recommend a minimum training period, though the cost does increase. Those sold are usually done so because training would be too costly or because the buyer wishes to outsource the conditioning to an independent educator rather than the state-run facilities. However, no less than 1% of arrived stocks are sold this way as greater profits are netted from the full procedure and with leasing.

Children are separated from adults and both groups are divided into their sexes. Races are often also separated but not always. Damaskans are by far the hardest to break and usually carry permanent deep mental scarring but those properly conditioned seldom revolt. In comparison, chapar-

Merchandise recommended lease price guidelines
Set forth by Tobias Council of Standards
(in dollars)

Concubine (Tobias-Standard)	*1500*
Concubine (Tobias-Select)	*3500*
Concubine (Matronis Grade)	*9000*
Labor (Male)	*150*
Labor (Female)	*250*
Labor (Child Male)	*50*
Labor (Child Female)	*75*
House Elf (Kobold)*	*20*
Race	
Tenenbri	*+50*
Chaparran	*+25*
Damaskan	*+50*
Other (Laudenian, Narros, etc)	*+20*
Skills	
Animal Husbandry	*+50*
Artistry (Painting, Sculpture)	*+150*
Carpentry	*+20*
Cooking	*+15*
Farmer / Hunter	*+50*
Performance (Music, Dance, Singing)	*+50 each*
Weaving	*+15*
Forge-work	*+50*
Other Options	
Unparalleled Beauty (Matronis Grade)	*+2000*
Recycled	*-20%*
A Grade Stamina and Strength	*+150*
Maiden Status	*+1000*
Halo	*+500*
Total Sale	*x5 Price*

Female labor is usually below standards for concubine status or feature unwanted disfigurements or a violent personality that required severe conditioning. She may also be not adequately intelligent to receive extensive re-education to be a concubine.

Other includes pagus, or various other spawn races. Tilen are forbidden by Konig decree.

It should be noted that all registration cards with all merchandise rate product in grades of "A" to "D", "A" being choice and "D" being a failure. Though these grades are easily assigned in the fields of strength, intelligence, and physical beauty, other fields are harder to quantify. These standards include a rating for virginity, which can be a vague subject to measure as most fey races place little to no significance on such purity. Most elf cultures neither place it as shame or pride and neither as a rite of passage nor as a commodity to sell. Fey biology is also difficult to measure. One must use more costly means involving either deep psychological probing or spellwork. This testing option must be purchased beforehand even though such knowledge is virtually worthless to anyone but the buyer. Popular demand insists the option be offered.

Total price is for a permanent family bound subject, not leased to the process facility but owned outright by the buyer. Most merchandise is not offered as a total, or permanent, sale.

** Kobolds (or house elves) are sold almost exclusively from breeding pens and neither possess advanced skills or can fall under other options listed above. They are always sold, never leased.*

rans seem to accept education quickly but must be kept away from any heavily wooded areas lest they relapse, forcing the process to be repeated. Damaskans are the most common site in the markets, then chaparran, then tenenbri. Narros, laudenian, and gimfen slaves are rare. Pagus appear now and again. Most males are used as forced labor though a few younger ones can be found in places of business. Children of both sexes are usually kept as pets for the super rich, serving the needs of the mistresses, noblewomen, and ladies wealthy and respected. Virtually all the lords and landowners of the kingdom keep at least one elven concubine on hand, a sign of their affluence. A few even gather every year at convention to showcase their recent acquisitions. Some gloat about replacing their models every year or owning multiples, some to fill whatever needs enter their head. One claims to own a slave for every night of the week while another boasts his great keep beds one concubine for each guestroom, referring to the merchandise as "furniture"-a common derogatory for sexual slavery among the rich in Malkut. Often enough, most of the other slaves keep the new arrivals in line and some large houses keep a head slave the others look to for authority. However, the quality concubines herald from Matronis and most only purchase their fetish from Tobias when cost is an issue or when the stocks of the other town run low.

Quality product sometimes becomes an issue, as Tobias is known to inflict great hardships on the slaves during re-education. Damaskan elves set for bedding are usually sold with their tongues tipped (the first inch is severed) and almost all males are often castrated. Seldom are slaves lucky enough to be sold to a buyer of clemency. The females often can live in relative comfort and freedom in their menagerie as long as they keep their masters happy. Some of the slaves kept for extended stays in Tobias sometimes offer a tale to the hopeful of the prosperous aristocrat, once a knight of the code, entering under pompous banner to clean out the new stocks of those innocent or alluring. He turns and leaves the kingdom, releasing his cache when to safety. The stories add the knight, aged by a short human life, still looks as striking and as captivating from the day he grew to manhood and that any female he rescues feels compelled to bed him in gratitude for the rescue. This is usually told to keep the slaves placid until education begins. They receive their marks which denote which facility will train them and in which path. Further marks will include ownership tags to assist recovered property in being returned. Marked fey with only facility tags but not marks from buyers are brutally punished and, on rare occasion, killed. Surprisingly, slaves are executed publicly only on extreme cases. The current belief holds that any creature can be properly broken and only if the slave murdered their master would a death sentence follow. Slaves found to be dangerous or disloyal are usually returned for additional training. There has never been a recorded slave uprising in the entire kingdom.

Because Darius Konig reviles techa as well, he has legalized the keeping of human slaves captured from bastions. Though uncommon, it has occurred. These instances are usually destined for hard labor, as the risk of disease and pregnancy is too high for them to be trained for prostitution or sexual ownership. Regardless of their destinations, they seldom undergo the same procedures and never to the extent of non-humans. Despite Konig's law refusing fey to breed, an underground system in Tobias allows for a small program in place to supply stock if the incoming captured slaves do not meet demand. Though children are easier to educate than adults, the biggest problem is time since a fey child takes 60 years to mature. Slaves are sold to a buyer and seldom to a house and fey outliving their master not purchased by other members of said house, are confiscated by the government, reeducated, and placed back on the market. Even with a full lifespan of a human, recycled fey

remain highly priced as they hardly would have aged a day in the interim, especially if they survived the previous owner with little damage.

After being checked, separated, and tagged, some of the top-end merchandise is sent directly to Matronis while most are fed through the industry of conditioning Tobias operates efficiently. This method of conditioning eventually turns the final product into a domesticated animal, punished when disobedient, rewarded when compliant. The training encourages the belief that the slave should trust and love only the owner and his kin, and doubt all others, even other slaves. They are broken from one natural state to another, changing one's accepted role and path in life. They will no longer be independent, requiring their master for their very survival. The conditioning removes their natural state of mind, leaving the body as intact as possible. All resistance must be removed for even a small seed will blossom to a full revolt. As mentioned before, some mutilation does occur to those especially rebellious. For females, most of the conditioning involves the prospective buyer, when possible. The process seldom employs magic, considered far too costly. Only when a product is especially resistant will a caster be called to permanently fix the problem. This usually increases the price significantly. The fear of magical manipulation is more than enough to keep the subjects inline. The common threat refers to the "Halo," a crown-like hollow ring of silver filled with hundreds of copper spheres, like bearings, rolling exposed on the inside. When placed over an elf's (and only an elf's) head, the halo begins to warp the mind of the subject, erasing memories and inserting artificial ones endorsing the new life. The halo forces the image upon the elf that they are property and possess no rights. Finally, it re-writes the elf's very disposition, making it more docile, friendly, and compliant. Even new interests and tastes can be inserted, amalgamated perfectly into the new spirit. This new personality feels less complete than the previous one, with little to no fire left in his or her eyes. Those wanting concubines with an aggressive passion often prefer more traditional methods as a "haloed" elf is totally submissive to her partner, regardless of the appetites inflicted. The process takes more than an hour to complete and after which, is irreversible. The previous mind is rewritten with little left over for salvaging. The new personality is so deficient, the elf can no longer bond, even if ordered to or if willingly attempted by the elf. Despite altered techniques using the Halo, this side effect cannot be reversed. Oddly enough, pagus, tilen, and demons are immune to the halo, though no one knows why.

In actuality, there are probably less than three or four halos currently in Baruch Malkut, all of which are tagged with a hearty bounty for their retrieval and destruction by rival nations. Replacing one is costly, rumored to be more than 150,000 dollars. No one is sure who made them or when, as its power seems beyond the capacity of any caster in the realm. Rumors point to a demonic origin since pagus cannot be effected by the halo. The halo successfully instilled enough fear in the arriving subjects to be as acquiescent as possible lest they receive the crown.

Since product fed through this system is sold for an extremely high price, the slave industry remains the city's greatest export. Booming alcohol and rice production comes a close second and actually draws greater profits since all those businesses operate with almost an entire slave force.

Since the founding of Tobias more than 250 years ago, some estimates placed 50,000 to as many as 100,000 elves of varying types passing through Tobias to be sold, educated, or recycled since its inception. Since elvish kingdoms do not report even a tenth of that number missing, it is assumed the majority of fey in Baruch Malkut come from Slavecrashers and Shorerunner shipments from Southam as well as Euras and Arkonnia across the ocean.

The biggest flaw in the system is that it is not self-sustaining. One cannot easily breed their own product. Fey cannot be forced to bond and it is still the single most difficult thing to force them to do. Even if one were to successfully develop a breeding program, new stock would only occur every two years because of the elvish gestation cycle and the result would require more than 60 years before the young reach an age before they can be sold for a reasonable profit. Thankfully, their long age allows for continual recycling and some elves have revolved through the system a dozen times, being sold for profit at every rotation.

Tobias is the center point of 95% of all slave traffic in Canam and its destruction would irrevocably cripple the industry. Both Limshau and Laurama ruling parties agree (and the few times they do) that when war finally breaks out with Baruch Malkut, Tobias is their first target. Being located within the marshy expanse common to the land, any attack would be difficult and costly.

Focus: Tobias slavers, contract or not, are often Weaponmaster or Bandits, though a few employ Pathfinders to search out prey.

VALLIS **(2,000 gp)**

Initially started as a raider camp, Vallis expanded as increasingly daring slavers quested into Laurama to snatch prey. This stopover point was required since the chaparrans of this dense forest made the slaver's tasks exceedingly difficult. When the origin of the attackers was finally discovered, Oakenevan declared Laurama forbidden to all non-fey. Mercenary and contracted slaver caravans formed from Vallis to coordinate actions without long travel times on their raids. Despite detailed maps and warning systems in place, the forming of Vallis to ensure the safety of the caravans met with only limited success. Raiding Laurama is still the riskiest venture though is often still preferred than attempting a damaskan raid. Chaparrans seldom pursue their prey past the wood unlike the custodians from Limshau, who would pursue a caravan back to the market if able to catch a scent and track. Where raiders into Limshau strike more at passing travelers and the free villages not officially under their care, marauders from Vallis must penetrate deep into the forest to net their prey, treading on the home soil of the xenophobic species. Raiders keep their time in the forest to an absolute minimum, but have recently been forced to dive deeper and deeper as either the prey have reduced, have moved further in the forest, or have grown skillful in the arts of stealth.

When a caravan stumbled on merchandise, they acted quickly to subdue their targets before they vanished into the brush. A few fought back but with never much vigor. This soon changed. Chaparrans started to struggle less. For a short time, stocks were plentiful. One day, an entire mercenary caravan failed to return. More than a dozen search parties scoured the area around the forest and several braved the wood to search inside. Not a single wheel or broken sword was ever recovered. One of the search teams, a contracted slaver, also failed to return. Such disappearances began to occur more frequently. At first, only one caravan a year disappeared, but this soon increased to every six months. A few years ago, this rate ballooned to one raider caravan every other month. The slavers returning with full holds or not, never complained about reprisal or severe resistance. When the chaparrans strike, they do so with absolute determination, ensuring nothing escapes, never wasting energy on ineffective raids. This struck morale greater

than anything before and several mercenary caravans quit outright, shifted their direction north to Limshau, or figured braving the wild ocean was safer. Even though many Vallis slave-hunters vanish in the wood every year, many still arrive to try their luck at the very lucrative industry.

What concerns the current ruler of Vallis, Dal Monsen, is the efficiency of these disappearance and the total lack of any evidence of how such armed caravans vanish utterly with never a single survivor escaping to tell his tale. Monsen fears a greater secret to the forest than simply elite bowmen.

Focus: Like Tobias, Vallis caravans are comprised mostly of Weaponmasters, Bandits, and Pathfinders.

OKEANOS

Once called the Atlantic, Okeanos shrunk in size considerably. Now, deeper and more dangerous, massive storms wrack the waters every day. Travel between the two major landmasses is shorter but hazardous. Coupled with increased monstrous activity, both bastion and echan travel over Okeanos take to the air, avoiding the water at all costs. A few tried and succeeded by water, but most agreed afterward it was not worth the ordeal. Only Wavecrashers attempt the journey now. The most common path leaves the York seaport and flies in a northern curve, finally reaching the Porto echan port of Tartess.

TALLAGE MARKET **(60,000 gp)**

The market sprouted from fleeing pilgrims from Southam when the tenenbri ravaged the mountains and the ogres spread from the East. Few survived the trek through the Gloam. Others sailed from western ports where they reached the southern tip of Eastern Canam. Many spread through the continent to find new lives but some remained, and were fated to turn into Baruch Malkut. Those traveling north not incorporating into other nations formed the Tallage Market. It blossomed into a massive open bazaar where anyone can come to buy, sell, or barter what they have. Descendants of the original pilgrims operate the laws of Tallage

Tallage security keep the businesses honest and can easily spot transgressions since many flim-flam artists tried numerous times to con foolhardily buyers. At any time, there are more than 2,000 shops of various types in the market, spread out over miles of valleys and paths.

Focus: Those from Tallage seldom take such aggressive roles. Those that do often remain with rogue paths, thief being the most popular.




Okeanos
Delecoure
Lhamare
Aeros
Skogra
Vanaka
Reafe
Nadirra
Shorerunner // Taus
Promontrig
Cragarran
Ocea
Nuya Koppa
-Legend-
Bastions
Kingdoms

SOUTHAM

Skogra, Nadirra, and the Aeros network



Aeros

Human pilgrims from the south claim they erected the rope network before being forced to evacuate to the north. The narros assert they built it. Regardless, the tenenbri surely did not and the engineering knowledge required is beyond the ogres, even the civilized ones. When Attricana opened, its deluge washed clean many of man's old sins upon nature. Nowhere was this clearer than in Southam, where the trees took back their land, previously scarred by severed stumps and ash covered soil. They grew massive, with trunks wider than houses and taller than any other natural trees on earth. Only the trees from fallen chaparrans grow higher. Every culture living on the land had to adapt, lest they get pushed to sea. Only the tenenbri resisted, vanishing under the mountains in defiance. Every other society adjusted. The ogres cut, the narros dug, and the humans climbed. Few humans remain in Southam today. The remains balance on the ropes of Aeros.

Thick and strong twisted rope runs between the tops of the stoutest trees. There are no pulleys or grapples, just two pairs of rope usually 10 to 20 feet apart. This network of ropes strings between dozens of trees across a quarter of the entire continent, covering hundreds and hundred of miles. The ropes are only used for guidance and for steering for the Aeros boats. The boats evolved from blimps, but feature few to no control surfaces, relying totally on their moorings to the ropes to guide them. Using hot air like the thermals in the north, the boats evolved to feature a much more aggressive sail structure, gifting the ships with unbelievable speed. Alas, if an Aeros boat were to break from its anchor, it would spiral out of control. The controllers shift weights and their own bodies to keep the boats stable when navigating the treetops. Occasionally, the boats dip underneath the canopy and only the skill of the controllers prevent them from crashing into passing trees. Hooks and parachutes slow the vehicles from their insane speeds when finally reaching their destination. All the ports for Aeros sit high in the canopy, built on top or across several trees.

The network runs south from Delecoure to near the periphery of Vanaka, over Nadirra and almost all the way to Skogra. Although the tenenbri dislike the system, they have never attempted to take it down. The narros use them occasionally and even a few ogres have been seen riding them.

Federa (200 gp)

Huge wind sails rise above the trees, operating the various mills below. A lucrative farming network has been set up—a greenhouse built upon the canopy. Various crops are cultivated, processed, and sold to travelers, usually merchants from other posts. The expanding sky farms make Federa the largest community though having only a modest 350 people. They receive most of their building supplies from a nearby narros settlement. The entire operation is co-owned by the narros Matthenge Gyrry and his human wife, Matilda. So far, in the east, they seldom suffer any attacks by raiders and only need to fight off the rogue aerial spawn. A positive trading relationship with Shogak helped defend against the raiders of Pica Machu.

Focus: Adventurers from Federa often choose Pathfinder, Wilderness Nomad, or Forest Defender.

Khonsu (100 gp)

Khonsu hangs from ropes similar to the Aeros network, between a trio of massive trees. Why the community allotted to build hanging houses rather than directly into or onto trees is unknown. Even the current inhabitants are unaware as they are the sixth generation inhabiting Khonsu. Like most towns in Southam, Khonsu has been abandoned and repopulated several times. Either the predecessors moved on or were paid to renounce their title. Many humans in Southam only live to save money to purchase one of the extremely pricey tickets on the shorerunner boats designed to handle the rough ocean waters traveling north to Canam. The dozen ropes are extremely durable and more than half could be severed before compromising the integrity of the suspension.

Khonsu hangs hundreds of flowerpots beneath its structure. Above, huge umbrellas and tarps atop the canopy collect rainwater (which may point to the original purpose of the settlement). Because of the massive precipitation in the area, Khonsu collects much more water than they require, even when rationing water to the gardens below. The water is clean and plentiful and keeps the community in relative

wealth. Several neighboring communities rely on Khonsu as their own water collection systems pale in comparison.

The current community is run by the human Rolan McKinley and his extended family. Considering more than 90% of the population is related, incestuous relationships are assumed. Rolan is married to his second cousin. This practice is believed to have begun before they purchased Khonsu from the previous community, run by Salvatore Almeida, who promptly took his family and friends to the shorerunner boats. McKinley's clan continued their practice despite the influx of immigrants and merchants. As a result, most pilgrims wishing to stay are ignored and outcast in the community and many despondent would later compare the clan to a cult run by an inbred leader.

Focus: Adventurers from Khonsu often choose Pathfinder, Wilderness Nomad, or Forest Defender.

SALVA (250 gp)

The stump of Salva is 800 feet tall and 250 feet wide, making the believed original tree truly overwhelming, though a few who know of it believe it to be a naturally occurring aberration for the felled tree is nowhere to be found. The tellers of myths at Salva argue that god or gods unseen planted the tree and later cut and lifted it for their own purposes. Another popular legend tells that the tree broke off of its own will and was not severed, which in the teller's argument, explains why the bark looks ripped into shards rather that cleanly sliced. The tree then flew into space to find another world to take root. Already new trees have begun to grow around. The wide girth of the stump is more than enough room for the community of Salva to flourish. The inhabitants jest with a claim they are "more rooted than any other in Southam." Unlike many of the continent, prone to wander a nomadic life, the people of Salva never shuffle on and have remained in place, generation after generation. This could be due to the fortress like outer wall created by the jagged splinters of bark. The community had formed within the rough texture of the stump. The old tree still seeps sap from the exposed wound of the break. This greenish fluid flows plentiful still and is bottled by the population for a profit. Just one vial (sold for 75 gp each), contains just over 2 ounces of liquid. One drop equals a full meal of food and water for an average humanoid. One vial can last a full month if not gorged in gluttony. If the entire vial is swigged, it replicates a random Minor Potion (no oils). There is no way to know which potion it replicates until the entire vial is consumed. Despite the price, the potions are sold often and traded for supplies from other posts and towns. Despite some claims, Salva Sap has never been proven to be addictive.

Focus: Adventurers from Salva often choose Pathfinder or Forest Defender.

TOCO (2,000 gp)

Legends contend Toco as the initial Aeros colony, the first that instigated the network. Unlike other posts, built upon trees, Toco was erected at the peak of a narrow mountain virtually impossible to climb given its sheer cliff faces on all sides. The column-shaped mountain is taller than most surrounding trees and the single grand all-wood keep occupies the entire summit. The current inhabitants, two generations ago, took control of the deserted colony, finding no signs of the previous settlers. Self declared oracles claimed Toco to be cursed and that a family line cannot linger more than two generations before throwing their crazed bodies from the edge. The Alvaro family line declared themselves royalty despite not earning such a title through dragon endorsement or from bloody conquest from blade and bow. Many other posts in Aeros refuse to acknowledge their nobility and Alvaro still has yet to amass a military force large enough to enforce their assumed authority. They also refuse to believe the curse and other settlements are secretly hoping to stumble upon Toco empty again.

No less than half a dozen Aeros lines run to Toco and the assembly built allows the boats to slide past without breaking speed in passing. More than a dozen other posts sit within a three-hour boat ride.

A current controversy has arisen with the heir apparent, Maura Alvaro, swearing her love and bonding with a tenenbri from Vakai, Slanamorfus. Maura has never lied or deceived her public in regards to their meeting. Maura had taken a boat on a journey to find an appropriate husband from one of the few respected settlements in the network. She was en route to the distant Salva colony to evaluate Costanca suitors. A wandering beast pairing vulture and spider, twice the size of the boat, attacked her ship. Only Maura survived, tossed into the river below. She worked her way back from the mountains but was ambushed by a small band of wandering ogres. Well armed and protected, Maura held her best against them but numbers proved superior and the human was doomed to die if the wandering tenenbri hadn't stumbled past and jumped in to protect.

"Leave," he said sharply. The breath of the last ogre was still escaping as he spoke. A few strands of his white and shadow-accented hair fell from the knot. He only gave Maura a glance as he drew his blade from the beast.

"Excuse me," she responded, still limping from the ankle cut. Maura required her blade to stand erect, keeping pressure off the wound. It wasn't too severe. The tendons were spared and worst would pass.

"I know your words…leave," he repeated, flicking the blood off the short, double-edged blade with a snap. He rolled the weapon over his shoulder. The magnetic scabbard drew the sword the rest of the way and locked it in place. The sun reflected off his hollow eyes as he scanned the carnage for his lost dagger. With blood and ogre parts scattered about, it would take time. He wore his chains tight in the waist and legs, loose in the arms and chest. Leather bracers covered the shins and forearms. Thin cloth protected his skin from the steel. His scaled helmet, tiny and such that it was, had fallen when he approached like a cat on all fours from under the grass in his ambush.

"What is your name?" Maura asked.

"No, speak nothing." His eyes still scanned the remains.

She leaned forward and made another step. "Why can I not know?" She smirked, noticing his dagger. It was driven in the back of the decapitated ogre, hidden in grime of blood. She squirmed, slightly bending to retrieve it.

"Your life is still in danger," he answered. She groaned, pulling the curved weapon from the dead. She held it up for him. He paused a moment, then walked up and snatched the weapon from her hand. He turned around as quickly.

"From who," she said to his back.

"Me. My kind."

"I must know your name," Maura asked softly. The elf turned sharply to look to her with his dead eyes. He didn't meet hers. They didn't have to.

"You order me, noble?—"

"Please?" she interrupted. He opened his mouth to retort again, but nothing emerged. She repeated. "Please."

"Slan," he finally revealed.

"Is my life truly in danger from you?"

"Perhaps not," he responded, looking around the scene again, though for what now, neither knew. "Suggest you still

move on. Walk east, three days. Climb a tree and wave a boat."

"And if I was to walk west—" she said with a slight smirk.

"Nothing welcomes you there."

She stepped again closer, hardly trying to wash the curiosity from her face. "Humans have a tradition to protect those they save."

"We don't, but if you like. Three days, east." He offered him her back and started to walk away.

"Does the prospect of talking to me frighten you?" she asked. He did not turn.

"The more you attempt kindness, the more time you waste."

"I wish to know you."

"Your desire is from being near. It will pass as you walk."

"My name is Maura," she said plainly.

"Don't recall asking." He took a few more steps away.

"Why did you save me if I revolt you?" Maura asked.

He turned around again, his arms thrown out to the sides. He dropped them in frustration. "Ogres revolt me more, only slightly."

"You don't mean that."

"You know much."

"I know if you truly wished it, you would've actually walked away by now." She tilted her head. The elf's shoulders dropped. He crossed his arms and let himself rest upon the tree he knew was behind him. She sidestepped closer to another tree, over another corpse. "Sit. You sleep little, neither will I given this. I never would walk at this time regardless. Give me a night to know you. Keep yourself across the fire. Revolt me again on the rise." Finally, with that, Slan smirked. His right ear then twitched. She smiled wider back and wondered if he could sense the change. As quickly, he frowned, moments before hearing the other.

"Farisslan anna arris sennosa," said the other. Maura looked around to source the voice. She glanced to Slan, who didn't bother to face the approaching tenenbri soldier behind him. The soldier's weapon had already been drawn. Maura didn't need to know where the tenenbri would stare if he had eyes to know where his attention was fixed.

"Sennssa," resolved Slan. He looked down, depressed about what he was about to do.

"Am I in danger?" Maura whispered so softly even she could hardly hear it.

"Yes," Slan answered.

"What will you do?"

"Remain here," he answered, reaching back to retrieve his blade again.

"That necessary?" She asked.

"Yes." he turned around to approach the other tenenbri.

A Glitter in the Dark
An Embellished Account
955 AE, Abridged in 965 AE.

Slan made his excuses to his people upon his return and spun an impressive and convincing tale of how he alone survived an ogre ambush. His cousin had fallen to an enemy weapon but the last ogre took flame to the woods and burned all evidence. No one doubted his account. Every two weeks or so, less if the need arose, Slan felt it important to embark again to the outside world to monitor in case the ogres returned. He insisted his stealth required isolation in these sorties. Meanwhile, Maura required no such justification, traveling wherever and whenever she wished, though some family members questioned her sudden lack of interest in marrying.

Slan and Maura met in the forest often to share each other's company. They bonded quickly thereafter but were not sure how to deal with responsibilities. An untrustworthy uncle spelled doom for Slan. Exposed to his people, Slan escaped the inverted crucifix and hid among other exiles for a time. Maura had begged him to join with her in Toco, but he knew a hate-filled mob would ensure a similar fate. She believed otherwise and revealed her affair to her father. His response was to lock her in her room and place a bounty on her lover's head. As with all romantic tales, what followed had been embellished and exaggerated by many tellers. Some happier accounts claimed Slan rescued Maura secretly from her cell without anyone knowing and the lovers fled east. A similar account had them vanishing into the mountains, taken in by other exiled tenenbri. A more depressing variation argued Slan was not as good a scout as he believed. He was caught attempting entry and was murdered by the Lord Alvaro. Maura refused to marry and remains locked to this day while others allege she tossed her body to the rocks, cursing her family to soon follow. The more hopeful tales also added that when her family finally succumbs to their curse, Maura will return with her husband, with his name and a son in hand, to assume control of Toco, thwarting the efforts of the blight.

Focus: Adventurers from Toco often choose Pathfinder, Wilderness Nomad or Forest Defender.

NADIRRA

The narros of Nadirra are nomadic and move from mine to mine. They drift across the surface, unable to take root, unwilling to leave Southam. They have the capacity to soldier north and rejoin their cousins in Canam. However, they remain. With ogres to the east and tenenbri to the west and giants to the north, it seems the narros of Nadirra count the days to their eventual extinction. Instead of attempting introgression northward, they remain content with the land they claimed south, such that it is. Riches have not fallen to them recently and sporadic attacks from enemies force them to uproot and move on. It is not much of a life for them. A few humans, also stubborn to migrate, joined with them, creating one of the few narros-human communities in the world. They unite usually only out of defense. The majority of tenenbri hold no hatred for man. Often enough, when a Nadirra caravan is attacked by the pale elves, the surviving humans are spared and sent back to their town. A few humans have even defected into the tenenbri caves to hide from increasing ogre and giant attacks. This proved the tenenbri policy towards humans depends on the tenenbri involved.

CRAGARRAN

Something occurred in the last century. The southern village of Cragarran vanished. The houses remained with weapons gathering dust in the armory. The 3,500 narros and humans disappeared. The only evidence of their fate is the massive tear in the ground leading to the southern beach, like a massive claw tore in through the shoreline. No known creature resembles this impression.

JUGGERNATH **(5,000 gp)**

Growing increasingly annoyed at having to abandon their town to move from short-term mine to short-term mine, the narros, Xiamafous Barcs, thought it prudent to modify his town to move entirely without abandoning any structures behind. Every house, every store, every refinery in Juggernath rolls on

massive wheels, enchanted by great magic from their sole caster, the crippled human Yanna Palmetta. They roll to another prospect, take root and the population begins its work. Farms are setup and the mine is dug. Riches are sold to other communities or held back to expand the mobile town. The caravan of buildings is seen more in motion than and seldom remain in a location for more than a few months. By staying mobile, Juggernath remains ahead of tenenbri and ogre raids. In total, Juggernath has roamed 3,000 miles, zigzagging across all of Southam, though remaining mostly within the region claimed as Nadirra.

Each construct appears to move under its own whim, and a few have even broken from the caravan to take a more leisurely route but none have ever abandoned the others. Each building has a name and, some argue, basic personality traits.

"Bailer, your house is…" Rainus told him. Bailer turned his head around to see the bungalow once again steering away from the caravan line, directly to the black bogs of the Norasak marsh. Bailer settled his shoulders in frustration and stormed after his house.

He shouted to its back. "Zagad, you turn yourself right around this once!" The bungalow stopped just before the mud. "Yeah that's right." It began to roll again. "Don't you dare," Bailer snapped. "I will not wash the mud from your siding again." He remarked to Rainus who followed behind, "Damn thing loves the mud."

The bungalow proceeded into the muck, throwing wet dirt over its wooden rollers, across its windows and doors. Bailer shouted. "You will turn around this instance or—" Bailer threw his arms in disbelief as the house fell into the water, sinking a full three feet, over the wheel, licking water through the front door. "Dammit, now look what you've done." After a few failed spins of its wheels to move, the house finally gave up. "Proud of yourself. I should leave you here. No new shingles for you!"

A Pilgrim's Tale
The Voyage of Seddon Archer
By Seddon Archer

Focus: Adventurers from Juggernath commonly select Ancestral Hunter, Weapon Bonded, or Juggernaut.

PROMONRIG **(15,000 gp)**

Only 2,500 humans live among the 15,000 narros. The humans run administration while the narros hunt and defend. Humans seldom mine. The two species seldom mingle despite encouragement by the married ruling couple of Bart and Maris Elpidos. Bart maintains the books while his narros wife maintains the mine. They met previously when he was an Aeros boat captain. He impressed her with his uncanny intelligence and virtually unmatched physical training in various forms of martial arts. Unfortunately, despite the bond, they have yet to produce any children and when the narros mine joined with the human farming community, none of the citizens embraced the other and remain separate today.

Focus: Adventurers from Promonrig prefer Wilderness Nomad and Juggernaut.

REAFE **(10,000 gp)**

The fact that Reafe remained in one place after a century shows moderate hope for the narros in Southam. They sit safely hundreds of miles from the elves or ogres. They hold their breath and refuse to unpack. Lord Ravelick Grick hopes to build a defensive wall and make permanent roots soon, maybe in another century.

Grick is the narros that coined the nation's name but never claimed to be its ruler, though many assume he is. With the only long-term settlement, his land is believed to be the center of the realm even though its borders are in constant dispute. If Reafe would uproot and move like all the other nomads of Nadirra, the borders of the kingdom would move with it.

Focus: Adventurers from Reafe prefer Ancestral Hunter and Juggernaut.

SHORERUNNER // TAUS **(1,500 gp)**

The hastily erected sign approaching the docks lists the area as Shorerunner // Taus. The spelling error stuck. Though not technically part of Nadirra, Shorerunner // Taus still comprises of humans and narros born from the realm. They took flight to the coast in hopes of finding a sea route to Canam that avoided the treacherous land journey involving Delecoure and the Gloam. Upon discovering the raging waters of the violent ocean, many had given up ever finding such a route. At some point, the residing elder narros, Telkanus Taus figured a route just slightly out to sea may stave off the severity of the waves. Not a single boat design they constructed survived more than a few miles before breaking up in the torrents.

Not long after the seventh attempt, Taus was wandering the coast when he happened upon the dying body of a massive beached behemoth. The creature could not struggle from the sand and was close to expiration. Taus gathered his people and pulled the beast to the shallows but refused to release it back to the wild. In his opinion, the creature belonged to him now. The beast was once a sperm whale from Earth's past, mutated by magical influence to an even greater size.

The creature's spirit was broken and Taus took it as his personal beast of burden. After specialized stocks were constructed offshore, the process began to design and construct a vessel around the massive whale. From a distance, the Shorerunner resembles a normal galleon, albeit slightly taller than others. Only when closing in, does one see the goliath the assembly rests upon. It features hundreds of cots and even an array of battlements. The wooden and steel assembly can be sealed from the outside weather. Because of its propulsion system, the Shorerunner can almost totally submerge for short periods, able to dive under huge waves instead of braving them. It still keeps close to shore, as waves and weather grow worse as travelers venture further from land. Regardless of the complaints by some of abuse and mistreatment, Taus still personally commands his unique vessel on the month-long journey up the coast to the southern tip of Canam, to an unlisted and unremarkable dock south of Skepsis called Whale-end's Point. Taus was the first Shorerunner. Its design would be later duplicated by a dozen other smaller replicas. Later, larger variations, daring and foolish, would push into the heavy storms and be called Wavecrashers. Shorerunner Taus is the first and the longest running. For two hundred years, the Shorerunner has shepherded travelers to and from Canam, the only route considered safe. As a result, the price of passage is astronomical (rates for steerage start at 150gp). Though a few thermals attempted and succeeded at similar routes, the Shorerunner is the only reliable and scheduled voyage.

Even after a century, the beast, known only as Mok, shows no sign of rebellion, senility, or age. It has never disobeyed an order. It doesn't even appear to have aged in that time.

Focus: Adventurers from Taus prefer Pathfinder and Wilderness Nomad.

SKOGRA

Ogres seldom care about what occurs outside their land. They only care about killing, mating, and eating. Occasionally, some join giants north for some great mission. Of all the fey branches, they are one of the most recent, leading credence to the argument that the ogre or kobold are the ultimate fate for all fey. Despite common attributes, ogres did not branch from pagus, but rather from the narros, their disposition soured by years of isolation from other races. They embraced their instincts and took to extreme everything they attempted. Instead of learning, they stole. Instead of talking, they warred. Instead of mating, they raped. Though a few ogres have been known to embrace a more principled lifestyle, the majority prefers to act the animal. Seldom do ogres ever dedicate their lives to anything other than the sword (or sharpened stick to most). Though ogres appear as bandits and roaming caravans across the planet, in Southam, a dangerous warlord appeared to band many of the chaotic camps together. As a sweeping move in the pains of the empire's birth, Skogra all but destroyed the prosperous narros kingdom of Nadirra, now scattered and hunted. Humans fled by the thousands north to escape a similar slaughter. When Skogra's mass slammed into the Vanaka mountains, the ogre forces were unprepared for what awaited them in the labyrinth of valleys and peaks. A full two-thirds of the well-equipped and foolishly fearless force had passed the first range when the tenenbri emerged. A few well-placed avalanches later and the leading army was cut off and slaughtered. Despite warnings to pull forces back, Skogra pushed the attack and broke into the tenenbri catacombs under the mountains.

It was Sharajaclypse and her forces that met the ogres first. Her decisive victory at the mouth of the network not only secured her authoritative position but also ensured no tenenbri village suffered the promise Skogra had made. Routed, the ogre remnants limped from the mountains, striking random targets on their exit, burning every field and forest they encountered. The lingering humans and narros east of Vanaka struck firm retribution in the confusion. From high in the woods, arrows fell upon the demoralized forces. As Sharajaclypse and her tenenbri gained ground, the ogres found themselves in a pincer. Thousands died in a final desperate pierce through the forests to return to their land. Sharaj offered leniency to the humans and narros, swearing never to allow the tenenbri to migrate any further east, allowing the survivors to attempt to reconstruct their nations. The humans and a few narros formed Aeros while the majority of the remaining narros returned to their gutted kingdom in an attempt to rebuild.

I take war to their home. I swear to burn every cloth and crack and shatter and spit on every stone cut by their hands. Sodomize the males with their own arrows and swords. Take females and purify them with your seed. Dagger their used bodies to the wall. Crucify them, legs wide, and let our marks drip down. Let the children see their mothers and fathers so and release them with the trauma firm in their hearts to tell others.

Zarikaskogra
A known speech (translated).

Zarikaskogra was defeated, but not killed. He lived on, several centuries, still to today. Old and powerful, he commands through fear and respect. Other than a single exception, all the ogres in Southam follow his directives. Unlike the pagus, blessed with a fierce reproductive cycle, ogres are crippled with the same slow season like all elves. Skogra declared marriages illegal and insisted every female be taken by at least three different males during their peak. Skogra, himself beds a different ogre female every night and rarely takes one twice. It is believed he has personally fathered more than 1500 children. He hopes to create another army to rival the last. Before his final breath escapes his lungs, he promises to fulfill his oath and collapse the entire mountain range upon the heads of the tenenbri.

ANATHUS PRIA **(250 gp)**

Only by her strength of magic has Nirakrakis survived the male dominated empire of Skogra. Despite being pinned and penetrated a hundred times in her youth, she never bore children. Instead, she channeled her trauma towards her faith in dark gods. Unlike the thousands of others screaming for salvation from the hands of such barbarity, Nira's prayers were answered, though she was never entirely sure by what. She feels blessed by the plague running in her nethers. Any male now wishing to procreate, forceful or not, is struck by a disease instantly destructive. Their manhood withers to black and drops off but their drive to procreate increases ten fold. Without a way to release, the afflicted male goes insane, eventually being humanely killed by the population if he does not commit suicide, which most do. Nira never desires physical contact. Her unholy bond with her unnamed god also offered her channeled powers only bested by the greatest clerics of the north. With said power, she earned a place in Skogra's inner circle and founded Anathus a short time later. Nira has not challenged Skogra's stance on marriage or mating and the females of Anathus fall victim to the opposite sex as much as any other ogre village. However, Nira has been known to take the worst offenders as captives. Within her modest wood and hardened mud keep, she forces herself upon the restrained male, inflicting him with a fate worse than death.

Focus: All ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, mostly Ancestral Hunters or Berserkers.

ARBALUA KIX **(1500 gp)**

Cynusmaksis chose to spare the life of the human elder Eduardo Rossel. In exchange, he ordered the human to teach the young ogre everything he knew about everything. Cynus, already a successful warlord, envied Zarikaskogra's power but knew he could never best him in combat. He knew knowledge would be his weapon. Rossel was given protection within the lord's house, offered the best food and even a few ogre women, though the latter, Eduardo refused.

Cynus took to learning quickly and soaked it in as a child, fast and without rest. He picked up the human tongue previously, but only in broken speech. Rossel expanded the ogre's vocabulary and trained him in the written word. With gathered books as assistance, the human taught Cynus everything he knew. With engineering and architecture, the city rebuilt its houses and keeps. With smithing, the horses were shoed, the swords were sharpened, and the men were mailed. With agriculture, the masses were fed. Arbalua expanded quickly and thousands more from around flocked to the town. Despite offering a promise to civilize, Cynus only took this knowledge as leverage to replace the warlord Skogra. After thirty years, when Rossel finally admitted to having passed on every ounce of knowledge from book and brain, Cynus immediately ran his newly sharpened longsword through the human's heart and tossed him from the 6th storey balcony of the town's newly erected central castle. His body

was torn apart and fed to dogs. His very imprint was erased from all records and Cynus claimed his superior intellect came from a god as righteous proof of his crusade to displace the elder and thick-witted Skogra.

> *In words, I shall weaken him.*
> *In stature, I shall overshadow him.*
> *In conviction, I shall devour him.*
>
> *Cynusmaksis*
> *By My Own Tongue*

After Rossel's death, more than a century ago, many expected Cynus to make his move. Even many of his followers believe that even though Cynus is brilliant and deceitful, he may also be a coward.

Focus: All ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, mostly Ancestral Hunters or Berserkers.

KRYPHAS SAX (500 gp)

Laskerfarnum despises the nickname "cripple-lord" spoken under breath and out of sight. The last fool uttering it as a whisper within Lasker's attuned hearing found himself the unlucky victim of a Kryphas popular punishment known only as the "Forever-flayed." Krypas keeps one of the most powerful clerics other than Nirakrakis in servitude and his specialty is in the healing and torturing of victims under his care. The cleric Thigramkarus possesses the ability to accelerate a victim's healing rate but never to the point of instantly curing injuries. He prefers to just keep the rate fast enough to maintain the subject's survivability in the face of whatever torture is inflicted. Given that knowledge, one need not explain the details of the "Forever-flayed."

Lasker came resulting from an imprudent bonding between an ogre male and a narros female. Though mostly ogre, Lasker was born with stubby legs and arms. Physically strong, he lacked agility and needed to throw his weight from leg to leg if required to run any decent speed. The union of his parents did not last despite many attempts to by the mother. Finally, the father took the son away and vanished east. The father would not survive long, dying by the hands of passing narros. Lasker grabbed his father's axe and took vengeance quickly. He defeated the narros barbarians and turned on the women and children soon after. He killed every living creature in the caravan save for the horses. He tied the caravan cars together and led the empty carriages east, where he encountered Skogra. Despite the handicap, Zarik offered Lasker a single chance to prove himself. He ordered Lasker to fill his caravan with ogres, return to his mother's village, and kill everyone they saw. Lasker did so without apprehension and even returned the head of his mother as proof of his new loyalty. In truth, Zarik had intended to kill the cripple anyway, repulsed by the disability. Instead, he found himself moved by the offer and ordered Lasker to refill his caravan's losses with new stock and seize a patch of land for himself.

Lasker remains the most loyal follower of warlord Skogra and swears to defend his master to the death. His village sits nearby Skarris Rex and joins with any force leaving the capital. Lasker still wears the pink cloth of Skogra elite and honored personal guard. He always keeps an eye on Cynusmaksis of Arbalua Kix and pleads with Skogra to allow Kryphas Sax to declare war on the treasonous city. Skogra declines every time, citing that Cynus "Speaks treason with words but follows by blade in my command."

Focus: All ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, mostly Ancestral Hunters or Berserkers.

PICA MACHU (1,000 gp)

Skiranrennel's power attracts ogres from all around. He promises wealth and delivers often. As his army grows, he attacks further and further targets. He started with rival villages and moved onto the nearby narros. The tenenbri wait next. Rennel has been warned by Skogra to hold his advance for the time when all of Skogra moves west. However, Rennel's impatience often overcomes him and he strikes another. Recently, he compromised to only strike softer, smaller targets. It is only a matter of time before his appetite grows hungry again. His army now stands at 4,000 in a city numbering less than 7,000.

Focus: All ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, mostly Ancestral Hunters or Berserkers.

SHOGAK (10,000 gp)

Amazingly enough, there are a few ogres that decided to take a more laid back approach, forming a permanent community in the east. Considering themselves more civilized than their less intelligent brothers, the ogres of Shogak can often be approached with open arms for trade. Although not entirely good, these village ogres seldom attack without provocation, unless you catch them in a bad mood.

They fled from their previous land when Zarikaskogra invaded and routed them. Their leader, Ragongrik, survived and led his people as far as possible before hitting the coast and taking root. With plentiful fishing, the community prospered. Ragon refuses to participate in any wars ordered by the realm and vetoes all laws placed by the warlord Ragon deems uncivilized. Couples are allowed to bond and many and crimes are punished either by banishment or by execution by drowning. Although Ragon does not really wish the total extinction of the land's population of ogres, he also privately hopes Zarik's last crusade will result in the total elimination of his cause and him along with it. Then Rogan can take his people west and claim the territory as his own, shepherding a new civilized path for his race.

Focus: Though most ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, those from Shogak prefer Juggernaut.

SKARRISREX (750 gp)

Zarikaskogra actually didn't establish Skarris until after his defeat by Sharajaclypse more than 200 years ago. Initially, Zarik raked up ogre camp upon ogre camp and then brazenly marched west without a base or city to fall back upon. They nearly fell into civil war upon their return. Zarik created Skarris Rex much later, to centralize his authority. He returned from his failed crusade and found a group of ogres that had not followed him. The chief of the town, Ragongrik, had refused, citing Skogra's inept planning and foolhardily application. Ragon had also been soured to the idea of war. Skogra's returning force still outnumbered the blossoming colony and forced the residents away. Ragon would have surely been killed if his skill with the arcane had not dazzled and frightened his attackers enough to make his escape. He fled east and would eventually create an even grander civilization. Zarik whipped his population to erect huge statues in his likeness standing in various poses, slaying various beasts, and taking various females. Each one commissioned was ordered taller and grander than the last. The final, still under construction, is promised to be taller than the tallest tree in Southam, casting a shadow over the entire town and over hills and valleys to the horizon. Building materials come from near worthless mines scattered over the land. Skogra, nearing senility, wishes it finished before his final push to

Vanaka. In his final war, he swears to sacrifice every soul under his command to his obsession. He will not surrender until he has personally taken Sharajaclypse in the most violent manner possible.

Focus: All ogre towns prefer barbarian paths, mostly Ancestral Hunters or Berserkers.

Isolated in the South

Nuqa Koppa

(3000 gp)

The lost kingdom, as it is known by those who know of it, may predate the hammer. It proudly displays ruins thousands of years old, but scattered across the kingdom and in such a degraded state, virtually nothing can be learned from them. The narros never traveled this far south and the tenenbri despise snow (it muffles their connection to the ground). For centuries, the humans developed independently, and many live their lives without knowing of the world outside their land. The patches of humanity in the north of the continent are not descendants from Nuqa Koppa as few from the lost kingdom have ever traveled north. Barren plains and snow-covered mountains border this region from the rest of the land. The realm is not isolated, but the sterile terrain between has not begotten an encouragement to travel.

The people here created their own tongue, Koppa Runa (related to Romance but with a patois all their own), along with hundreds of regional customs, bizarre and colorful. For example, a couple cannot be married until the future husband has slain his fiancé's father (or nearest blood male relative) in single combat. Since the bride's mother arranges the competition, it can turn sour for the father's family. This and other strange traditions appear in place to intentionally cause conflict within the populace. The ruins they take pride in could only be the gutted remains of prior conflicts forgotten. In 700 years of history, Nuqa Koppa has never known peace. Some regions avoided it for long durations, maybe even as much as a lifetime, but it always returns.

In the birth pains of the empire, three covenants emerged to claim power: Yannawasi, Cuscanni, and Chimina. Though they shared a similar religion that worshipped the sun and a serpent god coiled around the Earth (very similar in root to Amethyst), a very distinct deviation occurred with the acquisition of the Demistones. Demistones are perfect spheres with three concentric rings around the equator that weigh between 4 and 25 tonnes each. They vary in size from just under a man's height to that which dwarfs a house. They are made from sandstone or granite and are not enchanted in anyway. They seem somewhat plain in their presentation save for the flawlessness of their shape. Every covenant in the empire craves these spheres, considering their possession a symbol of their stature. Any family owning more than 10 stones can claim to be a covenant.

The one with the most spheres may claim the entire land as theirs, and all others must abide their rules, at least until the next marriage ceremony. The aforementioned tradition of marriage combat forces the winner to hand over a number of their spheres in compensation for the death. Both sides lose and gain regardless of the results. Some have refused to pay, resulting in war.

Cuscanni took the honor of the throne initially but a generation later, it was being seated by Macca Gollaglobas. Macca legally acquired Cuscanni when he killed the prince regent Santa Cuscanni when he proposed to Macca's daughter. Cuscanni was absorbed into Gollaglobas and gained an impressive 35 stones, including the largest, "the silver eye of god," which was perched atop of the Cuscanna monolith (their version of a castle). When Macca's wife signed a marriage contract with the Incana family, the king was taken back, knowing the stout figure of the Incana heir. Macca's death put his wife, Pataga, on the throne. When Incana refused to compensate for the loss, Patanga declined the marriage. Being fools in love, the Incana and Gollaglobas heirs secretly eloped. With each swearing treason to the other, Gollaglobas and Incana went to war, splitting Cuscanni apart. Older families to loyal Cuscanni brought up bastard heirs to claim the Cuscanni Monolith while Gollaglobas and Incana battled. This increased the warring Covenants from three to five. When Yannawasi lost half their Demistones, they accused Chimina and went to war. Then the covenant of Cutiyuti appeared with the pilfered spheres.

It was never defined in their history why these stones were so cherished. The people believed them to be gifts from god. They are never created; they are found. Experts could always distinguish truth from forgery. As more were discovered, their acquisition became an obsession. To own them brought respect from other families. Alliances with or without marriages would be forged. A cabal of spies known only as the Haillikuna snaked their way into the mines, where most of these stones were recovered. Lifting these stones away before armies could converge allowed Haillikuna to claim to be a covenant without a single drop of blood being spilled. This didn't last long and when the elder Chacalla Haillikuna was assassinated, Haillikuna spies struck at their closest suspect, Chimina.

Two centuries later, the number of covenants had ballooned to more than twelve. The rightful rulers through this torrential time was claimed by Yannawasi, but later shifted to a new covenant, Cochosappa. Since another unique aspect of their faith demanded honor for a married woman was only had if she birthed at least three boys and three girls, the population increase more than met the demand to replace those that fell in war. The constant casualties of men resulted in a huge overpopulation of honor-lacking women, yet the traditions remained solid. The covenants were getting smaller and more numerous. Even past giants like Cuscanni and Chimina claimed more ruins than buildings. Only the resident covenant monoliths stood unspoiled. The tall, unwalled fortresses were rarely attacked, to prevent damage to the stones displayed in pride. The Demispheres were intentionally and sometimes blatantly paraded on the towers and around the perimeter of these keeps. They were more effective as defenses than any bulwark built. All involved saw the destruction of a single stone as the worst offense. A brutal death followed one who even cracked one by mistake. Thankfully, they were not easy to destroy.

Another century passed, and the number of covenants and keeps ballooned to twenty-two. Cochosappa lost the throne to Tintansuyu, though others claimed a fraud since they counted their iconic broken demistone, "Lover's split" as two. Gollaglobas' current ruler, Ninawana, lost their last male combatant when their cherished "Silver Eye" toppled from the

monolith's tallest tower, crushing him into the soil. Without men to duel, other covenants could move in to claim the stones. Another war broke out over the carrion left behind. Remaining unallied families with no demisphere currency allied with Gollaglobas in efforts to take the sphere with inheritance. By this time, Tintansuyu had no respect and everyone in the empire felt the royal title was hollow. The kingdom seemed truly lost.

Three centuries of fighting and only the largest covenants remain. Between their realms sit the charred carcasses of hundreds of buildings and ransacked monoliths. Current Covenants of Nuqa Koppa include Chimina, Cochosappa, Cutiyuti, Gollaglobas, Haillikuna, and Tintansuyu. Currently, Tintansuyu still holds claim as the ruling family with Yupan at is seat. They have managed to gain some control of the land, but all they have really accomplished was lessen the attacks on their own land. The remaining covenants still war as often as they always did. By present day, nearly 87% of the surviving population are women, who now fight as often and as fiercely as the men.

Noable Shedun

Noable was a demon from across the world who had the unfortunate fate of being trapped in the wrong gate for millions of years. Upon landfall, he kept out of sight, wandering the lands, trying to regain a sense of purpose.

I keep my eyes closed, for the darkness flows when I see with them open. I came into this world in a moment of pain. I exist with peace in my heart, but who can see the heart behind the armor. The armor protects and condemns me. My armor is my skin and I have no wish to flay it as proof of piety. With eyes closed, I see more than most. With the shackles of my dark side cast away, I see a fate where my kind may prosper without gods. Gods serve no purpose other than to command death. I reject all gods, as they will never direct my actions or thoughts. There is room in this world for my kind. For everyone to find peace, we must cast off our gods, for they will destroy our world.

Noable Shedün
A speech

Noable attempted to live isolated in the mountains in the north. He even attempted a normal life when he bonded with a tenenbri girl, Lirannaskoll. She had been abandoned by her family in Vakai for being crippled in an ogre attack. Missing half an ear and sporting a nasty leg injury, she was no good for pairing and embarrassed of her scars. It resulted in her expulsion from the caves. Noable found her half dead by cold and nursed her to health. The bond was not fruitful with children. Despite clashes of culture and personality—she was passionate and expressive, he was quiet and cold—they lived in peace for nearly thirty years until her family, publicly disgraced for their actions in sending her away, discovered her and the company she kept. Her mother set fire to their home and only Noable escaped. He traveled south until the mob had vanished. He never openly expressed remorse for the loss. Internally, he was shattered.

He wandered along for decades, walking until he stopped seeing other people, then continued, until he was sure there were no others around. He walked until he found them again.

As a warrior, he had few equals and none of them were in this kingdom. The people he encountered were battered, looking for any escape. They had no knowledge of his stigma and wished him to lead them to salvation. To date, he still refuses. He wants no responsibility. He wants only to be left alone. As time wore on his soul, he realized that the chaos around him must be dealt with. Noable quested to destroy as many demispheres as he could find, in hopes of shattering the faith of a fracturing kingdom, teetering on extinction. Some people have thanked him for this. Others want his head. His location and strengths have been rumored and exaggerated to such an extent that no one is willing to take him on without an army. The kingdom is too busy tearing itself apart to wage war on a single person.

Noable can remain hidden for weeks or months, then suddenly appear inside a Monolith. With inhuman speed, wielding a black blade with an edge reflecting blood, the demon savior can cleave a dozen stones and vanish before arrows can be drawn. His exploits have been embellished by the locals who love him, placing posters on walls, next to wanted signs demanding his execution.

Giants and Obelisks in Fog

Delecoure

Above the deep jungles and under them live the malevolent and benign giants. Many keep to themselves. Some rival forces are known to clash. The land, as a whole, remains under their dominance. Giants originated from a scarce few fey especially susceptible to magic. They grew and continued to adapt to their environment.

Now, masters of elements, their realm exists as an example of extremes. Travelers wishing a land route to Canam must struggle through this harsh landscape and if that wasn't severe enough, must contend with the Gloam beyond. This either occurs as a side effect of their elemental connection or vice-versa. Deep within active volcano peaks, fire giants bask in the heat. Of all the giants, those of the flame seldom move and most of the world's population live under the dozen active volcanoes in this volatile region. Due to their quick temper, most other races prefer they remain there. However, they are not entirely evil, just easy to irritate. When catching one in a good mood, they are relatively docile. Of them, Mavin Magmar, the largest, plans attacks on the tenenbri with this small army of loyal ogres.

"Expected me wicked, eh? Seeing the ogres, me, the fire—oh, the fire. Always with the fire. Fire cooks your food, keeps you warm. It lights your way. Before you prayed to your sun, you prayed to your fire. Your worship it still, brandishing your torch over your head as you approach. You discover it first, before even mastering the wheel. You prayed…to me, for I am the flame in form. Those convincing you otherwise only accuse my fire as the symbol of hell to elevate their own imposter gods to grander standing.

"So tell me what brings you here and best you do not enrage the fire, for it devours what it hates."

Mavin Magmar
A Pilgrim's Tale
The Voyage of Seddon Archer
By Seddon Archer

As suspected, a side effect of their elemental relationship is an inherent antagonism with other giants. The fire giants despise the water giants, which are represented by the cold and sharp-featured beasts sulking under the sea. Water giants hardly resemble fey anymore unlike the others and teeter on the edge of losing themselves to their element altogether. They slither from the silt and sludge of the riverbeds, seldom rising above the surface. They command all the creatures of the sea around them, even the other fey adapted to live without air. These giants despise most ground walkers and rarely ever reveal themselves to anyone. A few have been known to attack passing ships. Romaga Soarspin is known to be the most powerful of those though her location is not known. Most rivers and lakes under control of these goliaths doom the boats unaware of the dangers in crossing them. Surface dwellers attempting a water route through Delecoure will never succeed.

The ground is not much safer. Rokert Snowfellow and his kin make sure of that. Though not unpleasant like water or arrogant like fire, earth giants simply don't care much about anything other than themselves. Some exceptions occur but more often, their moving mountains pass through unsuspecting outlying villages, destroying them utterly in the shifting earth. Though these giants claim them as mountains, usually their mobile mounds barely register as a hill, rumbling and shaking the ground around with an earthquake being the worst of it. Unfortunately, Rokert's is immense, viewable from miles away, thankfully offering a warning to those in the path. Jadda Stonearrow, another earth giant, is quite the different creature. Much more sociable, she has taken to keeping her castle under the ground, staying hidden in the crust of the Earth until commanding it to rise. The quivering ground heralds her approach with only a few minutes of melody before the tip of the mountain pushes up from below. Her small band of tenenbri raiders leap from the opening to terrorize the surface population.

Do not worry. We will not allow your bodies to be carrion for crows.

We bury those we kill.

Jadda Stonearrow
A Pilgrim's Tale
The Voyage of Seddon Archer
By Seddon Archer

The most powerful of all the giants are the air, or wind giants. These colossal fey are taller than all others and control all weather in Delecoure. Despite their reputation to be fair and neutral to others—known to be even kind to travelers—they still choose to cover the whole of the land in a thick storm none of the other giants can overcome. They rain water, crash lightning, and spool up tornadoes to ravage the land. They do this to enforce their dominance over the realm. They can flash a fire and then draw water from the lakes to shower on the very flames they ignited. They can tear open the dirt castles of earth and scatter their stones to the far corners. Though kind to other creatures, air giants are despised by most in Delecoure. Others still respect their power and do as they are told by the air, curmudgeonly and with open verbal defiance, albeit short-lived.

Many of the air claim Conn Stormshadow as Delecoure's king, though they are the only ones who do so. It does not alter the facts that Conn is clearly the most powerful giant in the known world, though still in pale to the titans on the other side of the planet. Conn brazenly sits within a castle of stone and ice, sitting atop a great black stormcloud with a dozen legs of lightning supporting its weight. It scuffles over the landscape at a crawl.

How impressive you accomplished so much so far. With such trophies of honor, I doubt any laurels I rain upon you will suffice. My regrets to the losses you suffered so far. You alone endure for a reason. I believe if I were to leave you be, you would indeed succeed through this harsh empire we more torment than rule over. I am not one to allow some silent god to have his way with you. I wish to ensure your safety. It pleases me to see you flaunt your survival to the others of taller stature.

You will remain under my protection until you leave. The cloud that hangs over your head today shall do so until you reach the Gloam. From there, the fog will scatter my power. Until then, the shade will protect you. No earth shall rise nor flame will burn nor water will freeze. I have said this, and will tear apart any who sins against my word. Do not thank me yet, for I am sure you will curse me for leaving your fate to the fog. You have braved other dangers, greater evils, and far greater egos, so you may survive the journey still. Therefore, I will offer this one advice when marching through the Gloam.

Do not look into the fog, for it may look back.

Conn Stormshadow
A Pilgrim's Tale
The Voyage of Seddon Archer
By Seddon Archer

Travelers to the north must detour hundreds of kilometers around Delecoure if attempting a land route to Canam in the north. Some travelers risk the shorter route. Few emerge at the other side, falling prey to chaotic elements far before catching a glimpse of a giant.

Focus: Giants often favor elemental druid class focuses.

THE GLOAM

Isolating Southam from Canam is the Gloam, a dark depressing landscape of blackness and fog. A hazardous trek, the Gloam's dominating features are with its forest of rock and its thick layer of smog.

Unlike many other regions of the known world, the Gloam possesses no real history. The common quote associated with it is also the only description. "The Gloam always was and always will be." Even the old capable of language and verbal speech claim the fog has been a constant in their history, though only after the exodus. Those from the previous age do not recall its presence there. There are few legends, few riddles, and few poems about it. Those who emerge from the other side speak of nothing, their voyage had either been totally harmless, or perhaps they block some terror, layered by unbreakable trauma. They never complain of their voyage other than being boring, dark, and ominous. It does not change the issue that more than half that enter never appear again. Worse still, those that do survive, and finally walk from the fog, often do so years, decades, or even centuries later, with no memory of their missing time. They can account for the journey's passage and have no reason for the loss.

Survivors often allege eyes staring from the shadows, and despite feeling tired and sleeping when exhausted, they never see the sun above, though the Gloam is never totally dark, allowing anyone to pass without torch if one were so inclined. Any bodies of water within the Gloam have dried up. All hills are flattened. Getting lost would be an issue until one thoughtful traveler marked the fastest route on the stone towers dotting the landscape. Alas, when word passed around of the path, many others attempted the journey, never to return. One finally appeared months later, back



where he started, claiming the symbols on the towers had all moved and directed him back.

These towers appear placed artificially and not grown from some geological effect. They dot the landscape in the thousands and are virtually identical, at 15 to 30 feet tall, tapering to a bottom diameter of only 6 feet. These obelisks feel rough with broken edges caused by elements. They have no markings other than those etched on by travelers. Some are hundreds of feet apart while are others sit so closely packed as to create a maze for unlucky victims. The permanent bluish-green fog covering the expanse never lifts despite temperature or wind. Paranoid passers feel uneasy and fear beasts sit in stillness, waiting for the unlucky prey to venture into their trap. The fog is obviously a magical creation. Seemingly conscious, it attracts to all living things, clouding around them, making distant sight considerably hampered.

The fog blocks all normal and darkvision. Only creatures with blindsight avoid this hampering. Creatures beyond 10 feet have one half concealment (%20 chance an attack will miss). Standard rules for fog apply but additionally, every 6 hours, the fog transforms itself depending on who is in the group.

+1 to the roll for every 4 levels of the group's total levels, round down. (Eg: 4th level mage, 4th level fighter, 2nd level rogue = 10 total levels = +2 to the roll.)

1d10	Result
1-2	Cloud Kill = 5th level Mage
3-4	Enervation = 5th level Mage
5-6	Acid Fog = 5th level Mage
7-8	Fear = 5th level Mage
9-10	Solid Fog = 5th level Mage
Above 10	Nothing Happens

Note: If the traveler/travelers refrain from any light source (magical or otherwise), he/they receive a +5 to their roll. Fear effects try to goad the victim/s to creating light. Rolling above 10 more than 5 times will result in the fog leaving the subject/s alone for the duration of their voyage.

There is no way to dispel the fog although resistance to its effects still occurs. Every time a subject sleeps, he must make a Will saving throw at DC15 or fall into a stasis for the following:

Failed by	Time
1	2d4 days
2 or 3	2d4 weeks
4 or 5	2d4 months
6 or 7	1d4 years
8 or 9	3d4 years
10 or 11	1d4 decades
12 or worse	2d4 decades

Subjects awaken with no knowledge of the passage of time. Groups take an average of their success or failure (whatever the case may be). They all suffer the equal effects, regardless of who saves or not. After saving more than 4 times, a subject assumes to automatically succeed all subsequent rolls.

Note: As an ironic side effect of their nature, tilen are immune to the Gloam's effects.

LANCHIAN MOUNTAINS

The Lanchian Mountains in Southam touches the northern and southern tip of Southam. It is the home of 90% of the world's tenenbri, hiding in the caves of Vanaka. The peaks are hazardous. The caves are only slightly safer.

LHAMARE (250 gp)

500 years ago, when the tilen elder, Lham Cyrose fell briefly back into darkness, her brothers and sisters sought her destruction. Before finally succumbing, Lhamah pulled from the brink. However, she took a life in hate, an unforgivable sin in tilen communities. In response, Lhamah fled in self-imposed exile. Refusing to leave her side, her offspring accompanied her, despite the death of their father at their mother's hands.

They fled east and took boats to cross Ocea. They vanished from the world. When landing on the shores of western Southam, a year had passed. Only two of her

children had survived the journey with her. Their boat shattered on the rocks. They washed upon shore, near dead.

Despite constant claims by the tenenbri nation the humans would not be hunted, man struggled for survival every day. Davan Wynstruck led a small group of 150 humans on the wrong side of the mountains. They were battle hardened, suffering attack upon attack. After years of pursuit, the camp settled near the western shores.

The arrow tore through one tenenbri's throat. Another shot lodged in the eye socket of the second. Davan froze as the two bodies fell. He glanced down at the dying fire and the corpse by its warmth.

"Hold your hands," came the shout. Two emerged from the wood. In the moonlight, their eyes reflected a glint of jade, so Davan knew they were not tenenbri, an early assumption from their pale skin. These fey were taller, thinner. There was a way about their approach that made Davan slightly uneasy initially, beyond the two drawn bows pointed at him. He raised his hands up as the two elves emerged from the dark.

"Held they are," Davan said.

"They were going to kill you," the left one said, a male, and young.

"I didn't need their tongue to know that," Davan responded.

"You wish us harm?" The right one asked, a male, and young.

"I'm not the one with arrows drawn," Davan responded.

"Why are you here?" The left asked.

"Curiosity," came the response, still with raised hands.

"Speak the truth!"

"Consider it spoken," he said calmly, as if he already knew they intended no harm. Davan could tell they aimed the arrows out of protection and not out of a perverted craving.

"Who are you?" The right asked.

"Davan."

"Nation?"

"Davan," he repeated. They glanced at each other for a moment before he clarified. "I lead only a few. A nation we are not. And in answer to your previous query . . . hell with it." Davan lowered his arms and approached the corpse by the fire. He had already noticed she was breathing, though slowly. Looking at the near dead complexion of the two others, it was a safe assumption he misjudged the body as well. She was very much alive and older than the other two.

"Stand your ground!" the left snapped. Davan ignored both the bows and the demand. He checked for her pulse and found it weak. He checked her skin and found it cold.

"Relax your bows, son, before your fingers itch," Davan said. "We must take her back. I have medicine."

"Medicine will not work," said the right.

Davan examined the curiosity. She was fey, with tenenbri skin and chaparran ears, though jagged and almost scarred. She was taller and with ghostly white hair. "What are you?" he asked her. "You're not tenenbri."

"Tilen, from across the water," the left answered for her.

"Never seen you before." Davan checked her pulse again. "Her pulse is faint. Cold—"

"We're always like that, the look of death amongst the living," the right interrupted.

"It's our curse," she finally said. Davan met her eyes and noticed them the same shade of brilliant green as the others. Orbiting around Davan's back, her sons finally rested their bows.

Davan directed his question to her. "If true, how hurt are you really?"

"Enough to not recover—" she answered.

"Without blood," the left interjected.

Davan held the back of his hand to her forehead and felt the heat of his blood seep from his limb. He noticed the incisors behind her lips as she spoke. "Then I will not recover."

"You can't be—" he jolted back to one of the males.

"We're not," one snapped back.

"We came across the threshold," she muttered, "holding one foot behind. Never fully in the light, but far enough from the dark."

"You are alive. That much is certain."

"You cannot save me," she said.

"Injuries severe enough require the willing offering of blood," the right said behind his back.

"Well, why can't you?"

"They are too injured themselves," she answered. "Their blood is too weak."

"Well, that's an easy fix," Davan said as he began to unroll the cloth concealing his arm.

She gathered what strength remained to grab his hand. "No. You do not know me."

"Your friends rescued me. I owe at least that much"

"Its too much for a stranger to offer us."

Davan smirked back and said with a slightly elevated tone. "Davan."

A History of Lhamare
By Marxus Cyrose

Davan's word was never questioned by his followers and despite the worried and nervous faces eyeing his guests, the community never doubted his decision. Eventually, the community lifted their roots to shuffle through the mountains until finding a relative rich expanse of fertile soil. It had only been a few weeks since the tilen had been taken in. Davan made a point to understand every facet of their unique culture, foreign in this part of the world. Davan waited until he understood his guests and could gauge their response when he offered them a more involved role in the development of the community they were trying to establish. Davan despised the constant running and hoped the tilen could offer the humans the means to hold their ground against the tenenbri. He understood there was very little to keep them in the camp. Restless eyes continued to stare despite Davan's assurances.

"I see your compassion came with many motives," Lham smiled as she spoke. Six other respected figures sat abreast of Davan across the makeshift table, a board was laid across a stump. The tilen and her offspring sat close to one side, near Davan's left.

Davan responded. "I never deceived you of my intentions. We need allies."

"And we are they," she answered plainly. "We will cover your community in the blanket of the magic we possess. We will train your soldiers, educate your teachers. All we ask is acceptance."

"Already bestowed. You will be welcomed in our community as respected and honored citizens. Equals at the least. No restrictions will be enforced."

Lham smiled. She straightened her back, rising a few inches above her sons. Her impressive stature made her the tallest one sitting. "Thank you," she said. "As a symbol of this acceptance, and because of affection I know we both share, I also suggest you and I marry. It will set an example." Davan's eyes shot open at her honesty. "You will endure more than I so please consider carefully. Our old traits have

a tendency of emerging in the heat of passion. Our appetites have been very much curbed, but I would not want to frighten you. I doubt you would be injured."

Davan's eyes failed to blink. They shifted left and right to catch the other reactions, though refusing to actually lock eyes on any of them. His head did not move. "Well," he started, "I appreciate the honesty, but I imagine that is a topic tabled to after committee."

A History of Lhamare
By Marxus Cyrose

It was in their marriage that Lhamah found some inner peace. Together, they banded the remaining humans camps into a respectable community. The tenenbri raids shrunk with each failed attempt. The community was sure to flourish into a city in given time. Tilen breeding cycles kept the demographic relatively small. Lham's two elder sons married within the populace and her marriage to Davan produced several offspring through their 200-year marriage. Since human / tilen coupling always produce tilen, after four centuries, almost all the humans have been bred out. Few paired humans still live in Lhamare. This is an accommodation the remaining humans accepted and few have left.

I know of this town and I tell you, it sickens me. Our spirit, the souls blessed by the one true God, is mere nourishment for them.

They once drank our blood but have evolved less evasive means. Now they simply draw our essence with their sex, breeding out who do not submit to their appetites. Why use blades when they have beauty?

This is our fate if we do not resist. You let one enter your community and the germ will spread. Like a virus, they are patient, slowly eating from within. If we allow them unchecked in this world, humanity will be nothing more than a footnote in their conquest, a means to procreate an army of the profane. We are witnessing an apocalypse of our very seed and womb.

This small community is a symptom of the future, of nothing short than a holocaust of all mankind.

King Darius Konig
855 AE

Focus: Adventurers from Lhamah often choose Bowman, Staff mage, or Forest Defender.

Vanaka and a Tilen Outcast

Vanaka

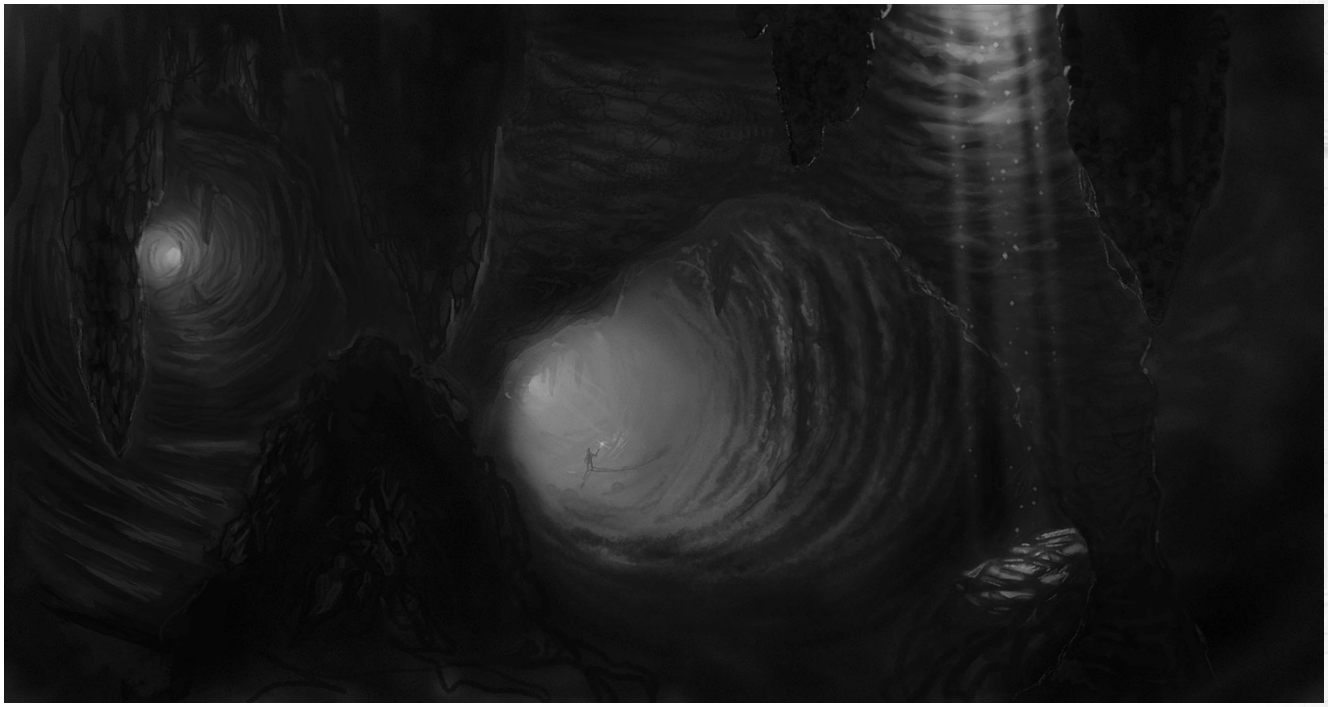
In the deep mountains, where few dare to tread, the tenenbri slowly grow. Amassing power daily, they dig deeper into the ground—deeper, and further. Some estimate they webbed through the entire range, eventually reaching the Gloam to the North. Perhaps a million tenenbri flourish under the mountains, sprouting underground communities monthly. Since no opposition exists on the majority of the entire continent, their expansion continues unhindered. If the tenenbri decide to push through the Gloam into the northern mass, they may be a force to be reckoned with.

Those who enter the multiple cave entrances along the mountains rarely escape. Some fall to the more malicious raiders but many simply get lost in the labyrinth under the rock, a cave network few tenenbri understand completely. Every dungeon and cave entrance sits an entry point to a huge network of caverns, some tiny, some enormous, but all connected. No entrance leads to a dead end. Many snake around, splitting a hundred times, rarely leading back to the surface. The tenenbri utilize this advantage to ensure any enemy deals with them on their own turf. For adventurers entering the caves, they face more dangers than just the elves. The tenenbri allow many beasts also shunning the light to crawl in their caves. The temptation of great treasures in the tenenbri mountains coaxed many seekers willing to risk their lives. Few succeed. Maps of even the smallest portion of the dungeons fetch a steep price and are a rarity indeed. Most purchases come with the risk that the acquisition is a fake, dooming the party to the hands of nefarious attackers.

The tenenbri originally wished only to be alone. They tolerated the few travelers over their mountains. When the ogre menace appeared over the horizon, a popular movement developed declaring the tenenbri a superior race and one that should completely reign over all of Southam. After the ogre defeat, many council leaders within the tenenbri hierarchy pushed for exactly that. Only more conservative opinions within the government prevented such a move. Even still, the majority of tenenbri villages and towns in the network approach outsiders with unforgiving eyes, treating encroachers with arrows before words. Eventually, this evolved to several tenenbri communities actively raiding human and narros colonies outside the caves (with a preference for the dwarves).

When the ogres finally started their first crusade, the tenenbri raised not a single eyebrow, let alone a finger, to help the slaughtered humans and narros. When the invasion reached the mountains, the pale elves initiated hit and run attacks for weeks until the army brazenly crossed the first range. When the ogres breached into the network, they expected more light resistance, but discovered a host of 100,000 tenenbri, better trained and equipped than any other force encountered. Within their homeland, the tenenbri kept the corridors and caverns dark, striking fast and deadly. The lines sliced through the ogre columns with short and intimate blades. The credit of this victory was placed firmly on the shoulders of the single least popular political figure within the Vanaka network, the high mistress, Sharajaclypse. Her victory secured her popularity with the people, making others in the hierarchy uncomfortable.

After the Skogra crusade was routed and pushed back, the tenenbri maintained an aggressive defense of their borders, borders only they know of. Too often, human and narros travelers fall under attack by unintentionally crossing into their territory. This has given the tenenbri nation a rather negative stereotype as cruel and uncivilized, which is far from the truth. Several villages on the periphery of the network don't share the feelings of the government. The fanatical views increase closer and closer to the capital. The tenenbri developed a grand culture based on the physical expression of emotions. They don't display grand structures, paintings, murals, or tapestries. They express themselves with their voices and their dance. Every evening in tenenbri towns, celebrations of beating feet, fists, and hearts break out. There is no crime of vice in Vanaka and the population determines for



themselves the limits of morality that evening. By the new day, though no light ever heralds the coming, the tenenbri work their jobs, thinking of only the next evening's festivities.

Like the narros, the majority of tenenbri are miners but don't dedicate the whole of their lives to just one profession. Every tenenbri is required to shift their expertise every few years, to expand their skills. At least one point in their lives, a tenenbri serves the military, works the mine, and helps build their civilization. There is no sexual superiority in Vanaka and both males and females alike serve in every echelon of the nation. Females are not taken as wives but wooed and courted for the honor. The common argument is that outsiders may like tenenbri if time is taken to know them. However, they do break almost every cliché set by other elves like damaskan and laudenian. Tenenbri wear their emotions on their sleeve. They act on instinct and less on logic. They follow their passions before thinking of consequences. In this way, they are more like human beings.

GREYLICH **(30,000 gp)**

Deep in the network, hidden in the rock, resides the large tenenbri holy city. Greylich, with its more than 50,000 tenenbri, falls under the rule of the priest Lilanrunner. Anyone trying to reach Greylich must traverse more than ten miles of underground caverns and dungeons to the nearest entrance. There is no easy shortcut. The tenenbri here do not permit outsiders. All slaves under their control work outside the city limits. The tenenbri consider Greylich holy ground and will defend it to the death.

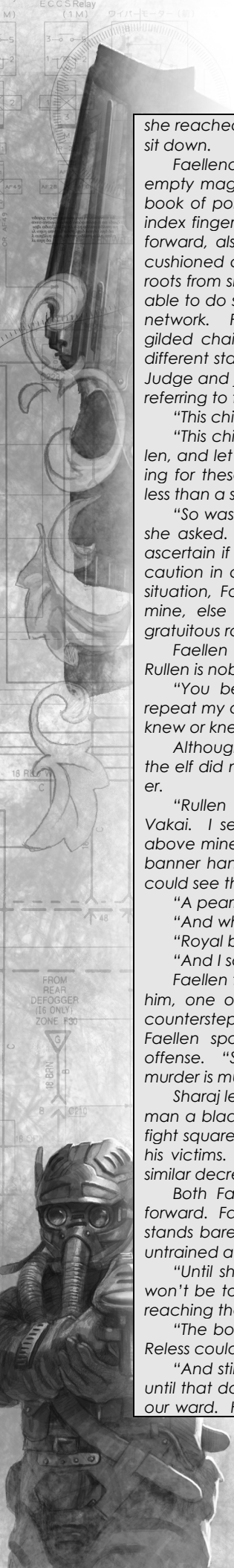
Greylich was commissioned as a simple mine digging for various semi-precious ores. This changed with the discovery of the Koedas. Not much is known about the artifact other than the description that it is the finger of oaken. Some stories escaping claim it is an obelisk with inscriptions in several languages including two forms of elvish, an older tongue used by the demons, and an ancient human language no longer spoken by mankind. Tenenbri entering the holy chamber can see the obelisk despite their blindness and can read the glowing letters clearly. The few that have dedicated their lives to the study of the obelisk reported regaining their natural eyesight, though the process took more than 100 years before finally occurring. The tenenbri closed their eyes and opened them, able to see the faint glow of the bioluminescent organisms hanging from the roof of the chamber the town resided in. They retained their blindscense but have an overpowering urge to walk into the light. Eventually, the elf in question leaves the network to live among those outside. The remaining takes position as the most holy clerics of the tenenbri. To date, less than two-dozen tenenbri have undergone this transformation and the mutation does not pass to their children.

Focus: Residents of Greylich are usually Fanatics, Assassins, and Bandits.

HAISHAL **(5,000 gp)**

Sharajaclypse leads a very fanatically loyal group of 5000 Tenenbri near an eastern network entrance. Sharaj, statuesque and beautiful, only grows more ravishing as she ages. Every line showing her years accentuates rather than diminishes her splendor. She is charismatic, wise beyond her already lengthy lifespan, able to solve almost any problem presented to her with words more than actions. She is known for her compassion, diplomacy, and quick wit.

"Before we begin, you understand, as mistress and mayor of this city, I am adjudicator in this matter," Sharaj announced as she entered the chamber. The bellies of a few oversized bugs, latched to the walls, glowed with a cold green light. The distant black walls showed no seam, clean and absolute as they merged to the a-frame ceiling above. No tapestries or paintings, only the Clypse crest hung from one side. The monotone image featured depressed and embossed shapes, clear to a tenenbri's blindsense, but hard to make out to the human clapped in irons. Two tenenbri guards with twin curved blades sheathed on their back held the man up and steady. Sharaj orbited a black stone table, expertly carved with swirls and shapes up its legs, with rounded edges and set with flakes of glowing stone, radiating the table in a soft glimmer to match the ceiling. The man could hardly make out the mistress in the mediocre light as



she reached her regal wooden and leather chair, but did not sit down.

Faellenassun's weapon had been removed, leaving his empty magnetic scabbard hanging from his back. His brail book of policies and procedures was open a crack with his index finger inset. He kept the book to chest as he stepped forward, also refusing to sit upon the welcomed wood and cushioned chair. Wood. Haishal had harvested the massive roots from snaking trees above, one of the few tenenbri cities able to do so. The material was worth more than silver in the network. Faellen sported a long leather coat over silver gilded chain armor. His bracers featured a raised crest of different stature and house than Sharaj. "Of course, mistress. Judge and jury. This is him," Faellen said in the native tongue, referring to the prisoner.

"This child?" Sharaj countered likewise.

"This child put a dagger between the eyes of Holiafanrullen, and let me remind my mistress that looks can be deceiving for these creatures. The time between boy and man is less than a season to us. This man knows of his crime."

"So was this before or after Rullen killed this one's family?" she asked. A moment paused while Faellen attempted to ascertain if the question was rhetorical. If not, he must take caution in choosing his response. "Trying to understand the situation, Faellen. Holiafanrullen is no citizen or follower of mine, else he would face and explain his actions in this gratuitous raid."

Faellen attempted restraint as he spoke up. "Mistress, Rullen is noble-birthed from Ikaren—"

"You believe I required reminding?" she snapped. "I repeat my question. You believe my words would change if I knew or knew not of his heritage?"

Although etiquette dictated he lower his head in shame, the elf did not do so. "My apologies," he still added, however.

"Rullen is only noble because of a claim backed from Vakai. I see no dragons upon his crest. Do you see one above mine?" she said, leaning forward, not referencing the banner hanging behind her. Despite no color, the tenenbri could see the image quite clearly.

"A pearl, milady," he answered.

"And what would that mean?" she goaded.

"Royal blood…decreed from the dragons."

"And I say his raid was criminal."

Faellen took a step forward. With stealth and unknown to him, one of the guards on the man stepped forth with a counterstep to the envoy, still maintaining his distance. Faellen spoke barely under the tolerance, bordering on offense. "Surely this child-man cannot live. Noble or not, murder is murder."

Sharaj leaned and took her seat. "Very well, we'll give the man a blade and enter a ring with the Rullen heir. Let them fight squarely for honor. It's more than what Holiafan offered his victims. I also believe such a judgment is proper given similar decrees from Vakai."

Both Faellen and Sharaj's personal guard took a step forward. Faellen strained to keep his voice in check. "Reless stands barely half his with only thirty seasons. She is a child, untrained and unprepared for such barbarity—"

"Until she reaches adulthood herself, which I do believe won't be too long given the age of the world and the trees reaching their roots into my city."

"The boy, nearly a man, will have died of his age before Reless could face him with comparable skill—"

"And still there is no guarantee she will keep her bloodlust until that day. In the time until then, we will keep the boy as our ward. Have to make sure he remains in good health for the upcoming duel, correct?" Sharaj's smirk grew from a slight crack but threatened to expose her sentiments on the issue.

"He will live?"

"Oh heavens no, he will die . . . in time."

Faellen made another step, finally reaching the opposite of the desk. Sharaj was unflinched and unworried, not unlike her guard, now closer to Faellen than the man behind. Faellen turned and quickly snatched a glance to the guard, then to the man. The unnamed was frightened but did his best to conceal it. His clothes were clean and undamaged though patches indicated recent work. His face had been shaven with barely a shadow present. His eyes were as wide as possible to allow the minuscule light in. Even still, the shadows and shapes across the room made him skittish. Faellen turned slowly back to Sharaj and whispered. "You see the fire in his eyes. He will turn on you as quickly. Will you be as uncouth when he kills one of your own?"

She leaned forward and spoke at normal tone. "He is no animal. Once I speak words he understands, you may be surprised at his civility. Is this all?"

Faellen thought about a counter but restrained himself. He pushed himself from the table and stepped back a pace. "Nothing further. Thank you for your judgment."

The instant before he broke contact to leave, Sharaj spoke again. "By the way, I will be sending invoice to Ikaren, costs for food and bed for the ward. If we are to keep their captive alive for the duel, they will compensate us for that."

Mouth agape, Faellen had nothing. He knew the futility and the insult she laid. He could say nothing. He needed to recount the conversation with his lord for them to weigh the price of war over the issue. He could do nothing. He was a messenger, and could not even draw his hidden dagger in reprisal before the guard would jump in reflex and sever his head. All he could do was stand in shock.

Sharaj added in insult to drive the point further. "Unless they wish to renounce their claim for vengeance?"

A Pilgrim's Tale
The Voyage of Seddon Archer
By Seddon Archer

Despite her talent with words, she was not given the opportunity to use them when Skogra's crusade rolled through the forests towards their tunnel entrances. Sharaj dismissed any accusations of cowardice and thrust into action, ordering her small but elite army to monitor the approaching crusade, taking out officers when the need arose. Meanwhile, her remaining militia, along with reinforcements from other towns, fortified within the tunnels, implanting murder holes and traps for several miles. Against advice from other commanders, she refused to face the ogres in front of the entrance. Tenenbri despised the idea of allowing the ogres to soil their kingdom but Sharaj insisted.

The ogres assumed mediocre defenses when approaching the undefended network entrance. It was not until a full quarter of the army was within the network did Sharaj spring her trap. Arrow fire, molten oil, and spike traps killed 3,000 ogres in five minutes. The chaos that ensued resulted in twice that number dead as morale broke, causing a stampede in the darkness. Dark magic doused every light. Cave-ins and secret passages diverted the army deeper into the network, where they were slowly eliminated. The few that did emerge were so badly beaten, so disheartened, that Zarakaskogra refused to believe their account of the ambush and ordered yet another wave. Only after that force fell to the same fate, did Sharaj take the opportunity to emerge from the mountain. By then, night had fallen and the tenenbri, led by Sharaj

herself, struck the broken army. Her victory came with the double blessing of few tenenbri losses. When the humans and narros in the woods and fields of the east rose up to assist, Sharaj took note.

Sharaj believes the tenenbri are a dignified race, worthy of respect and honor if they control their wild ways. Too often, they allow their hate and fear to direct their actions. Nearly 800 years old, Sharaj has still to take a mate. Her brother, Maenis, bonded to a local servant girl and offered several children worthy for succession. The entire Clypse name is popular with the locals, some swearing their blood for the entire family's history. Outside, her leniency with the narros and human communities outside have been taken as sour by Vakai, and some consider her outlandish opinions as a severe threat to Vakai's influence over the rest of the network. If power of the network were to transfer from Vakai to Haishal, the entire policy of the tenenbri in Vanaka would shift away from personal gain, driving the population to being a contributing member of a growing global community.

Focus: Adventurers from Haishal are usually Crusaders, Hives, and Pathfinders.

IZAPIX **(10,000 gp)**

This small city rests on an island inside a very large subterranean lake. There are no bridges to Izapix, only stairs that drop from the ceiling above, carved into a huge natural hourglass-shaped stone pillar. Bridges once connected to the distant shores but the population had torn them down in their sudden rebellion. The pedagogue who runs Izapix is Nillaseenkarx, who wishes his people to be left alone. They seldom dig anymore, keeping to themselves and the rich fishing waters from the lake and the river that flows through. Unlike other tenenbri communities, usually gifted with lukewarm illumination, Izapix is bathed in complete darkness.

Outsiders are not welcomed, not even other tenenbri. Warning arrows are fired to those attempting a boat crossing and few have ever found the tunnel that leads to the staircase. However, the tenenbri of Izapix have never taken a life against those attempting to reach their town, a law of their faith. The religious sect in Izapix wishes isolation without interruption in their attempts to reach a total understanding of the universe through sensory deprivation. Residents of Izapix believe the tenenbri blindsense allows them to see more than simple echolocation or vibrations within the ground. It allows to tenenbri to peer into souls, through the very fabric of time and space, and finally to look into the eyes of god.

The Order of Zaleel hopes to discover the origin and meaning of all life, to solve the greatest question. Why? No longer can evolution answer everything; no longer can magic answer everything. There is more to know that connects the world of magic to science. They go about pursuing this path by removing external stimulus. Followers enter a large shallow pool and float upon the surface. Each room is large, with walls more than 15 feet away. After the doors close, external sound is severed. The subject remains, sometimes for several hours. Despite screams and pleas, the doors are never opened until the leading monk consents. During the procedure, the subject would hallucinate and often encounter lucid dreams of impressive realism. Occasionally, these visions strike fear into the viewer. Concerns arise for those who do not scream, that remain silent for the entire duration. Later, some refuse to speak of their experience while others insist on recording their visions for prosperity.

The four most notable accounts follow:

Sciogeanasis and Perciarachias both claim to have seen figures watching them from the edge of room. Ghostly figures, they drifted from the walls, and surrounded them. Color filled their forms as they walked closer. Unlike all other hallucinations, where one creates figures from memory, both Scio and Percia attest the figures were of no one they knew. They did not sense as tenenbri but had the ears of a fey. In each encounter, one of the figures approached the tenenbri and placed something in his or her hand. With Scio, it was a palm-sized crystal sphere with a single rose petal perfectly incased. With Percia, it was hardwood hilt for a longsword with no blade set in.

Both subjects emerged from the chamber with said items still in hand.

Urihollianis spoke of a similar account but from him, only a solitary female appeared. She was as tall as a laudenian, but with a more athletic physique and long curls of waving hair, as animated as her smile. Uri remembered wishing his heart to know her name. She leaned over and whispered, "Kirana." Immediately following, she changed her form to be without garbs and proceeded to seduce him. They copulated in that very chamber. Uri emerged spent and obsessed with the female. He left the order soon after.

Then there was Elamcryphanus. We opened the chamber

… and he had disappeared.

Brother Kenazsina
Volume 38, Document 468

Focus: Adventurers from Izapix are mostly Missionaries and Holy Monks.

KALAK **(25,000 gp)**

The people of Kalak are slightly shorter than other tenenbri and look unkempt. They carry dirty faces from digging. The narros claim ancestors from the original Kalak were responsible for bringing the wrath of Oaken that created the tenenbri in the first place. They continue to dig deeper than any narros mine. Kalak and the people are responsible for 80% of all mineral riches in Vanaka, mainly gold and silver. The pedagogue of Kalak, Runnaklimx, is the oldest living Tenenbri at 3,000 years of age. Few see him although all tenenbri know he lives still. Oddly enough, he garners little respect outside of Kalak and the people who deify him.

Runn also prides himself with the longest marriage of any living fey, having been paired to Elsanabora several millennia ago by feuding parents in a vain attempt to settle grievances. Well before the exodus, Elsa's brother, Ronnabora took an insult from Runn and attempted to exact vengeance by taking Runn's own younger brother in an alleyway ambush. Elsa, aware of the trap, warned Runn, who arrived and challenged Ronna to a duel. Ronna was killed and the feud exploded into a full war despite the marriage. Elsa's father attempted to nullify the bond and take back his daughter. Runn swore to take his wife back and, with Elsa's help, snuck inside the Abora house. Elsa knew very well what was required and stood back as Runn slew her family as they slept. Runn and Elsa took the house as their own. As proof of his love for his wife and wishing not to show favor, Runn turned on his own family and killed them all as well, the entire household of twelve relatives. The couple claimed the combined inheritance and took control of the city. Despite the wicked tale, the pair has ruled with distinction and honor, making some wonder over the validity of the legend. They remained together both before the exodus and after the influx. In the 2900 years of marriage, they hardly ever leave one another and have sired more than 250 offspring, most of which run the operation and administration of Kalak.

Recent controversies over accusations about inbreeding between the descendants resulted in Vakai demanding an inquisition be set up. Runnaklimix refused, citing the accusations as insulting. If evidence were to surface, Vakai forces would surely move in to remove the family from power for such a pairing is forbidden by tenenbri law.

Focus: Adventurers from Kalak are traditionally Earth Elemental Tuners and Bandits.

PALENQA (15,000 gp)

The abodes and dwellings of Palenqa sit carved directly in the walls of a tall, narrow cavern stretching for over a mile across and hundreds of feet high. They entertain many visitors from the nearby eastern cave entrance to the mountains. Of all the communities, Palenqa is the most sociable. Pedagogue Petterishoram is a friendly sort that enjoys a successful trade with adventurers entering the network. Most tenenbri wandering the land originate from Palenqa, which is the brightest lit of any tenenbri city, gifted by the bioluminescent algae growing over the ceilings and walls, basking the town in a dim, but usable green-blue light. Torches are available for those who need it to read.

Palenqa, like Kalak, fell under scrutiny. Here, the rumors spread about crossbreeding between tenenbri and outsiders, a crime set down from Vakai, though one carrying a far less severe sentence than incest, an accusation laid at Kalak's ruling house. Critics of the city, though welcoming kickbacks and gratuity, charged that Palenqa harbors those breaking social laws. They claim these laws endorse free vice. Choice of marriage applies to tenenbri only and is invalid when others are concerned. Thus, a tenenbri could engage in whatever selfish desire filled his or her fancy as long as a non-tenenbri was not involved. Defenders counter that such foolish accusations serve no purpose other than to support the fear agenda Vakai currently involves itself in. Officially, the city prohibits non-tenenbri from engaging in any activity involving prostitution, social interaction, or public displays of affection or personal opinion. Because of the impressive income offered by the visitors, non-tenenbri and native, these laws are often ignored. The residents here have grown with foreigners so much as to accept and welcome their presence.

With a rumored alliance with the humans and narros of Aeros, it is in Palenqa's best interest to repress these unpopular laws in the face of progress. Petter, devoutly in love with Sharajaclypse from Haishal, forged an alliance many decades ago though Sharaj has denied Petter's advances on numerous occasions. He hopes in a few centuries to win her over.

Focus: Adventurers from Palenqa are often Thieves and Bandits.

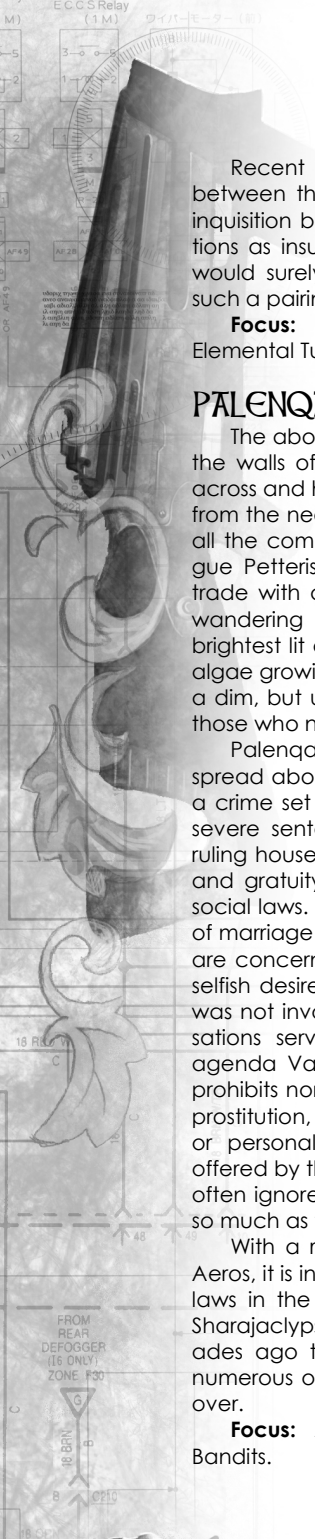
VAKAI (60,000 gp)

One leaves the network and enters an expanding cave. First, they encounter a huge wall connecting one side to another with a large gate to monitor the passing of residents and visitors. After crossing the gate, the massive cavern of Vakai humbles all. A river divides the cavity in two. Several bridges cross the expanse to the main city where hundreds of cathedral-shaped black buildings rise up, stretching all the way to the distant wall. Natural life forms and some magical elements in the ceiling create a radiance draping the entire city in a dim twilight. The sprawling city welcomes only tenenbri. The tenenbri manage every facet of their society from Vakai, from the military and their government to their mining concerns and map making. Queen Karellanecrebet frowns on outsiders. She believes in only her people and the development of their empire. She expects to go to war with the ogres again, and with the narros later, when the tenenbri expansion moves beyond the mountains. She understands and expects this even though she does not believe herself to be a warmonger. Centuries of bad blood may make a war inevitable.

Karell declared herself queen when her sizable army broke into and discovered the massive cavern. After making herself a crown, she passed lordships and nobilities to her family and loyal friends, many of whom left to start their own communities devoted to their queen. Neither Karell nor any of her lords have any proximity of blood. Karell continually expanded the number of her loyal followers by passing down titles hand over fist. None of these had received the dragon's blessing to verify their nobility. Only Sharajaclypse received such a title and keeps the sigil of the pearl dragon on her crest. This honor always keeps the rogue tenenbri Sharaj popular with the people of Vanaka, even in Vakai. As expected, Karell feels threatened but would never think of removing Sharaj from her position or attempt an assassination, the latter a commonly brought topic at Vakai council meetings.

Vakai sits on a huge underground network of mines and dungeons. Recently, the city turned metaphorically darker. Citizens have been disappearing from streets. Those questioning the government or their new direction either vanish or meet with unfortunate accidents. Law enforcement walk the streets more concerned with combating the vices most tenenbri take for granted. No one is allowed to question their leaders, nor are they permitted to enter certain regions of the city, including a recently excavated cavern tunneled in the past few years. The population is growing uneasy, but since this new direction, the royal family of Vakai has promised limitless wealth to their followers after this transitional period has passed.

Focus: Adventurers from Vakai are often Thieves and Bandits.





"That…is an entrance," Mischa observed. Though the wood rotted a century ago, the massive opening remained, five storeys tall. The door sat nearly thirty feet into the side of the mountain. The lintel above, carved from polished limestone, must have taken an army to lift into place. It stretched from the doorframe, across the ceiling, sticking out of the entrance just far enough for a pair of weathered soapstone dragons, no bigger than a man, to perch, greeting those who entered. Their wings had long since broken to stumps, the gems encrusting their eyes long since stolen. Their proud and emotive faces with full brows and pronounced nostrils long sine succumbed to the elements, smoothed flat and near featureless. The sills looked plain in comparison. The natural rock carved away was separated, shipped to a kiln, forged into black obsidian, and brought back to support the walls. What they offered instead were fresh carvings. Both walls around the architrave were divided by intersecting lines, opening squares

wide enough for a man to reach to either end with his fingertips. Several engravings filled a few openings. At least two showed bears, one foraging on all fours, the second rearing back to ward off enemies. Another image was of a great spread-winged eagle, an animal able to flourish after mankind's fall. A few others showed animals lesser known, spawn species finding form after the wave of magic swept the globe, short, squatty kobolds, flightless cockatrice, and various gargoyles.

History had long since forgotten the significance of the glyphs. Were they pictograms, a language, or the results of a contest to liven the keep's entrance? Even though Mischa gaped at the massive entrance to the fortress, the others arched their necks back to see the mountain of rock towering over them.

"Wonder how high that is?" Mahan asked.

"425 meters," Raven respond quickly. Limshau and several narros mines had adopted metric, their attempt at being progressive.

Mahan snapped a look at the elf. "Give or take?"

"No."

The peak held just enough room for the ten-story keep constructed atop. Many of the battlements were overhanging the cliff, pointing down rather than across. The outer walls and towers jutted no angles, curved at every corner to deflect siege works, though no ballista nor catapult nor trebuchet could reach that height. Only cannon would breach these walls. Battlements circled the keep, with three rows of embrasures atop each other. Hundreds of arbalests could rain straight down with gravity as their ally. Buttresses from the sides of the mountain rose up to join the walls of the castle.

Most likely, the same construction of the mountain catacombs was employed in the building of the fort. Builders penetrated the mountain and a massive tunnel was built to breach the sky. Rather than lift the slabs up the side, they were hoisted from inside a great shaft. The emptied rocks were forged into solid bricks to be craned into position. The blackness of the entrance was reflected in the outer wall of the keep at the peak. Huge slabs forming the wall prevented secured handholds. The undertaking must have taken a kingdom a king's life to complete. Those who planned its construction never lived to see its completion. Hundreds of years later, abandoned and infested with uncaring beasts ignorant of history, it sat unconquered to anything other than time and nature. Moss and weeds crept up the sides and breached the indestructible walls. Grass pushed from arrow slits. Mahan broke the silence by whispering the obvious. "He said keep. Forgot to mention the mountain the keep rests upon."

"It's taller than the lighthouse of Alexandria," Aiden muttered.

Mischa turned his head from the entrance. "Pardon?"

Raven averted her head to respond while Aiden continued looking up. "It is called education, read a book."

"I recall every moment of my life," Mischa snapped back. "Elders with memory beat books every time." Raven was in no mood to get into another joust with him on the subject. If Mischa was the last, then after his fated and eventual death by a better blade, the village kantis would be a footnote among a hundred other villages of equel pride demolished by time and short memories.

She couldn't help herself. "I come from a land where pencil and paper exist, Mischa," she said back.

Mischa opened his mouth to retort but Aiden cut him off, "Don't bother Mischa."

Aiden walked under the lintel. He approached the various animal carvings in obsidian. He was able to identify most of them. Only after an extended study of the walls did Aiden notice the hundreds of murder holes concealed in the carvings. He opted not to tell the others, lest they get alarmed. If anyone had manned these battlements, they all would be surely dead by now. One carving got his attention. "Look at this." A creature confounded him, being neither animal nor any magical beast anyone recognized. It had an eagle's claws but the hindquarters of a wolf, the head of a reptile and six tails topped with barbs. Large scaled wings could provide limited flight.

"That a dragon?" Mahan asked.

"Like a sirrush," Said Raven. "Some form of chimera I think. Not something I've ever seen roaming these lands. But maybe back then."

Mahan walked past them all. He approached the open entryway. The arch was not uniform. A large section appeared broken away, but there was no rubble on the ground. "Either way, a welcome alternative to the outer climb," he said.

"And that?" Aiden followed Mahan and pointed to the large broken section of stone. The jagged break didn't appear from a failure of the structure, as the stone would crack where their mortar failed and not a jagged slice like this. Mahan raised his eyebrows.

"If I didn't know, I'd swear something took a bite out it."

"Yeah, that would be a metaphor best avoided in the future."

"Oddly enough, I'm starting to favor the outer climb," Mischa finally said, the last to enter the cover of the rock.

"What, that? Kantis big on rock climbing, were they?"

"Kantis big in every way," he quickly replied. Mahan laughed. "Regardless," Mischa continued, "I am no fool to brave those passages at this hour. We take shelter in the shade and enter on the 'rise." He turned and made his way to the entrance. Their horses and gear rested unattended there.

Mahan turned and followed, albeit much slower. "Won't much matter, even considering it faces east, light will only help us briefly. There are no other openings or windows all the way to the base of the keep."

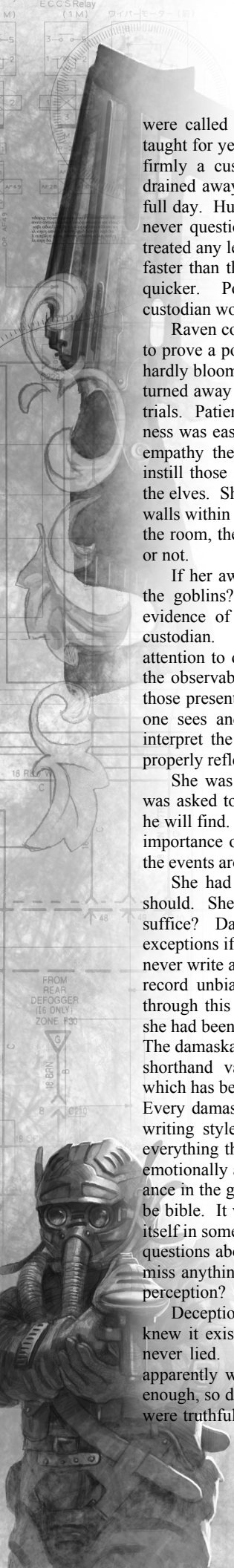
Aiden didn't follow. "Shouldn't take long. I am not expecting a vast network, not unless magic keeps this mountain solid." He looked to the silent Raven in the shadow. "Raven?" he asked.

Raven hated herself for doing so. She nodded. "After morning," she said.

Mischa pointed Raven's way but spoke to Aiden. "You see, warriors always agree." Both Mischa and Raven considered the moment as it passed. It was the first time Raven was even addressed with any respect from the human brute. Warrior was the best title she could have hoped for from him. Mischa also realized it, but the thought passed more quickly by him. *She was a warrior, no denying that. Everything else was ludicrous.*

Later that day, as the final bands of sun dipped over distant hills, the group separated. A fire outside the entrance supplied additional light. Mischa and Mahan practiced with reinforced bamboo staves outside while the other two chatted around the light from both the fire and Aiden's amulet he had placed on the ground. Aiden strained his eyes to write in his book, the glasses perched off the tip of his nose.

Raven stood, studying the artistry of the carvings. She contemplated if any Limshau librarians had been here. Custodians were trustworthy with recording events without emotions distorting facts. In truth, she was expected to document her journey. Raven never felt her words were worth much on the page. She always felt her calling was the protection of those other scholars in harm's way, like Aiden. Though not much of a scholar in the observation capacity, he was still one of books and intelligence, a commodity considered precious in her home. And yet, custodians



were called warrior scholars. Before given a blade, they were taught for years how to watch in patience. One such test was how firmly a custodian could kneel in front of an hourglass as it drained away. This hourglass trickled by not in an hour but in a full day. Humans were rare to pass that test. Those that did were never questioned in their level of dedication. They were never treated any less than the damaskan custodians. Humans graduated faster than the elves and half-breeds. They took the training far quicker. Politics probably assisted the haste since a human custodian would be past his prime by graduation.

Raven could keep still. She did so for two days. It was meant to prove a point. It was hard enough to enlist so young. She had hardly bloomed from childhood when she tried to enroll. She was turned away three times. They eventually allowed her to take the trials. Patience was easy. Balance and speed was easy. Awareness was easy. The only flaw in the trials was the assumption of empathy the custodian was expected to have. Training would instill those skills later. She was the youngest Custodian among the elves. She could enter a branch and name off the books on the walls within a breath. She could tell where everyone was sitting in the room, their seating positions, and even if they had noticed her or not.

If her awareness was that astute, how could she have missed the goblins? What did she overlook? They left no trail, no evidence of their plan. How did Mischa know? She was a custodian. This is what they were known for: Unfaltering attention to detail in the recording of everything within vision of the observable world. To document and authenticate events and those present within them. To recognize the significance of what one sees and the context of where and how one sees it. To interpret the meaning of what one observes and record such to properly reflect the event and those involved.

She was permitted to escort Aiden through this world. She was asked to protect the knowledge he possessed and that which he will find. Someone, maybe her namesake elder, recognized the importance of this and bequeathed to her the duty of chronicling the events around the life of this man and what he kept.

She had not written anything down. She kept thinking she should. She was expected. If Aiden was, would protecting him suffice? Damaskans never write of themselves and only make exceptions if they are active in the roles of events. Even then, they never write about their feelings, offering their history to another to record unbiased. Every mark of her soul told her the voyage through this land she was undertaking was important. If it was, she had been delinquent in her duties. She had papers and pencils. The damaskans had to know both the classical elvish cursive and a shorthand variation they invented they call *Sonna-eliano* but which has been translated into the common tongue as O*rthoglossy*. Every damaskan regardless of their place in the world knew this writing style. All she would need is an hour to catch up on everything that occurred until now. She would keep her distance emotionally and record the important events as well their significance in the greater quest. They would trust her word and it would be bible. It would be expanded and translated, eventually finding itself in some tome on a shelf for others to read. Others would ask questions about the accuracy, about if she was impartial. Did she miss anything? They would trust her answers. Did she trust her perception? She always did before.

Deception was a foreign concept to her. She wasn't dim. She knew it existed and that human men were masters of it. Aiden never lied. Perhaps he was so good at it as to fool her, which apparently was easy. Mahan appeared trustworthy. Shockingly enough, so did Mischa. She assumed even those thugs in Antikari were truthful in their threats. Before she even considered writing anything, she needed to make sure she understood what laid beneath what she saw. Perhaps understanding these symbols and pictograms would help?

"No manner of sense would two men commission this work on their own," she finally said.

"Were they lovers?" Mischa interjected between clashes. Mahan kept his hands firmly grasped on the midpoint of the staff while Mischa preferred wielding from a one end. Mahan would catch a block with one point and attempt to catch Mischa with the other. Mischa, however, pulled his weapon away from one block to intersect the other. Neither decided to wear armor for the spar. Mischa's staff already showed a few splinters from his aggressive charges. Even though firmly dedicated to connect a slap on his ally, he still attempted to carry a conversation with the rest of the group.

"That hardly seems a relevant question," Aiden lifted his head to say. "They've been dead for…" He trailed off and looked to Raven.

She apparently ignored the conversation until prompted but answered quickly. "300 years—and yes, legend claims they were."

"They lords?" Mischa asked back. He swept his staff wide. It swished over Mahan's head. Mahan attempted to counter with a leg sweep but couldn't anticipate Mischa's instant reversal. The shaft struck down hard and Mahan was forced to roll away before completing the maneuver.

"Of who?" Mahan asked through a grunt as he stood.

Aiden lifted his eyes from his reading and peeled his glasses from his face. "Well, I imagine a thriving town lived around here, swallowed by waters and time. The keep and its secrets are all that remains. Such is progress." He went back to his book. His eyes jerked to his right, noticing the small half-pound limestone fragment balancing on a point, as if perfectly suspended by an invisible string. Aiden cupped his had gently around the stone. He lifted it up slowly and released it. It floated above, slightly tumbling by Aiden's errant little finger.

"You doing that?" Raven asked.

"No," Aiden responded, quietly, "this area possessed great magic at some point. Never truly leaves." It was another thing she noticed but not fully comprehended. Now he was understanding the world in ways she hadn't. In the same years of an elf, Aiden would still be a child climbing trees and reading poetry in class. "I would love to see the fields of Burganasis. Thousands of such stones the size of houses," he added.

Raven had enough of this. She couldn't let them see her negligent in her responsibilities. Aiden studied and wrote. Mischa and Mahan fought. Later the cleric would pray. All Raven was doing was staring at symbols and floating rocks, wondering why she stopped being a custodian. *Even Aiden and Mahan would ask questions as to why I was not fulfilling my obligations to the group. Aiden wished me here because of my skills with the blade and for the recording* of this *voyage. He averts my eyes occasionally, evidently because I must disappoint him—has done so twice already, I can recall. How many more have I not noticed? I am dishonoring him by allowing my emotions and doubt to cloud my mind. A true limshau scholar would never allow this.*

Raven orbited around the fire, dropped quickly to pack, and a hunted for her books. Aiden's concentration on the floating stone and Raven's search was cut short by further clashing by the two warriors. Aiden looked up. "Must you continue that?"

"You exercise with words, we use actions. Different means to the same end," Mischa diverted to answer. The diversion allowed Mahan to catch Mischa off his guard. Mahan swung his staff over

the back of his neck with his right arm. Rolling it around, he caught it with his left, bringing it down on Mischa's back. Mischa raised his arm and grappled around his opponent's staff. He gave Mahan's weapon a tug but it wouldn't move. Instead of bringing his weapon down, he snatched Mahan's arm cloth. Mischa's great strength pulled Mahan across. Throwing his weight back, Mischa yanked the cleric around, finally throwing him across the ground. The weapon came free. Mahan's feet never stumbled. They skidded over the loose dirt and sand. He slid more than twenty feet, finally stopping without falling.

Mahan glanced at the blood dripping to his fingers from the splinters embedded in his palm when Mischa violently disarmed him. He stood at attention, and then bowed to offer respect. Mischa nodded back and threw back the staff to the cleric. Aiden and Raven all watched the conclusion of the fight. "So, who won?" Aiden finally asked.

Mischa opened his mouth to answer but Mahan interrupted. "He did," he calmly stated. "My strike had no strength to breach his armor." He nodded again to Mischa. Mischa smiled and returned the courtesy. He turned and walked under the mountain to approach the fire. Mahan remained outside. He walked over his horse to grab his pack and begin his evening prayers.

Mischa loomed over Raven as she finally pulled out her book. "Come on," he said. She looked up at him. "Are you a dancer? Stand and earn my respect."

She tilted her head, confused. "Wasn't aware I had yet to earn it."

"I have yet to see you prove your worth with your weapons." Raven glanced to Aiden. Aiden shrugged slightly and resumed his reading, wrapping his glasses back around his head. Raven sighed. Her right ear twitched. She placed the book back on her pack and raised herself from a cross-legged stance to firm footing without lurching or using her arms. She leaned over and unlocked her scabbard from her weapon. She gently placed her blade on her folded cloak and pack. She lifted her steel reinforced black oak sheath as her weapon. Straps hung from its belt loop. Mischa rolled his cracked staff around his arms. He stood guard inside the cave.

Raven approached. Mischa stood over her by more than a full head. She tapped Mischa's staff to start the engagement. Mischa stepped back, apprehensive to make the first strike. He marched forward to intimidate but she jerked back. Mischa finally lowered his weapon and attempted a full sweep. Raven flipped sideways in the air, the black strands of her hair fell down across her face, the only part of her stroked by Mischa's weapon.

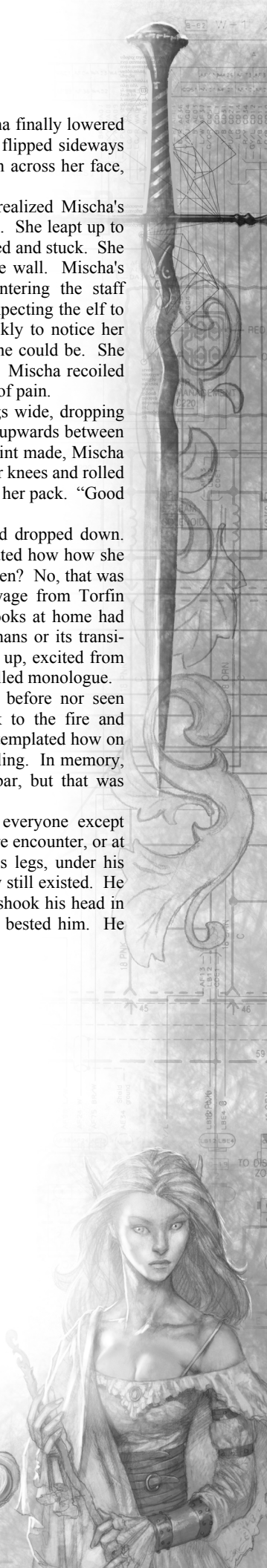
Raven tossed herself back to her feet but realized Mischa's weapon was coming around for a follow through. She leapt up to offer her leg to the obsidian wall. Her foot planted and stuck. She brought her other foot and carried herself up the wall. Mischa's staff continued and struck the mountain, splintering the staff further. Mischa glanced instantly to his right, expecting the elf to have leapt over his head. He spun around quickly to notice her still standing on the wall, as surefooted as anyone could be. She came down upon his skull with the hard sheath. Mischa recoiled back from the strike, wincing from the sharp jolt of pain.

Raven flipped back down but spread her legs wide, dropping below Mischa's belt. Another strike caught him upwards between his legs, finding both nuts hard to crack. The point made, Mischa squirmed from the blow. Raven jumped up to her knees and rolled back to her feet. She tossed her scabbard back to her pack. "Good enough?" she asked, offering him her back.

She walked to her place next to the fire and dropped down. She snatched the book and pencil and contemplated how how she should start. The amulet? Her meeting with Aiden? No, that was too selfish. The amulet, the history of its voyage from Torfin Gendron would be an appropriate start. The books at home had nothing about its ownership at the hands of techans or its transition to Aiden's hand. Privately, she was wound up, excited from the fight, and would never focus now on a controlled monologue.

Mischa had never encountered a custodian before nor seen their capacity in combat. He turned his back to the fire and sauntered bowlegged from the entrance. He contemplated how on Earth she was able to scale the walls without falling. In memory, he had seen her do something similar in the bar, but that was insignificant to actually running across a ceiling.

He bent around the wall, out of sight to everyone except Mahan, who still prayed, having ignored the entire encounter, or at least pretended to. Mischa reached between his legs, under his cup and coaxed his testicles to settle again. They still existed. He sighed in relief. He laughed a small laugh. He shook his head in disbelief. He nodded. A woman—an elf—just bested him. He was more surprised he did not at all mind.





ARTIFICE & ARTIFACTS

The rules and game statistics in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

To summon or channel power from a gate makes one eternally tied to that gate. It takes from you and invests in equal measure. That investment requires a sacrifice. The cost is to be tied to its fate. If the gate where to close, those tied to it would perish as well. Some would be wracked in pain from conditions unforeseen until their quick demise, or they may simply fall to dust, impossible to remain intact in the onslaught of normality. These chaotic powers of magic can be harnessed and controlled, and those who claim mastery hold the promise to accomplish the truly magnificent.

Beyond intelligent control, magic can be imbued within items, offering their powers to their owner or wielder. But the same tariff must be paid, tying a soul to the fate of magic from then on. For some, the increase in power is worth the cost, as many believe the new world is a lasting one.

Beyond the standard equipment and fare available to many games, Amethyst offers a few additions and limitations.

FORBIDDEN SPELLS

GATE

Conjuration (Creation or Calling)
Level: Foundation Spell
Components: XP; see text
Casting Time: See below
Range: Close (25 ft)
Effect: See text
Duration: Up to 1 hour/level); see text
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: No

Casting a gate spell creates an interdimensional connection between our Universe and one of the two realms of energy (Ixindar or Attricana), allowing travel between in either direction.

The gate itself is a sphere. Its diameter is critically dependant on the caster. It is not a window, so you cannot look into the realm you specified when casting the spell, and anyone or anything that moves through is shunted instantly to the other side. This gate has no front and no back.

The portal can only transport subjects to and from dependant on the size of the gate. The gate is the same size as the

caster up to medium. Anything larger still only creates a medium gate. However, assistance is greatly appreciated.

For every additional spell caster casting the same spell in cooperation, it increases its stability, lengthening the duration by a factor of 10. An additional spell caster increases the size of the gate also. But to increase said size lengthens the casting time to achieve the size. Thankfully, because of the stability of additional spellcasters, they can take a break for sleep (or magic to replace sleep) and resume the spell without having to restart.

Gate size	Casters required	Casting time*
Medium	1	1 hour
Large	2	1 day
Huge	4	5 days
Gargantuan	6	2 weeks
Colossal	9	1 month
Colossal +	11	2 months
Colossal ++	14	4 months
* For each caster.		

The main gates of Ixindar and Attricana are even larger but most of the big things from Attricana that wanted to leave did and the Absolute rock (the angelite around Ixindar) prevents anything larger than Gargantuan from leaving the Negative gate. A gate can also be moved as long as it doesn't pass through any antimagic fields (even though casting any dispel magic spells or antimagic spell on the gate has no effect. A successful concentration check by at least half the casters needed to create it (min 1) at DC30 can move it 20 ft per round. Every additional successful caster assisting adds +10 feet per round.

If an inverse gate is cast overtop of its opposite, or is moved into it, a massive energy disruption occurs. If different sizes, one gate simply devours the other, reducing in size equal to the difference between the two gates. The larger gate sends out a massive power surge equal to a 20th level Magic Circle against Good (if Negative) or Evil (if Positive), radiating out 500 feet / size category of the destroyed gate (So a Gargantuan Positive gate lands on top of a Large Negative gate. Only a Large positive gate remains, sending out a massive magic circle against evil 1000 feet in every direction.) In addition, for every size category of the burst, the gate sends out an energy aura that deals 2d10 per destroyed gate size to its adverse type in the same blast radius. The Ref DC is = 3 per Size above small category +10.

Destroyed Gate	Blast Radius	Damage	Ref DC
Medium	500	2d10	13
Large	1000	4d10	16
Huge	1500	6d10	19
Gargantuan	2000	8d10	22
Colossal	2500	10d10	25
Colossal +	3000	12d10	28
Colossal ++	3500	14d10	31

Remember, a destroyed Positive gate harms only Good creatures; a destroyed Negative harms only Evil creatures. The remaining gate operates as normal until either destroyed itself or closed when its duration is up. Gates being formed operate and function perfectly even while being enlarged and the duration only starts when all the casters are finished their work.

Gates opened can be shut off by will of their casters. They can wait for it to close on their own. Gates are immune to all magic and magical abilities. They operate in anti-magic fields and cannot be dispelled by any means. They are a system of rules entirely their own. Only a creature capable of casting Wish can make a gate permanent.

DM Note: Any episode around a gate should be a major quest involving drama, death, and possible armies clashing.

XP Cost: 1,000 XP per caster per size category medium and above.

Location: This foundation's location is not known. Many casters are not even sure of its existence. Those sure of it are convinced one sits in Kirjath-Sepher. They are also convinced Lazarus in Dracontia has one.

RESURRECTION (NEGATIVE)

Necromancy (Evil)
Level: "Divine" Foundation Spell
Casting Time: 10 minutes

This spell functions like *raise dead,* except that you can resurrect a creature that has been dead for as long as 10 years per caster level. This spell can even bring back creatures whose bodies have been destroyed, if you unambiguously identify the deceased in some fashion (reciting the deceased's time and place of birth or death is the most common method). Upon completion of the spell, the creature is immediately restored to full hit points, vigor, and health, with no loss of level (or Constitution points) or prepared spells. You can revive someone killed by a death effect or someone who has been turned into an undead creature and then destroyed. This spell can also resurrect elementals or outsiders, but it can't resurrect constructs or undead creatures. *Resurrection* can't restore to life a creature that has died of old age.

Material Component: A sprinkle of unholy water and diamonds worth a total of at least 25,000 gp.

XP Cost: 5000 xp. Note: The xp cost may be drained from a single target other than the caster. That target must be within 30 feet. There is no save. If the target does not have 5000 xp, they are drained of all resident XP and take 3d6 energy drain to all attributes (perhaps killing the target).

Note: Resurrection automatically forces a Negative Corruption Will Save (DC 25) on the caster. The subject resurrected also must make the same Will save or also face the consequences from the magic source. There is also a 5% chance the subject will turn into a vampire.

Location: This is a "divine" foundation spell, requiring the artifact and a spellcaster able to cast 6th level divine spells. Only six Resurrection orbs exist in the world. Grissom Thalusva in the Necrosea owns one. Another is kept by Piotre Raczik in his hidden keep. Another is guarded by the Myre Knights in their castle under constant guard and is considered one of the most dangerous artifacts in their possession. One is guarded by Kharak Tore, the Demon king of Basilica. One is also rumored to sit in the Kardia-Gothas. The final was lost to history. Many believe it is hidden and buried. A vision appeared to Thos Thalogos, who is obsessively convinced it is somewhere under his city. However, a similar vision appeared to Sharajaclypse on the other side of the planet. But no one knows if she found it or not. The only person who really knows its location is Mengus, who created them all.

WISH

Universal
Level: Unique
Components: XP
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: See text
Target, Effect, or Area: See text
Duration: See text

Saving Throw: See text
Spell Resistance: Yes

Wish is the mightiest spell in Amethyst. Unfortunately, only a select few can cast it. No mortal creature can. It requires a connection with Attricana only blessed to those exposed to its power for hundreds of thousands of years.

Like the spell in the Players Handbook, the Wish can create magnificent results but it is not at all unlimited.
A wish can produce any one of the following effects.

•Reproduce any Foundation spell or clerical Holy Gift without an Anchor.

•Reproduce any other spell.

•Remove any harmful effects of any other spells such as Feeblemind or Insanity.

•Create a non-magical item of up to 25,000 gp in value.

•Create a magic item, or add to the powers of an existing magic item.

•Grant a creature a +2 inherent bonus to an ability score. Inherent bonuses are instantaneous, so they cannot be dispelled. Note: Inherent bonuses to a particular ability score do not stack, so only the best one applies.

•Remove injuries and afflictions. A single wish can aid one creature per caster level, and all subjects are cured of the same kind of affliction. For example, you could heal all the damage you and your companions have taken, or remove all poison effects from everyone in the party, but not do both with the same wish. A wish can never restore the experience point loss from casting a spell or the level or Constitution loss from being raised from the dead.

•Undo misfortune. A wish can undo a single recent event. The wish forces a re-roll of any roll made within the last round (including your last turn). Reality reshapes itself to accommodate the new result. For example, a wish could undo an opponent's successful save, a foe's successful critical hit (either the attack roll or the critical roll), a friend's failed save, and so on. The re-roll, however, may be as bad as or worse than the original roll. An unwilling target gets a Will save to negate the effect, and spell resistance (if any) applies. You may try to use a wish to produce greater effects than these, but doing so is dangerous.

XP Cost: The minimum XP cost for casting wish is 5,000 XP. When a wish duplicates a spell that has an XP cost, you must pay 5,000 XP or that cost, whichever is more. When a wish creates or improves a magic item, you must pay twice the normal XP cost for crafting or improving the item, plus an additional 5,000 XP.

Special: The Wish spell cannot locate or retrieve any artifact, as they are immune to magical effects. Only a few creatures good and evil can cast such spells. No new creatures have developed the ability and those possessing it do not give up this ability easily due to the energy drain required of them. The only known casters are: Goch the Azhi Dragon, Jahada, Lazarus the Pure, Selman the Titan, and Shaka. They cannot teach this ability to anyone else. Only time blesses this great spell. They can cast it once a year.

EMANATIONS FROM THE GATE

The gates to Attricana and Ixindar, as well any other gates, also emanate amazing power. It is this power from these gates that creates the very world everyone is living in. Their impact is felt everywhere. Getting close to one increases this influence and additional effects are felt.

Gate size	Effect	Radius
Medium	Resistance	50 ft
Large	Assistance	100 ft
Huge	Favor	150 ft
Gargantuan	Aid	200 ft
Colossal	Sanctuary	250 ft
Colossal +	Heal	300 ft
Colossal ++	Aura	350 ft

Constructed gates can never reach the same size as the main ones, but they do offer some abilities (Per 15th level Caster). All these abilities do not stack with previous ones listed.

Resistance: All gain +1 on saving throws.

Assistance: All gain +1 on attack rolls and saves. Reveals creatures, spells, or objects of inverse alignments (good or evil).

Favor: All gain +1 on attack, damage rolls, and saving throws. All also receive +2 enchantment to AC and all saving throws.

Aid: +1 on attack and damage rolls and saves. Subjects heal an additional 1d8+15 healing every 24 hours spent inside the field.

Sanctuary: +1 on attack and damage rolls and saves. Subjects heal an additional 1d8+15 healing every 24 hours spent inside the field. The subject is also immune to poison while inside the field.

Heal: +1 on attack and damage rolls and saves. The moment the subject enters, he is cured of all diseases and ability score drains. While inside, the subject is immune to these attacks. Every 24 hours inside the field also heal an additional 4d8+15.

Aura: The moment the subject enters, he is cured of all diseases and ability score drains. While inside, the subject is immune to these attacks. Every 24 hours inside the field also grants 4d8+15 in healing. Subject also receives +4 enchantment to AC, +4 to all saves, and SR 25 against evil / good spells.

MAGIC ITEMS

It is important to note that few major magical items exist without a reason. Good dragons, laudenians, and the titans constructed most magical items.

Certain magical items are rarer than others. Major Wondrous Items are virtually non-existent and magical swords and armor are limited to a total enchantment of no more than +6. Artifacts as defined in the core rulebooks also do not exist. The only artifacts in this universe are listed below. In all situations, their existence is not common knowledge and few know of the locations of these items.

ANCHORS

Anchors may resemble scrolls, though incredibly more intricate, rolling a parchment across a room if released inadvertently. Often enough, they are inscribed in detail across large totems—never weapons or staves, as they are too small, but shields and books certainly—to be read by any mage wishing to understand it. Most anchors are books but some have been etched on living bodies, full armor sets, and across walls. They are not truly totems, so can break predefined rules of what constitutes a proper totem (like the rule of spreading the power words across multiple pieces). If spread over multiple pieces, losing but one of them renders the entire anchor useless.

Anchors are how mages pass on their spells to others. Because of the common quality of mages to share their knowledge (a characteristic with few exceptions), anchors

ANCIENT DRACONIC (DRACO SIGILIA)

Stories conflict about how the world learned to use draconic words to channel spells. Despite the accounts, the process continues today. No one disagrees about the source. They are holy words. Their origin always falls to the mortals from the god or gods creating the world. Dragons were either the original recipients or the deified creatures themselves blessing those under with their teachings. A dragon seldom claims this authority, choosing to lay the credit solely on their eldest father, Amethyst. There is no doubt this language dated all others known. The printed form of these letters focus amazing energy. Many are not aware of the language's full scope.

Draconic actually exists in three dimensions. Each letter has three views, which sometimes makes them look like others when seen on the same angle. Understanding this full language is not important for the channeling of magic and most mages on the planet have no knowledge of the true sight of the draconic language. They know of only fifty-five letters. This is all that is required to cast any spell channeled through the totem. In truth, the real language contains 235 letters when able to be viewed in all sides. The small number of those aware of this fact point the virtual impossibility of this language occurring naturally proves their divine origin and the very existence of god. No species developing naturally could ever design a language requiring three dimensions to fully understand. Currently, no one has ever been able to harness greater power from the expanded language. It does explain why so many that channel the power through their totems still cannot speak the language fully. Learning the true language of dragons and their written word is extremely difficult and only a few creatures with centuries to spare can claim fluency. The original Bibles of Drasago were created in the original tongue though thankfully, they can be converted to the flat variety with a simple wave of the hand. More poetic passages lose much in the translation.

Some casters suspect even more powerful spells exist hidden in this third dimension and point to anchors as proof, constructed as a receptacle for these rare and powerful spells. This may explain why one cannot copy the normal spell from a totem as the caster must be aware of the spell's true form to cast and why so few on the planet can create them. This may also explain why those able to cast spells via a totem still cannot speak the language fluently despite such an intimate knowledge of it.

appear and grow where mages appear and grow. Though there is no positive benefit to the mage for doing so, and though it involves a personal cost as well as a monetary one, mages feel a natural compulsion to create them. They are rarely stumbled upon and are often only shared, never given away. Because of this, they are typically only located within mage libraries. The more prominent the mage, the greater collection they possess. The largest library of them all is the mage fortress founded by Torfin Gendron, Kirjath-Sepher.

A mage can inscribe power words of any spell that he knows on an anchor. To scribe an anchor is exactly the same way as scribing a scroll except the base price of an anchor is its spell level x 100 gp. The mage must also spend 1/5 of this base price in XP.

Anchors never vanish when read or copied. However, one cannot cast from it like a scroll. They display all the draconic words required as well as details on the meaning of the words and the process to cast the spell. Because more powerful spells require more information, higher level spells require more space. There is no hard rule to define how much space is occupied but here are some examples:

- A single 1st level spell would take up a single page or a small scroll.
- A single 2nd level spell would require two pages, a small scroll, a small shield (both sides), a breastplate (both sides), or a torso (of a medium sized creature).
- A single 3rd level spell would require a dozen pages, a really long scroll (over 8 feet), a large shield (both sides), or the upper half of a body (of a medium sized creature).
- A single 4th level spell would require a small book, a 5 foot section of wall 10 feet high, a complete suit of armor or a full body heady to toe (of a medium sized creature).
- A single 5th level spell would require 10 feet of wall 10 feet high, a decent tome of at least 50-75 pages, or the wing of a young dragon.
- A single 6th level spell would require 20-30 feet of wall 10 feet high, a massive book between 100-150 pages, the wing or legs of an older dragon, or a scroll unfurling the length of a city block.

Foundation spells break the rules listed above and require much more effort from the mage to create.

Note: The GM may forget the limitations listed above if he truly wishes there to be clerical scrolls.

POTIONS

Potions are related to a form of enchanted alchemy where a learned caster is able to combine a specific set of rare ingredients which are receptive to a specific spell. This is an extremely advanced and complicated area of expertise known by few. All casters can brew potions, though the process and end results differ.

Mages: Mage potions are brewed in magical laboratories that resemble the outlandish designs of an insane chemist. Beakers boil under flames. Drips drop in various colors. The spell is cast during the procedure. They mix pure liquids, minerals, oils, and even toxins to achieve the result. The combinations are precise and even the slightest deviation in amounts or ingredients can spell disaster. Mage potions are often made up of dozens of different elements. They never taste good.

Druids: Druids seem able to mix potions on the fly. They use mostly living components or those that were once living (blood, other fluids, ground organs). Druid potions can be brewed in half the time and don't require the complicated setup mages do. Druid potions usually only need four to five ingredients.

Clerics: Clerics need few ingredients at all, but the ones they do require are rare. They are usually religious fragments connected to lands or creatures blessed with holy power. A common cleric potion is a fragment of a blessed symbol sitting in a chalice of holy water. The single fragment could be worth the entire cost of the potion, but it's the combination of the holy water and fragment that channels the spell. Other common ingredients include the ashes of a holy creature and/or foods deemed sanctified or kosher by the faith (salts, wines, but rarely meat). Even the most expensive potions still require only two or three ingredients. Technically, they don't

even need to be potions as some can actually be food. As with the other two casters, these ingredients must be specific, but are not as exclusive. The same divine fragment sitting in holy water could be enchanted with several different spells of the same cost (though it cannot be reused after enchanted and activated. The cleric imbues the "product" with the spell. Cleric spells don't require nearly the setup of mages or druids and, like druids, take half as long. Alas, because of the rarity of clerics in the world, cleric potions are somewhat uncommon. Thankfully, because some cleric potions are actually made up of food (like wine or bread), they can often taste quite good.

SCROLLS

Scrolls are virtually unchanged. How they work is slightly altered. Because of the details of the setting, only mage spells can be turned in scrolls. This is because only mage spells use a language. All other spells come from within and cannot be channeled to words. The writer of the spell follows the same rules for scribing scrolls. The power of the spell in imbued into the final activation phrase (sometimes only a word), which is etched into the scroll. A caster cannot copy the spell from a scroll to his totem because it is incomplete. The spell is sitting in limbo, waiting for the final passage, the same way as a mage casts a spell. A mage studies the spell, preparing it normally through his totem. With scrolls, most of the work has already been done by a third party.

STAVES, WANDS, AND RODS

Like potions, staves, rods and wands are created differently with every caster.

Mages: Mages inscribe fragments of power words on an item that must be made of a variety of specific chemicals in specific ratios. They often look of metal or glass but the draconic words may remain invisible until casting.

Druids: Druids focus their power upon an already enchanted fragment of nature. A branch from a tree growing from a chaparran grave is the common preference. They pat and flick various other components during a ritual in the item's creation. An unsuspecting eye could pass by a druid-made item without knowing its power.

Clerics: Clerics use an already sanctified item. This need not be a holy symbol for religions that refuse such iconography, but a holy item of some value. This could be a fragment of a much larger holy relic or a tiny sliver embedded in glass or silver. Cleric magic items cannot conceal their purpose. They look as valuable as they are.

NEW ITEMS

Janoahn Plated Shield: The shield of choice for the elite Janoahn Knights of the Bulwark is the Plated Shield (*Plated*, not *Plate*). One bizarre aspect of these shields is that they are available in two different configurations, one where they narrow at the top, and the other that is reversed with the narrow end at the bottom. This allows a more fluid interlock on the shield wall when an attack occurs. This heavy steel shield is polished to mirror-like perfection. Though only with a +1 enchantment initially (some have been known to be higher), it is also equipped with *Blinding* (2/day, DC14 Reflex save or be blinded for 1d4 rounds) except that the effect only harms evil-aligned creatures in a spray arc in front of the wielder for 20 feet. Despite its description, its does not have *Reflecting*. The shield also can alter the image creatures see when looking into the shield. The image could be as simple as an enemy approaching from behind to the creature seeing itself tripping—anything to cause it to second-guess its next action. Along with the blinding effect, any creature approaching within 5 feet in front of the shield must make a DC15 will save or be stunned for that round. If a creature passes, they don't need to make another save for that shield or any other shield for a full minute. Creatures with no sight are unaffected by this ability. This effect may occur while the shield is being charged. The attacker looses the remainder of his combat round and remains stunned until his next round. The shield counts as a +3 shield when attempting to increase its enchantment.

Moderate Evocation: CL8, Craft Magic Arms and Armor; Searing Light, *Daze Monster*; Price 8500 gp.

Limshau Spectacles of Words: One of the oddest sights for newcomers in Limshau is the image of an elf wearing glasses. Yet, these useful bifocals are appearing more often and Limshau Librarians can often be seen wearing them (though most Custodians still refuse to do so). They resemble a normal pair of eyeglasses of human design though specific styles differ. While looking through them, all foreign written words are translated to the wearer's chosen language. They do not translate spoken language nor can they translate draconic. Additionally, the glasses allow the wearer a +5 enhancement bonus to spot checks when noticing any written text.

Faint Transmutation: CL3; Craft Wondrous Item*; Tongues*; Price 12,000 gp.

Slave Halo: There only 4 slave haloes known to exist in the world, all of them within Baruch Malkut. No on knows who makes them. It is the threat and final fate to especially resistant elves that move through the market. The halo is a crown-like hollow ring of silver filled with hundreds of copper spheres, like bearings, rolling exposed on the inside. When placed over an elf's (and only an elf's) head, the halo begins to warp the mind of the subject, erasing memories and inserting artificial ones endorsing the new life. The halo forces the image upon the elf that they are property and possess no rights. Finally, it re-writes the elf's very disposition, making it more docile, friendly, and compliant. Even new interests and tastes can be inserted, amalgamated perfectly into the new spirit. The process may take more than an hour to complete and after which, is irreversible. A DC10 Will save staves off the affects of the Halo for ten minutes. Every ten minutes after forces another Will save at +2 difficulty. This continues until the subject is freed or if the elf fails a save. When that occurs, the effect is irreversible. The old personality is effectively dead. The new personality is so deficient, the elf can no longer bond, even if ordered to or if willingly attempted by the elf. Pagus, tilen, and demons are immune to the halo.

Strong Enchantment: CL13th; Craft Wondrous Item; *Modify Memory, Dominate Person, Permanency*; Price 150,000 gp; Weight 2 lbs.

Slaver Post: The slaver post is an iron rod with a ring on the end that can be driven into the ground to keep whatever is tied to it in place. The post can only be removed easily by the person who drove it into the ground in the first place. It is able to be pushed easily into sand, dirt, or even solid rock, ignoring 10 points of an object's hardness when being fastened. It cannot be fastened into a living creature or into liquid. When locked, the ground 5 feet around the post solidifies into a inflexible mass as hard to break as the post is to move. Any chain fastened to it as well as the post can restrain up to three creatures with a combined weight of under 1000 lbs. Several posts can used together to restrain a larger beast. Only a DC30 strength check can pull the post from the ground. Though obviously useful for a variety of purposes, the posts were designed by and for the slavers of Baruch Malkut. The item has been seen doubling as a climbing aid. The post comprises of two parts, the anchor and the loop. This allows

VIVICATORS

Regardless of magic, despite the position or lineage, death is still certain. Almost everyone believes, with hardly an exception, that souls continue past their mortal prison. While some believe the spirit rises to an afterlife, others affirm that the soul recycles from animal to animal, only occasionally being blessed into one of higher intelligence. Some religions forbid the interrupting of this process for any reason. Forcing a spirit back to its original body interrupts the fate written for that soul when god blessed that baby emerging from the womb. This never stopped the obsessed and the mournful to attempt any course of action to bring someone back from the dead.

Those blessed with magic from their deity are scarce. Of those, ones able to channel power to the scale of stopping time or raining fire from the sky are even rarer. In that small group are a select few gifted with the contentious ability to bring life back to the dead. This is not some corrupt power of undeath, but the reinsertion of a detached spirit back to their earthly skin. The majority of these casters are deeply respected and protected in great temples sitting in the largest echan cities. A few reside in hostile or unknown lands, equally as guarded. For such a powerful ability, it parades no pyrotechnics-no cracking of mountains or boiling of lakes. Even still, it is considered one the most powerful spells on Earth.

It is also the most controversial. Though almost every religion has at least one cleric claiming said gift, many follows of the same faith denounce the act and condemn the caster. Thankfully, these clerics don't achieve such blessing unless already gifted with other strengths ensuring their protection, allies being the most obvious one. Many respecting this unique power have gone to naming these remarkable healers Vivicators.

However, stories began circulating in the past few decades of aberrations of magic, more so than the already numerous oddities covering the globe. These are creatures of higher intelligence gifted with a powerful magic with apparently no source. Several monsters already flaunt powerful magic but these are limited to less potent spells. No magical beast can spontaneously bring the dead back to life. With the greatest creatures with natural magical ability comes great size, with the greatest of the world towering over the rest. How is it then that a few humans and fewerelves have been rumored to be able to generate a great spell with no source? Some of these gifted stumbled upon them in childhood or through puberty. Most lose control of their power, killing themselves and, unfortunately, others in the process. Some are killed by a fearful public, declaring the youths servants of darkness. A modicum hid their powers, turning to clerical and arcane studies to master and mask their ability with the accepted arts. No one would question how one spell is cast differently than others. This leaves a minute group that live their lives possessing a single immense power. Casting it always comes with a heavy internal price, resulting in the eventual death of the user if the ability is abused.

Despite the flamboyant possibilities, the only known ability replicated in this way is the notorious ability to raise dead. These beings blessed (or cursed) can cast said spell, taking on the sacrifice in its casting or bestowing the cost on a willing other. A few have taken to being regular healers with no sworn deity with an uncanny ability to lift those from near death. All keep this power from the public eye, offering it in private to a select few with desperate causes or deep pockets. Most aware of the legends refuse to acknowledge these aberrations exist, for a hermit with life's dedication to his god could commit as great a power as the head priest of a temple. But what of the story of the child cursed blind but able to see that which no one else can see? The knowledge of these beings is kept silent and the majority of the world is unaware of their existence.

Though replicating the Raise Dead Holy Gift (from cleric), a vivicator can also cast regenerate and heal with the same cost.

the post to be nearly buried or rise as much as two feet from the ground.

Moderate Transmutation: CL9th, Craft Rod, *Levitate*, Price 4000 gp.

Taskin Gravity Sticks: Though seemingly related, the Taskan gravity sticks and the slaver posts have no common ancestry. They were developed initially within Taskin-Kada as the weapon of choice for their Watchers. It became a popular alternative for the less-aggressive defenders of faith and soon spread to many other temples, including those without divine creation, temples endorsing only martial arts. These sticks appear to be made of silvered steel. They initially are found with a +1 enchantment (though more powerful ones have been seen). A grav stick is an advanced hand-to-hand weapon that, with the flip of a hidden switch (taking a free action), freezes in mid-air. The item is bound to the pulse of the owner and will only activate and deactivate for them. A DC30 Strength check is required to move or release it from a grapple without deactivating. The user also receives a +5 competency bonus to Tumble skill rolls, +10 competency bonus to Climb skill rolls, and +5 competency bonus to initiate a grapple. The sticks also operate as an *immovable rod* when out of combat.

Although not as common, these items have also been seen as tonfas. Each stick counts as a +2 weapon when applying additional enchantment.

DARK ITEMS

If Ixindar and Attricana are mirrors of each other, then there would be assumed magic items created from negative magic. These are not cursed items, which are made to look like benign items but inflict harm upon the user instead of aide. Some cursed items have been made from negative power to simulate positive items in hopes to corrupt the user. In actuality, most cursed items are actually created by those bound to Attricana as detect magic can easily tell an item is generating Ixindar or Attricana magic. There is a claim passing around that Mengus created all these cursed artifacts, when in truth, he created none of them. Demons (like fey) don't often believe in deceit and consider the way of Ixindar is enough to turn outsiders to their way. Almost every magical item made from Attricana has an Ixindar equivalent. Negatively forged items are rarer, often times more expensive, and carry the annoyance of corruption. They would never be willingly sold in a benign echan market.

Items made from Ixindar can easily be detected as such by a detect magic (see the spell entry). Wearing or wielding

one is akin to casting a negative spell. Every time a good character gains benefits from a dark item (in combat or out of it), there is a chance his alignment will drop one level (to Neutral if Good, Evil if Neutral). Only a Will Save can prevent this. The save is DC15, modified as follows: +1 / +1 total enchantment, +1 per spell level of level being replicated, +2 for minor wondrous, +4 for medium wondrous, +6 for major wondrous (in cases where these modifiers are duplicated, they do not compound). There is an additional +1 to the DC every day the item is worn or every time is benefits are used. The DC never drops, even if years pass between the uses.

Despite this corruption, dark items do have some benefits. They do not generate EDF and cannot be suppressed by antimagic fields. Items that generate an Attricana unique spell or create a "holy effect" do not have Ixindar mirrors, neither do the new items listed above.

ARTIFACTS

THE BIBLE OF DRASAGO AND THE ARCHON GOSPELS

When the dragons emerged from the White gate, Lazarus went about commissioning tomes of knowledge from all the dragons. He picked one representative from each class of dragon and elected them to write in their ancient draconic a gospel of all that they believe in and imbue it with the very power they possess. This chronicles all their knowledge and tells about the history of echa through their ageless eyes. To read a gospel from Drasago is to peer into the very soul of a dragon.

After one reads one (if they can), they are never the same. These books are extremely rare. Only three or four copies exist of each tome and the complete Bible of Drasago itself is owned and protected by Lazarus. Excerpts from these books have found themselves all over the globe. A reprinting of some passages translated into elvish can be found in tomes in Limshau and Laudenia but they lack the magical capacity of the originals. The dragons often share these books with each other but never gain the abilities from them. If anyone skilled in draconic reads this book, which takes a total of 48 hours over a minimum of six days, he gains inherent bonuses dependant on the book read. Once the book is read, the knowledge will always be present to that reader without needing another language roll. The magic disappears from the pages for that reader and will never get those abilities stacked if re-read. One can only gain the abilities of one book even if they read them all.

The books are very large, thick, embossed with real scales willingly sacrificed by the writer, laced with platinum and silver, and gilded with gold. Surprisingly, they are all quite light and will float upon water if dropped (weighing less than 2 lbs each). The books are locked closed with fragments of a dragon's talon and cannot be opened without a key. The books cannot be destroyed by any means other than a Wish.

THE GOSPEL OF THE HOLY

Written By Aurannis of Dust and Greka of Babel

Of course, leave it to holy dragons to write such a massive book. It was written by two dragons because they couldn't agree who would write what. Greka's portion was to be enchanted and Aurannis's side was separated and published in a lone tome (see below) Greka's book still requires 72 hours to read over 8 days compared to the other books. It's a long, slow read to, bouncing subject matter and diverting into tangents boring and superfluous. Politics only made the final choice. The holy book can be identified by the mirror-polished feather affixed to the cover. The book displays no artwork and the typeface is small and harder to translate than normal (+2 DC to deciphering draconic). A full quarter of the book is dedicated to the flight dynamics of holy dragons in comparison to other breeds. After being read, the book imparts these abilities:

Spell-Like Abilities (7th level Caster): At will—speak with animals; 3/day—endure elements (radius 50 ft), Fireball, 1/day-suggestion

Immunities: The subject absorbs 10 points of Fire Damage per round.

Natural Armor: +5

THE GOSPEL OF THE NOBLE

Written by Kelto of the Guard

Kelto, a battle champion of a thousand engagements, refuses to die despite losing an eye, two claws, and the end of his tail. The fingers were severed by an unnamed and forgotten cursed blade Kelto took notice to ensure destruction. His eye was plucked and stolen as a prize when Goch and Kelto dueled over the skies of old Terrors thousands of years before the first hammer. Goch keeps it still, hanging the undamaged orb from his neck, unknowing that Kelto, even now, can gaze through it. Healing his injury would sever the connection so Kelto keeps that lid closed. Not even the book goes into details on how Kelto lost his tail tip. Despite these injuries, Kelto is still one of the more approachable dragons, seldom taken to pomposity. The book, marked by a bright orange/red smear of Kelto's own blood, details the arrival of the noble dragons and their crusade to defeat the armies of darkness. They claim no royalty and such an accusation is considered insulting. Noble dragons are warriors, champions, and knights of the oldest order. The book details many battles and seldom talks of trophies or treasure. The accounts are detailed, graphic, and thus are not for the squeamish. Kelto and his nobles have seen the very darkest creations of evil.

Modern magic plays it safe. When the world was wild and wondrous, when the fey fucked each other feral, when no malevolence could match the mettle of dragons, grotesqueries without comparison would emerge to sow their seeds of their twisted desires. Some would inflict devastation with teeth and claw, while others would salt the soil and disease the pure. Ten thousand years before the first hammer, a curse from Mengus upon a powerful laudenian caster forced the poor soul into gorging himself in the energy of Attricana via a foundation spell long erased and forgotten. The chaotic flow merged his form with that of other creatures he devoured. At first, he consumed his children and gained their youth. As he devoured giants, he grew large; as he engulfed monsters, he grew claws. By the end, he had become a chimera of four-dozen different creatures (and I shall not divulge specifics) and had grown large enough so his jaws could swallow a whale whole. When he devoured the holy dragon Elara the Striking, he grew wings and a mouth of fire.

Twenty of us found the bloated behemoth floating at a snail's pace towards the Damasian city of Desinosa. Two were snagged by the creature's tentacles and had their heads bitten off by its iron teeth. I finally flew into the open mouth and tore him apart from the inside, slicing open his stomach and allowing his own acid to eat himself away. I ripped myself free, burned by his juices, but unabsorbed. We razed the remains on a mountaintop and allowed the flames to linger till the ashes floated to the winds. Those that bore witness of the abomination swore the image remained in their nightmares.

Little they knew that I carried a far more traumatic vision from years prior when an under-developed fetus from a pregnant chaparran burst from its womb and grew larger than its house, insanely hungry and devouring everything it could touch, as it had no eyes. However, that is another tale best dealt with in a later chapter.

Kelto of the Guard
Bible of the Noble

After being read, the book imparts these abilities:

Water Breathing (Ex): The subject can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use spells and other abilities while submerged.

Spell-Like Abilities (7th level Caster): At will—speak with animals; 3/day—create food and water, fog cloud, Lightning Bolt.

Immunities: The subject absorbs 10 points of Lightning Damage per round.

Natural Armor: +3 Natural Armor

THE GOSPEL OF THE PEARL

Written by Lynissa the Essence

Lynissa's heritage, family, and the responsibilities they have taken on, is far more interesting than the pearl dragons by large. As pearls are considered the intellectual leaders of the dragons, as the holy dragons the moral leaders, one would expect the book to detail the history of their administration and their structure of authority. Thankfully, Lynissa intermixed this with anecdotes about the Lynissa line and their bond with the humans and elves of Akoya in Euras, which is far more interesting. Euras possesses only one royal family of human heritage, the Lamontaes of Akoya. This endorsement came from Lynissa herself, passed down to the first Lamontae, Raymonde. The silver hair of all the royals and their offspring, despite whom they marry, encourages rumors across the land that Lynissa the Essence dipped into the royal line herself, siring a child while in human form with the king at the time. Such a pairing was not forbidden, though extremely rare and difficult to propagate. If she endorsed the Lamontae line before or after the coupling is not known but Lynissa and her dragon offspring from before the gate all live within the kingdom and swear to its protection. Its history and the diplomatic and noble landscape of the region are featured heavily in the pages. Alas, the majority of the book still details the history of the pearl dragons, and their arrogance and condescension about their intelligence does show through the words.

After being read, the book imparts these abilities:

Cloudwalking (Su): The subject can tread on clouds or fog as though on solid ground. The ability functions continuously but can be negated or resumed at will.

Spell-Like Abilities (7th level): 3/day—fog cloud, control winds, 2/day—feather fall, Cone of Cold

Natural Armor: +4

THE GOSPEL OF LAZARUS

Written specifically by Lazarus, this tome does not go into any details about general dragons but more into Lazarus' own life, which is almost as old as the planet. He talks about his feelings about this world and the fall of Amethyst. This book is extremely hard to find outside of the realm of dragons.

Of all the books, the Lazarus volume is by far the most cryptic. The words and speech meander from a normal vernacular to a poetic obscure pattern with messages and meanings only revealing themselves after days, months, or years of contemplation and meditation. It is not an easy read to be sure. After appreciation of the words is finally reached, his thoughts and feelings carry through in clarity. Those finally understanding the book and its meanings often feel melancholy afterward, sharing with the author the curse of knowing too much. Though Lazarus does not impart the secrets he swears to keep, he does express his dissatisfaction about knowing them. After reading the book, one truly begins to understand the mentality of dragons, the immense responsibilities they carry, and the knife-edge they balance on between wisdom and corruption. Lazarus, the oldest living dragon, knew the world the longest, and his book speaks of times known to others as only myth, including the stretch of seemingly forever when Amethyst called the first dragons into being and the arrival of the fey and other races which would populate the world.

After being read, the book imparts these abilities:

Water Breathing (Ex): The subject can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use its breath weapon, spells, and other abilities while submerged.

Luck Bonus (Sp): Once per day the subject can touch a gem, and enspell it to bring good luck. As long as the subject carries the gem, it and every good creature in a 50-foot radius of the subject receives a +1 luck bonus on all saving throws and similar rolls, as for a stone of good luck. If the subject gives an enspelled gem to another creature, only that bearer gets the bonus. The effect lasts 1d3 +15 hours but ends if the gem is destroyed. This ability is the equivalent of a 2nd-level spell.

Detect Gems (Sp): The subject can use this ability three times per day. This is a divination effect similar to a detect magic spell, except that it finds only gems. The subject can scan a 60-degree arc each round: By concentrating for 1 round it knows if there are any gems within the arc; 2 rounds of concentration reveal the exact number of gems; and 3 rounds reveal their exact location, type, and value. This ability is the equivalent of a 2nd level spell.

Other Spell-Like Abilities (7th level): 3/day—bless, Fireball, 1/day—geas/quest

Natural Armor: +5

THE CHRONICLE OF AURANNIS

The Chronicle of Aurannis is a single tome separated from the rest of the Bible of Drasago. It holds the knowledge of Amethyst, the gems of his once heart, and the artifacts forged around them. It also details the history of echa, the fall of the great dragon, and by what means. It mentions Gebermach and the other gospels of Drasago. On its own, the chronicle doesn't do much but it does glow brighter when an Amethyst artifact is within 1 mile. Direction cannot be discerned.

As well as the above ability, the chronicle, when finally read (after 72 hours to read over 8 days compared to the other books), the book imparts a permanent mark of power on the user, denoting a Damage Resistance 5 / Magic. This is always in effect. Afterward, the book vanishes from the users possession and returns to Aurannis' side, where she either keeps it or sends it off again to find a reader. The book is quite well written in comparison to Greka's tome and Aurannis is quite bitter Greka's book was chosen over hers.

...Bitch...

Aurannis of Dust

The Aurannis book is well written and an easy read despite written in the ancient tongue. Thankfully, unlike other books, there is a "Rosetta-stone" translation matrix on the back cover, though some trickery in magic has concealed them from others unless one knows it is there. The matrix lists the same first page in standard elvish and in the modern echan scholar's

tongue. With this knowledge, one can translate the words but must still understand draconic to fully understand. The matrix does incur a +2 bonus to language skill rolls to interpret the draconic.

THE MIRROR OF JAIRUS

Through history, mirrors have been both worshiped and feared because of untruths of their inane enchanted abilities. Some stories attest a mirror reflects a person's true form while others argue a mirror imparts wisdom. Via books legendary and absurd, mirrors have been featured as icons of magic. They possess independent wills, impart visions of death or hope, and trap living or demonic souls within them. A few are polished in benevolence, but most serve evil, often by design, requiring a hero to shatter the reflection. To even break a humble mirror of no power incurs a superstitious curse that far outways the sin. Despite the myths, most mirrors possess no power and carry no curse. However, a rare exception dates back to before the exodus, the Mirror of Jairus.

The mirror is small, with a surface less than 50cm long and 20 cm wide. It is bordered with a frame of simple iron and then burnished with gold in accent only. The frame is also covered in flat draconic lettering, detailing its myth and mystery in a cryptic tongue.

It will reflect everything except what's inside. Take care to take wisdom. Folly to the blade, folly to the spell, no blemish nor spoil can stain. Forged in light, forged in darkness; crack its seal only when both join and when one and only one star hangs in the sky. Only when one light shines above, can it be cracked. Until then, the rapt remains.

The draconic inscription printed around the Mirror of Jairus

The mirror was forged by an unknown and forgotten creator whose intent could have benign, though such trivial facts are such that. The item's intent is meaningless as it depends on the motivations of its owner. The mirror is impartial and neither cares nor differentiates its target as being good or evil. It only serves its single purpose and does so to perfection. It is designed to trap a god. Thankfully, the requirements to do so are rather steep.

During normal conditions, the mirror is indestructible, immune to all forms of damage (including spells like Wish). During a solar eclipse, Attricana always shifts to place itself between the moon and Earth (there has never been an explanation offered to Attricana's chaotic orbit). At this time, the mirror is at its most potent and it's most fragile. During this brief moment, if directed towards a target, the mirror entraps it within as the sole light from Attricana is reflected to it. Whatever the target is, it is drawn inside and trapped. There is no saving throw and the target, regardless or size or type, cannot resist with any save nor with spell resistance. The target is trapped even if ethereal or invisible or if immune to magical effects (like a golem). When entrapped, and after the eclipse has passed, the mirror returns to its indestructible state. Only during these few seconds can it be shattered to release the imprisoned target. Though fragile, throughout the eclipse the mirror must still be shattered by a deliberate strike, and not accidentally dropped. Because the trapped can only be released upon the mirror's destruction, it was only intended to be a one-use item, and it has already been used.

After being stolen by the armies of Ixindar, it fell to the employ of the newly emerged Kronix lord Marix, who intended to inflict the mirrors devastating power on none other than Amethyst himself. Little did he know that Amethyst was the only creature truly immune to its abilities. So when faced with the mirror's reflected light during the aforementioned requisite, the great dragon failed to flinch. Unaware of Amethyst's immunity and fearing the worst, the dragon queen, and mate to Amethyst, Jahada, leapt in the path of the artifact's power and was drawn into the cage. The Kronix lord vanished, taking the mirror back to Ixindar, to forever keep the mirror under lock. Amethyst, despite his best efforts, never succeeded in locating the mirror. Marix was even captured and tortured, but refused to reveal the location. He assumed a deep tomb was dug under the black gloss of Kakodomania. The mirror was dropped and covered with no markers to signify its presence or importance. The cursed creature was able to view the outside world but could not physically interact with it.

Her intense proficiency with magic knew virtually no limits and her mere presence pushed beyond the surface, to whisper to those in the real world, interpreted as dreams or delusions to the holder. The mirror, though a prized and hunted item before, faded into footnote after the exodus. Many assumed it lost to time and impossible to pinpoint. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on the source, the demons misplaced the mirror. They did indeed bury it deep with no markers or memory to denote its location. Even Marix forgot about it and escaped into Ixindar when the mountain fell upon the gate. Upon his release, he attempted to find it, but gave up when viewing the extent of the changed planet.

Eventually the mirror resurfaced. It emerged unearthed in a mine producing little more than copper and nickel. Considered only a minor windfall, it was sold undervalued to a local merchant. For over two hundreds years, it shifted from buyer to buyer, until finally reaching the hands of the mage Kereptis Rifts, who took it back to his mountains and held it safe from then on. Like the others, Rifts had no knowledge of the history or magnitude of the item or its worth to those wanting. Even though he successfully interpreted the inscription around its frame, he failed to understand its importance and thus kept it safe, but ignored. It has remained just another minor object of waning interest in a sealed keep of a long dead legend.

THE EYES OF MENGUS

In an attempt to greatly improve the combat effectiveness of his proud creation, Gebermach, Mengus endowed all his remaining power into three black orbs, resembling the black featureless eye of Ixindar itself. These spheres were placed within three artifacts of already great energy and handed to Gebermach to channel the heart, body, and strength of their creator. These are the three Eyes of Mengus.

It is said Mengus broke normality to bring three smaller gates of darkness into reality. Before they could fade and dim, he shrouded them in a field to contain their power and crusted the coat with a single atom's thickness of angelite. The surface was polished and transparent, making the storms of blood and black visible to those daring enough to peek into the maelstrom. Any good creature that even touches a Mengus Pearl loses one level permanently (Fort DC 25 to save). According to legend, Gebermach wielded all three artifacts to slay Amethyst. The strike of the swinging tail from the great dragon not only vaulted gebermach into a short-term orbit, but also quite successfully dislodged the demon armor's grip on his artifacts. They scattered across the world and were not destroyed in the intervening eons. Upon their rediscovery, only the original orbs survived, and were quickly discovered to exhibit amazing power, especially when merged with the mundane. Though not resembling their original items, the three eyes have returned in full form. They re-

main out of any one side's complete control. The hunt continues, though alas, the new Gebermach has already located one.

Note: Being dark magical items, these artifacts hold the capacity to corrupt. They incur a +10 increase to the Will save to stave off Ixindar's influence (DC25 to start).

THE GAUNTLET / ENVY OF LAZARA

Oddly enough, those who know of all three orbs believe the shield and sword to be the most powerful because of their obvious implication and image, yet it is the gauntlet they should fear, for it possesses the greatest strength of them all. To wield it alone means to ally with the greatest evil the planet has and will ever know. By the beginning of the quest, Gebermach already acquired the Envy.

Beyond just being a +5 Gauntlet in hand to hand, a successful grapple will drain 2d6+6 hit points (including enchantment) from the victim to the wearer (not provoking an attack of opportunity and cutting through ALL damage reduction).

If a victim is killed in this fashion, the soul is drawn out of the body and trapped within the orb. While trapped, the body is lifeless. No resurrection of ANY sort can be made, no matter the power.

While a soul is trapped, the wearer can drain the life essence to cast vicious spells. Each time the gauntlet wearer drains a negative level from the trapped soul (no saving throw possible), it will grant 5 of the possible following abilities per a 15th level Caster:

The Ripper: A ranged touch attack (Range inc. 60ft), the gauntlet releases thousands of black shards from its palm, ripping a target apart. Spell Resistance may defend. If struck, the target takes 10d8 points of damage.

The Fist: Spell resistance may defend this touch attack. If struck, the victim must make a Fort save against DC22 or drop to -1 immediately.

The Healer: The gauntlet may cast one cure spell on its wearer (4d8+15) as a free action.

The Ward: The subject is immune to all death spells, magical death effects, ability drain/damage, and negative level attacks for 2 hours. This is a free action.

The Creator: The gauntlet casts Create Undead per the spell as cast by a 15th level cleric, meaning up to ghasts can be created. The undead are entirely under control of the gauntlet controller.

The Lightning: Chain Lightning per 15th level mage.

The Doom: Circle of Doom per 15th level cleric.

Like all the other orbs, the Gauntlet is intelligent but lives and obsesses to feed on souls. It cares less about Amethyst.

Int 26, Wis 26, Cha 18, Ego 40

If the wearer allows the Gauntlet to feed on souls, it may bestow on the wearer a +4 enhancement Strength bonus and a +4 enhancement Constitution bonus. If it doesn't have a soul to feed on for more than a week, then it will start feeding on the wearer. Keeping a soul within the Pearl and not using it still drains a level every month encased.

Note: Gebermach gains total control over all artifacts in his possession and cannot be drained by them. Also, any creature possessing any of the Eyes of Mengus gains a +1 to their challenge rating for each artifact in their possession. The Eyes will never let any creature below challenge rating 10 wield them.

STAFF OF KERIF

Many knew Keris Rifts and the rumors were frequent and often false, conflicting with other tales spoken at the same table. Was he a savior or a scoundrel? Was he a philanthropist or a villain? Many agree he had a temper but no one contested his power or the loyalty he gathered because of that power. He is credited with numerous discoveries and creations, many claims even he admitted were false. The one item everyone agrees came from his hand was the Staff of KeRif.

When Kereptis reached Ramkava, he earned their attention with his prominence. Their behavior and triviality sickened him and he stormed away, unfulfilled. As he left, he discovered a piece of one of their heads that had broken off in an engagement with a death dragon. Rifts discovered he had gathered their attention again. After a second opportunity was used, Rifts took the shard back with him. He constructed a normal oak quarterstaff and topped it with the grayish shard of rock. The KeRif staff looks boring and only reveals its power with the testing of magic. Kereptis Rifts constructed the staff hundreds of years ago. Beyond empowering the holder to communicate with Ramkava, the staff does not possess the standard 50-charge capacity. Instead, because the shard of Ramkava is permanently imbued with magic, the Staff can do the following per a 10th level mage:

- Know Direction (per spell) 4 times a day. *
- Whispering Wind (per spell) once a day.
- Shout (per spell) once a day.
- Legend Lore once every two days (only if the staff has the thing at hand or is in the place of question). *

*: This is an ability of the stone and if the staff is broken, these abilities still work as well as the ability to call Ramkava.

The Staff hides in the dungeon under Mount Sarnathi.

THE EIGHT SHARDS OF AMETHYST

The eight are the most powerful artifacts on the planet. They fell to the soil when the great dragon died. His body took to vapor after his great roar which cast a stream of white flame to Attricana, which then reflected back down to drive Ixindar deep underground and solidify the Earth around it. Amethyst had vaporized and all that remained was a great crystal of violet that shattered upon striking the rocks below. They scattered far and wide, strewn further across the world by the hammer's impact and by the natural shifting of tectonic plates and weather over millions of years.

Yes, if you were to ask, and I imagine curiosity grips you now, I call my king the dragon god, Amethyst. Why? Simple in answer, his name was never important, only his voice and actions. "Call me by any name, for names are only required by history to affix trophies and legends, and I require neither. Call me a name today, change it tomorrow, but I will always listen if that name is called." Amethyst is his name and it was always, as every other name he was called and shall be called. One title deserves no greater attention because it was spoken by lips older and wiser.

Chronicle of Aurannis

Despite a few surfacing throughout history, most remained quietly buried. The fragments were of all different sizes and shapes, with some smaller than a fist with others longer than a leg. Some were spherical while others had a razor's edge. One can imagine stumbling upon such a gem, for it would not be fastened to rock and no amount of force and commitment could even lay a scratch upon its surface. Despite their unusual properties, any that were found never received attention during the time of man before the second hammer. They glowed with no light and revealed no powers. They

were of un-remarkable quartz. Discarded and ignored, they stayed inconsequential for centuries.

After the gates' return, by some unexplained factor, the crystals all rose to the surface, despite how deep into the dirt they rested. Unlike before, their brilliance and power was hard to deny or resist. Before anyone knew of their potential, their fate, or their true origin, they had been sold, traded, and killed over. Armies clashed for their control despite knowing nothing of their history. Those with wealth and weight of authority felt their power would be amplified if said crystals were imbued into items previously ordinary. Very soon, these items emerged as their own local legends, wielded by warriors and kings, both noble and wicked. After their existence reached erudite ears, but before anyone could act, they vanished. Some were stolen. Some were taken as trophies when their wielders were slain. When the virtuous and mighty discovered that the fragments of Amethyst had returned, they scoured the planet to locate them. Like an unnamed curse, the original owners, all of those that had created the artifacts, had lost them or had died (sometimes in the process of the loss). They fell into obscurity, passing through further hands until all the trails and clues faded to nothing. All that remained was the hope they would emerge again.

Paranoia and silence conspired by the oldest of Earth to keep the knowledge of Amethyst and his heart secret, refusing to expose such knowledge to the public. Factor in a small portion of arrogance, and many of those who knew didn't even bother looking for the relics after a few decades of searching. Despite the calls for their retrieval, some honestly thought they were best kept buried, unaware of their vital significance in future events.

How Aurannis of Dust managed to write about them in her Chronicle has never been revealed. But the elder dragon disclosed specific details of the fragments, the items they were implanted into, and their potential power as a result. Though not giving locations, the Chronicle of Aurannis was a vital read to anyone seeking the power of Amethyst.

Though there are known to be eight artifacts of Amethyst, only four can be found in Canam and Southam. All the artifacts exhibit the same violet glow, growing more intensely when other artifacts are brought closer. Their power increases as well, making them the few magic items that can grow along with the group questing for them. It is thought that when placed near each other, their total power would almost equal that of the original dragon. If all were placed so, would he be reborn?



To increase in power, the gems must be within 50 feet of each other. Out of that range, the bonus abilities are simply cut. The more shards nearby, the more powerful the individual items can be.

The Items do not have to be wielded or carried by the same person but they do have to be within 50 feet of others to increase in power. An evil creature wielding any Amethyst artifact suffers 1 negative level for as long as they use the item. They can still carry the items without the penalty. This negative level stacks with every other Gems nearby. Any group wielding these artifacts gain in power depending on how many artifacts are near. To reflect this, when 3 artifacts are together, the overall power level of the entire group increases by +1 level. When 7 artifacts are brought together, the overall power level of the entire group increases by +2 levels. This assumes the group advances logically and do not acquire the total of the artifacts by at least 15th level.

Because of the age and the history of the artifacts, they often go by different names and many cultures worship them without knowing what they truly are.

Their stats are listed with their individual abilities and whatever abilities are boosted with additional nearby shards. All Amethyst artifacts operate in an antimagic field unless specified otherwise. When removed from their item, the artifact is destroyed, leaving only the shard. The Gems CANNOT be destroyed by any means. No spell or weapon cracks them. Techans tried. Rumor has it, one bastion, a hundred years ago, possessed one, albeit temporarily. Despite best efforts by laser and drill, the crystals were never marked. When the gems are freed, they lose all their bonuses listed in their description. When removed, all gems respond the same with the following abilities:

•+2 enhancement bonus to any one attribute while carrying the gem.

•Regenerates 1 Hit Point per hour.

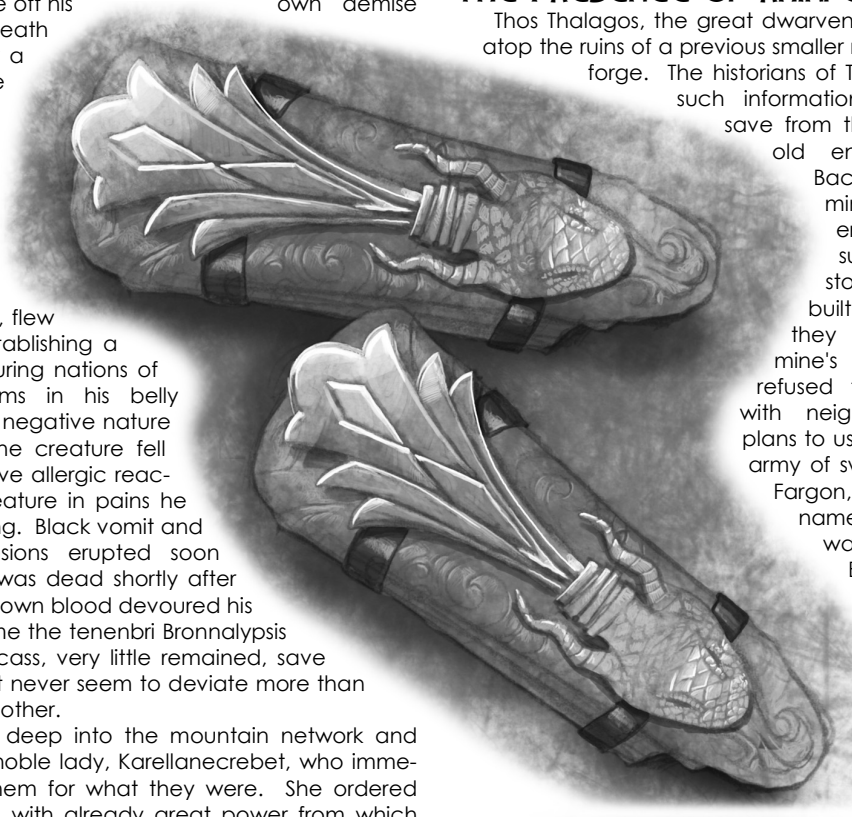
These abilities do not stack with other gems.

Artifact bonuses do NOT stack with each other and all weapons cut through magic damage reduction (some offer additional effects). Amethyst artifacts for reasons few can explain, show up in detect magic but cannot be located by any magical means outside that range.

THE RINGS / STRENGTH OF ALWAYS / THE RINGS OF NANNUS

The Rings of Amethyst, his hands and force of claw, traveled further than any other artifact. When the mines of the Finer Fire Pits first started their digging, they hoped for much, but would burrow for decades before unearthing the riches they believed were very much earned. Just before striking major deposits, one lead pick, Charrasgor Rem, threw his tool hard upon the granite and felt the iron crack. The weapon splintered at its point. Believing to have struck a major find, Rem dug around the obstruction that destroyed his family's heirloom, but was disappointed when a purple quartz crystal dropped out no larger than his tooth. He was soon to toss the near worthless gem when he noticed the second tooth-sized crystal still embedded in his broken pick. Working on pure instinct, he threw the hammer back and drove it down upon the granite. Sharper and stronger than diamond, the amethyst-tipped pick shattered with ease anything it struck. Rem hurried off the

two stones to his family and informed them of his find. The other stone was placed, rather conceitedly, in Rem's right rear molar. Though the stone that replaced his tooth did little for his glory, the pick tipped with amethyst rock could break anything it was slammed against. The rocks shattered with little pressure and Rem's reputation flowed throughout the city. Alas, it was short lived. A fire in the catacombs claimed his wife and brother and a later rock collapse took his only son and daughter-in-law. Rem would lose a hand and an eye to an explosion he caused when he threw his pick in anger against a gas pipe. He soon fell into a depression he never escaped. He left behind his few remaining relatives and left with pick in hand to find a new purpose. He never believed the amethyst to be cursed. It was not. Rem only suffered from extreme bad luck, further proven when Rem walked no less than 100 feet from the Pits. A giant falcon snatched him away to be food for chicks. When Rem struck the bird in its leg with the pick, the animal released him and he fell into a forest, breaking his legs in the fall. His unfortunate end came later as he lit a fire that sparked a blaze, igniting the forest. Unable to flee, he was consumed. Fifty years later, a gimfen traveling through the regrowing woods stumbled upon the charred remains and discovered the gems. Correctly thinking them of value, Horen Kingsworthy took them in his travels. Later, in a bid to stave off his own demise when a passing death dragon eyed him for a meal, he offered the gems, and everything else he had, in exchange. Not being ones of honor, the dragon took the crystals, and devoured Horen anyway. The creature, Halleon of Blight, flew south in hopes of establishing a kingdom in the fracturing nations of Southam. The gems in his belly reacted badly to the negative nature of his biology and the creature fell extremely ill. A massive allergic reaction wracked the creature in pains he was not used to feeling. Black vomit and bursting volcanic lesions erupted soon after and the beast was dead shortly after touching ground. His own blood devoured his corpse and by the time the tenenbri Bronnalypsis stumbled on the carcass, very little remained, save for two tiny gems that never seem to deviate more than a few feet from each other.



Bronn took them deep into the mountain network and offered them to the noble lady, Karellanecrebet, who immediately recognized them for what they were. She ordered powerful rings forged with already great power from which the stones would be set inside. The rings were fashioned by Karell's greatest smith, Karkanannus. For the past three hundred years, they have remained hidden deep in the bowels of Vakai's central keep. The only time the pair was ever worn by Karell was on a visit to Haishal, where Sharaj recognized and noted their brilliance. Karell, suspicious of Sharaj's motivations, refused to allow a closer inspection and was never seen to wear them again.

No matter what happens, the two rings always appear near each other. If separated, one will magically disappear and reappear to its twin. They must both be worn to work or are worthless. They are simple copper rings clamping onto the amethyst rather than the crystal being set within a fixture. The rings are a dual pair, meaning they take up BOTH ring slots and can only be used together.

Basic Abilities: Every successful critical Hand-to-Hand strike with the rings inflicts Knockback on their opponent. The victim struck must make a Fort save at a DC of the Wielder's Level +5 or fall prone 10 feet back. If a wall is closer, then the subject takes an additional 1d6 points of damage.

The wielder also gains a +2 enhancement bonus to all hit and damage rolls in hand-to-hand combat. This increases an additional +1 with every 2 additional Amethyst gems nearby to a max of +5. The rings may also channel elemental damage of the wearer's choice towards its enemy.

+3 gem: The rings inflict +1D6 elemental damage per strike. The character decides which type before rolling to hit.

+4 Gems: +1d8 elemental damage per strike.

+5 Gems: +1d10 elemental damage per strike.

+6 Gems: Elemental resistance. The wielder of the rings absorbs the first 10 points of damage per round of fire, lightning, cold, and acid damage.

THE BRACERS / ARMS OF TRUTH / THE PRESENCE OF RHINFORGE

Thos Thalagos, the great dwarven city, was actually built atop the ruins of a previous smaller narros mine called Rhinforge. The historians of Thos successfully erased such information from every source, save from the minds of those few old enough to remember. Back then, the tiny village mine of Rhinforge was erupting in wealth to surpass all others. Huge storehouses had to be built to hold the treasures they had unearthed. The mine's leader, Rarikon Baxs, refused to share such wealth with neighboring camps, with plans to use the money to hire an army of swords to conquer all of Fargon, which had yet to be named at this early point. It was during this time when Baxs discovered the amethyst shards, two pieces found as one, which slid apart when removed from the limestone around it. Separate, each was long, wide and flat, just slightly shorter than a forearm.

To his amazement, Baxs realized the shards could not be cracked by any weapon in his arsenal and requested them to be set within a chest plate for his armor. This ended up not being feasible and he comprised to have them placed within a set of forearm protectors in hopes they would improve his bowmanship. Alas, they did nothing to help his launch, but they did protect him from harm. Near invulnerable, Baxs took it as a motive to crusade, to finally take the land as his own.

To prevent the formation of a corrupted empire, all the surrounding camps banded together to form an army. They

struck Rhinforge before the mercenaries arrived. The combined might broke the back of the mine's lackluster militia and Baxs was forced to flee south, his hands and pockets bursting with pilfered gold. Considering him too dangerous to allow free, the commander and now ruler of the mine, Thalagos Gin, placed a hefty bounty upon Baxs' head. The despot was finally located and chased up the face of Mt. Tirocinia, an active volcano. To deny the prey's prize, Baxs hurled himself to the flames and was engulfed by the molten rock. History continued after this dramatic footnote and little was ever said about Rarikon Baxs and his short reign.

More than 800 years passed before the bracers finally surfaced. The power of Amethyst has preserved the bracers without harm and they shifted and swayed under the subterranean tides of magma. Even considering this, no one would suspect they would travel another 450 miles south and wind up under the mountain Selkirk. The need to be found overwhelmed the artifact and it burrowed itself slowly over centuries to the surface, eventually popping intact, clean and pure, from the back of a mining machine operated by the techan humans of the new bastion. Finding the discovery unusual, the miners brought them to their supervisor, which immediately ordered them locked in the company vault, where they remain in hiding to this day.

Initially, the weakest artifact, the bracers get powerful fast. Like the rings, they cannot be separated nor do they work if split between two people.

Basic Abilities: The bracers, on their own, offer a +2 enhancement bonus to AC. Every two gems nearby after add an additional +1 enhancement bonus to AC for a total of +5. At +2 gems and every 2 gems after that offers a +1 Str artifact bonus and a +1 bonus to all Will saving throws. The wearer is also immune to fear.

THE AMULET / STORMCAGE / THE EYE OF GOD

The amulet of Amethyst originally fell to Torfin Gendron from across the ocean. The mighty caster stumbled upon the circular but jagged stone by accident, pulling it from the sediment of a shallow river he was walking alongside. Believing the stone a sign, he continued upriver and discovered the outcropping rock that would later be the home of Torfin's great library and school of magic, Kirjath-Sepher. He never bothered to create a great device to channel the power of the magical crystal. Torfin forged a simple frame and hung it from his neck. He knew it made him greater and wiser and those years found the halls blessed with a newfound wisdom unseen in any human at that time. For years, Torfin continued his work, but a nearby castle watched with fanatical and envious eyes. The keep was of Myre, a zealous order of knights intent on keeping magic away from mortal hands, destined to only be used by the select few, of which Myre was included. Wilhelm Myre believed Kirjath-Sepher to be the greatest threat to the world and had ordered his knights to sack their rivals and raze it to ash if they did not willingly hand over all magic, both in books and in artifacts. Obviously, Torfin and his loyals refused. Myre, in hope to prove his piousness and dedication, challenged Torfin to open combat, spell against sword, with no limits on magic wielded. Torfin agreed and the greatest open conflict of magic clashed in the Manora Vallis. Hundreds watched as the landscape erupted in fire and holy smite. Hours passed and the two were nearly exhausted, but neither accepted defeat. In the end, a final charge of sacrifice brought Myre close enough to impale his sword into the heart of Gendron. Torfin's retaliation struck lightning and fire from the heavens, ending the duel, killing them both. Myre had fallen to his back. Gendron slumped forward and rested on the blade still skewered in his chest. He remained precariously standing. Though his heart had stopped, Gendron twitched his hand and dropped his head. The amulet slipped from around his neck and fell upon his hand. He rose up his palm to the sky and opened the crystal to the air, where an eagle promptly swooped down to snatch it.

The order of Myre and the mages of Sepher returned with their lords' bodies, declaring no further conflict would occur this day. The crystal vanished from the minds of both armies. The bird dropped the amulet to the hands of a Damasian elf, Akai Lightwood, a ranger with no competence in magic. He kept it in hand regardless, eventually offering it as a token to his true love, the noble daughter of Yorsan Croweborn, Lena of the Damaska city of Kovalesa. It was an appropriate use of such an artifact. They were young and foolish but their fidelity remained solid for centuries, producing a dozen children. One of them, Phera, grew so obsessed with finding adventure and staking a claim of glory, she sold her mother's cherished amulet for a mere pittance to a merchant in exchange for a set of chained armor and a longsword, both of lackluster enchantment. She fled south to fight the world.



Despite Akai's searching for decades, he never found his daughter or the amulet. The merchant, of no importance, was set upon by a group of goblins and murdered for his swag. Those goblins wandered west and stumbled into the eastern periphery of the bastion of Porto, where they were annihilated. The amulet was found in the remains and taken back to the bastion for study. The intellectual elite of Porto poked and prodded the crystal but could not understand how it accomplished what it could. This item, unlike other ones they had studied from echa, generated little EDF in comparison to its power. In a final attempt to unlock its secrets, they secretly contacted an echan expert in another bastion, David Tong Chen from Genai. A wandering fire dragon unfortunately took down the beluga carrier. The wreckage crashed west of York, its cargo scattered for dozens of kilometers, including the amulet, which was never recovered.

Obviously designed for mages, the amulet focuses on a mage's ability to cast spells and boosts his or her casting ability. And to think that when one first discovers the Eye, all it does is glow.

Basic Abilities: The basic amulet offers a +2 enhancement bonus to Int. Every 2 gems nearby afterward offer a +1 enhancement boost to Int. The Artifact may cast a continual Light Spell at will.

+3 Gems: The amulet offers Spell Resistance 10 + Character Level.

When all gems are nearby the Amulet offers a +1 Level Boost. All spells are cast as a spellcaster one level higher than the Character's level.

THE BUCKLE / THE BELT, BOOTS, OR BRACELET OF DRAGONKIND

The only group or individual more obsessed with locating powerful magic than the Order of Myre in Euras is no less than Darius Konig, king of Baruch Malkut. The kingdom has always been known to be magically underprivileged, with few mages and fewer channelers of faith. As a result, the king ordered all items of any significant power to he handed over to prolocutors trained to categorize and quantify the powers of said items. Konig also demanded any texts speaking of such items be tendered for examination. The prized trophy he sought was the manifest of Myre, the massive tome detailing all which lay within their vaults, including the few items that survived from the old age of man. Konig read of such items, rarities and relics from before Attricana, when man lived uncontested with nothing to fear but his own dark desires. Darius coveted these remnants, and any others with the promise of power. It was in their fervent pursuit when they found an Amethyst crystal. The singular piece was brazenly worn through a belt by the noble of a small village called Eathar. He claimed the item was found on the corpse of a slain elvish princess that refused to be captured. In truth, he had stolen the buckle from Bilford Gram from Nassau. Gram accused as much when word of the item's location was revealed. Konig denied any retribution, insisting such treasures belonged to the kingdom as a whole regardless, and to the king specifically. Bilford had owned the buckle at one point, but had planned on giving it as a bracelet to his clandestine elvish bride, Abellis Feathertan. He also did not hold the claim of its forging, that belonged to a mage from Laurama, Rhuunazodaeus. Rhuuna was not a powerful caster, but did have a reputation amongst the other chaparrans of the forest. She stumbled upon the Amethyst crystal in the most fitting way for an elf. She found it in a tree. A lightning strike during an unusually intense storm cracked an old conifer from tip to root. The tree split open. The falling rain easily controlled the obvious blaze that sparked afterward. As Rhunna examined the char, she found the violet crystal embedded in its bark. This specific tree predated the elves' arrival there and was dubbed the "Mending Tree" by the holy druids. What made the Mending Tree so unique was its repulsion to the Tranquiss plague. Though infected trees were already brushing branches, this centurion would not fall. However, the escalating raids from Baruch Malkut threatened its survival. One evil would chop it down, the other wished its corruption. Knowing the purity of the tree lay in this crystal, Rhuuna took it and fled back to her village. She was unaware of its origin. The mending tree was dead but the crystal took on its name initially, as the Mending Sap. Rhuuna, in order and in hope of channeling the crystal's power, affixed it to a buckle and tied it around her right wrist, which always held her staff firmly in grip. She believed she could channel its energy into her knowledge of draconic to cure the plague. She would not have her chance.



The slaver caravan Mikkel Foster (father of Prosten Foster) caught Rhuuna during a night raid, which also stole away two chaparran youngsters and another female of recent bloom. Rhuuna was not at all ugly, but was older in years than most buyers were looking in their concubines. There was still value in her intelligence and that could offset the decreased value. As a housemistress, she could fetch a reasonable prize. She was stripped of her staff and her amethyst. Mikkel had been tutoring his son to take over the family caravan in his stead and this wild-woman of the wood offered a great opportunity to test his teachings. First, Prosten had to understand the value of their stock, and despite how beautiful they looked, how innocent the pleas showed in their faces, no matter the cries for leniency, they were property. What they used to tempt man, man could use to earn profit. In her desperate attempts to barter her freedom, Rhuuna promised to offer the secrets of her spells to the naïve boy. She even told him the power of the amethyst, though not the full details of its potential.

Very little is known of what happened to Rhuuna after that. She vanished into the network and was never seen again, probably broken and sold, her final fate an echo of her promise. Prosten would recount later the extremes Rhuuna went to bargain her release. He took them all, body and soul, and still broke her spirit afterwards. Thinking the crystal be a holy relic of the chaparran religion, Prosten took it to his fa-

ther, which affixed it to his belt to parade his dominance over the lesser class. It became an heirloom for the line, passing to Prosten upon his father's disappearance. He shifted the buckle to his right boot, where it remained. How he lost it to Bilford Gram is less worthy of note.

Gram had been already married to Abellis at this point and had hoped to ensure no slavers would operate in view of his city. He offered a bribe to Prosten to ensure neither he nor his men would commit raids near Nassau. Prosten laughed at the pittance Bilford presented. Feigning defeat on the issue, Bilford remained as a guest for the day, taking in the meals and mead of the Foster Keep. When properly inebriated, Bilford brought up the topic of cards, in which Prosten prided in his proficiency. Prosten accepted without a moment's lament. Prosten was a decent shark, but had only cut his teeth on the minnows of his court, whom would much prefer to keep in good graces then take their master for a jaunt. Alas, Bilford sharpened his incisors at the table against his father's knights years before protocol insisted they allow the heir the hollow victory of a fixed game. When Bilford took his castle, his talent had honed to perfection. The Lord Gram might have been butterfingers with the blade, but with chips and cards, he was no fish.

Over the course of three hours, Bilford not only tripled the money he arrived with, but trapped Prosten into dipping to his heirloom to match the stakes. Prosten nearly lost his keep. Bilford, not vindictive or seeking to bankrupt the slaver, though he had secretly wanted to, compromised. Bilford reissued the bribe, substantially increased. Painfully sober, Prosten agreed. As hostage, Bilford kept the buckle for himself.

Obviously, Bilford suspected Prosten of conspiring with Dannis Haulik of Eather to stealing it back. When handed to the prolocutors, the buckle had shifted to a pair of steel-toed, leather boots.

Basic Abilities: Despite where the buckle is placed, the artifact offers the haste ability per the spell. It must be activated as a free action at the beginning of the combat round. The gem offers 2 rounds of total haste per day with an additional 2 rounds for every additional gem (total: 16 rounds). The duration of the haste effect need not be consecutive rounds.

+2 Gems: Boots—The boots will always grip on a slippery surface, and offers a +5 artifact bonus to jump rolls and Ref saves. The Belt—The wearer becomes more resilient to damage, gaining a +5 artifact bonus to all Fort saves. He also gains Light fortification, giving him a %25 chance to ignore critical hit damage. The Bracelet—The wearer is proficient with any one-handed weapon held by the bracelet's hand. The wielder also gains a fighter Base Attack Bonus while using said weapon and only with said weapon.

+5 Gems: All abilities listed compound with +2 gems. The Boots—The wearer no longer touches the ground while moving. The boots now hover an inch off the ground. They can cross any surface (Water, Mud, etc) and never leave any tracks. Jump rolls and Ref saves increase to +7. The Belt—The Light Fortification is replaced with Medium Fortification, giving the wearer a %75 chance to ignore critical hit damage. Fort saves increase their artifact bonus to +7. The Bracelet—The wearer also gains the feats Weapon Focus and Weapon Specialization with the weapon in hand if not already selected.

All 8 Gems: All abilities listed compound with +8 and gems. The Boots—The boots gain Permanent Spider Climb (per spell). The Belt—The wearer gains DR 5/—. This compounds with any other DR the wearer might have. The Bracelet—The bracelet also gains Improved Critical and Greater Weapon Specialization with the weapon in hand if not already selected.



Entering the entrance next morning was met with some trepidation. Three corpses still within the light were fresh within the year. Everything of value from weapons to clothes had been stripped. Such would surely fall anyone lost in the keep. The sides were carved expertly and reinforced with stone pillars. The loose gravel was packed hard and unusually black, though only Raven noticed it. Mischa lit a resting torch hanging from a wall. Aiden pulled out the Amulet, which nearly overpowered the flame when Aiden whispered a word Chen said would increase its glow.

"It may be best you don't use the focus of everyone's obsession as a torch," said Mischa.

"I will trust you to protect my interests. To those who don't know, it's a glowing rock of mediocre enchantment. I believe our presence is more than enough to provoke a fight," replied Aiden as he kept the amulet in the air.

They kept most of their belongings outside. Mischa even wore his helmet for this. Aiden only had his spellbook in his pack. The answer to their earlier query came quickly as they reached the shaft. Cylindrical and wide enough to fit an adult dragon, it carried up through the entire mountain to an opening to the sky. There might have been glass or shutters at the top, but no longer. Unfiltered daylight glinted off the embedded crystallized chips within the granite. The bouncing bands were visible through floating dust, stopping short of the base level, still in shadow. Stone and wood beams ran across the shaft, climbing up the sides all the way to the light. The hike appeared greater inside than out. A spiraling pathway orbited the tunnel, assuming all the way to the top. The path was wide enough for a two horse-drawn carts abreast.

The crossing beams of wood and stone formed part of complicated pulley system, connected by sprockets and chains to a warped wooden gondola suspended half-way up the shaft. The system was surprisingly well maintained and complicated, using the pulleys as a way to lift the gondola over a bulky counterweight. It even appeared automatic, requiring no slaves to strain in its use.

"Look at this," Aiden remarked. He walked nearly under the gondola, precariously wagging in the wind. "They spared no expense."

"I'm sure as shit not going up in that," Mischa snapped.

"A better shortcut you could never find Mischa."

"To my death, absolutely."

"Agreed," voiced Mahan, "best we walk Aiden." Aiden didn't notice Mahan spoke. He also didn't notice Mahan was slightly distracted. His attention was to a distant wall, looking apparently at nothing. Aiden examined the gears and chains. One set of links hung loose. *A calling chain, perhaps?*

"You two saw me at the temple. I'll be half dead if I attempt to climb."

"I guarantee a full one if you take the lift," retorted Mischa. "I don't require your services as a sword-wielder, mage. We walk the long and easy way. You can still spout your spells if your limbs give out."

"Not if I'm out of air."

"The adrenaline of combat will put the fire back in your breath, don't you worry."

Aiden huffed and settled. "Very well. Still," he tugged on a few of the gears and sprockets, "shockingly good condition considering the state of everything else. Probably maintained by those that used it after its fall." He pulled down the loose chain. The links fell and began piling on the ground at his feet. It continued to build a mound of round steel. Aiden looked up but couldn't see where the chain was coming from. The links danced left and right as they fell. Aiden stepped back to avoid getting struck. After a hundred feet, the chain stopped. "Well, guess that wasn't attached to anything."

A loud snap echoed through the room, following by another. One more crack came from broken stonework.

"Yes it was," said Mischa unimpressed. The gondola came free and plummeted to the base. Aiden ran from under. Raven looked and saw she wouldn't be hit, so stayed still. The collapse ricocheted and reverberated through the entire mountain. Debris barely missed her as the gondola collapsed only a few feet away.

Aiden was not happy himself. Instead of feeling guilty, he looked at the base of the path that wound up the tunnel. "What I would do for a spell of flight right now?" He looked back to Mahan, still staring away from all of them. "Mahan?"

"Feels too dark down here. Given the light from above," Mahan replied.

"Let's not remain down here then," said Mischa.

Mischa started to the road. He noticed the groove that ran down the outside of the path where it met the tunnel wall. "What do you suppose those were for?" he asked.

Aiden look at them and smiled. "Well, that's clever. I imagine all the water that rains above trickles down to be collected and processed down below. They had some enchanted recycling system, I imagine. Must give them credit for that as well." The blackness of the soil on the ground was reflected in the dark line that ran down the base of the groove.

Mahan approached the path and kneeled to touch it. He knew what it was immediately. "The dark sediment here…it's blood." Aiden stepped back quickly and Mahan followed the sediment to the floor, where it had soaked into the entire level. "What corruption, draining the fluids from the people down to the base to stain the foundation. The roots of this keep are soiled with the blood of a nation." Mahan walked from the path to a section of hallway just away from the tunnel. He ignored everyone else.

"Mahan…" Aiden said more than asked. Mahan didn't respond.

"There is a possession here. They're very cross. Not jinn. These are human spirits." His head darted left, noticing something no one else did. "Whispering," he whispered.

"Mahan…" Aiden murmured, "What are you—" then they began to rise. Some of them were grey, others white. Some were short, others tall. They came from the soil, the walls, and down from the ceilings. They drifted from the hallway and from the shaft walls, disheveled forms and decrepit corpses. They came up around Mahan, but only Mahan, like they appeared just for him. Some were children; others were spindly elders. An unseen wind blew ghostly fragments of their clothes. Raven snatched Aiden's arm in a surprise reflex. Considering the sight, Aiden actually noticed her reaction and looked over. He thought she held him as instinct to seek comfort. As she pulled him back, he realized she was trying to get in front. Her other hand unlatched one of her blades. Mischa never pulled his weapon unless he intended its use. He wasn't sure of that yet, so kept calm despite the rising dead. As the forms climbed from their beds, the blood-soaked soil tugged on their limbs, pulling them long and gangly before breaking free as they stood. Their faces began to wither. Their soft glow illuminated the wall, but not the ground.

Mahan slowly fell to his knees, back still perfectly straight. "Back!" he said to the others with an arm wave. "Leave me." The shapes began to converge around the cleric. As Raven pulled Aiden behind, she released him and reached for her other weapon. If she was afraid, she didn't show it, but that was another aspect of damaskans known to those who know.

"These are not kind spirits," Mischa said, coming up alongside the elf.

"Stand back." Mahan replied. The figures stopped short of the cleric. Some leaned forward. A small one, a child perhaps, most likely an adult with no legs, approached to speak softly in his ear. The others heard nothing. Mahan whispered. "They were shadows, but not from death, living but shrouded. It was a punishment for being rejected. They had offered a great king immortality once and it turned his land to darkness. They had hoped to tempt the rulers here, not aware of their orientation. The lords rejected the offer and paid it with invasion. Few escaped. Some here are angry. Some were…" Mahan stopped as the figure moved away. A few of them opened their mouths, as if to scream. They were silent in every way.

Mahan closed his eyes and bowed down. He began to pray quietly. He spoke in the old tongue, asking for the salvation of the souls, of their release. He employed the name of god and offered a salawat. The nearest sprit faded, his clothes the last to be carried by the wind into the tunnel light. By the time he was finished, all but one of the spirits had vanished. The last one grimaced and glared its incorporeal teeth. Mahan opened his eyes to the forming beast.

"If you will not depart peacefully, then by his name, I cast you by force." Mahan held out his hand as the soul moved in. The cleric's hand became of their world, with a white glow from within. It reached to place its head to Mahan's palm. A wall of the same light beamed a barrier between their two worlds with Mahan's hand and the spirit's face at the divide. A second later, the other world was gone. The wall of light fell and the spirit had vanished. Mahan sighed and lowered his hand.

The group stood frozen at the display. Mahan swiveled around, visibly unphased by the ordeal. He locked eyes with Aiden. "So…converted yet?" he asked.

"No." Aiden replied.

"Certainly are a hard sell."



SAINTS OF HYPOCRISY

When Earth fell under the ravages of Ixindar, the Ares colony on mars had yet to reach self-sufficiency. The mining consortium turned impressive profits and the expansion of the colony was very close on the horizon. The population had recently pushed past 15,000. Although they successfully built ground based manufacturing facilities and orbital shipyards, their hydroponics yielded little usable fare. The farms bore many foods and would be considered a rousing success, if the population had kept at its original planned 5,000. When the Mining Company placed in charge of Mar's mining interests, Skylon Amalgamated, decided to increase output, the need for increased personnel led to a deluge of immigrant miners with not enough supplies to sustain them. Even though Mars grew its ability to be self-sustained daily, the demands of the increasingly greedy corporation taxed said ability. Eventually, it was not food that doomed the colony, but energy. So many reactors were placed under Skylon's control, very little was left over to maintain the general population.

Dozens of outposts spread out from the first city for thousands of kilometers, scouring the landscape for usable riches. And riches they found, shipped on freighters back home. Two-man crew would man goliaths, alone for ten months. Recent advances in hibernation abridged their aging of months to minutes, with a fat paycheck awaiting their return. The precious deuterium ore was more valuable than gold. Not even the booming Lunar colonies could compete with the windfalls from Ares. For those in prime health and skilled in the right fields, a career in space was an obvious direction. Initially, lunar posts were an easy hire, offering good wage and relative quick transport back home. Mars would be a harder sell. When the mines reached the wellspring, the promise of skyrocketing bonus checks brought the pilgrims in swarms. Despite a goal to make Mars self-sufficient within a hundred years, the profit margins from Skylon proved too great a temptation and the returning freighters did so fully loaded with hibernation tubes filled with greed and dreams. Arrivals were shuffled to their jobs, given cramped quarters with seven others, and forgotten in the system. Soon, 15,000 expanded to 25,000.

When the Hammer struck, all ties with Earth were instantly severed. Despite Skylon's best interest to shift manpower to keeping the colony going, it was a failed effort. The massive strain placed on the fusion reactors in the mines made them unpredictable and hard to manage. They were quickly shunted to supply power to the colony until contact with earth was re-established. The shifted reactors all started to fail. Without proper supplies to increase the manufacturing of foodstuffs, the population starved. An unsuccessful coup by inhabiting military to control and ration the remaining resources backfired and the settlement turned to chaos. Sec-

tions of the colony broke off and sporadic raids flared up for several months. A few were rumored to have escaped and fled for Earth. Whether or not they succeeded is anyone's guess. Communication from Earth only arrived sporadically, and never from the surface. Garbled and distorted messages from orbiting space stations like Charles De Gaule and Ronald Reagan were cryptic and confusing, speaking of a bolide collision and something emerging from the crater. A war had broken out on Earth but with whom? Messages became more infrequent, growing increasingly garbled and distorted. Most of them were in such a state of decay, nothing discernable could be understood. The civil martians waited for the raids to begin again.

They never did.

Humanity gave up hope. A few in orbit, unable to reach the surface, attempted to break orbit and rendezvous with a refugee ship rumored to have escaped Earth, but were never heard from again. Most of the martians that died were left in sterilized rooms, not decaying, preserved forever. A few donned their suits to catch a final sunrise. One by one, the last humans on Mars died. The planet returned to its serene state, a graveyard for a forgotten people.

Then, one day, the martians simply awoke, believing no time had passed. New leaders emerged to help them. Tasks were assigned. With a renewed vigor unseen, the martians rose and started to rebuild. They were ordered to build a city like none seen on Mars before. The martians build it bigger. These leaders ordered a grand army assembled. The martians formed one stronger. A thousand years of development forged a civilization of man unseen. These leaders, the deacons, held an iron will over the others, and the martians never questioned their survival or their obedience. They never questioned the fact they never slept.

Placed in a rhythm never questioning, these survivors continued day and night to build a great empire upon the ruins of their past. These new leaders that walked amongst them commanded authority and promised that mankind would again retake his homeworld. Finally able to peer back to Earth, they found it populated with many creatures and few humans. Further, these humans were fleeing for their lives, gathering into camps, the last fragments of their civilization besieged and corralled into islands and cages. What once was man was merely an echo of his glory and achievements. But those on mars remembered. They knew the truth of it, that mankind had earned his place atop the food chain and it was he, not the elves or dragons that deserved to control the fate of the planet. With the gates closed, their enemies would either be powerless, fall to dust, or die from calamities previously suppressed by magic. If the white gate truly is slowing closing on its own, then all these distant humans would need to do is ensure its fate, and stop anyone trying to save their echan world. As for Ixindar, perhaps the gates are connected and closing one would close the other. If not, with one down, the remaining resources could easily gather to take on this last threat, especially when the EDF field from Attricana is neutralized.

The Martians declared themselves saviors of mankind and soon arrogantly titled themselves saints. They built ships and traveled the great void to their ancient home. The travel time was now reduced to mere weeks, proof of man's capacity if he hadn't been cut down in his prime. When reaching the periphery of the Earth-Moon system, the massive increase of EDF stalled their advancement. It seemed redemption would take longer than initially intended. With a direct invasion out of the question, the saints had to turn to other means, subtlety and subterfuge. Only when the white gate closes can the saint fleet finally arrive in force to retake their world. For now, the majority remain at a distance, with a few taking chances to penetrate the atmosphere for short periods to perform whatever tasks are required.

On Earth, very few even know the saints exist. Most techans never heard of them. Echans may occasionally see massive advanced vessels soaring through the sky but assume they are from a bastion. Meanwhile, the saints consider themselves the elite, higher than any other, both in stature and altitude, but not aware that the watchers themselves are in fact watched.

BACKGROUND

Personality: Saints are generally very ignorant and biased. They look down on echans with contempt and believe them to be subhuman. They regard techans only slightly more. Saints respect the military structure of Krebet and the technological superiority of Porto and may hope to establish trade with either of them. Any other bastions lower than TL 2 are looked down as substandard. Saints plan to subvert most of the planet anyway. If the white gate closes first, they would gather a unified front to take on the black gate. Little do they know their own existence would snuff out if the white gate closed.

Rebels or "Fallen Saints" as they are referred to, fight an uphill battle for acceptance. Those who have "woken up from death" can pass off as a normal human, for they are. At that point there is nothing distinguishing themselves from others unless they had kept any identifying equipment from their past. The others making a life for themselves are usually very quiet and reserved, biting their tongue for fear of regressing back to their intolerant ways.

Physical Description: In this regard, saints are identical to humans even though they are half-dead. They look normal and act normal. Only a close examination will notice the fact their bodies are slightly colder than normal. They also don't carry a noticeable pulse and don't bleed when cut. If they are knocked out cold, they look dead for all purposes until awakened.

Relations: Fallen saints are no different than normal humans. Many find magic fascinating while most fear it, even if they possess and use it themselves. Many fallen saints have been known to be captivated at the sight of simple cantrips. Rebels with open minds are often welcomed by many human cultures, as they probably are not aware of the human's past.

Alignment: Rebels can be any. Loyal saints range from Lawful Neutral to Lawful Evil, rarely being Chaotic.

Religion: Saints, despite the claim, are not religious. Even fallen saints do not stray from this. Fallen saint clerics are a rarity.

Languages: Like normal humans, they often speak Common, but they also speak "Pure English," the old language of man before it changed.

Names: Normal as humans.

Adventures: Fallen saints often join with native humans and rarely befriend other high level techans. They seldom journey with other saints and never travel alone if they can help it, finding this new world intimidating and generally fearful. They do not live for the pursuit of monetary gain or personal power. Fallen usually work to either help save the world they fell to or try to bring other saints over to their side. The majority of fallen saints are very selfless.

Loyal saints are sent on missions from their cruisers to level villages and kill anything that stands in their way in the pursuit of saint dominance.

Table: Saint Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Type	Range Inc.	ROF	Cell	Wt.	Cost (equivalent)	TL
PowerStunner	Special	—	Special	10ft	1	H3	10lb.	35000	7
Disruptor	Special	—	Special	10ft	1	H2	15lb.	55000	7
Fusion Missile**	Special	—	Energy	5 miles	1 shot	H1	300 lb.	100000	7

** Ship Mounted Weapon

SAINT RACIAL TRAITS
(NON FALLEN)

Note: Saints are important plot points. The DM should not allow players knowledge of their existence or allow a PC to be a fallen saint without revealing vital information on the game's setting.

•**Rapid healing:** Saints' natural healings is double that of normal humans and are assumed to have full bed rest even though they don't sleep.

•**Instant stability:** The only way to kill a saint outright is to reduce him to -10 (or -CON if using the Hero rule). If left alone past 0 hit points, saints instantly stabilize.

•**Ageless:** Saints look between 20 and 45 years of age. They never age past this point. They are frozen in place from whence they died. A character determines the age when he or she died. That physical age remains forever. They do no get older with time and there is no age limit. The real age is their visible age plus 1000 years. If a saint is killed outright, his body ages one thousand years in five minutes, therefore a standard raise dead spell will not work unless administered immediately. Gentle Repose staves off this effect.

•**Medium-size:** As Medium sized creatures, saints have no special bonuses or penalties due to size.

•Saint base speed is 30 feet.

•4 extra skill points at 1st level and 1 extra skill point at each additional level, since humans are versatile and capable. (The 4 skill points at first level are added on as a bonus and not multiplied in)

•1 extra feat at 1st level.

•**Automatic Languages:** English, Pure English (exclusive Language). Only Rebels can take echan languages later.

•**The look of death:** Saints, if knocked out, look dead. If reduced to past -1 hit points, they pass out and look completely dead, leading many to think they are.

•**Lack of sustenance:** Saints need neither food nor sleep, ever.

•**Fallen Saint:** If a saint is killed outright and then raised, everything changes. The saint becomes a pure human and loses all his natural saint abilities. He still retains knowledge and skills and emerges the age from which he FIRST died. He can now be healed with magic and age normally. They need food, sleep, and don't look dead—the warmth returns to their bodies.

•Saints all gain x2 starting money at first level.

•**Level Adjustment:** +1

•**Favored Class:** Techan classes only. Fallen saints can multi-class into magic later but all starting classes must be techan.

Saint Soldier (5th level soldier)
Medium human

Hit Dice:	5d10+2(46 hp)
Initiative:	+3 (+3 Dex)
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), swim 20 ft.
Armor Class:	23 (+4 Dex, +6 Nomex Combat Suit, +3 Defense), touch 16, flat-footed 16
Base Attack/Grapple:	+5 / +7
Attack:	ESP 13 mm Rifle +10 (Dam 3d6+2, Crit x2, Range inc 80, 100 shots)
Full Attack:	ESP 13 mm Rifle +10 (Dam 3d6, Crit x2, Range inc 80, 100 shots)
Space/Reach:	5ft. / 5ft.
Special Attacks:	None
Special Qualities:	Rapid healing, instant stability, ageless, the Look of death, lack of sustenance
Saves:	Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +1
Abilities:	Str 15, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 15
Skills:	Climb +7, Demolitions +7, Drive +11, Intimidate +8, Jump +13, Knowledge (history) +4, Navigate +4, Spot +4, Survival +5, Swim +9
Feats:	Weapon Focus (EA Rifle), Armor Proficiencies, Burst Fire, Rapid Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Specialization (EA Rifle), Shot on the Run.
Organization:	Pair, squad (3–6), or Buzzboy unit (4-12, ½ have HCS armor)
Challenge Rating:	6
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Usually Lawful Neutral or Lawful Evil
Advancement:	By Character class

Equipment: Many saints in the field have detuned weapons. The ESP weapon is a popular choice though more advanced and larger units may swap our their ESP rifles for solid laser or thumper rifles. ESP weapons fire so fast, the penalty for firing using the burst fire feat is reduced to -2 instead of -4. The weapon also can fire 10 rounds instead of 5, using the -4 penalty but adding +3 dice of damage instead of 2 when using the burst fire feat. ESP weapons also gain a +1 bonus against EDF. They often have at least two reloads.

The nomex combat suit is standard, but larger units may swap out several members' outfit with the hardened combat suits (see below). The nomex combat suit has cold / fire resistance 10.

WEAPONS

Saints have access to all TL6 items and gadgets and below (though primarily using TL 3 and up). One interesting side effect of all saint weapons, gadgets, and armor is their safety mechanism. To prevent saint technology from falling into enemy hands, all saint items (regardless of the actually tech level) are tuned to a user's energy signature upon acquisition.

Table: Saint Armor

Armor	Cost (GP/UC)	Armor	Maximum Dex Bonus	Armor Check Penalty	Arcane Spell Failure Chance	(30 ft.)	(20 ft.)	Weight[1]	TL
Vacu-Suit	35000	+3	+8	-0	10%	30	—	1 lb.	7
Hardened Combat Suit	45000	+6	+7	-0	20%	30	—	10 lb.	7
Advanced Armor									
Ares Scout Suit	60000	+8	+7	+0	30%	—	—	250 lb	7
Terran Power Suit	95000	+11	+4	-3	30%	—	—	450 lb.	7

If the saint is killed outright, then all their gear and weapons break
down and are useless. This includes the batteries as well. There is NO way this process can be stopped.

Saint technology is found nowhere else, therefore cannot be purchased or found anywhere on the black market. Saints don't use money technically so the only way for saint characters to buy equipment, armor, and weapons is for them to be assigned from their own people. Those fallen lose this capacity and must fend for their own. All TL7 weapons listed break through magic and angelite (adamantine) damage reduction.

Disruptor: A dangerous and vicious weapon, the disrupter simply shifts the target's vibrational state, drawing all energy from the creature and tearing it apart from the inside. Anything struck under 100 hp is reduced to 0 hit points (no saving throw). Anything over takes 10d10 damage.

PowerStunner: An offshoot of the disruptor, the power stunner incapacitates a target with no saving throw. If the target is below 50hp, they are stunned for 4d4 Rounds. Between 51-100 hp, 2d4 rounds, and 101 - 150 for 1d4 rounds. Above 150 hp are not effected.

Fusion Missile: This one shot weapon is only found on the big cruisers. A final solution for the saints, the weapon incinerates EVERYTHING 500 feet in every direction with no chance for save. Everything for 100 feet past that takes 20d10 point of damage. The REF DC for half damage is 30. For every 100 feet past that, the DC drops by one and the damage is reduced by 1d10.

ARMOR

Saints have access to use all non-bastion exclusive armor in the Techa chapter. Saint powered armor can be modified like other suits. Rules apply normally.

Ares Scout Suit: The Ares is one of the most common powered battlesuits available to saints assigned to lone missions in open echa. Designed for speed over strength, its onboard motive system provides boosts to speed and maneuverability. Active scramble technology keeps it out of sight of most detection systems. This suit looks only slightly bulkier than the skinsuit, but provides greater overall flexibility. While the Ares operates, it separates the pilot from the outside world. As long as the hull is "unbroken," the pilot is immune to all poisons and gas effects. The Ares also gains acid, cold, and lightning resistance 5. It is immune to all fire damage. Its H5 cell lasts one charge per hour. While in operation, its scramble system offers a +10 enhancement bonus to both hide and a +5 enhancement bonus to Move Silently skill checks.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
70	40 ft.	18	5

Hardened Combat Suit: The hardened combat suit resembles a scaled down version of the scout suits, sacrificing the mechanical and technical improvements for a cheaper production cost. They are the standard battle dress for non-discreet missions to Earth. Buzz-boys, a term with unknown origin, is referred to any kill team sent to Earth composed of 4 and 12 members, of whom at least half are covered in the HCS. A sealed helmet processes external gases, allowing the user to be immune to all gas effects without requiring an external oxygen source. An advanced targeting computer offers a +1 bonus to all ranged attack rolls outside of the first range increment. They are also equipped with tunable optics, allowing them to filter and analyze incoming information. This nullifies an enemy's percentage miss chance with concealment and concealment effects (like blur). It does not counteract blink or invisibility. The entire system runs off a M5 cell that drains 1 charge per hour of use. The armor may still be used without power but loses all bonuses other than the resistance and the AC.

Terran Power Suit: Seldom seen on Earth unless flanked with at least a dozen other troopers, the Terran Power Suit often enters the battlefield with several heavy weapons equipped. It draws the fire and reacts with equal and greater vigor. Being a sealed system, it does not need external gases to create its livable environment inside. It will still filter outside air, but in a vacuum, will operate for six hours before suffocating its operator. It can filter all toxins, making the pilot immune to all poisons and gas effects. It will even allow the user to breathe underwater for as long as the power cell will last. Its environment self-seals from external punctures. The TPS is immune to cold and fire damage. It also has acid/lightning resistance 15. The suit counts as being large and gains all advantages and penalties of that size. It is equipped with tunable optics, allowing it to filter and analyze incoming information. This nullifies an enemy's percentage miss chance with concealment and concealment effects (like blur). It does not counteract blink or invisibility. Optics also offers it a +1 bonus to hit with all ranged weapons. Personal radar also prevents it from being flanked. Its monstrous claws also offer it a +5 bonus for all grapple checks. Its H5 cell lasts one charge per hour. Because of its enhanced strength, it may wield longarms one handed and heavy weapons may be used without a brace.

Hit Points	Speed	Strength	Threshold
100	20 ft.	24	10

VacuSuit: Standard Vacu-Suits are not completely effective as armor but in some situations, they are the only option. It is a sealed system, and does not need external gases to create its livable environment inside. It will still filter outside air, but in a vacuum, will operate for eight hours before suffocating its operator. It can filter all toxins, making the pilot immune to all poisons and gas effects. It will even allow the user to breathe underwater for as long as the power cell will last. Its environment self seals from external punctures.

VEHICLES

Saint vehicles are an odd bunch by classification. The majority were erected in orbit and not designed with the intent of permanently landing on a planet. All saint vehicles utilize anti-gravity technology and self-sustaining power sources. With this confidence, they conceived of craft with no technical gravity direction. Crew can walk on several

Table: Saint Vehicles

Name	Crew	Pass.	Cargo (lbs.)	Init.	Man.	Speed Increment	Def.	Hard.	Hit Points	Size	TL	Movement
Condor	1	0	0	-1	+4	200 (100)	18	5	100	L	7	Perfect
Blade	1	5	500	-4	-4	300 (100)	20	5	300	G	7	Perfect
Cruiser	6	200	10000	-5	-4	500 (50)	20	10	750	C	7	Good
Capital Ship	20	1000	25000	-10	-10	400 (50)	25	15	2500	C+	7	Good
Neoger Light Fighter	1	1	100 lb.	-3	-3	500 (100)	22	7	250	H	7	Perfect
Rodina Hover Tank	4	1	425 lb.	-4	-4	40 (30))	18	20	150	G	7	—
Sultan Heavy Fighter	2	0	500	-4	-4	200 (50)	20	5	250	G	7	Good
Parkan	3	100	5000 lb.	-8	-6	200 (40)	18	10	250	H	7	Good

surfaces, roofs and ceilings. Even the outer hull pulls local objects directly to its surface if required. The vessels are built vertically instead of lengthwise, making them taller than long. They do not employ landing gear, rather they root themselves to an area using gravity anchors. Crashing is not an option as even the smaller vessels would tumble the moment their lower fins scratched the landing surface, even if water. They all suffer from constant drain while around Earth. Interceptors will die out in a week; cruisers will only last a few days before they must leave the local Earth-Moon system to recharge.

The reactors of the capital ships utilize a micro gravity source. Such a massive technological advancement points to the possibilities of man's progression while others aware of saints use this point as reason to accuse them of corruption from an outside source. Few saints are privy to even access the reactors. Some technical databanks on board saint vessels list the power cores as Kerr Singularities while others use the much protracted title Rotating Quantum Mechanical Black Holes. The technical process of generating a charged, rotating singularity and maintaining it, not only using it as a power source, is not available to anyone other than the very highest levels of saint authority. What is unusual are these reactors' strange tendencies to resonate in the same frequency as a positive gate, similar to Attricana. Could they be harnessing power from the very force they despise? If a detect magic is cast upon a saint reactor, it will pulse with massive light. These gargantuan reactors are not magical mind you, but do tap into the positive realm to receive their power.

Saint vessels look sterile, and most likely are. Silver and white painted walls feature no art or signs of original design. The lines are straight and without imagination. They were constructed out of efficiency and no compromise was given to attempt to create a culture or an actual positive living environment for the crews on board. Larger ships boast little living space, allotting only the minimum requirement for bed, bath, and provisions. No ships possess a recreation center. Yet serving on a cruiser or capital ship is considered the highest honor.

All saint vessels supply power to their energy weapons from the internal power source. The vessels also disintegrate after crashing, leaving no salvageable technology. All weapons on a vehicle must either be a missile system or an energy weapon.

Blade: The standard medium fighter, the blade fighter packs a punch and takes a beating. It often escorts larger ships into combat, fending off large enemies and taking on enemy capital vessels. Like the cruisers, the blade derives its name from its vertical configuration dominating upper and lower vertical fins that appear more cosmetic than anything. Despite the sterile and boring nature of the corridors and cabins of saint vessels, their outer form shows a flamboyance lacking in every other aspect of their society. The blade represents the symbolic view of that. The blade is more than 30 meters tall from fin-tip to fin-tip but is less than 5 meters wide.

It comes standard with 4 anti-ground/anti-air Thumper Rifles and 10 air-to-air guided rocket. The Thumper rifles can fire linked or separately. Linking uses one roll for multiple weapons but damage is rolled separately. All ranged weapons receive a +1 bonus to hit. Its primary role is for air to ground combat and has been known to ferry up to 12 troopers, usually a buzz-boy team, in its small cargo area.

Capital Vessels: The juggernauts of the saints, luckily, only three are known in operation: The Albion, The Cabala, and The Zion. Each loss would be crippling to the saints as a whole. These massive vessels measure a near kilometer in length, manufactured in orbit around Mars. The vessel cannot enter Earth's atmosphere but do carry enough firepower to level a Bastion. To that end, each comes equipped with 20 various super heavy hardpoints of various configurations plus a dozen fusion missiles if the hardpoints don't succeed in their mission. Each also has docks so that three cruisers can link. It also holds up 30 various smaller craft.

Unlike the other designs, like the standard cruiser ship and the blade, the capital vessels are built on a horizontal plane. Though still constructed in the same shipyards, these vessels were designed by saints themselves, as a large military transport was required for the extended journey to Earth, unlike the majority of the other designs, which were made by the deacons, the upper echelon of saint authority. As a result, the capital vessels don't feature the vestigial vertical fins other saint vessels display proudly.

Condor: Even smaller than neoger, this single-man craft operates with full gravitics all the time, capable of squeezing into the tightest areas. It can stop and start without compromising the pilot's safety. It reduces inertial feedback, allowing the pilot to push the craft to massive 50 G acceleration boosts without breaking every bone in his body. It can stop instantly from any speed. It has two longarm hardpoints but only energy longarms can be equipped in them. Both weapons on each point are linked. Linking uses one roll for multiple weapons but damage is rolled separately.

This tiny vessel is little more than two large upper and lower vertical fins with smaller stubby horizontal "L"-shaped wings which terminate from the sides, then point downward. The control surfaces are little more than for style and for weapon mounting. The vessel can struggle with a crash landing if required, as its main body is large enough and its fins stubby enough to angle a hard landing. Because of its wing shape, the entire vessel is 10 meters wide and tall, though the actual body is less than 1.5 meters wide.

Neoger Light Fighter: The neogar launches and flies in waves and rarely does one go out alone. The pilots specialize in close maneuvers and swarming strategies to overwhelm opponents. The neoger can struggle with a crash landing if required, as its lower fin is a mere stub. A crashing pilot prays

for sand or water. Unlike the condor, the neoger has no horizontal control surface and is less than 3 meters wide and 6 meters tall. It has two longarm hardpoints that must be forward mounted weapons. However, these two systems can fire as one. Linking uses one roll for multiple weapons but damage is rolled separately. It offers a +1 Techa bonus to hit with these weapons.

Parkan: The parkans are usually found either in capital ships or flying down flanked by cruisers. They are too big to dock within any vessel other than the capitals. They fly in fast and use gravity cushions to hit the ground fast, deploying a hundred troops in only a matter of seconds. Usually, a parkan can only transport three loads before burning out its capacitor. The parkan armor is strong but its weapons are not. It has only three longarm hardpoints. The parkan can replace its troops with a single nephilim hover tank or 50 troops with either a daath or vortex.

Because of this need to land upon a planet surface, the parkan does not boast the ineffective vertical fins of other Saint designs, though it is still taller than long and longer than it is wide. The need to reduce air drag resulted in the final design featuring no fins at all.

Prime Cruisers: The cruisers number at least four-dozen but it's doubtful anyone would ever see more than one at a time. These vessels comprise the main body of the saint assault fleet. The vessels' advanced grav drives allow the craft to operate under any conditions, even to hovering inches off the ground, which it has to do since it features no landing gear, just another ineffective design style which brings the vessel to a point beneath. No saint cruiser could ever safely crash land on a planet before pitch polling end-over-end, surely dooming the occupants inside. Carrying the vertical design motif, the cruisers appear built from several fuselages that are built atop each other. The vessel towers over 160 meters tall, and is 200 meter long, but is only 50 meters wide. The vessel sports 2 super heavy hardpoints and 10 heavy hardpoints. It also is equipped with a fusion missile battery with two available warheads. The cruisers carry an awesome number of ground troops and fighter craft. It can carry 15 various craft, and each cruiser comes equipped with 12 vortex flight-bots and 12 daath quadropeds and one MAX.

Some well known cruisers: The Bethany (Captain Kenneth Crufix), The Buster Four, The Geisttwelve, The Core Falcon, The Spirit Fortress, The Panzer Bull, The Varidam, and The Dire Zeta (Home of the most powerful Deacon, Jerrod).

The Rodina Hover Tank: The rodina tank can rise to a height of 5 meters if necessary. Its smooth hull is coated with a stealth net, allowing the craft to go invisible for up to 10 minutes before draining its battery. The vehicle is not silenced, and certain other conditions can render it detectable. The device's field disrupts if any weapons fire. It comes standard with one super heavy weapon and two longarm mounts. The rodina resembles a four-legged spider with its single, elongated body and four large gravity lifters that remained fixed as the vessel moves.

Sultan Heavy Fighter: The Sultan fighter is designed to strafe ground targets and take out enemy strongholds. It has two heavy weapons mounts and two longarm mounts. All these weapons sit mounted under the main superstructure, between the inessential vertical fin that makes the Sultan resemble a miniature prime cruiser. Unlike the cruisers, which feature several fuselages built atop each other, the sultan only has one. It is 40 meters tall and 14 meters wide.

NOTE ON SAINT POWER CELLS

Saint energy cells use the same designations (H, M, S) only from a comparison point of view. They refer to the cells differently themselves. Their cells are also much smaller and are incompatible with other technology. Basic Cells weigh 1 lb. for 20. Medium cells weigh 0.2 lbs each. High Cells weighs 1 lb. each.

SAINT CONSTRUCTS

Occasionally, Saints employ automated machines to do their dirty work. They include the simple flightbots to the quadropeds, leading up to the intimidating mobile anti-echan exosuit (MAX).

VORTEX FLIGHT BOT

Medium Construct (Techan)

Hit Dice:	7d8+7 (38 hp)
Initiative:	+5
Speed:	Fly 60 ft. (perfect) (12 squares)
Armor Class:	21 (+5 Dex, +6 natural), touch 15, flat-footed 16
Base Attack / Grapple:	+7/+9
Attack:	Assault Cannon +12 ranged
Full Attack:	Assault Cannon +12 ranged
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Weapon
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., construct, hardness 5
Saves:	Fort +0, Ref +10, Will –4
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 21, Con —, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1
Skills:	Listen +11, Move Silently +15, Search +10
Feats:	Dodge, Flyby Attack, Weapon Finesse, Point Blank Shot, Burst Fire
Organization:	Solitary or Squad (2–4)
Challenge Rating:	6
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	8–14 HD (Medium)
EDF Percentage:	30%

VFBs are deployed usually before a dropship or cruiser lands in order to secure an area. They can operate via a control center on the ship and be ordered to follow instructions from a portable controller. They are simple gun platforms, kept permanently aloft with a pair of fanjets. They can operate in virtually any pressure, even the low atmosphere of Mars.

COMBAT

Assault Cannon: Because of the vulnerability of the Vortex, the weapon is intentionally detuned. Standard armament is a 7.62 Assault Rifle (Damage 1d8+3, Crit x2, Piercing, Range Inc 70, Single or Auto, 100 clip). The weapon can also be fired in close combat without invoking an attack of opportunity.

DAATH QUADRUPEDS

Large Construct (Techan)

Hit Dice:	6d10+24 (57 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	17 (–1 size, +2 Dex, +6 natural), touch 11, flat-footed 15
Base Attack / Grapple:	+6
Attack:	Side Guns +10 ranged or Grenade Launcher +6 ranged
Full Attack:	Side Guns +10/+4 ranged or Grenade Launcher +6 ranged
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks:	Spikes
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, construct Traits, hardness 5
Saves:	Fort +0, Ref +7, Will -4
Abilities:	Str 20, Dex 15, Con 0, Int 0, Wis 1, Cha 1
Skills:	Listen +5, Spot +9
Feats:	Weapon Focus (Side Cannons)
Organization:	Solitary, pair, or Squad (3–6)
Challenge Rating:	6
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always Neutral
Advancement:	7–16 HD (Large); 17–18 HD (Huge)
EDF Percentage	30%

The daaths escort ground troops and seldom enter without human flanks or with Vortexes hovering above. They sport grenade launchers and twin machine guns. These resemble human-shaped and sized mechanical torsos with four very long but thin legs connected to the sides and two small weapon pods at the shoulders.

COMBAT

Twin Submachine guns: Dam 2d6, Crit x2, Piercing, Single/Automatic, Range Inc 100, Ammo 500 box.

Grenade Launcher: The 20mm Grenade Launcher carries a varied armament though fragmentation is most common. The Range Inc is 70 ft. Each one carries 6 grenades.

Skills: Daaths have a +4 racial bonus on Spot checks.

MAX (Mobile Anti. Echan eXo warrior)

Large Construct (Techan)	
Hit Dice:	14d10+30 (107 hp)
Initiative:	0
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)
Armor Class:	26 (–1 size, –1 Dex, +18 natural), touch 8, flat-footed 26
Base Attack / Grapple:	+10/+23
Attack:	Slam +18 melee (2d10+9)
Full Attack:	2 slams +18 melee (2d10+9), OR Plasma Cannon + 10 or Markermissiles +15 (1d4+1) or Flamethrower
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Markermissiles
Special Qualities:	Construct traits, hardness 10, darkvision 60 ft, spell resistance 21, low-light vision, immunities
Saves:	Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 33, Dex 9, Con —, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 1
Skills:	—
Feats:	—
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	11
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
Advancement:	15–21 HD (Large); 22–42 (Huge)
EDF Percentage:	0%

MAX is a rarity. It arrives either from airdrop or from an inconspicuous box barely a quarter its size, carried in transports and deployed on site. A simple command or trap switch on the box terminates scramble mode and MAX deploys and emerges fully formed in five rounds. Max may be only 15 feet tall, but it still intimidates targets twice its mass. Its girth of waist flaunts its astounding strength. Its arms and legs are as wide as the torsos of other enemies the same size. MAX possesses rudimentary intelligence and problem solving skills. It is designed for a specific purpose: venturing on its own into the realm of echa to eliminate a target or to retrieve an item. It needs no escort, no flanks. It enters alone and always returns. Its low, deep voice demands obedience and its sympathy is non-existent.



COMBAT

Immunities: Massive shielding and beefed up insulation renders MAX virtually immune to EDF. Most of its girth is occupied by EDF padding. It receives a +10 bonus to all EDF rolls.

Plasma Cannon: MAX's right gauntlet is replaced by a massive plasma thrower that extends the limb to his knee. The weapon can only fire once every second round.

A direct hit strikes for 10D6. Everything 10 feet in every direction must also roll a ref save at DC20 or take 6d6. A success halves damage. It also combusts everything in the blast radius. Crit: x2, Range Inc 50.

Markermissile: If the first shot strikes, the target takes 1d4+1 points of damage. Every subsequent round strikes with a free action for another 1d4+1 (Crit: x2, Range Inc: 100ft). If MAX chooses, the initial round can explode on its own for 5d4 points of damage. If so, it cannot act as a marker-round at

	Basic Deacon Medium Humanoid	Gestalt Deacon (Jerrod) Medium Humanoid
Hit Points	10d4+20 (55 hit points)	15d4+30 (90 hit points
Initiative:	+7	+7
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	26 Flat 23, Touch 18 (8 armor, 3 stat, 5 misc)	31 Flat 28, Touch 18 (8 armor, 3 stat, 5 natural, 5 misc)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+4	+7 / +10
Attack:	Spell-like Abilities	Spell-like Abilities
Full Attack:	Spell-like Abilities	Spell-like Abilities
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks	Spell-like Abilities	Spell-like Abilities
Special Qualities:	Saint qualities, spell-like Abilities	Saint qualities, spell-like abilities
Saves:	Fort +2 Ref +5, Will +5	Fort +7, Ref +13, Will +13
Abilities:	Str 8, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 25	Str 8, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 28
Skills:	Bluff +15, Concentration +16, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +12, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (Arcana +7, History +7, Saints +7), Listen +10, Spellcraft +18, Spot +10	Bluff +19, Concentration +20, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +14, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (Arcana +7, History +7, Saints +7), Listen +11, Spellcraft +24, Spot +11
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Combat Casting, Magical Aptitude, Spell Focus (Evocation), Spell Penetration	Improved Initiative, Combat Casting, Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Counterspell, Magical Aptitude, Spell Focus (Evocation), Spell Penetration
Alignment:	Lawful Evil	Lawful Evil
Organization:	Solitary	Solitary
Environment:	Special	Special
Challenge Rating:	10	15

any point. The missile cannot marker and then explode. The initial markermissile equipped with the explosive tip can also act as a tracer if kept intact. It can relay the target position to the MAX up to 500 miles away. Max can even communicate to the target through relays in the missile. Only a "Heal" spell or major surgery can properly remove the missile without detonation.

Flamethrower: Max can temporarily vent plasma for a severe blast of superheated energy. This area effect weapon acts as a Fire breath weapon. It fires as a cone only and dishes out 4d10 damage with a Ref DC of 15 for half. Max can spew flames 1d4 times a day.

DEACONS

The first rumors to pass between the saints about their leaders indicated their mysterious benefactors were on the last orbital station when Attricana opened. Something happened to them and they changed. Few loyal to them question their origins, perhaps part of their power. Those free care little for answers, wishing only their demise. Echan magic determined their hidden powers. These are no saints.

No one is sure of their intents. They control the saints and developed their culture for a thousand years. Their motives are still unclear to all. They obviously possess a hatred of echan Earth, but no one is sure why as the deacons seem to exhibit magic abilities when the saints are not around, though oddly enough, in a feat unexplained, they don't disrupt technology. Eventually, some answers did reveal themselves as more saints turned their back on their leaders.

The deacons appear to be a form of parasitic organism with no actual physical form. There is no information why they arrived or specifically when. They never explain their actions but their motives are clear, to destroy the two enchanted gates on Earth and speed the return of technology and solid scientific laws.

Deacons can only interact with the outside world by merging with a physical host, usually a human. They are painfully thin and frail. Their hands are ghostly white, but the rest of their body looks normal. Unlike other saints, deacons are living flesh. The deacons select a small number of saints, raise them to full life, and genetically alter them to possess the abilities required to receive the incorporeal parasite. They control their hosts via a telepathic link. As a result, the host must possess said ability. During this time, the saint, though alive, still does not age. When the saint body is destroyed, the deacon moves to another host. Why these creatures chose the saints and not people on Earth remains unclear. They made no attempt to move into any other population. The deacons usually have white hair if they have hair, for many are bald. Deacons also don't need to move their lips to speak.

Deacons conceal their identity quite well. Why and how they came to Mars remains a mystery. Rumors go from echan spirits from the gate, to intangible alien invaders from another system, to dead ghosts from the Martian soil. Those aware of their identity are confounded about their motivations for having such an investment in Earth.

COMBAT

Magic devices: Basic deacons exhibit magical properties like magic items but don't themselves wear them. Their natural armor and magic deflection are due to this. For reasons unclear, they never generate and EDF when using these abilities.

Spell-like Abilities: Deacons cast the following spell-like abilities as a 10th level caster. The gestalt casts as a 15th level caster.

Deacon: At Will—Protection from Good, Mage Armor (+4 AC), Magic Missile (4 missiles), 3/day—Fireball (10d6, DC 23), Flaming Sphere (2d6 damage for 15 rounds, DC 22), Fly, Haste,
Invisibility, See Invisibility, 2/day—Charm Monster (DC 23), Greater Invisibility, Dominate Person (DC24).

Gestalt: At Will—Protection from Good, Mage Armor (+4 AC), Magic Missile (5 missiles), 5/day—Fireball (15d6, DC 25) Flaming Sphere (2d6 damage for 15 rounds, DC 22), Fly, Haste, Invisibility, See Invisibility, 3/day—Charm Monster (DC 26), Greater Invisibility, Lightning Bolt (15d6, DC 25), Polymorph, 1/day-Chain lightning (15d6, DC 26), Cone of Cold (15d6, DC27), Disintegrate (DC25), Dominate Person (DC27).



EVOLUTION OF EVIL

CONCEPTS OF CHAOS & SYNTROPY

Chaos inspires creation. Random and uncontrolled, the universe, wild as it is, joys in its indiscriminate nature. Alas, science claims everything can eventually be forecast if all factors of a situation are known and able to be measured. However, this assumes a scenario can always be controlled and monitored. The multitude of layers the cosmos has prevents a situation from ever being predictable. Nevertheless, in theory, by knowing all factors present, one could predict an outcome with 100% certainty, if one's claim of omniscience matched reality. The term chaos theory postulates that distant, seemingly trivial events can have lasting repercussions a distance and / or a time later. These elements could theoretically be predicted if, again, one knew all factors involved. Chaos theory assumes no such pansophy exists. The best observers have is to know enough to predict an outcome with a large degree of certainty. This applies in the world of science as well as magic.

Attricana appears as true disorder, spawning unpredictable shifts in rules and boundaries. Some from both sides of the coin insist that to prove one law within this chaos will eventually yield them all—if one law can be proven in stone in Attricana, then all must be. Even though Attricana may seem random, it may in fact be governed by its own rules the ignorant have yet to understand. The fact that magnetic fields never seem affected by Attricana may be one of those rules. The fact that the fey race emerged to look so close to humans may be another. If a gate were opened on another world, would fey emerge there as well? Until these rules are fully understood, Attricana will continue to invade this world with radical changes to nature and science, which appear occasionally to shift at random. If true chaos really exists, then Attricana is its vessel.

But chaos begets chaos, for it hungers with an appetite unsatisfied by what it eats. Chaos never knows limits, never fathoms a frontier, refusing to acknowledge borders or thresholds. Chaos may also be responsible for all life in the universe. For if the universe were uniform and constant, waves in gravity would never converge; stars would never stir; planets would never form, and the spark of life would never ignite. By its nature, chaos is feral, anarchic, and thus cannot be controlled.

Technically, the term chaos derives not from disorder, but from an ancient emptiness. It soon became a symbolic ideal of the forces of darkness in the various literatures of man's past. Chaos was presented as a landscape, or an un-

MENGUS

For as long as anyone cared to remember, Mengus has not been referred to by any other name. No mistranslation ever deviated it from its original. Mengus always remains. No creature ever claimed to see Mengus and all accept he no longer possesses a physical body or no longer possesses the capacity to form in the real world. A few dragons suggested Amethyst and Mengus are two sides of a single metaphorical coin, a balance the world required. Perhaps they were one godlike creature split into two and Amethyst retained the body. Other theories guess Amethyst shed off his darker side, which explains Mengus' lack of a physical form. The darker side was cast into space, only to return later. Other theories speculate that Amethyst and Mengus represent avatars of the great gates, intelligences from those realms given form. When dealing with Mengus, it is explained he either failed to form a physical body, possesses one in secret, prefers not to have one, or did and Amethyst destroyed it long ago, either upon landfall or before he arrived. Since Amethyst was a male, it was assumed Mengus was as well even though there is absolutely no evidence of this. In fact, in the Gospel of Lazarus, page 956, paragraph 10 verse 5, Lazarus is quoted as saying, "I allowed Mengus once to peer into my soul. I do believe she flinched. Not all can be corrupted." Although many still believe Mengus is a male, Lazarus has never explained if this was an error on his part.

The fact that both Amethyst and (possibly) Mengus have defined genders leads many away from theory that they are avatars or that one broke from the other. Amethyst refused to talk about the subject but insisted that Mengus is a force incapable of being destroyed by any mortal means. Amethyst also added he once possessed such power but continued to feel weakened, implying Amethyst, as great as he was until his death, was once far stronger. Mengus never speaks to any creature but generals and leaders of the great armies profess to hear his commands and speak their master's directives. The demons are very much a product of their creator. They are perfect engines of destruction, reflecting the brilliance and malevolence of their designer. All known demons are commanders, captains, and generals and none are to be taken lightly. The converted armies of pagus occupy the entirety of the ground force. Converted evil dragons, although swearing allegiance to Ixindar refused to take orders from demons and continue their own selfish directions outside of the darklands.

Because Mengus could only look outward from Ixindar, when Amethyst buried the gate, the influence of the gate was frozen and locked inside. It is perhaps plausible Mengus wields some control or sway of the outside world but greatly reduced. Some echalogians theorized that some of the great acts of human barbarism are due to the Mengus whisper and the continual fear of hell and demons emerged from his playful manipulation of mankind's nightmares. He easily took advantage of this fear when finally released with the second hammer.

Despite the great force of the impact, Ixindar is still not completely free. Mengus may do what he likes but is still trapped in a cage of absolute rock which his armies still cannot successfully free him from. Knowing this, it appears Mengus truly cannot manifest physically in this reality, though no one is sure why. If the theory of Ixindar is correct and it strives to unify the universe in a solitary intelligence, Mengus may believe that by shepherding this process, he may control that intelligence and even merge with it, finally achieving that denied to even him, to truly become a god.

grounded realm, of storms and screams. Those calling that realm home engaged in whatever fantasy they desired, regardless of its severity or malice. Nothing remained constant, always changing. No home or soul was safe. To even witness its perversion, its turmoil, would drive any mind mad. The native denizens were bizarre meldings of animal and man, flesh and steel. Some aroused mortals as pleasing dreams, while most broke the stoutest men to sweats and tears.

Ixindar encourages uniformity, constancy without disruption, to reach low entropy (or syntropy)—the believed eventual end to the universe. By coincidence, this term was synonymous with negative entropy, or negentropy, though a connection between this term and the negative gate has never been established. Could Attricana and Ixindar be part of a larger war to control the fate of the universe? Ixindar would encourage science to follow its eventual degradation to a null state, where the universe would expand and expand all its energy, to reach a state of zero. Would that mean Attricana could encourage the continued survivability of the cosmos? As human echalogians and scientists grapple with these subjects, fey are often struck amazed at humanity's progress as they bring up subjects and concepts fey never had in the thousand upon thousands of years they walked uncontested before man. One daring and open-minded elf, Raynol Lightbringer, a damaskan echalogian, even said: "I firmly predict our round-eared allies will answer questions we had not even thought of posing, and solve mysteries we never knew existed. They may, in time, understand the cosmos. No matter our age or wisdom, such a conquest would overshadow any achievement we could ever hope to boast."

Ixindar corrupts by encouraging order and stasis. It does so by expelling an energy type adverse to Attricana. It is uniform and unchanging. As result, it could never spontaneously create something on its own, though it could corrupt the area around it to encourage its own drive. Though this may explain the corruption creating the pagus, it does not explain the creatures emerging from Ixindar directly. Thus, another power must be channeling the gate's power to his own desire...Mengus.

THE SCIENTIST

Mengus' full name, in the old elvish tongue, was "Loramengus Inoferno Telkas," which loosely translated later into the common "Mengus, the Scientist." This title came from his apparent desire to study the energies of the Negative gate, in hopes of encouraging its expansion without directly involving himself in the material world, a world he may or may not be able to interact with. No creature caring to record and pass on history has ever heard Mengus speak. Some in darkness claim to hear his words but never repeat them verbatim. Many such claims prove fraudulent. In truth, his specific motivations were never, and are still not, clear. He plainly wishes the draping of the world in his darkness, encouraging the expansion of the skin of Kakodomania. His followers spread death and destruction with every stride. His goals, regardless of their specifics, still involve the end of all life on Earth. But no

one knows why. Does he believe he can merge with the stasis energy of syntropy and be as god, or is he simply a maniacal force only wishing to speed along the end of time? His true purpose, his values, is still a total mystery. As stated before, most are not even sure if Mengus is a male or female, claiming he can be both, and maybe she can be neither.

His process has appeared to those dedicated to understanding that which cannot be understood. Mengus looks to be experimenting on a life form that exists in concert with Ixindar, a form living in sympathy with the negative rather than against it. Pagus, though close, were never meant to be this form. They were swords, forged in the thousands, to be an army against the light. Mengus wished not for clumsy swords, for he was an artist.

PROCESS TO PERFECTION

The corruption wave that turned half the elves to pagus may or may not have been caused by Mengus directly. All further creations can so credited. Mengus is obviously striving towards something, a symbiotic relationship between life and the negative. Perhaps he seeks to find a form able to exist in the state of the universe to come. When such a state is found, perhaps Mengus wishes to take that form, declaring himself a king in an empty kingdom. This form need not necessarily possess intelligence able to be quantified. It need not be even organic, as further prototypes revealed.

ATROPHY OR SYNTROPY

Despite assumptions, the Necrosea is not part of Ixindar or Kakodomania, though being equally as evil. It is perhaps possible Mengus tried once with the concept of undeath, but quickly turned away from that idea. As stated previously, the Necrosea did not exist in the previous age. The art of necromancy and the power it promises was sowed long ago. The rival field of necromancy once began as part of Kakodomania and found itself as a new religion many demons embraced. As Mengus moved away from this path, some dedicated followers refused to abandon their life's work. They had amassed amazing power, created many spells, and fashioned armies of undead with their own lieutenants and generals. Though many of the demons heralding this alternative vision died, their undead armies and their generals remained. Upon their return, they claimed a patch of soil in hopes of gaining a foothold before Ixindar overwhelmed them, thus creating the soil soaked in blood, the necrosea. Much of the ruling population vanished with the opening of Attricana and the creation of the tilen.

Necromancy still finds popularity and its spells and methods are so close to that of Ixindar that they are almost synonymous. In the eyes of the world in light, there is no difference; they are part of the same negative side.

THE FIRST INFLUX

Ixindar cannot spontaneously create anything, only channel its power through the will of an intelligence of immeasurable control. After the migration, Mengus turned to utilizing his influence to creating the ultimate example of perfection—the definitive form to populate the new land. Alas, Mengus was never certain what this form would be, so began thousands of years of trial and error.

Although the concept of Ixindar excluded the idea of consciousness, Mengus could not avoid the fact he possessed it. He never wished the remove it outright from the universe. To Mengus, Ixindar was something to control, against his follower's desire to worship it. His first attempt revealed a dark truth to those around. Initially thought to be pagus, the creatures forever called demons emerged almost identical to the original fey. They controlled the pagus armies and were considered the highest authority in Kakodomania. They were never foot soldiers; they were lieutenants and generals. Technically, even the typhox dragons had to surrender authority to them. Not a one relinquished their control of their armies and thus began the first schism of darkness, when the typhox dragons left Kakodomania.

The demons took control but their reign was short lived. Being so close to the original fey, they were bound by similar flaws, and Mengus realized, despite their overwhelming loyalty to the cause, could not always be depended on. They permitted their emotions to control their actions, their passions to decide the course of their plans. Mengus required and demanded absolute loyalty and obedience and abhorred unpredictability. Even doubting the cause proved a demon's flawed design. The demons shared Mengus' view of total control over the cosmos, the absolute eradication of chaos. Unfortunately, they allowed their unpredictable feelings derived from their fey heritage to corrupt the image of perfection in their minds. This inherent flaw was unforgivable, even though present in only a small portion of the demon population. It did not result in their elimination, just their slow replacement with the next form, which was less a total evolution, and more slight modification

IMAGINATION RUN AMUCK

Proof of Mengus' existence lies within the imagining of the abominations emerging after the first demons. Though, population-wise, demons were many in number, they were forced to relinquish much of their control to new monstrosities. With nary a two alike, these abominations were the product of a continual process of eliminating features that resulted in the unpredictable nature of the general demons.

The result often created something as unpredictable as the base design. In several cases the creatures represented an intentional aim to create an exaggeration of a specific vice or venality. Being fully formed creatures with personalities and morphologies, they were able to procreate and expand their interests and realms of control, all under allegiance of their creator, of course. Many resemble the normal demons so closely that they were considered simple aberrations from the base race, though such a concept made little sense in the uniform control of Ixindar. As more and more abominations emerged from the darklands, their departure from normality continued. Several stopped walking on two legs. Others sprouted more eyes. Many grew to impossible sizes. Each usually amplified one or several emotions, forever slaves to a specific addiction or indecency. The perversions of these fiends knew no limits. Their lusts and hungers were insatiable, and despite the satisfaction they suffered, their cravings only swelled. Already few in number in relation to the demons and miniscule to the populations of pagus, many of these abortions wandered the land in constant longing, motivated by selfish carnality. A few were possessed with an appetite able to be channeled in a productive manner. The desire for power and the enforcement of their will allowed a few to seize control over great kingdoms both within and outside Kakodomania. Of them, the three most prevailing grew to such heights as to command the wills and fears of all around. These were the Kronix lords.

As these experiments developed, later deviants possessed more control over their emotions. They were absolute in their loyalty and as cold as their creator. After centuries of grotesqueries, the monsters stopped emerging, and Ixindar fell silent...for a while.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

The next evolution in the population of Kakodomania had only been rumored and hinted. Prophets and oracles spoke of a new focus, a direction to finally reach the final form, Mengus' perfect design, the one to populate a universe in his image. This first signs of this final form emerged only briefly before the exodus of Terrors. The first prototype of the new form could feel no emotion. It walked on two legs, wielded weapons with two arms. It was as fey in size and form, but was of no flesh. Plates were his skin and muscle. Like the carapaces in the sea, it needed no brittle bones nor exposed eyes. It would be the first and most powerful among the new. It would be given a name by its enemies, for it needed no such title among its own. The meaning of the title given was lost, but the name remained regardless. Gebermach, the Demonicas Mechas. Mengus had used the unwavering power of Ixindar to infuse life in a demonic machine.

If the negative energy from Ixindar could never be altered, then to harness its energy would fly in the face of disruption from Attricana, or at least was the theory presented by humans after the return. Gebermach could never prove such, for it had been killed by Amethyst in his death throes. Recent events, unfortunately, have led those paying attention to believe that not only has Gebermach been resurrected, but Mengus has continued his work in developing the final form. The emergence of a second prototype, known only as Thornshroud, meant the work was progressing. Eventually, many following the course of events realized that these creatures are mere prototypes of perfection of a possible army to emerge, surpassing all those before.

Where does he wish this to go? What possible outcome does she desire? If Mengus coveted the random in the extent he wallows, he would be as much an avatar of Attricana as Amethyst. Mengus seeks perfection—the absolute finality of everything. Perhaps the fey are correct in their rather arrogant presumption—that they are the true natives of the cosmos. The first demons emerging seemed to substantiate the claim. Then they began to change.

The grotesqueries continued for centuries, feeding on each other and the other denizens of Kakodomania as much as the innocent around. We always knew the original demons were still the greater threat, in command of millions of pagus. Thankfully, nary a one every sparked fear in any one of my kin, and especially not in Amethyst. That is until a sage brought forth the image of the Demonicas from the smoke of burning dragon bones. I assumed a clad demon soldier of some skillful note. Amethyst saw the truth of it at once. Our king leaned forward and spoke words I will recall until my doom, "At our darkest, we saw the worst of it. Civilizations fall by the hands of these. In numbers, they swarm. In mass, they enshroud, and blanket the sky in their shadow. With eyes closed, I see them still, as she must. I stood in repentance, she in admiration. Their spite claimed billions on billions. They will not take this world."

Kelto of the Guard
Bible of the Noble

THE WILD CARD

The biggest difference between Terros and Earth is the inclusion of Man and his technological prowess. Gebermach was enchanted armor driven by a dark reactor that was a smaller replication of a black gate. With Gebermach rebuilt and the appearance of Thornshroud and other ciphers, there is evidence that this is just the beginning of a new path. What could be encouraging this path is the arrival of man. Because Ixindar does not generate EDF, those bound to its power can use magic alongside technology with no side-effects to them or their devices. Before the first hammer, advancement in such a field was stifled from Attricana as well as the desire to pursue a magical path to a mechanical one. With the knowledge of an alternate course which is incompatible to Attricana but congruent to Ixindar may be the final catalyst to this perfect form.

To date, no demon or pagus has ever been seen wielding technology. They may hold it without disruption but have yet to discover a way to replicate technology that conforms to their requirements. Obviously, techans would be fools to make trade deals with Kakodomania and demons, being fey, are still bound by the same lack of creativity in regards to such advances. However, it may be only a matter of time before this changes.

DEMONS

The etymology of the term demon passed through every culture of man, through virtually every holy text, and is mentioned in voice or print by someone every solitary day of mankind's entire existence. Their names often changed and variations in their definition may occur, but in the end, in many tongues, they eventually found their way to the dark soldiers from Ixindar.

At its root, any spiritual creature birthed from a source other than from a divine hand or one that was but turned from the divine path can be considered a demon. Variations include referring them as fallen angels, lesser gods, or unclean spirits. This pure definition carries through most cultures, be it as the Jinn from Islam or Oni from Kuraukou. They have been described as mischievous, evil, or simply curious. However, most historical texts describe them as hideous, melding the normal to the abnormal, with the mixing of human and animal parts. Such crossings include horns, tails, fur, feathers, or wings. Some can alter their shape while a few have no real shape at all. Their very nature would seem to class them as creatures from Attricana, and many of the evil grotesqueries wandering the wastelands of Earth could easily fall into such taxonomy.

On the other hand, demons have also been described as being virtually indistinguishable from normal creatures, able to pass of as fey or man with equal ease. This is the closest historical connection to the demons of the modern era. In the first age, the fey referred to them as "Nheemons" in their tongue, but adopt the human term when speaking their language. The term refers to creatures born naturally from Ixindar, not ones corrupted to that path. Eventually modern human cultures attached "demon" to these creatures, though there is no recorded documentation of any demon appearing to a human for hundreds of years after the second hammer. In Canam, the first and one of the only reported incidents regarding the appearance of a demon occurred in the defunct empire of Kardia, which later became the Sana Marsh. The account tells of a beautiful elvish girl of few years and fair skin dressed with a bandage over her eyes that tempted the King Sana into destroying his kingdom with the promise of everlasting bliss and immortality. When elves first caught wind of this story, they knew demons had returned to the planet.

The elves describe demons as creatures birthed from Ixindar directly, and not corrupted like the pagus were from elvish stock. This contradicts previous beliefs that Ixindar could not create anything (a facet unique to Attricana) only corrupt that which already occurs. The subsequent question always inquired about their obvious similarities to elves.



Though several elvish cultures point to reasons as outlandish as changelings to golem construction (claiming demons are formed from earth and water and enchanted to look human), the most logical reason comes from the dragons. It was Kelto of the Guard who disclosed in his bible that Amethyst himself revealed the truth of it. Mengus, the formless intelligence said to live inside Ixindar, or as a skin over it, pulled the demons from the darkness, or created them from the power he possesses. This could lead to an argument claiming a connection between Attricana and Ixindar. Why would creatures emerging from both gates look the same unless they were connected in some fashion? Perhaps they tap a similar source or are themselves truly opposite sides of one entity or dimension. Some fey faiths denounce this, claiming their similarity is due only to a trite lesser god of darkness with nary an ounce of imagination.

Either way, the similarities of the demons and elves encumbered later relations with more superstitious human cultures. Darius Konig, for example, called the similarities, "proof positive of their wicked ways."

Personality: Demons appear always reserved and blank, expressing little emotion in their faces. Despite being joyed or enraged, their face seldom reveals it. When they do, only the extreme responses carry through, often extremely muted. A demon showing displeasure in a situation is, in truth, nearly insanely furious while one overjoyed beyond all pleasure would hardly confirm it beyond a slight crooked smile. This subdued demeanor passes to their bodily responses as well. Even when in the ferocity of bloody combat or in the throes of bliss, a demon hardly acknowledges the event with nary a drop of sweat or a hastened heartbeat. Even at the peak of lust, the most a demon would reveal is a tightened fist or a solitary eye blink.

Few of the, come to terms with such a state while most others grow obsessed with expressing their emotions as a way of releasing their spirit. In consequence, these demons take pleasure in extremes. They are more destructive, more passionate, prone to unpredictable actions in order to expel the frustrations at their restraint. Demons are known to take in the excess of everything. Sex is often violent and seldom welcomed. Pain is brought on personally if not inflicted by another, sometimes continuously by devices of devious design. Scars and scoring are not uncommon sights as well.

The few demons not of this path remain cold and distant, and the extreme few walking from the darkness never lose this indifference. They experience the full range of fears and desires like any other intelligent creature, but they accept the nature of their limits. This makes their interrelations with others difficult. Without noticeable displays or reactions, demons are difficult to read, and thus, associate with. They are not known for subtlety in words or actions. They may seem calm and proclaim their real feelings as far from the fact.

Despite whatever path they take or role they fill, Demons are often obsessed with control. They detest disorganization. They follow the laws put down by the state, kingdom, or town and where none exist (or the laws run contrary to their beliefs), a demon follows his own rules. They are methodical planners, seldom lie, and refuse to break an oath if such is taken.

After reading no less than 150 different accounts translated from 30 different languages from centuries both before and after the exodus, I have reached the conclusion that these individuals the damaskans speak of are afflicted with no less than a dozen different psychological complications. Beyond simply obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD), many also appear to possess adjustment disorder, narcissistic perso-

	Demon, 4th-Level Fighter Medium Humanoid (Fey)	Demon Captain, 9th-Level Fighter Medium Humanoid (Fey)
Hit Dice:	4d10 (33 hp)	9d10 (66 hp)
Initiative:	+6 (+2 Dex, +4 misc)	+8 (+4 Dex, +4 misc)
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	23 (+1 Dex, +9 full plate +1, +2 heavy shield +1), touch 11, flat-footed 22	26 (+1 Dex, +11 full plate +3, +3 heavy shield +1, +1 Ring of Protection), touch 11, flat-footed 25
Base Attack / Grapple:	+4/+5	+9/+10
Attack:	+1 Longsword +8 melee (1d8+5/19–20)	+2 Longsword +14 melee (1d8+6/17–20)
Full Attack:	+1 Longsword +8 melee (1d8+5/19–20)	+2 Longsword +14/+9 melee (1d8+6/17–20)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	None	None
Special Qualities:	Demon traits	Demon traits
Saves:	Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +2	Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 8	Str 14, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10
Skills:	Handle Animal +1, Listen +11, Spot +7, Use Rope +2, Knowledge (History) +3	Climb +5, Jump +6, Listen +8, Ride +11, Sense Motive +8, Spot +8, Tumble +7, Knowledge (History) +8
Feats:	Blind Fight, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)	Blind Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Greater Weapon Focus (longsword), Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Initiative, Mobility, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)
Environment:	Any	Any
Organization:	Single or Squad (2-4) plus 2d4 pagus.	1 leader plus 1d4 lower demons and 3d6 pagus.
Challenge Rating:	5	10
Treasure:	Standard	Standard
Alignment:	Usually Lawful Evil	Usually Lawful Evil
Advancement:	By character class	By character class
Level Adjustment:	+1	+1

nality disorder, avoidant personality disorder, schizoid personality disorder, dysthymia, and sometimes just pure old-fashioned psychopathy. These attributes are all persistent in many of the cases reported. I am honestly confounded on how these individuals can even form a culture.

Dr Christopher Geist
Limshau Medical Journal

Like the pagus, demons don't need to bond to reproduce but their reproductive cycle is extremely diminished, almost as slow as the fey. Since it is forbidden to bond in Kakodomania, demons multiply slower than any other fey-related species.

Physical Description: Demons are all usually tall and thin between 5'10" and 6'8", and weight between 110 lbs to 180 lbs (higher for males). Demons are not frail but are not built like pagus. Demons all have a matted silver skin with perfect complexion. Like the tilen, their ears taper long and straight up, though they are not jagged from necromancy. The eyes, their most noticeable feature, are completely black—the entire surface from sclera to pupil. They can still see despite this odd condition, though they apparently also possess an additional extra sensory perception. Demons grow their hair long. It is always black. Other than their long manes, demons are hairless. They grow it nowhere else, even lacking beards and eyebrows.

All demons look young and never appear over the age of 30 human years for males, 20 for females. Their maximum lifespan is unknown as no one has ever seen a demon die of old age. Rumors claim them as immortal. These same rumors also claim they are born from massive wombs, fully in their prime, nearly killing their mothers in the process. Suffice to say, it's doubtful all these rumors are true. Most likely, they carry the same lifespan as chaparrans or laudenians. They prefer tight, skin-flush garments. Even their armor is usually form fitting and compact. Males usually keep their bodies covered nearly head to toe while females often keep their curves exposed, using their attributes to net them advantages in whatever situation they find themselves in. They despise loose clothing and never wear jewelry. If wearing their hair long, they often keep it tied up. Because of their blindsense, some demons on their own prefer to always keep their eyes closed. Demons never sleep at all. They never require rest of any kind.

Demons share certain physical qualities with the pagus, the tilen, and the laudenians, further enforcing the argument of the look of the original fey. If only Attricana is responsible for the degredation of the fey form, than demons and pagus are more like their ancestors than any other living elf. Since the corruption had also taken the tilen at one point, it also explains their belief that they resemble the first humanoids.

Relations: Not even the tilen carry such a negative reputation with other cultures. By their very title, they are demonized. Every fey race save for pagus swears to their annihilation. Every human nation, both pure and corrupt have pledged likewise. Alas, with the exception of their black eyes, most humans cannot tell a demon apart from another elf, though elves can spot them easily. Most demons are hunted for trophies and reward in even the most civilized nations. Not a single bounty has ever been paid, for no demon has ever been caught. For hundreds of years, it was thought demons were only seen in numbers across the ocean and Canam was relatively safe. Recently, events have transpired leading some to believe they are appearing on the other side of the world in greater numbers. Those extreme few non-evil demons hide in secret, avoiding crowds and elvish nations as best they can. Demons in service of Kakodomania despise these other nations as much as it is reciprocated.

Alignment: Demons are always lawful. The vast majority are evil though a few extreme rare cases are neutral.

ORIGINS

The greatest departure from legends, the modern commanders of the dark armies of Ixindar do not wield pitchforks or sport massive horns nor do they trot on goat hooves and whip around prehensile tales with barbed tips. They do have pointed ears. This connects them to the other fey, though the demons neither evolve nor devolve into any other forms. This makes them comparable in features to the older fey races like laudenians and chaparrans. This plus the fact they also resemble tilen in many ways has not helped the tilen's desire for peace with the various nations of the world. Thankfully, the majority of the human population has never laid eyes on a true demon. They are all extremely rare and seldom delegate to being a simple soldier. They lead armies into combat and commit secret tasks only assigned to the most loyal and trained. Each demon is worth a hundred pagus.

Their appearance was extremely rare in the time of Terros and was totally unknown to Canam until only a few years ago. What is known about them other than their similarity to the fey is that they are not a branch from them at all, forming on their own from influence from Ixindar, in much the same way the initial fey emerged from the influence from Attricana. They are also rumored to stand much taller than any fey, growing in stature as their power increases, and have completely solid black eyes with no differentiation of the pupil, iris, or sclera. They don't easily feel pain, so often go out of their way to inflict it on others or, often enough, on themselves. Some claim they feel virtually nothing except for physical and emotional extremes. Everything, as a result, must be pushed to an excessive limit. Some demons intentionally mutilate themselves to keep their sensations constant. Despite their size and the intimidating aspect of their eyes, they are described as being astoundingly attractive and charismatic. Another misconception claims them all to be sadistically evil, which is also not totally true. Though the vast majority follow the edicts of their master, a few emerged with enough independent thought to pursue their own objectives. Of course, most of the time, this was as malevolent or even more so than their loyal brothers and sisters. Occasionally, a few rare exceptions occur where the individual wishes to change his ways. As some creatures of Attricana have pledged their souls to Ixindar, a few from darkness have attempted to emerge into the light. This process is exceptionally rare and hard to accomplish.

These creatures are not to be confused with neverborn or ciphers, the later being artificial creations of Mengus. Many still consider them related. The most powerful commanders of Ixindar are all demons. The pagus are not permitted to govern themselves in Kakodomania, so all armies and villages of pagus fall under control of one or several demons. The largest locations on modern Earth controlled by Ixindar seat the most powerful of them all. The greatest are known as the Kronix lords, though no one bound to Attricana has ever seen one. The most powerful servant of the darkness is not a demon at all, but the cipher known as Gebermach.

Demons still number quite few, though by far remain the most dangerous servants of Mengus. No theory has ever arisen to explain their relation to the fey without a proper placement in the Fey development tree. Their similarities do point to some common ground between the two domains despite their contradictory results.

Even rarer, a minority of good are thought to have surfaced. No one is sure the conditions that create such an aberration. However, since Attricana can birth abominations like a chaos beast, it is not an unbelievable concept.

Kakodomania: The black glass radiating from Ixindar stretches a few inches every day, expanding the realm known as Kakodomania. The obsidian gloss reflects everything but those souls bound or created from Attricana. Great cities like Zenopolis and Basilica have emerged from the barrens. The tower of smoke rises out past the sky. The demons run almost every facet and every echelon in the expanding empire bordered by the black and the living statues forming the reluctant wall. All demons, regardless of their path, started here.

Religion: All demons are created and trained to worship only Mengus, the intelligence within the dark that gave them form. Since they are raised to never question these beliefs, ones serving Ixindar never do. Those escaping that life, do so to better themselves. These exceptions often reject religion in all forms.

Language: Demons speak a distorted form of the original elvish speech that became known in modern times as kakonin. It is a difficult language to learn, involving acrobatics of the tongue most humans can never master. By an odd characteristic, most demons can learn other languages relatively easily. They also speak the pagus native tongue of paggin.

Names: Demons all have one of five last names, denoting their position or duty. They are: Rookxs—casters of magic, Tengyn—administrators and rulers (the royal class), Shedün—all warriors of close and far, Rueheen—those of stealth, seduction, and trickery, and Shaya—the builders of everything (and any others not classed otherwise). First names are wide and varied, but are not lengthy like many elvish names.

Adventurers: Demons seldom act for a sense of adventure. They follow their commands. Those without rulers or escaping from such rule, seldom take chances that will expose themselves to those willing them harm, which is nearly everyone.

RACIAL TRAITS

- **Medium:** As Medium creatures, demons have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- A demon's base land speed is 30 feet.
- Immunity to magic sleep effects.
- Demons do not disrupt technology if held like other echan races.
- Damage Reduction 5/cold iron and good.
- Immunity to poison.
- Fire resistance 5.
- **Telepathy (Su):** Demons can communicate telepathically with any other demon or pagus within 100 ft.
- Demons gain a +10 resistance to all fear effects. Despite not being immune, they never visibly show fear, even if they fail the roll. They simple run or take cover.
- Demons do not possess the difficulty of paying for Cross Culture Techa Skills. They can purchase them as regular Cross Class Skills. They also gain access to all Knowledge skills as Class skills regardless of the Class they pick
- **Blindsight:** Demons possess blindsight, the extra-ordinary ability to operate effectively without vision. This operates in tandem with their normal vision. Their blindsight derives from a

sense of the world around which cannot be compared to any other ability, a true sixth sense. The demons' blindvision extends out to 60 feet. This ability also makes invisibility and concealment (even magical darkness) irrelevant to demons (though they still can't see ethereal creatures) within 20 feet. Blindsight, while relied upon, never allows demons to distinguish color or visual contrast. Demons can still be affected by gaze attacks and can suffer blindness. Blindsight negates displacement and blur effects.

•+5 racial bonus to all Wis-based skills (Spot, Listen, Sense Motive, etc).

•**Automatic Languages:** Elven, Paggin, Kakonin, Narron, Gimfen, Sylvan

•**Favored Class:** Any.

•**Level Adjustment:** +5

SUBRACE TRAITS

Certain additional abilities are granted to the various subraces of demons. All these demons look virtually the same in physique and casual observation cannot tell them apart, despite the variations in their attributes.

Rookxs: A Rookxs gains a +4 to Int, +2 to Wis, and +2 to Cha. They also cast all necromancy spells at +1 caster level.

Tengyn: A Tengyn gains a +2 to Wis and a +6 to Cha. Regardless of the class they take, all Charisma based skills are class skills. They may also cast Disguise Self at will. The save is Charisma-based.

Shedün: A Shedün gains a +4 to Str, +2 to Dex, and +2 to Con. Their movement increases to 40 feet and is not reduced despite the armor they wear.

Rueheen: A Rueheen gains a +4 to Dex and a +4 to Cha. They gain Hide and Move silently as class skills and may use these skills even while being observed. They may also cast Charm Person as a spell-like ability with their character level = to their caster level. Its save is Charisma based. They may cast it 1/day per character level.

Shaya: A Shaya gains a +2 to Str and a +6 to Con. All Craft skills are class skills. Any single strike reducing a Shaya past 0 hit points drops them to only 0 hit points. They also have the Die Hard feat (regardless of prerequisites).

GROTESQUERIES

Grotesqueries are unique aberrations bursting fully formed from the mind of Mengus. Though a few share similar attributes, each is truly distinct. The seemingly random nature of these abominations flew in the face of the orderly nation the demons had hoped to forge. A few questioned their faith to the extent of departing to other lands.

By a majority, Grotesqueries are singular monsters, exclusive and dangerous in their own ways. They seldom lead armies but are often the most powerful opponents within one. Beyond their basic concept, they have virtually no similar qualities. Some are petite, demure, even beautiful in their deviation, while others are grotesque monstrosities more horrific than any monster hiding in closets or under beds. Unlike the traditional demons, all grotesqueries are nothing but despicable, self-centered, malevolent slaves of corruption and malice.

Every single legend of fiends promising power to the selfish in exchange for some high price far outweighing the offer had its roots with these monsters. Creations with various deformities were catalogued by the hundreds in the time of man with only their nightmares as reference. Some were forged purely from an artist's whim. Unfortunately, the most despicable designs were true. They exist in the new time in frightening numbers. They originally concentrated on the skin of Kakodomania but many have left since to corrupt and destroy the world around.

NOTE: There are no Devils or Demons (per the MM entry), but one can easily rename all dark creatures in the book as a demon. Alignments remain constant, always lawful. Thus, any chaotic aligned abilities are switched to Lawful. They cannot summon any creatures, as there exists no plane of hell from which to draw from. They cannot cast any spells that are classed as Foundation Spells or clerical Holy Gifts or spells not included in Amethyst's spell list (no teleportation, no divination, no plane spells). All their challenge ratings drop by one as a result. They are not considered outsiders. DR/Silver is replaced with DR/Cold Iron when listed.

CIPHERS - PROTOTYPES

The third, and final (assumed) evolution of Ixindar's armies has only emerged in archetype—unique representations for a final form. At first, there was the singular demon armor known as Gebermach. This appeared a unique aberration, a distinctive idea endorsed once, like Mengus' brief fascination with undeath. Regrettably, newer successive models have disproved that theory. The original Gebermach was destroyed. The modern appeared as a near match in look, though appearing initially weaker in strength and capabilities. The new Gebermach has only appeared in nightmarish tales and has yet to be confirmed by anyone. In Canam, another similar form recently emerged. This could even be a successor, or perhaps a weaker lieutenant. No one has survived an encounter with it to be sure of its rank. It could also be a prototype, or merely one trooper of a new horde of living steel. These creatures have been given the title of ciphers—any creature of intelligence possessing a shell with no body. One account swears that when Mengus restarted this experiment, he created three prototypes. The nihilimancer neverborn is another form of cipher, but not made directly by Mengus. They are a poor attempt at imitation.

GEBERMACH

Large Construct (Evil, Lawful)

Hit Dice:	25d8+200 (386 hp)
Initiative:	+12
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
AC:	46 (–1 size, +8 Dex, +29 natural/armor) touch 17, flat-footed 32
Base Attack / Grapple:	+28/+35
Attack:	+5 Keen Glaive +35 melee (1d10+12+1d8 fire)
Full Attack:	Glaive Attacks +37/+33/+28/ +23/+11 1 Claw +30 melee (2d6+13+1d8 fire)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Fear aura, primary purpose, smite the light
Special Qualities:	Construct, damage reduction 20/good or silver, from Ixindar, immunity to fire, resistance to acid 10 and cold 10, regeneration 5, unhindered sight, spell resistance 32
Saves:	Fort +22, Ref +16, Will +14
Abilities:	Str 37, Dex 27, Con 27, Int 26, Wis 26, Cha 26
Skills:	Bluff +15, Craft (Metalworking) +30, Diplomacy +17, Escape Artist +25, Hide +21, Listen +24, Move Silently +23, Search +26, Sense Motive +14, Spot +27, Climb +24, Concentration +14, Disguise +18, Hide +19, Intuit Direction +7, Jump +19, Knowledge (Arcana) +14, Knowledge (Religion) +8,

	Ride +26, Swim +19, Handle Animal +13
Feats:	Cleave, Great Cleave, Track, Multi-Attack, Power Attack, Alertness, Weapons (All Simple and Martial), Armor (all)
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Unique
Challenge Rating:	19
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful evil

Gebermach's intelligence is twistedly forced into a living mechanism built by Mengus for one purpose, to destroy Amethyst and all hope for his rebirth. History tells that Gebermach entered in the first age and killed Amethyst wielding the three Eyes of Mengus. This previous Gebermach was slain by Amethyst. Only a fragment of him continues in this current form, far less powerful than what he was. However, he grows in strength and as Ixindar expands again, so does Gebermach's power. If he is not defeated quickly, little can stand in his way.

Gebermach does not speak.

COMBAT

Fear Aura (Su): Gebermach can radiate a 20-foot radius fear aura as a free action. A creature in the area must succeed on a DC 27 Will save or be affected as though by a fear spell (caster level 18th). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same aura for 24 hours. Other negative creatures are immune to the aura. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Regeneration (Ex): Gebermach takes normal damage from good-aligned or silvered weapons, and from spells or effects with the good descriptor.

Construct: Even though intelligent, Gebermach is still a construct. As a result, he is immune to all mind-influencing effects, poisons, disease, and similar effects. He is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, and energy drain or dealt from massive damage.

From Ixindar: Being from Ixindar, Gebermach does not disrupt technology if held. He is never seen with them.

Primary Purpose (Ex): Gebermach receives a +4 Competency bonus to hit, damage, bluff, listen, sense motive, spot, and wilderness lore rolls against all creatures bound to Attricana (anything that is not a pagus, demon, cipher, or grotesquerie).

Smite the Light (Ex): 5/day, Gebermach can receive a +3 to hit and +20 Damage to one creature bound to Attricana (anything that is not a pagus, demon, cipher, or grotesquerie).

Unhindered Sight (Ex): Gebermach can see perfectly in all light conditions including complete darkness, natural, or by magic.

THORNSHROUD

Large Construct (Evil, Lawful)

Hit Dice:	10d8+50 (95 hp)
Initiative:	+9
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armor Class:	30 (–1 size, +5 Dex, +16 natural/armor) touch 14, flat-footed 26
Base Attack / Grapple:	+10/+19
Attack:	Scimitar +14 (1d8+10)
Full Attack:	Scimitar +14 / +8 melee (1d8+10) and 1 claw +12 melee (1d4+7)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities, fear aura, body feeding
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 10/good, darkvision 60 ft., from Ixindar, immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid 10 and cold 10, see in darkness, spell resistance 21, telepathy 100 ft., construct properties, decapitation
Saves:	Fort +12, Ref +12, Will +11
Abilities:	Str 28, Dex 21, Con 21, Int 19, Wis 14, Cha 12
Skills:	Bluff +15, Concentration +18, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Hide +14, Intimidate +17, Listen +17, Move Silently +18, Search +15, Sense Motive +15, Spot +17, Survival +2 (+4 following tracks),
Feats:	Alertness, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Unique
Challenge Rating:	11
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful evil

Thornshroud stands 9 feet tall and weighs over 250 pounds. His origin is a mystery to many. Gebermach found his broken body, removed his head, and implanted it onto animated armor. Now Thornshroud follows Gebermach to the very ends of the Earth.

However, they could not be any further apart. Thornshroud is aloof, boisterous, and egocentric and possesses an odd sense of humor for a Demon. In fact, he walks and acts like a human. That's because he used to be one but his soul fell into shadow centuries ago.

Thornshroud speaks all languages except Draconic.

COMBAT

Fear Aura (Su): Thornshroud can radiate a 5-foot radius fear aura as a free action. Affected creatures must succeed on a DC 17 Will save or be affected as though by a fear spell (caster level 7th). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same aura for 24 hours. Other negative creatures are immune to the aura. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Construct: Even though intelligent, the primary body of Thornshroud is that of a living suit of demon armor. As a re-



sult, he is immune to all mind-influencing effects, poisons, disease, and similar effects. He is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, and energy drain or dealt from massive damage.

Body Feeder (Su): Every time Thornshroud's scimitar strikes, it drains additional 2d6 damage and heals Thornshroud that same amount. It may add to its own existing hit points but the additional points will only last for 1 hour.

Decapitation (Ex): Thornshroud's entire intelligence and power stems from his human brain. If reduced to below 0 hit points, Thornshroud's head detaches from his body and attempts escape. Small legs move at 30ft. His AC is now 20 and the head has only 20 hit points. He has no attacks though all his special qualities are still in effect. He can remain detached and alive indefinitely.

From Ixindar: Being from Ixindar, Thornshroud does not disrupt technology if held. He is never seen with them.

CIPHERS - NEVERBORN

The neverborn were a secret Ixindar never meant the outside world to know. They are related to Gebermach and Thornshroud, being of possessed armor with some semblance of intelligence. Knowledge of these prototypes of Mengus' army reached out when the first demons began appearing across the world. No one is sure who founded the practice or when, though all parties involved believe them to be exclusive to post second hammer. When demons discovered the short lifespan of humans, it is thought that a demon, aware of the construction methods to make ciphers, offered this knowledge to a human to corrupt his ways to Ixindar. To humans, everlasting life is one of the greatest bargaining chips known. Another theory claims the technique grew from a specific human necromancer, refusing to adapt to being undead, and discovered and adapted the cipher knowledge to his own purpose. True followers of Mengus, especially the grotesqueries, despise the neverborns and believe those using them are distorting their true purpose, as generals and lieutenants of a new army. A demon's opinion on them varies depending on the individual.

Even though many modern demons despise the nihilimancers, they do not deny that Mengus had an indirect hand in their creation. How else could the nihilimancers gain the knowledge to replicate a skill no one outside of Ixindar could duplicate—to create something from a power source dedicated to reducing everything around to nothing. The first time an outsider glimpsed a neverborn, no one was quite sure what it was. When the first ciphers appeared in Canam, the answer was obvious. Neverborn's are primitive results of mortal men imitating a technique perfected by a god-like entity. Though one is never as powerful as the creations of Mengus, they do improve as the power of the nihilimancer increases.

BASE NEVERBORN

Medium Construct

Hit Dice:	Hit dice & Hit Points = nihilimancer
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	18 (+8 armor) + special, touch 10, flat-footed 18
Base Attack / Grapple:	Same as nihilimancer base attack
Attack:	Slam (1d4) or Weapon
Full Attack:	2 Slams (1d4) or Weapon
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	None
Special Qualities:	DR/good, damage transfer, unus mentis, partial construct traits, magic items, spell resistance
Saves:	Same as nihilimancer (if necessary)
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10. Int Wis, and Cha are same as nihilimancer
Skills:	Same as nihilimancer
Feats:	Same as nihilimancer
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	Same as nihilimancer level
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Same as nihilimancer (though always evil)

COMBAT

Hit Dice / Hit Points: The neverborn has the same hit dice and exact hit points (including bonuses from Constitution) as his nihilimancer creator.

Armor Class: The neverborn's AC is base 18 but increases along with the nihilimancer's level. The neverborn gains a natural armor bonus as if the neverborn was the nihilimancer's familiar. This natural armor bonus is dependant on the character level (not nihilimancer level), which may increase as the character level increases (past level 10 nihilimancer). (See below)

Because the neverborn has two free hands, it may be given a shield (even an enchanted shield).

Damage Reduction (Ex): The neverborn gains damage Reduction / good. The amount increases with the character level (see below).

Character Level	Natural Armor Adj.	DR / Good
1st–2nd	+1	—
3rd–4th	+2	—
5th–6th	+3	5
7th–8th	+4	5
9th–10th	+5	5
11th–12th	+6	10
13th–14th	+7	10
15th–16th	+8	10
17th–18th	+9	15
19th–20th	+10	15

Damage Transfer (Ex): A conscious nihilimancer may allot to shuffle any damage dealt to his neverborn to himself. This process occurs instantly and cannot be reversed. The damage may be partial or a full amount. The ability has unlimited range.

From Ixindar: Being from Ixindar, a neverborn does not disrupt technology if held. Their form prevents them from wearing any items.

Unus Mentis (Ex): The neverborn and the nihilimancer share one mind. As long as the neverborn and nihilimancer are alive, they form a single collective. In reality, the nihilimancer creates a duplicate of his own personality, though the neverborn augments the nihilimancer's vices and appetites. It amplifies all his hidden desires.

In addition, as long as the neverborn remains within the nihilimancer's range where it acts as a totem (50 feet per caster level), the nihilimancer is able to channel himself through the mind of the neverborn. He can see through its eyes and hear through its ears as if he was standing where it is, and during his turn, can switch from using its senses to using the nihilimancer's, or back again, as a free action. While the nihilimancer is channeling through his neverborn, his body is considered blind and deaf.

If the nihilimancer desires, any spell he casts can originate from the neverborn instead of from him as long as the neverborn is within totem range. These can include self-spells as well as touch and ranged attacks. Spells cast upon the neverborn or nihilimancer (or vice versa) only affect the subject casting the actual spell and does not affect them both.



Partial Construct Traits: The neverborn is part construct, part creature. As a result, it gains the following traits:

•Low-light vision

•Darkvision out to 60 feet.

•Immunity to poison, sleep effects, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, and necromancy effects.

•Cannot heal damage on their own, but can be repaired.

•Not subject to critical hits, nonlethal damage, ability damage, ability drain, fatigue, exhaustion, or energy drain.

•Immunity to any effect that requires a Fortitude save (unless the effect also works on objects, or is harmless).

•Not at risk of death from massive damage. However, the neverborn is immediately destroyed when reduced to 0 hit points or less.

•Neverborns do not eat, sleep, or breathe. While the nihilimancer is asleep, the neverborn can act on its own but never deviates out of its control range.

Magic Items: Neverborns are sentient creatures usually built to be in humanoid form. Both its hands are free to wield a shield and/or a weapon. Every single magic slot is occupied beyond this. Therefore, it cannot be assigned any magic items save for a magic weapon and / or a magic shield. These items must be dark (bound to Ixindar). Items bound to Attricana have no effect.

Spell Resistance (Ex): The neverborn gains spell resistance equal to the nihilimancer level + 5.

Creating a neverborn: The nihilimancer requires at least the tongue, eyes, and heart of a recently (less than 1 hour) deceased fey (not a demon but a tilen may be used as well). More may be employed like the entirety of the face, the brain, or any other various internal and external organs though those are not necessary. Bones and the rest of the carcass cannot be utilized and may be disposed at the caster's leisure. The caster must first be able to cast necromancy spells and specifically, the spell Infusion, which is required to channel energy from Ixindar to the neverborn. The organs are strategically placed in a manufactured husk. The husk is an armored suit that need not be held together by any means. The husk is a specific design. The idea is to offer the illusion the neverborn is a guardian of the caster—a loyal consort brandishing armor of non-reflective obsidian and / or silver.

The starting husk requires a DC25 craft (armorsmithing) check to forge. 5,000 gp is needed for materials, both for the creation of the armor and various other components involved. The armor is a specific multi-layered sandwich of cold iron, pressed steel, and black zircon, rare to find all together. After placed together, the nihilimancer implants the organs, grafting them directly into the steel in the correct locations, and casts the Infusion spell. Transferring the known draconic spells occurs later as the neverborn acts as the nihilimancer totem. The creature awakens with a consciousness linked to its master. It moves as a normal creature would, with an alarming scale of agility considering the bulkiness and weight of the armor. The neverborn's disposition reflects the darker appetites of its master, amplifying them to an extreme if given the opportunity and permission to explore its desires on its own.

Lifespan: The fey organs implanted into the neverborn degrade. Every year, they must be replaced with fresh substitutions. If this does not occur by the expiration time, the neverborn falls apart. The armor is not destroyed but the nihilimancer loses all class abilities until replacement organs are found and the Infusion spell cast. The nihilimancer is aware of the neverborn's expiration date upon implantation.

CIPHERS - SERVANTS

Not long after the rumors of the cipher prototypes appeared, the first nihilimancers followed. Not long after, both the nihilimancers and regular necromancers discovered that the unique ability of Ixindar to infuse life in the lifeless was not bound to only Attricana. Where Attricana could give the illusion of life but no intelligence in animate objects, its capac-

IXINDAR

While Attricana disrupts, Ixindar corrupts. While the white encourages creation, the black converts to destruction. As a result, many observing both phenomenons all agree that despite their refusal to follow known scientific laws, they both adhere to rules they themselves never deviate from. Not even the dragons claim to know them all, though both claim Amethyst and Mengus knew more than they claimed. Attricana encourages random creation. It randomizes mutation, throwing logic to the wind, allowing truly amazing creatures to walk the planet. Although always deified as a virtuous light of righteousness and purity, the white gate exhibits none of these attributes. Its influence equally creates some of the most heinous monstrosities to ever stain the soil or skies of this world. However, it also created the dragons and fey and a wondrous world around them of ravishing beauty and endless marvels.

Ixindar carries no encouragement of creation. The greatest misconception supported by many still contends Ixindar is akin to hell, or to be more generic, chaos. Political propaganda from many echans and techans support this claim. They look no farther than the demons emerging from the gate for proof, though they are only called such because of some dated religious reference insisting they be called so. In certain cultures, the term demon is not portrayed overwhelmingly negative at all. Yet, these creatures are labeled demons and thus must be the generals of chaos.

There is no denying their evil nature to be sure. A brief glimpse of their motivations appeared in an exceedingly rare codex known only as The Skin and the Ars Ordo Grimoire. The book was found by the wizard, Keris Rifts, and after his death, went missing from his library. Though the exact contents are not known, the book supposedly details the fall of Mengus and his true relation to Amethyst. One well-known quote that found circulation came from a demon general known only as Marix:

They assume chaos for their books decree it. They assume evil for they claim righteousness. They repeat the words to verify their piety. Armies of order and light they call themselves. So, we must be the armies of chaos. If the lines were drawn in such a way, why would so many convert to our cause? In truth, the forces of chaos are them. Look at what Attricana commits to this world. Creatures subtle and extreme, handsome and vulgar. Its flood of influence breaks down natural laws. It mutates and turns the normal into the abnormal. It reshapes the land. It destroys order. Attricana is pure chaos, not Ixindar.

Oh, how easy it would be to label us chaos, for chaos must be evil, correct? Alas, the truth shall come out. Attricana is the evil, for it refuses to abide by the rules. It continually breaks down this world. Ixindar does not corrupt, it organizes. It uniforms the land. It brings constancy to this world of chaos. Tranquility follows. Harmony spreads from our fingers. The landscape of Kakodomania is perfect in its absolute purity. We endeavor to end chaos and bring about the null of anarchy. We command our people with absolute discipline. The fey continue to devolve into discord. The universe is on our side. In the end, patience assures our victory.

Marix
Lord of the Kronix
The Skin and the Ars Ordo Grimoire

A side effect of this belief is the insistence that all life must end or operate in service of order. When Ixindar corrupts, what it really does is subvert any originality in a subject. Its form of order means degrading the real world to a constant level. Some believe this would not be null background radiation the universe may be fated to reach but a continuous form where all consciousness merges into a single unifying form.

Like Attricana, Ixindar radiates a power that is synonymous with magic. Even trying to wield this power is akin to inviting its corruption. Ixindar does not disrupt science, though still able to create similar fantastic results as Attricana. As such, the creations from Ixindar do not generate EDF, neither does the landscape of Kakodomania or the spells they cast. Ixindar bound spells are extremely difficult to find.

It is known that suppressing the EDF is akin to suppressing known Attricana magic, which can stifle magical abilities and even kill magical creatures within it. Since there is no known way to suppress Ixindar magic as it does not radiate EDF (the only way anyone has been able to measure Attricana's influence is how it breaks down the rules of science) no on is sure if closing Ixindar would destroy the demons, pagus, and typox dragons plaguing the world…but it would help.

ity to infuse sentience was limited to that which was already alive. Ixindar, on the other hand, is bound by no such limits, which resulted in the path of necromancy. More so than infusing intelligence in neverborn, some dire casters desired even more minions using the same process.

CREATING A CIPHER SERVANT

A cipher is any inanimate object given intelligence by infusing the object with the blood of an innocent life. It is assumed since neverborns also require this, all other ciphers (including Gebermach and Thornshroud) possess organic components.

A caster must have constructed a form or have an object ready. All other required spells must be prepared (including permanency for animated objects). At least 1% of a recently deceased (within the last hour) fey or an echan human must be employed somewhere in the construct. A caster need not use every piece of the body, but the parts used must be of vital importance to the creature where such removal would kill or otherwise main the subject (eh: eye, tongue, stomach, heart, etc). Only one body can be utilized per form. A caster cannot break a body up into different constructs. The mage casts all pertinent spells, casting infusion last.

Cipher is an inherited template that can be added to any construct not already with an intelligence score. A cipher uses all the base creature's statistics and abilities except as noted here.

Size and Type: Still a construct but the cipher gains the evil and lawful subtype.

Special Attacks: A cipher retains all the special attacks of the base creature.

Special Qualities: A cipher retains all the special qualities of the base creature and also gains the following.

- Damage Reduction 5 / good.

•Does not disrupt technology if held.

•Spell resistance equal to the creature's HD + 5 (maximum 25).

•The construct's Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma stats are increased to 10 (unless already higher). If it gains intelligence for the first time, then it also gains skill points equal to (2 + Int modifier, minimum 1) per Hit Die, with quadruple skill points for the first Hit Die. It is still immune to all mind-affecting effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects).

If the base creature already has one or more of these special qualities, use the better value. Despite its newfound intelligence, it is still subservient to its creator. In addition, despite having intelligence, ciphers still do not eat, sleep, or breathe.

•The construct also gains feats per its hit dice as well like any other creature

Environment: Any.

Challenge Rating: +2

Alignment: Lawful evil.

SAMPLE CIPHER SERVANT

Large Construct (Evil, Lawful)

Hit Dice:	18d10+30 (129 hp)
Initiative:	–1
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)
Armor Class:	30 (–1 size, –1 Dex, +22 natural) touch 8, flat-footed 30
Base Attack / Grapple:	+12/+28
Attack:	Slam +23 melee (2d10+11)
Full Attack:	2 slams +23 melee (2d10+11)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Breath weapon
Special Qualities:	Construct traits, damage reduction 15/adamantine, darkvision 60 ft., immunity to magic, low-light vision, damage reduction 5/good
Saves:	Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 33, Dex 9, Con —, Int 10 Wis 11, Cha 10
Skills:	Climb +18, Jump +16, Spot +5, Listen +3
Feats:	Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Awesome blow
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Solitary or gang (2–4)
Challenge Rating:	15
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Advancement:	19–24 HD (Large); 25–54 HD (Huge)
Level Adjustment:	—

COMBAT

Breath Weapon (Su): 10-foot cube, cloud of poisonous gas lasting 1 round, free action once every 1d4+1 rounds; initial damage 1d4 Con, secondary damage 3d4 Con, Fortitude DC 19 negates. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Immunity to Magic (Ex): An iron golem is immune to any spell or spell-like ability that allows spell resistance. In addition, certain spells and effects function differently against the creature, as noted below.

A magical attack that deals electricity damage slows an iron golem (as the slow spell) for 3 rounds, with no saving throw. A magical attack that deals fire damage breaks any slow effect on the golem and heals 1 point of damage for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the golem to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. For example, an iron golem hit by a fireball gains back 6 hit points if the damage total is 18 points. An iron golem gets no saving throw against fire effects.

An iron golem is affected normally by rust attacks, such as that of a rust monster or a rusting grasp spell.

Note: The neverborn's spell resistance of outranked by its spell immunity.



Six hours later and they had reached the top. The construction changed to brighter stone, further augmented by the increasing illumination from the shaft. The path finally leveled and Aiden collapsed against a wall.

"So Mahan," Raven started up as they rested, "these spirits…living shadows. That is the marsh, correct?"

"I certainly hope not. The last thing this world needs is to have the shapeless from the marsh venture so far from their land. If so, I hope they have departed."

"Have to assume so," Mischa replied, "else this place makes a sour pirate camp."

"It did," said Raven. She looked at where the path opened to the stairs leading to the keep's lower levels. There was a body, still with its flesh, still with its clothes. Aiden was unsure if he should walk forward. Mahan approached quickly. He looked over the deceased.

"Genai clothes," he said. "Real fresh." He pulled the body over and they all noticed the uniform slashes from the shoulder to belly. It was the most apparent of many injuries it had sustained. "So tasty a keep, many of ill will flock to its claim, unaware of the evil which still lingers."

"That a quote?" Mischa asked.

"No," Mahan answered. He stood.

Raven stepped forward and took notice of the injuries, caused by a creature, not a weapon. "I would have preferred to have dealt with mortal men in this case," she said. "They die when the bleed. Fall when they bleed enough."

Mischa gave her a look that carried several connotations. "What's with the sudden battle fever, elf? You itching to draw human blood." She shot him back a look, more confused at his implications than being insulted. Mischa smiled. "I am experienced with creatures of darkness. This is a valid pursuit. One which we should see through. If we encounter these demons, we shall not run. Agreed?"

"Agreed," Mahan replied.

"Of course," Raven added. They looked to Aiden, still against the wall. He didn't answer immediately. He opened his mouth, but stopped, unsure what he should say. He had never taken a life before. He avoided goblins best he could. Raven should be equally as virginal to bloodshed, but she didn't show it.

"You're frightened," Mischa declared, not asked.

"You doubt my bravery," Aiden replied.

"No, you're sanity. And you passed. You should be frightened. I am used to this, the cleric to. You should be afraid. It's a shield like any other. Temper it with caution and brace it with courage and you will survive encounters like these. Death comes swiftly to those unafraid." Mischa turned to Raven and pointed a thumb to Aiden. "Take a lesson from this, elf."

Aiden came off the wall and shouted. "Mischa! Take that back. Don't ever doubt her bravery."

"I never said I did…just her honesty." Mischa made for the stairs. Raven finally revealed an emotion. The ranger had cut into her again, and it hurt. *But Aiden. He defended me. Maybe he did respect me. Perhaps it was instinct. His friendship clouded his mind. I was frightened, more than I was willing to reveal. Mischa saw through it.*

They scaled the steps to the stone door ajar by a mere crack. Mischa turned back to the others. "It's a safe assumption the other thieves met the same fate. Since this keep was employed by bandits, the presence of these shapeless would be considered rare or random."

"So we proceed doubting an army is hiding beyond this door," said Mahan.

Mischa pointed back. "Exactly," he then shrugged, "but I have been wrong before."

To slowly crumble through centuries was not a fate fitting for such a keep. With granite its prime ingredient, such a castle would take eons to fall to dust. The potential for recovery still lingered in its foundation. Yet, no one had come to claim its prize. The fragments of House Torquill had enough problems maintaining its keeps in the south. Other free houses were too far east. One taking this land would also need to act graciously to the chaparrans of Dawnamoak nearby. Even considering the costs of maintenance, it was still quite the treasure in itself, rivaling anything stolen from its coffers since the empire's collapse. The surrounding lands were plentiful and once cleared and secured, the keep was still a stout defensive post. All one would need is the ambition, the masses of loyal indentured workers, and an army large enough to daunt its neighbors.

When the four of them burst into the afternoon sun, they were greeted a moss and weed plagued court. There had been glass covering the shaft at one point. Thick shards still jutted from the sides. This beautiful court would have been covered with flowers and short grass, surrounding a glass covered pit where one could peer down into the bowels of the nation. Around the perimeter of the court, which filled half the peak, several broken windmills shuddered rather than spun in the breeze. Across the field would be the noble receiving room. Raven and Mischa had already noted the shadows moving through the openings along the building. They tried being stealthy, but knew their presence would be heralded by the groaning of the stone and rotten wood doors.

Legends possess a tendency of exaggerating events and those involved. Heroes stand overconfident, gleaming under the holy light of their crusade while monsters drool acid from exposed incisors, devouring the virgin and the sinful alike with equal pleasure. The valiant warrior prince bedded the unspoiled princess the evening before or after a tremendous victory. Such alterations of a tale depended on the virtues of the teller. Many a bard's tale was adjusted to account for those sitting to listen. If those attentive carried scars of combat and victory, often enough the legend would amplify such battles. To the spoils come the openings of many treasures and legs previously unlocked only for kings and charismatic knights. If the audience was populated by youth in spirit and years, the yarn spun a happy tale of sweeping romance with undying virtue and chastity. Often enough, all of these came from identical fable stock. Though champions and idols remain unchanged with the narrator, the evil monsters of opposition often were distorted to an imaginative whim. To a child, the beast was a despicable goblin hiding under their bed. For the knight, no less than a fire-breathing dragon would do. Aiden never believed he would test the validity of these stories told from bedsides and bar stools. Privately, like everthing else, he hoped they were, for if most those stories were true, then all could true, every dream realized to those wanting to leave their cradles of industry. Throughout his youth, his parents kept him from even approaching the outer Angel wall. It wasn't until he was ten before he realized the dragons and elves of legend were alive and well and living tales the poets could only envy.

One takes these tales told from tavern drunkards with whatever grain is available. Though many heard of formless beasts past the goblin-controlled forests, no one worth the price of a pint ever recounted a reliable tale. Some described the shapeless as living shadows, as if the shade they cast peeled from the walls and enveloped them. Others proclaimed them as smooth-skinned creatures with nary a hole or wrinkle in their bodies save for a pair of white eyes appearing to float in their featureless skulls. A similar story offered the addition of claws of silver sticking from black fingers. Because of the lack of definition, all one would see is a void approaching with eyes and talons whirling about. Some claimed the creatures were cursed fey, maybe tenenbri or distant nymphs, turned to shadow while others insisted they were rejects of death, raised to inflict their rage upon the living.

When Mahan held an open palm and cursed them back in his old tongue, that last theory was proven wrong. The creatures didn't even flinch. They would if it were true, yet the creatures still approached.

As the shapeless shifted and weaved under the bands of light cast through breaks in the wall, the group realized all the stories had some degree of accuracy. The creatures cast no shadows but did possess solid forms. Their arms seemed to vanish when covered by their frail bodies, but they still remained. Their eyes cast their own light, white as the stories had said, reflecting off the matted silver claws. Apparently, one needed not fabricate such a fear when it existed as real as this. Aiden realized in that second, *Dragons were real; elves were real; the shapeless were real. Everything was real.* And he was frightened.

Mischa avoided locking eyes with any of them, preferring to stare at the beast they enslaved. A tortured kodiak hurled phlegm from a tongueless scream, rough and jagged. The creature was scared and tormented, convinced by its captors that their actions were forced and were proof of love and loyalty. Long since brainwashed, the creature, once proud that it could rise to its hind legs and could hold onto tools with its claws, was now sullied by this barbarity. Told to attack and it does, and so it did. On its rear legs, the monster towered above them all. Its grey and black fur covered every inch, right to its black nails. Echa had its way with the bears. They rose up on new legs and shrunk their hefty torso. Still primitive, they fell victim to many superior in brains and numbers wishing to take advantage of their awesome strength. Mischa kept his shield on his back. Such force of blunted steel would shatter even the best of Kantis armor. He brought his sword high above his head, locked both sets of fingers around the grip, and charged straight.

How magnificent this receiving hall must have been hundreds of years ago when two great lords welcomed anyone willing to trek up the mountain to request an audience. Now only fractured

brick and decayed wood remained. The two thrones, once carved from oak and gold, sat in tatters. The wood had molded away and the gold had long since been pilfered. Only stone feet, barely a foot high, embedded in the floor, were the last fragments of the regal chairs. If one took a moment, he or she could image crimson-velvet drapes and hanging works of great artists from across the land. Tiles of jade checkered with marble had cracked with time and abuse. The thrones were not elevated. A stone table, shaped as a crescent moon, curved around the two chairs at a distance. Here, knights, businessmen, and landowners would convene to discuss affairs of the day. In truth, a throne room was usually only used to receive guests and entertain. Here, it served a multitude of purposes. The room stretched a fair distance to the fallen wooden doors at the entrance. There was no way Mischa would be denied his furious charge. The shapeless offered the fighter a wide berth and moved around, past the broken columns rising up the side of the room, to approach the others.

The kodiak reaffirmed his grip on the double-axe. Mischa's cleaver was little more than a dagger in the beast's eyes. Its axe was as long as Mischa's ego was tall. When the monster brought its rough edge to cleave the man's head, Mischa dropped and slid on his knee plates. The blade might have seemed a dagger, but it cut across the Kodiak's hairy cock as a blade should. Mischa continued to slide as he lifted himself back to firm footing, ready to strike the creature's back while it recoiled in distraction. Instead it brought its arm around blindly, catching the kantis, hurling him over the crescent table.

Raven promptly took her stance in front of Aiden before the mage even took a moment to object. Both her weapons were already held. In a blink, she released them in the air and gripped them for the edge to run down her arms. Aiden drew out his own blade a cheap replacement for the one forgotten in Antikari. A purchase he made from some spare comes, it saw seldom use.

Mahan dropped his palm down and brought up his sticks. "Hold true to your skills and victory follows in haste, my friends!" he shouted.

They had trouble discerning how many approached. It was true; perhaps the shadows did crawl up the creature's skin. Could there be two or ten? Even when Aiden shouted, "Rashal!" and brought the sun into the room, the light refused to illuminate their forms. Raven engaged one immediately, blocking both its slashes. She rolled across its arm, offering her back. She sliced a nagamaki from the other side. The creature held neither shield nor brace and when the blade caught between its middle digits, it carved open to the wrist. The creature bled from the gash but the sliced hand twitched still. It slid down the edge and the fingers grasped around the cross-guard. Raven took an ill-advised moment of shock, broken by her scream as the other creature's talons scraped her side open with a counter move.

Mahan repeated a similar maneuver on the inset, but brought both clubs to the creature's eyes. The shapeless recoiled rather than countered. Mahan followed in another step, bringing both weapons together at the skull. A crack and break verified the monster's mortal origins. These were no ghosts. Mahan saw another come around to flank. It leapt for his head. He released his weapon solid in the air and came around to strike the other. The flanked shapeless deflected off the floating solid bar. Mahan pulled his blade and ran the creature through.

Raven pushed her blade deep, slicing further up the beast's arm until releasing out the back of the creature's elbow. The other sword followed with her other arm, catching the shapeless on the skull. With enough force, she splayed the beast apart between the eyes. She lost her energy and gave up before reaching its legs. A final kick brought the creature to the ground. A third stopped short of her as she spun around to face it. Raven brought a blade in front. The shapeless brought out its arms and lowered its head. It began to orbit, looking for a weakness. By now, Raven had studied their movements. They would no longer found a flaw in her stance. It had tried to get around to strike Aiden, frantically gathering the thoughts of another spell. She orbited in front and waited for it thrust.

The kodiak, blind with pain, berserk in rage, gouged deep grooves in the stone walls, slamming its dull axe in vain attempts to strike the ranger. Mischa knew, despite his strength, he would have no hope deflecting the force of the weapon. For the brief second the last strike stuck in the granite, Mischa hacked across and chopped the iron spike at the opposite end of the axe. When the beast pulled back the weapon and attempted to drive it back down, Mischa snatched and drove the spike into the monster's foot. The blade lost guidance on the way and Mischa deflected its path to the floor with ease. The cleaver came up and took the beast's right hand, the power hand, the one connected to the arm the axe needed for strength. A kick to Mischa's gut sent the warrior sliding across, stopping his back at the foot of the crescent table. The beast waved its remaining arm wildly. The axe carried no agility whatsoever. Finally the beast hurled the unbalanced weapon. It flung sideways across the room. The massive girth of the steel struck the top of Mischa's helmet, peeling it right from his head. Mischa eyes barely registered the shock. The axe continued skidding over the tabletop, finally smashing through the rear wall, caving in the back of the room. The beast devolved back to its primitive posture, falling on its one good hand. It roared and started a clumsy charge. Mischa struggled back to a knee, then to his feet, bringing his blade to bear.

"Vass!" Aiden shouted and snapped his finger with an alarmingly loud crack. Like flint, a spark leapt from the thumb and zipped as lightning. The glint of light flickered across the room in an instant and vanished into the back of the Kodiak's skull. The anger left its body. It blinked slowly, then again. On the third, its right socket had filled with blood. The beast dropped to a knee on the broken tiles, sending some flipping in the air. The creature sauntered and drifted forward on hobbled feet. It stumbled over the crescent table and fell over, striking its lifeless skull across the throne supports.

Mischa watched the creature's final moment and then turned to see the distant party. Raven gripped her side firmly. The others appeared undamaged.

Aiden looked as shocked as Mischa about the quickness of the kill. "That was well placed," Aiden said with an uplifting tone. He forced it out. He barely had the control for it. That pitiful spell was the best he could utter at the time. If it wasn't for the book in his grasp, locked under his other arm, everyone would have seen him shake.

Mischa snapped back. "You did NOT just fucking do that?"

Aiden stepped closer and spoke through the corner of his mouth. "Leave your humility with your helmet."

"That kill belonged to me." It annoyed Mischa more than angered him. "It deserved to fall by my hands, not yours. See to the elf."

Aiden stepped away from Raven and got louder. Anger covered the fear quite well. "You know, for one of this land, you carry an amazing ignorance to its capacity. My discipline demands as much from me as you—"

"Stop talking and see to your elf."

Aiden turned slightly. "She's not my..." Seeing Raven, Aiden trailed off and noticed she was still bleeding.

"I'm not his elf," she said to Mischa. Mahan stepped closer to hold up the waif. He peeled her hand away from the pair of gashes down her kawabari.

"Let me see," he demanded.

"I'll survive," she groaned.

"You will. Humor me nonetheless."

Aiden moved closer and stared at the cringing Raven. She looked up to him and the grimace turned immediately to a smile. *I'd understand if you were disappointed that I had been injured,* she thought. *By the look on your face, you didn't know. Was the horror I see now because you hadn't noticed or because you were worried of its severity? If you hadn't noticed, was it because you didn't care or because you couldn't believe I had let my guard down? More likely, you had assumed I was infallible. Thought the same myself. You should never worry about my safety. It's my job to protect you. If I wished you to worry about me, I would be a feeble human woman, not the custodian blade sworn at your side. Don't feel angry at yourself. You spoke honest and true and I will never hold that against you.*

"Barely through the leather," she said. "Doubtful to even scar."

"I'll make sure of that," Mahan interjected.

"Check for the book."

"You'll be fine," Aiden said. Raven wasn't sure if it was a question or a statement or if it was meant to soothe him or her.

"It was no tavern brute, I assure you. Look for the book. I saw a glint by the corner." He nodded and appeared to release his concern. As he moved away, she looked up to see Mischa. He stared back. Her smile winced away with another jolt of pain. It crept back to a smirk and she nodded in gratituded. *Mischa noticed, but he was a warrior. He was supposed to.*

Aiden kicked the various other filched items the thieves had acquired. The others from Genai had either been killed elsewhere or fled. Either way, to steal such a specific item and so little else and come here could only have meant a potential and waiting rendezvous. With the Shapeless? Never, the creatures were an unfortunate side effect the raiders were obviously oblivious to. Perhaps they were arrogant of their own strengths. These thieves had to have been hired, but by whom? Was payment on delivery or was this keep an extended stay before moving on to other targets. They could wait and see if collectors would show, but every moment could dangle them as bait for more shapeless populating the keep. There were surely more, possibly in vastly greater numbers than suspected, cowering from the sunlight. If even half the force that took this keep remained, Aiden and his colored band of blades and bats were doomed. Maybe the mass of shapeless were waiting until evening, giving them all only a few hours to race down the tunnels to the outside.

If these thieves were truly independent, they would not sulk around their hideout admiring a book. They would take it to a Limshau city to sell and hope questions of its origin were not asked. David's biblio was one of the richest buildings in Genai, maybe even Angel, but its worth was in pages, not the gold in the deposit boxes. These were the right thieves. Aiden found one of those coin safes. It had been broken open lazily with a rock, the currency long gone. Aiden imagined a half dozen bandits taking a contract for the heist. They found their objective and helped themselves to the week's take. They galloped for days and…where there horses? Some had survived. Maybe the shapeless dragged in the steeds when the owners were killed. It's possible. Most likely when evening fell, the shapeless emerged from the shadows and a few bandits beat a hasty retreat. They took what they thought was of value and left the rest. But were they naïve enough to leave the book?

That darned map was only good for a general area of nearly ten square miles and if the book fled outside its range, all would be lost. The shapeless were of proved intelligence and if they knew the value of the book, they could have taken it behind a fortress of shadowed flesh. Aiden kicked a few simple steel swords and a hide pouch of various silvers—other conquests from other raiders. These were amateurs if this was the best they had to horde. Maybe the survivors took the choice treasures with them. Aiden saw moist bones stripped clean on a distant heap. None of them survived this. Time was ticking; the sun had moved past its peak as was making a hasty retreat to the west.

Then he found it. It was buried among the other bungled and unimportant paraphernalia from other recent raids. Mixed with broken brass teeth, copper buttons, a splintered zircon amulet, and a half dozen unused glowsticks rested an oversized book of substantial heft and importance. Aiden had seen the spine in Chen's library before and recognized it instantly.

The Chronicle of Aurannis, one of the few tomes written by dragons.





MONSTERS & MYTHS

The names of the monsters and game statistics of said monsters in this chapter are designated as Open Game Content. The background descriptions in this chapter are designated as closed content.

Earth was, and always shall be, a dangerous place for those who venture into shadow. Across the entire world, no valley or mountain, forests or towns, were immune to the influence of magic. Often where no man took root, the flow from Attricana would saturate the land, giving birth to the truly bizarre and fantastic, both beautiful and revolting. Classed together as spawn creatures, the majority of these beasts possess no culture and many never develop an intellect that can be measured or tested. A scant few broke from these bonds of the primitive and primordial to stake a claim as a species worthy of respect. However, their climb is steep and daunting and may never come close to the established cultures of man and fey.

Since Amethyst contains neither alternate planes of reality nor hard-line definitions of heaven or hell, not nearly as many monsters exist as traditional D&D. Here follows a guide for those wanting to include creatures from the pages of the basic MM.

Dragons: There are no other dragons other than those mentioned here. Amethyst is not an Amethyst Dragon.

Fey: Even though the fey is a title given to all magical humanoid creatures, they also apply to an opponent type in MM. The fey listed as dominant races are of the fey monster type but do not receive any of the fey advantages or abilities. However, ALL Fey, regardless if they possess the bonuses from the subtype, are vulnerable to Cold Iron (as stated earlier).

Outsiders: There are no outsider types in Amethyst. A few of them exist in the real world but do not originate from an alternate plane or reality. Any weapons inflicting additional damage to outsiders have no effect. They cannot be banished. Spells in Amethyst have also been removed or modified that have any mention of planes or outsiders. All outsiders either become aberrations or magical beasts (DMs discretion).

Though monster types may change, the creature's hit dice and hit points and general stat line does not. A DM is not required to modify the monsters unless stated otherwise. The following guide shows the altered monsters listed in the 3.5 MM. If they are not listed here, a DM may introduce them unmodified, though they are not necessarily canon to Amethyst. Most are spawn races (new to the world of Amethyst after the second hammer) and did not come from the gate from the previous era). Fey races can be heritage (from pre-hammer) or a few rare ones broken off after.

Note: Obviously, Dwarves, Elves, and Gnomes are replaced with Amethyst unique races, so are removed.

These following monsters are absent in the world of Amethyst:

Aboleths
Archons
Beholder
Celestial Creatures
Eladrin
Ethereal Filcher
Etherial Marauder
Formians
Githyanki / Githzerai
Grimlock
Guardinal
Half Celestial
Inevitable
Kuo-Toa
Lilend
Mephit
Mind Flayer
Planetouched
Salamander
Slaad
Xill
Yuan-Ti

ANGELS

There are no angels in Amethyst. They are not mentioned in the setting and no reports indicate any appearances. DMs should exercise with caution. Their removal is intentional.

ARROWHAWK

These may fly often over the skies around Laudenia and around Kuraukou. They soar commonly around tall mountain regions. They are magical beasts. They are not canon, but certainly not prohibited.

ATHACH

Although Athach's are not canon in Amethyst, they can appear as a deviant fey species in small numbers.

AZER

Azers do not exist in official Amethyst but a DM is more than welcome to include them as a fey minority race with close relations to the narros.

BARGHEST

Although not canon in Amethyst, barghests can appear as a deviant fey species or as a variant of a therianthrope (see later).

BUGBEAR

Bugbears are often called dagros in Amethyst and are a fey race, although not a very popular one. They are a late break-off from goblins just before the second hammer. However, they all died off in the impact. Unfortunately, given the fey's continued degradation, bugbears were inevitable and returned shortly after the second hammer. Their role in tales to frighten disobedient children continues.

CENTAURS

Centaurs are called malians although most humans still refer to them by their more common moniker. They are a fey race that broke from satyrs just before the Exodus. They are an extreme rarity in Canam. Among the other fey races, chaparrans respect them as revered warriors. Most of the other fey rarely encounter them, but there is no hostility. The few in Canam are located in forests chaparrans also frequent, except for Laurama, which the centaurs abandoned long ago. They are skittish and easy to startle and thus, easy to provoke if approached in a violent manner. Often enough, they will bolt rather than engage unless protecting others or their land. In many ways, their disposition matches those of horses. Centaurs hardly sleep and only do so when others are on hand to assist in protecting the herd, even if the companions are other centaurs or not.

CHAOS BEAST

These monsters are now aberrations and represent the dark side of Attricana, proving that while the white gate may generate life, it need not be rational. These monstrosities usually only occur in wastelands where little intelligent life has taken root.

COUATL

These do not exist in Amethyst but if a DM wishes, they may be included. These enchanted monsters are spawn birthed from the ashes of dead dragons but possessing much of their power and benign intelligence. This effect only occurs with good dragons, mostly holy. They are a dragon subtype now. Take care with their spells and spell-like abilities.

DINOSAUR

There are no dinosaurs in Amethyst. They are an evolved group of species that died off millions of years ago.

DRAGONS

The iconic symbol of all fantasy, when the world of magic swept over the globe, dragons were an assumption easily confirmed. When man discovered elves and dwarves, dragons need not be inquired. When they were finally seen in the skies, they were more a confirmation than a realization, the final evidence that fantasy had invaded reality.

Unlike many other fables of feys and fairies, legends of dragons can be found in every corner of every nation in history, the symbol of both the greatest wisdom and the greatest evil. Some devoured maidens aplenty in hopes of staving off a greater appetite for villages offering the sacrifice. Some fell to lances wielded by saints or squires, while others died by the hands of their own tricks, fooled to demise by witty wizards of poetry and prose.

Throughout the legends, dragons were either dumb lizards of extraordinary strength or great wielders of knowledge magic. Some brought fire and disease while others brought water and plentiful crops. The same culture would often regard them in different lights dependant on the tales related that generation. Nevertheless, their sights in the skies rained fear on those below, unsure of its motives that day. Their deaths heralded both ages of wisdom and of despair. Their images upon coats, crests, and colors signified both fear and respect, meant to express a country's dominance over the monster, or their reverence for it.

Across the globe, they took many shapes. Some walked upon two legs, some four, or even six. Many twisted in coils with snake-like bodies through the clouds, while others slumped across beds of gold, silver, and skulls as lumbering cows. Some had wings while others did not, which never mattered, since most flew nonetheless.

Modern dragons were deeply exultant over the respect they had received in their absence, regardless of the source. They were shocked at the amount of detail that survived and the accuracy and liberties taken, both condemning and glorifying them. Some were especially surprised at the singular attitudes dragons would take dependant on the nation. Very

seldom would dragons be represented in different lights in a single culture. This caused disagreements about their dispositions, on how their bodies moved, what powers they controlled, or even how many toes they had. They had the ear of god or were often subjects of his wrath. To many, even defacing an image of a dragon, regardless of its character, was considered insolent and unlawful. Such principles survive today in almost every echan culture. The dragon's elevation to godhood was an obvious transition to some, despite most dragons' insistence that such worship was undeserved.

In one form or another, almost every dragon from human literature is represented on the real Earth, from the grotesque soot belching eaters of the young and virginal, to the erudite masters of fire and water. Even the aberrations with many heads and tails and legs can be found, though somewhat rare.

Dragons in Amethyst are not as clearly defined as black and white, or in this case, gold and red. As with the elves, derived from fey, all dragons came from Amethyst, the first dragon. Stories tell of Amethyst commanding the surrounding dinosaurs into intelligence and draping them in the blanket of magic and enlightenment unequaled by any creature since. However, magical influence halts for no creature and variations quickly followed.

Initially, four dragon kings emerged, appointed by God himself (although later theory holds their positioned given by Amethyst). Each controlled a section of Earth. This legend predates many others. Information is sketchy on what became of them. Lazarus the Pure, controller of the West and Shaka, who ruled the East, remain the only surviving dragon kings. Lazarus admits in his holy tome he looked far different when he sat on a throne. No one is sure if he meant he looked like an Yok-ani dragon even though he bears more than a passing resemblance to one now. Fears point that Goch, one of the seven Azhi lords, might have been a dragon king at one point. If that were true, there still remains no information on the fourth in any of the Bibles of Drasago. Lazarus believes, although he omitted such a conclusion in his book, Jahada the Glass is that fourth, taken by Amethyst as a mate. To many, her fate remains a mystery.

Soon after the kings gained control, many more dragons emerged. Yok-ani birthed first from Shaka's power, but slowly, with hardly even one born every million years. Even today, there are only nine. Over the rest of the world, holy, noble, and pearl dragons soared through the skies.

Hundred of Thousands of years would pass after the fey arrived when corruption from Ixindar claimed its first. Goch begot the Seven Dragons of Azhi, the first fire dragons. Soon after, more dragons of negative disposition emerged including the cannibalistic death dragons, the xenophobic frost dragons, and the ugly cancer dragons. Many including Lazarus believe Mengus arrived on this world summoned from a beacon placed by Goch, and the despoiled dragon king contained an evil not claimed by Ixindar. Since such events occurred millions of years ago, dates remain sketchy whether Goch's evil or Mengus arrived first.

CLASSIFICATIONS

Unlike standard D&D, there are three types of dragons in Amethyst: Archon (Good Dragons), Typhox (Corrupted Dragons), and Yok-ani (Neutral Dragons). Connected to these three types are several unique individuals of great power standing out from the rest. The dragon kings stand out away from even those. It should be noted that the majority of all "named" dragons are so powerful that these dragons should never be used as opponents in combat.

GENERAL RACIAL MODIFICATIONS

All dragons in Amethyst bore more than striking resemblance to dragons in literature, both modern and mythological. This arises from the influence of magic explained earlier. The memory and thoughts of the previous age faded when the gates closed but by no means vanished. The background enchantment permeating through history influenced later myths and legends to describe the creature, all the while fooling those writers into thinking they created something original.

Imagination holds no bounds and many descriptions departed often from the reality of the true creatures living millions of years earlier.

Size: True dragons tower much larger than any other creatures. All dragons in Amethyst count as 1 size category larger than listed in the MM.

Age: Dragons are the only truly immortal creatures on the planet. Most dragons escaping into their respectful realms returned and still live today.

Dragon Age Categories

Category	Age (Years)
1 Wyrmling	0–5
2 Very young	6–15
3 Young	16–25
4 Juvenile	26–50
5 Young adult	51–100
6 Adult	101–2 000
7 Mature adult	2 001–10 000
8 Old	10 000–50 000
9 Very old	50 001-150 000
10 Ancient	150 001–350 000
11 Wyrm	350 001–700 000
12 Great wyrm	700 001 or more

Disposition: Very few dragons enjoy the gathering of wealth. In fact, dragons like noble and holy give back onto the land they rule. Typhox dragons, however, do often hoard treasure.

Breath Weapon: All dragons except for Frost dragons breathe a cone or line of fire (choosing upon expulsion). Though death dragons mimic black dragons, they do not possess a line of acid. The same goes for cancer/blue dragons and their lightning attack (though cancer dragons can still expel disease). Archons do not have alternate breath weapons (like sleep or repulsion).

Camouflage: All dragons gain a +10 competency bonus to all move silently and hide skill rolls.

Society: Dragon culture differs with their classification. They are not all isolated lone creatures. Archons are rather sociable and many live peaceful under the veil of Dracontia. There is even a council hall (albeit a monstrous one) in the great mountain where archon dragons meet to discuss issues. Only evil dragons fight for territory.

Reproduction: Another major departure, this depends entirely on the class of dragon. They only produce offspring usually once every 500 years.

Typhox leave their offspring alone to fend for themselves in a land far away from the parents to ensure no later fights for territory.

Archons pair for life and keep their young with them until they are at least juvenile age, where they often leave to find their own nest, frequently close to their family. For example, Akoya, a massive kingdom in Euras, holds the entire Lynissa dragon line. Dragons never separate when bonded, not

even typhox dragons break this. Yok-ani (or Asian dragons) form one large community and all take care of their young. With the exception of Genai, none have left their land (Kuraukou and Eastern Slav).

Unlike traditional dragons, appearing to avoid all other dragons, cross-racial mating does occur between several types. However, there are no dragons exhibiting both parent traits. They only inherit one. In typhox the order of dominance is Fire>Cancer>Frost>Death with Death dragons being actually unable to reproduce with any other dragons except their own. With archons, the dominance runs Holy>Pearl>Noble. Only on a few extremely rare occasions have typhox and archons paired. This rare instance occurs with cured cancer dragons or more benign frost dragons. With this, the order of dominance is archon>typhox>yok-ani with yok-ani only giving birth to other yok-ani if they mate with one.

Dragons raised outside of their family emerge from eggs stolen, lost, or scavenged from lairs where the parents have been slain or distracted. Unlike fey, dragons rarely mate outside their species. Exceptions always occur and a few dragons have settled into lives with mortal mates. Like the fey, the same rules apply (with inherited abilities and lifespans). However, the non-dragon mate does not gain immortality. Venerable age for Dragons are 100,000 years even though their abilities increase rather than decrease with age. Separation in this situation does not occur either and when the mortal mate dies, the dragon will move on after a brief period of mourning (usually 2 centuries to a thousand years). When such pairings occur, the mortal family line is considered royalty and worthy of note in history books. Almost all mortal dragon lines have been delicately recorded for posterity.

"Divorce is a human word..."

Lynissa the Essence

Alignment: Dragon alignments are "Usually" and not "Always."

Spells: Dragons cast spells as mages but they seldom use them as it involves burning the power words onto their skin. Some powerful dragons are branded with hundreds of words that wrap around their wings and arms. Only the Dragon scribing them can read them, making transfer or copying impossible. All dragons have this feature, though some display them more visibly than others. Holy dragons, for example, look clean (the symbols are present only with a close examination). The marks glow only before casting. In comparison, both elder fire and elder noble dragons are virtually covered head to tail with draconic brandings. All images of Amethyst show him to have no such symbols on his body, regardless of the ready state.

TYPHOX DRAGONS

Goch emerged as the first fire dragon, corrupted from within. Alas, no one is sure if Goch was corrupted by his own supremacy and immortality, or was by Ixindar upon the migration. Although there are hundreds of typhox dragons, only seven are called Azhi, the very first evil dragons. After these initial monsters, all following fell under four subclasses.

With the exception of the frost dragons, typhox dragons do not disrupt technology. Since they can cast spells from Attricana, these spells can still disrupt.

CANCER DRAGON

The ugliest of them all, cancer dragons live their lives wracked in pain. They cannot die from any disease but have no way to defend themselves from any infection. They are receptive to every ailment afflicting every creature. Acid and poison courses through their very blood. Their eyes are bloodshot and ooze puss. Many archons actually hold sympathy for these pathetic creatures unable to rest or even sleep. This constant suffering altered the dragon's disposition to being bitter and mean, only wishing to inflict the pain they possess unto others. In fact, the only time the pain subsides is when the creature inflicts pain or infects disease on a victim.

Cancer dragons live in hot climates and seldom live in areas cold or damp. Their skin carries a natural bluish tint often marred by scars and lesions. A few cancer dragons old and near decrepit, killed enough and infected enough that they finally vanquished the pain in their bodies. Their lesions disappeared but the stain on their soul continues. They remain infectious and their blood is as toxic as ever.

On a few extremely rare occasions, a few sympathetic souls used intense magic to cure a cancer dragon of their afflictions. The pain passes and the contagious blood purifies. Unless the cancer dragon slew his fill, such an act alters the beast's disposition. Most of them convert from their Neutral Evil state to True Neutral. Many vanish and live peaceful lives in solitude from then on. They remain out of contact with all, including all other dragons, especially other typhox. Few cancer dragons have undergone the practice and even fewer have survived to today. Those that emerged cured found a new zeal for life. However, the stains of their sins remain and those cancer dragons turning away from darkness found few allies on the other side.

Statline: A cancer dragon is identical to the blue dragon in abilities and combat features except for the following.

•Disease: Touching food or a body of water (100 liters / age category) instantly infects it with blinding sickness. Touching the skin of a cancer dragon with direct skin infects the subject with the shakes. Refer to page 292 of the DMG for information on these diseases. Increase the DCs by two for every age category the dragon has. Cured cancer dragons lose this ability.

•Poison: Cancer dragons secrete almost every poison known from their very skin. The GP value of the poison = 200 per Dragon Age Category. They can use it to poison food (if ingested), expel it as an alternate breath weapon (if inhaled), or use it for attacks (for injury). If they die, the poison must be extracted. The results may equal any poison of equal or lesser value from page 297 from the DMG. Cured cancer dragons lose this ability.

•Alignment: Cancer Dragons are usually Neutral Evil. Self cured usually upgrade to Chaotic evil. Externally cured usually turn to Neutral. Only one is known to have turned to good.

ILION "SCAR" - THE OUTCAST

Adult Gargantuan Cancer Dragon

Hit Points:	21d12+105 (286)
Initiative:	+4
Speed:	40ft, burrow 20ft, fly 150 ft (poor)
Armor Class:	28 (–2 size, +20 natural), touch 8, flat-footed 28
Base Attack / Grapple:	+21/+37
Attack:	Bite +21 (4D6+7) OR Claw +21 (2D8+3), OR Wing +21 (2d6+3) OR Tail Slap +21 (2d8+10)
Full Attack:	Bite +21 (4D6+7), 2xClaw +21 (2D8+3), 2xWing +21 (2d6+3), Tail Slap +21(2d8+10)
Space/Reach:	20ft./15ft (20ft with bite)
Special Attacks:	Breath Weapon (lightning—Line 120 ft, Cone 60 ft) 12d8 (DC25), Crush 4d6+13
Special Qualities:	Ventriloquism, Spell Resistance 21, Frightful

	Presence (DC23), Immunities
Saves:	Fort +17 Ref +12 Will +15
Abilities:	Str 28, Dex 26, Con 18, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 8
Skills:	Bluff 24, Hide 24, Spellcraft 10, Listen 24, Search 24, Spot 24, Concentration 10, Diplomacy 10, Escape Artist 20, Intimidate 15, Knowledge (Arcana) 10, Knowledge (Amethyst) 10, Sense Motive 11
Feats:	Alertness, Multi-attack, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Snatch, Wingover
Alignment:	Lawful Good
Challenge Rating	15

Ilion's public name is Scar. She received the wound in a fight with Lynissa the Essence before the first hammer. Scar, while an evil cancer, killed Lynissa's first mate. Lynissa swore revenge and before Scar escaped, created the wound that she suffers from today. However, one of Lynissa allies took vengeance by banishing the cancerous beast to the white gate when the hammer struck. Lynissa didn't accept this as a reprieve and still swore vengeance. Ilion, upon emerging, became sanctified, and embarked on a quest to redeem herself. The evil dragons outcast her and good dragons refuse to accept. Lynissa still swears to her slaying. Ilion fell into obscurity until the need to fight for good became unavoidable.

COMBAT

All of Ilion's weapons are considered good and magic for breaking damage reduction.

Breath Weapon (Su): She has one type of breath weapon, a cone of fire. Using a breath weapon is a standard action. Once she breathes, she cannot breathe again until 1d4 rounds later.

Sound Imitation (Ex): Ilion can mimic any voice or sound she has heard, anytime she likes. Listeners must succeed on a Will save (DC 23) to detect the ruse.

Crush (Ex): This special attack allows Ilion, while flying or jumping, to land on opponents as a standard action, using her whole body to crush them. Crush attacks are effective only against opponents three or more size categories smaller than Ilion (though she can attempt normal overrun or grapple attacks against larger opponents). A crush attack affects as many creatures as can fit under the dragon's body. Creatures in the affected area must succeed on a Reflex save (DC25) or be pinned, automatically taking bludgeoning damage during the next round unless the dragon moves off them. If the dragon chooses to maintain the pin, treat it as a normal grapple attack. Pinned opponents take damage from the crush each round if they don't escape.

Tail Sweep (Ex): This special attack allows Ilion to sweep with her tail as a standard action. The sweep affects a half-circle with a radius of 30 feet, extending from an intersection on the edge of the dragon's space in any direction. Creatures within the swept area are affected if they are four or more size categories smaller. A tail sweep automatically deals the indicated damage. Affected creatures can attempt Reflex saves to take half damage (DC 25).

Grappling: Ilion does not favor grapple attacks, though her crush attack uses normal grapple rules. She can always use her breath weapon while grappling.

Frightful Presence (Ex): Ilion can unsettle foes with her mere presence. The ability takes effect automatically whenever she attacks, charges, or flies overhead. Creatures within a radius of 180 feet are subject to the effect if they have fewer HD than the dragon. A potentially affected creature that succeeds on a Will save (DC 24) remains immune to that dragon's frightful presence for 24 hours. On a failure, creatures with 4 or less HD become panicked for 4d6 rounds and those with 5 or more HD becomes shaken for 4d6 rounds. Dragons ignore the frightful presence of other dragons.

Immunities (Ex): Ilion has immunity to sleep and paralysis effects.

Blindsense (Ex): Ilion can pinpoint creatures within a distance of 60 feet. Opponents the dragon cannot actually see still have total concealment against the dragon.

Keen Senses (Ex): Ilion sees four times as well a human in shadowy illumination and twice as well in normal light. She also has darkvision out to 120 feet.

FIRE DRAGON

Most dragons from legend slain by brave knights or braver squires usually tell of fire dragons. Often referred to as red dragons in mythology, they carry a dark blood-red pigment to their scales and bellow out smoke and fire with every breath. However, they are far less regal looking than in books, with sunken black eyes and a jaw line filled with overlapping rows of shark-like teeth that lips refuse to work around. Their reptilian eyes carry a deep red pigment. They seldom clean themselves and never make deals as they often break them. Fire dragons rule over Azhi Dahaka in Canam and often fight with demons for control over the pagus. Because of this rivalry, few fire dragons live around Ixindar, preferring to stake their claim elsewhere. When the final war begins for Earth, they will still side with the forces of darkness to destroy the opposition. They strive for dominance of land, resulting in more attacks from fire dragons than from any other typhox. They prefer controlling land to dungeons or keeps, so they will seldom be found underground or hiding behind castle walls. Although a few fire dragons were forced into Attricana by perverse good dragons, they emerged no less cruel. Several of the fallen dragons Amethyst asked to hide in Ixindar became fire dragons and refused to follow his directives when freed. Along with death dragons, fire dragons are mostly evil.

Statline: A fire dragon is identical to the red dragon in abilities and combat features except for the following.

•Fire dragons are immune to all fire damage (magical and otherwise).

•Touching a body of water less than their hit dice in liters causes the water to be cursed per spell.

•Fire dragons are usually lawful evil. They are never chaotic.

THE SEVEN DRAGONS OF AZHI

These powerful fire dragons are all great wyrms and are always solitary.

Baenis: Baenis sits bloated on his treasure, growing fatter on the rich livestock his pagus followers bring for him. Baenis is huge but is slow and cumbersome. He stopped being able to fly a long time ago. He gorges on food every day with an appetite insatiable. In his prime he feasted on elves, giants, and even other dragons. Today, if his pagus don't fill him, Baenis will feast on them.

•Baenis' Dexterity is 3, therefore his AC drops to 37.

•Baenis has 1200 hit points.

•Swallow Whole (Ex): Baenis can try to swallow a grabbed opponent of huge or smaller size by making a successful grapple check. Once inside, the opponent takes 2d8+8 points of crushing damage plus 2d8+6 points of acid damage per round from Baenis' digestive juices. A swallowed creature can cut its way out by dealing 50 points of damage to Baenis' digestive tract (AC 25). Once the creature exits,



muscular action closes the hole; another swallowed opponent must cut its own way out. Baenis' gullet can hold 1 Huge, 4 Large, 16 Medium, 64 Small, or 256 Tiny or smaller creatures. This is Baenis' preferred method of attack.

Balaur: Balaur follows neither logic nor reason. It is hermaphroditic, capable of shifting his sex and preference on a whim dependant on daily desires. It only acts out of passion and instinct and never out of rationale. Balaur desires continued physical gratification and the desire for external stimulus. It craves destruction and lusts for beauty. Balaur enlists slavers to capture those of beauty of various sexes of various species and often has its way when assuming their form. Balaur is even rumored to have sent emissaries to purchase slaves from Baruch Malkut (without their knowledge of the source of funds). It lusts over the youth, the striking, and the otherwise unattainable. It cares not for emotion and prefers only personal indulgence. These slaves never live more than a year before Balaur grows bored and slays them in the most violent ways possible.

When in dragon form, Balaur enjoys fire and its ability to devour everything. In combat, it prefers to avoid actual fighting, as Balaur is weaker than the other Azhi.

- Balaur has 690 hp.
- Balaur can assume any animal or humanoid form of Large size or smaller, and as any sex, as a standard action three times per day. This is identical to the gold dragon's ability. When in that form, Balaur appears as a most stunning example of beauty and can often lure victims willingly into its lair.
- Stunning Glance (Su): As a standard action, Balaur can stun a creature within 60 feet with a look. The target creature must succeed on a DC20 Fortitude save or be stunned for 2d4 rounds. The save DC is Charisma-based.
- Balaur can cast Charm Monster per spell 3/day. It is cast as a 19th level mage.

Goch: Goch feeds on violence, fear, and anger. Goch, the oldest and most powerful Fire dragon, prefers to allow enemies to destroy each other. Using his unique complement of abilities, He can inspire rage and violent actions in others, corrupting them to commit the worst despicable acts. Goch is far older and powerful than the other Azhi but is often lumped in with them, a categorization he despises.

- Unlike all other fire dragons, Goch is Chaotic Evil.
- Goch has 1080 hp.
- Goch can assume any animal or humanoid form of Medium size or smaller as a standard action three times per day (identical to the gold dragon).
- Goch has an alternate Breath Weapon. He can release a cone of Insanity. Anyone caught in the cone (failing the REF save) must make a DC35 Will save or suffer from the effects of a Confusion spell except that all targets failing automatically attack the nearest creature as if rolling above 70% on the behavior roll. The effects last 30 rounds.

Lindis: This Dragon spends every moment searching for more treasure. She ravaged many narros mines, attacked wandering travelers, and ambushed mage towers. She considers the taking of wealth of higher importance compared to the destruction caused and Lindis will often be very selective in her attacks, even sparing the lives of her victims in exchange for all their magic and wealth in case her attack may blemish or damage their possessions. No matter how much Lindis acquires, it is not enough. She does not believe everything belongs to her like Verkelen, she just wants it all. She is not arrogant as Verkelen and has the most guarded lair of any dragon known. Her dungeon is littered with symbols of various magical potency with layers of multiple traps over many levels.

- Lindis' treasure horde is DOUBLE that of a standard Great Wyrm Fire dragon.
- Lindis has 880 hp.
- Lindis carries a truly barbaric alternate breath weapon. She can elect to fire a line of equipment disintegration. Anything not of flesh caught in the line (escaping the REF save) must make a DC25 Fort save or fall apart. All items are affected, magical or otherwise.

Lotan: Lotan is proud. His over-inflated ego often nets him trouble as he brazenly strides into enemy lands, where he is often forced to retreat from greater foes. Unfortunately, there

are not many. Legend claims Lotan lives in a great castle, but its location is a mystery. There, from a bed of gold, he commands others to do his bidding. He believes himself too important to go into combat, but will if a single enemy challenges him. Several opponents have tried but none have succeeded, increasing Lotan's already bloated self-image.

•Lotan has 750 hp.

•Lotan carries a very volatile alternate breath weapon. He can elect to expel a cone of rusting magic. Any iron or iron alloy caught in the cone becomes rusted and useless per the Rusting Grasp spell. Also, per the spell, the breath weapon damages ferrous creatures (3d6+15 points of damage). Only the REF save is allowed.

Verkelen: This dragon hates all other dragons and intelligent creatures and covets all they own. Verkelen assumes the world belongs to him and takes whatever he wishes. He is the last creature anyone wishes to make deals with, as he never keeps his side of a bargain. Verkelen keeps a large cadre of creatures as personal servants.

•Verkelen has 700 hp.

•Verkelen has an alternate Breath Weapon. He can release a cone of Domination (as per Dominate Monster, cast be a 19th level mage). Anyone caught in the cone (failing the REF save) must make a DC25 Will save or be under Verkelen's control. Verkelen prefers to just have them remove everything of value and then attack and destroy each other while Verkelen gathers their money and magic and leaves. Verkelen can control up to 10 creatures at a time with this effect.

•Verkelen hordes +50% more treasure then the standard fire dragon.

Zilant: Zilant is a lazy beast. He wishes to do nothing but sleep and eat. He believes he has done enough for the cause of evil and wishes just to be left alone. Every single time he closes his eyes, he sleeps for a century. When he awakens, he finds quick and easy prey for a feast. His dungeon carries an array of defensive battlements, making him difficult to slay. He never initiates an attack, believing it uses far too much energy, though will still defend his lair from attack. He also sleeps with one eye open and as light as an elk. He may be too lazy to commit evil acts but finds good acts even more of a waste of energy.

•Zilant has 600 hp.

•Zilant possesses a thicker hide. His natural armor increases to +44, raising his AC to 45.

•Zilant can achieve gaseous form at will.

•Every strike from Zilant's claws inflicts 1d4 points of temporary Strength damage. A DC 25 Fort save prevents the damage.

•Zilant carries a potent alternate breath weapon. He can alternate his fire breath with a cone of Exhaustion. Anyone caught inside must escape via the REF save or fall instantly under its effects and became exhausted.

DEATH DRAGONS

Despite many assumptions, death dragons are not undead. They embraced Ixindar when it fell and flipped their souls to its power. However, they pursued its ability to decay, rather than create. When Mengus migrated his dedication away from necromancy to other fields, the death dragons, thought to be the favored children, found themselves outcast. They possess astounding negative energy. They can control undead and cast necromancy spells. This effect decays their flesh and rots their souls. Death dragons look thin, with barely an ounce of fat and thin muscles on bones. Even their wings are pitted and frayed. Only energy from Ixindar keeps them alive. They maintain their strength and stamina through the flow of Ixindar. They live in dungeons and around the Sana Marsh. Anywhere where death lurks in abundance, you will find them. They nourish themselves on the corpses of the long dead. They cannot process any food unless it has been dead at least a week. Death dragons banished to the white gate instantly vaporized.

Statline: A death dragon is identical to the black dragon in abilities and combat features with exception to the abilities below:

•When they are able to cast mage spells, they automatically select the Necromancy school.

•Chill Touch: Anyone touching a death dragon directly or through a melee weapon must make a DC10+ 1/2 dragon's Hit Dice (eg: Very Old = DC 28) Fort save or suffer 1d6 points of damage from negative energy and suffer 1 point of strength damage. If someone succeeds on Fort save, they need not make another save for a full minute.

•Death dragons operate with a continual command undead aura emanating from them at 10 feet per age class. They can command a total of undead hit dice = to the death dragons hit dice. Only intelligent undead are allowed a Will DC save = the Chill touch DC save listed above.

•Death dragons are lawful evil.

FROST DRAGONS

Frost dragons despise being lumped in with the other typhox, preferring to be matched with the yok-ani as neutral dragons. Unfortunately, too many frost dragons exhibit nasty dispositions, negating this shift in categorization.

Frost dragons believe they never fell under the corruption of Ixindar and many successfully hid in the darkness without emerging any more evil. All of them, however, refuse to fight for any reason. Even the neutral yok-ani will fight when the cause is right, often siding with the forces of good since evil wishes all others eradicated. Frost dragons believe the universe is, at is very nature, cold. By embracing that state, frost dragons believe their kind will live on beyond this petty war. The dark hearted frost dragons refuse to take sides. They are astoundingly selfish about this opinion and never think of anything other than themselves and their immediate family. They find the most obscure and isolated areas, usually mountains, and hide in massive lairs. Search the highest mountain in the deepest range, and you are sure to find one. They possess no internal heat and can perfectly blend in with their icy surroundings. Their scales are translucent and their teeth and claws look like ice. Even their armor plates jut out at sharp angles, giving the appearance of broken shards. Their glazed over eyes reveal nothing.

More often than not, frost dragons will attack anything that enters their controlled areas. As they get older, their dispositions mature and their tempers calm. Elder frost dragons seldom attack without provocation. Their desire for isolation never changes.

Statline: A frost dragon is identical to the white Dragon in abilities and combat features with exception to the abilities below.

•Intelligence: Frost dragons gain a +6 intelligence boost. They are smarter than white dragons.

•Breath Weapon: Frost dragons are the only dragons that have their original breath weapon (not replaced by a cone of flame). Frost dragons retain their cone of cold as white dragons.

•Frost dragons are usually lawful evil though a few notables are lawful neutral. They may all think they are all neutral, but in reality, most aren't. Most evil frost dragons are adult or younger.

•Frost dragons like to insist they are not typhox. Technically, they are correct. They are not bound to Ixindar, so are not negative. As such generate EDF and are effected by anti-magic magic fields.

ANOMALIES

Classed as typhox, anomalies fall into this category due to their destructive disposition, not by their heritage. They begin as any type of original dragon, and by magical forces external or internal, are altered to a new form considered aberrant by others. Though families and allies would accept such a mutation, the new form always grows wicked and foul. A few are captured and altered by Mengus though many are actually mutated by the very magic that created them. Most of these first abominations survived in spirit to fuel the legends of mankind. Now they have reemerged to continue their habits.

These creatures are not hydras, as hydras are just glorified giant lizards. These are intelligent dragons with slight to major modifications.

Yamata No Orochi: It's unlikely the real Orochi would be fooled by drinking extra-strong sake. No one is sure if this beast truly exists, but if it did it would be living somewhere across the ocean. It was most likely a fire dragon. Orochi has 8 heads and 8 tails. Therefore, it gains +7 bite attacks and +7 tail slap attacks (though it can only do one tail sweep). Despite is numerous heads, it can still only generate a breath weapon every 1d4 rounds. Orochi is an adult dragon but cannot cast any spells. Its Challenge Rating is 17. Orochi is lawful evil.

Smok Wawelski: This despicable creature never hunts wild game, preferring to devour livestock and the farmers caring for them. Many nations around Euras have placed a bounty for the head of the behemoth. Despite this, Smok continues to travel from village to village. It is thought the original Smok was slain, and this is another duplicate mutation that adopted the historical name. Like the legend, Smok's appetite often has a hankering for virgin girls. Smok is an adult fire dragon. He has no wings, so cannot fly and cannot make wing attacks. His ground speed is 50ft. Smok also walks on six legs, giving him two more claw attacks. Its challenge rating is reduced to 14. Smok is chaotic evil.

Veri Celen: This multi-headed dragon, after developing the capacity to shapechange, became obsessed with the act of sex with whatever creature it could transform into. With each head representing a gender, one would take a back seat while the other would assume a captivating form to seduce the temptable. At first, it changed into various natural creatures or the occasional fey when in the mood. Eventually, upon its return to the new land, it became fascinated with humans. It now changes exclusively into men and women. Because of its corrupted seed, no attempt at fornication can result in offspring, bonded or not.

Veri Celen started as an adult holy dragon (see below) and kept the shape changing ability. Being of two heads, Veri receives 2 bite attacks. Its challenge rating is 17. Celen is chaotic neutral.

Lamja: All 7 heads of this dragon are female. She is often confused with being a hydra when seen, an accusation she loathes. Those assuming such a brand never live to regret it, for she is far more dangerous than any hydra. She was once a very old noble dragon. Each head has a different personality and they often fight over their direction. Though she gains +6 bite attacks for the many heads, they are classed one size smaller (large) for the purposes of breath weapon and melee damage. She can also expel two breath weapons ever 1d4 rounds. However, they are also classed one size smaller (Equal damage as an adult death dragon). Her challenge rating does not change. Lamja is neutral evil.

Lindworm: This monstrosity clears whole landscapes of their livestock, grains, and communities. He once began as a death dragon but lost his capacity to raise and control the undead, so he settled for spending his time filling his oversized stomach. Though classed as an old death dragon, Lindworm is classed one size larger (Gargantuan). This applies to melee damage, reach, and size of his breath weapon (though not its save or damage). He no longer has legs nor wings (losing all his melee attacks save for bite, tail slap, and tail sweep). His challenge rating is 16. Lindworm is chaotic evil.

ARCHONS

The first dragons birthed after the four dragon kings were the archons. Pure and good, they were the original inhabitants of this world and are probably correct when they claim to be the true inheritors of this planet. Despite legend, archons are not aloof or arrogant. They exhibit kindness and respect all creatures that return it. Almost all rule under the guidance of their king, Lazarus the Pure. A few leave to explore the world and take roots but this is relatively seldom. All archons feature human-like eyes. There are three kinds of archons.

HOLY DRAGONS

Holy dragons are more powerful on average than any of the typhox. They also outnumber all other dragons. Though they arrived after the yok-ani dragons, they reproduce much faster.

Holy dragons reflect the slightest light from their glimmering golden scales. They sport long manes of white hair not unlike a lion's, but a holy dragon's mane flows further back and less outward. Their wings feel like silk and large scales shaped like feathers flap behind them. Although Lazarus shares many of these features, he is not technically a holy dragon for his body is long and snake-like as a Yok-ani. From up high, the casual observer may believe they spotted a low flying bird. Only when the dragon soars down does the incorrect scale give up the creature's true size and identity.

Holy Dragons represent all that is good and pure. They are often the symbol used in religions that worship the dragons. They are also the last to volunteer for war, believing peace must stand paramount.

A few holy dragons were asked by Amethyst to hide in Ixindar in case of a Mengus betrayal. When Ixindar was uncovered, many had fallen to corruption. Only one, Kronos the Stone (now Kronos the Weak), was powerful enough to maintain control. He rallied the few partially turned holy dragons to open Attricana. The energy killed many of them and Kronos remains the only survivor today.

Holy dragons are also very talkative. They take joy in engaging in a verbal joust with an ally over some minor subject. They often times bring up topics and disagree with the common acceptance just to spark a conversation. This feature has made them unpopular often times in the Dracontia court, which is why it falls under the pearl dragons to maintain control.

Statline: A holy dragon is identical to the gold dragon in abilities and combat features with exception to the abilities below.

•Selective Fear / Inspire Courage: Holy Dragons inspire courage in good creatures. They may elect to suppress their fear in good creatures while still affecting evil ones. Further, any good creatures within 10 feet / age category of a holy

dragon (Great Wyrm = 120 feet) gain a +1 competency bonus to all attacks and saves while they are within said range.

•Holy Dragons class as one higher on the age category than actual. A Juvenile would count as a young adult and so forth. This matters for all stats and abilities, hit points, and challenge ratings. Holy Dragons are born with the statline of a very young dragon. They do not grow more powerful than great wyrms.

•Holy dragons are usually chaotic good. They are never evil.

THE SEVEN APOSTLES OF AMETHYST AND THE FINAL MARTYR

Seven holy dragons rose to immense power under the teachings of the greatest living dragon, Amethyst. They were Edis, Grail, Keter, Kronos, Sefer, Tanya, and Yerex. Amethyst asked for volunteers among his greatest. All seven volunteered. They were requested to hide within Ixindar in case something were to happen. Amethyst knew of his own mortality perfectly well, and he recognized possibility he may not survive the calamity to come. He was also fully aware that Mengus and the forces of Kakodomania might attempt to keep Attricana closed. If only the cataclysm to close Attricana would spread to Ixindar as well. Alas, Ixindar feeds on such destruction—chaotic as it may seem, it endorses a final result of low entropy.

I finally figured it out.

Amethyst meant to die.

If Ixindar could not close, it could envelop the planet before it could heal from the catastrophe to come. There was no possibility Amethyst could defend himself against Mengus and his hordes. By numbers, they had him. Amethyst knew of his fate. He may not be of god, but godlike he is. Mengus pales in comparison to the brilliance of our greatest. Amethyst tricked the dark one to reveal her tricks and tactics to the dragon's advantage.

Amethyst plotted his own demise and the required sacrifice to keep the world safe. He laid down an intricate plan to sow the seeds of his resurrection and the salvation of Attricana. He taunted Mengus with a target and used the evil's appetite for destruction and vengeance to let loose all the muscle he had in reserve. With almost every soldier of darkness around Amethyst, and the last moments of his life ticking away, the king released his spirit in a cascade of divine power, destroying everything around and burying Ixindar, orphaning the world to science. Mengus fell for the trap, leaving only a few of his officers and pagus guards, pulled within the gate the moment the mountain fell. Amethyst fooled his mirror, while laying down the framework to not only ensure the survivability of the planet, but also of his return.

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The apostles of Amethyst hid within Ixindar, fleeing into the dark realm instead of the light. No one knew the door would remain closed for 65 millions years. Time degraded the apostles' sanity. No matter how hard they fought the darkness, their corruption was inevitable.

When Ixindar finally breached its tomb and escaped, the apostles were forever changed. Edis, Sefer, and Keter fell totally into darkness. The only one still maintaining his loyalty was Kronos. With drive and determination, he brought the others from the brink. Their power sapped, very little energy remained in them to open Attricana again. The ordeal to finally release the positive would be at the sacrifice of their very souls.

After suffering and sacrifice, Attricana burst open, but only Kronos had survived. Now called Kronos the Weak, this hero fell into obscurity. Unable to face his brothers (who would have welcomed him regardless of his physical deformities or degrading mental state) and still not totally released from his corruption, Kronos vanished. He wandered the lands alone, finally hiding in a deep dungeon in northern Canam. There he waits. He carries secrets no one else knows—secrets about the time between. He mourns the death of his brothers. Some believe the souls of Grail, Tanya, and Yerex exist still and they wait to return to form when Amethyst does. Kronos believes he will never see them. Assumed forever damned, he awaits the time to finally be taken out of his misery. Kronos the Weak will attack who understand his plight, forcing them to finally take pity and destroy the final martyr of Amethyst.

KRONOS THE WEAK

Colossal Ancient Holy Dragon

Hit Points	186 hp (35 hp)
Initiative:	-1
Speed:	Walk 30'
Armor Class:	35, Flat 35, Touch 1 (Stat –5, Size –4, Natural 34
Base Attack/Grapple:	+20 / +35
Attack:	+35 (Bite)
Full Attack:	Bite +35, 2 Claws +30/+30, Crush +30, 2 Wings +30/ +30, One Tail +30
Damage	Bite 4D8+11, Claw 2d8+5, Wings 2d6+5, Crush 4d6+5, Tail Sweep 2d6+5
Space/Reach:	40ftx80ft / 15 ft reach
Special Qualities:	Spell Resistance 30, Damage Reduction 15/magic, Immunities, Water Breathing, Spellcasting.
Saves:	Fort +23, Ref +14, Will +34
Abilities:	Str 33, Dex 1, Con 19, Int 36, Wis 36, Cha 28
Skills:	Appraise +22, Concentration +42, Decipher Script +32, Diplomacy +32, Heal +32, Intimidate +47, Knowledge (Arcana +51, Architect +32, Geography +32, History +32, Local +32, Nature +32, Nobility +32, Religion +32, Demon World +51), Listen +51, Search +34, Spellcraft +34 Move Silently +14, Sense Motive +51, Spot +51
Feats:	Combat Casting, Spell Focus & Greater Spell Focus (Illusion), Spell Penetration & Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Leadership
Alignment:	Neutral evil
Challenge Rating	15
Organization	Just one

Kronos is weak and lame. He can hardly move, aching with each muscle. He wants desperately to escape his life but will not end it himself. He will fight per his disposition and will impart wisdom but will always turn around and try to kill all those who want to help him.

COMBAT

Spells: Kronos casts spells as a 15th level Mage with his specialty in Illusion spells.

Vulnerabilities: Kronos suffers from open wounds that never heal and pains that wrack his every move. He can no longer use his breath weapon. He can no longer fly or swim,

AMETHYST

Very little is known about the first dragon or how he even became known by a common human name. Some claim the great Amethyst, the first dragon, awoke with his great intelligence before all others. He wandered lonely, waiting alongside his dumb dinosaur cousins until company replaced his melancholy. Others ascertain Amethyst channeled the flow to his whim and created the other dragons out of his mind. Some even attest Amethyst emerged before Attricana and ignited the star to flood the world and encourage wonder.

Echalogians theorized that the influence of the previous age upon man inspired the language. History recorded the word amethyst derived from the Greek words "not to intoxicate," from a belief the mineral staved off drunkenness. Most modern humans simply believe they attached the name upon seeing the ancient drawings of the creature, glowing in beautiful violet shaded scales. However, even though most dragons refer to the creature by the human name, elder fey know he went by other titles. When the dragons returned, they embraced the human word describing such a color and abandoned the private name, known only to them. Laudenians, the oldest fey, insisted the public name for Amethyst was closer to Amesus and claimed the human name for the purple jewel was due to echalogical influence.

The Chronicle of Aurannis, on page 156, paragraph 4, refers to Amethyst with another title. Although pure draconic was known only to a few non-dragons, one attempted translation gave it as Amonai, though no dragon appears to admit this as factual. Throughout his long life, Amethyst ruled the planet, appointed king by those around. He never declared himself of royal blood nor sat upon any throne. The king allowed other kingdoms and supported the rise of noble lines in various other races but granted audience to the humble and disfavored in equal share. He always appeared when needed and never remained in place long enough to claim it as his own. A few got to calling him the Nomad King. Most simply referred to him as the Dragon God.

When the Ixindar migration occurred the day Mengus arrived, many dragons saw something on Amethyst's face they never encountered before, fear. Amethyst left for Ixindar only once, on his own. He was gone only a short time. Upon his return, he swore to never return. The war began that day.

Even though only a few dozen non-dragons today remember the living god first-hand, everyone accepted the fact of his life and sacrifice. He remained a subject of legend and faith within the dragons. The religion around his birth, power, and death spread like a fire among the fey, and later, even the humans. The doctrine claims Amethyst's body fell, but this soul kept Attricana alive despite its door closed. He remains in deep slumber on the other side, waiting for the signal to return.

Amethyst never wrote any scripture or preached any gospel. He resented the deification of him or his power, though not of the dragons as a whole-a race he always tasked with shepherding all the other souls of the world. Once quoted, Amethyst declared, "God is truly infinite, and I am as far from his eternal greatness as any other." Although his death should lead credence to his fallibility, his final act of defiance revealed the untapped might of his will.

and his walk speed is cut by half. His physical abilities are reduced substantially for a dragon. He can no longer breathe water. Further, all opponents that strike him with melee weapons gain an additional +1 to their critical threat range. He has not tried to alternate his form since he emerged from Ixindar. Even though he does not class as a fiend, he does count as one when dealing with attack bonuses from favored enemies.

PEARL DRAGONS

Where holy dragons fly proud and free, pearl dragons stay grounded and carry all the responsibilities. They seldom fly and their wings shrunk slightly as a result. Their fingers look thinner and more articulate than any other dragons. Their scales fit so perfectly together, a pearl dragon's skin looks uniform with the matted silver tone refusing to show seams in the interlacing.

Pearl dragons act for the greater good of the planet and are often the species of dragon most seen conversing with non-dragons. Pearl dragons control the day-to-day operations of Ashahael, the dragon-controlled kingdom in Euras. They taught many younger cultures basic techniques of government and agriculture. Pearls are the most often seen dragons living in castles built by mortals. The most notable is Akoya, which formed very quickly after Attricana reopened.

The only downside with pearl dragons is their tendency to act outside of accepted behavior when their emotions are concerned. When at ease, pearl dragons act as civil and as neutral as the Yok-ani. However, when they get angry, they are known to commit actions disharmonious of good creatures. Pearls hold grudges and will seek revenge upon those that wrong them. They are loyal allies and will defend to the death their loved ones, but they lash out harshly against their enemies. Never cross them.

Statline: A pearl dragon is identical to the silver dragon in abilities and combat features.

•Pearl dragons are usually lawful good. They are never evil.

NOBLE DRAGONS

Defenders of the cause, the noble dragons charge first in war and volunteer first for duty. They wish to never start conflicts but understand they eventually begin. As long as the enemies of the light attack the innocent, the noble dragons will defend to death the freedoms of those unsullied.

Nobles patrol the outer rim of Ashahael, seldom entering the inner ring unless beckoned by Lazarus. They are the most public and the most often seen in the air. They swear to the destruction of all evil dragons but place the death dragons as the vilest. Noble dragons are the front line soldiers but few of them command armies, leaving that honor to the pearl dragons. If pearls are the kings of lands, nobles are the captains of the guard. The armies under a dragon's wing respect and follow the noble as a fellow soldier and many swear a more unwavering loyalty to them than to even their mortal king.

Nobles also associate with non-humans almost as much as pearls and several have been placed on guard from Lazarus in lands allied to the archons like Limshau and Damasia. The first dragons to fly down from Ashahael in anger during the war were the followers of Kelto, the largest noble.

Statline: A noble dragon is identical to the bronze dragon in abilities and combat feature with the exceptions listed below.

•Noble dragons can speak with animals at will.

•Noble dragons know all known languages and can instantly understand any verbal communication they hear. However, they are not literate in that language without spending the skill points.

•Noble dragons are usually lawful good though a few are chaotic. They are never evil.

YOK-ANI

The yok-ani dragons were the first to emerge from the background dinosaurs to achieve enlightenment. They bore more than a passing resemblance to the four dragon kings already dominating the globe. However, yok-ani reproduce slowly. As the other dragons grew to power and passed the yok-ani in number, the line of yok-ani refused to change. By the time of the first hammer and the closing of the gates, only nine yok-ani lived. None died from natural causes or fell to the hands of an enemy. Only nine have been born, and only nine exist today. In the thousand years since Attricana, no attempt has been made to increase their numbers. Although few, the yok-ani are the most powerful dragons in the world, rivaled only by the remaining dragon kings, of which Shaka, a yok-ani, counts herself a member of. Even the dragon kings themselves resemble the yok-ani, except for Goch, corrupted by evil and turned into a fire dragon.

Yok-ani take pride in their neutrality. They count themselves as the world's diplomats. They believe if the dark gate and its denizens stayed in their land, they could be allowed to exist. However, Ixindar's obsessive drive to destroy all prevents such a compromise. In wars, yok-ani refuse to take sides, preferring to maintain the peace when finally forced to intervene. Warring nations (like conflicts between the narrros and the tenenbri) requested yok-ani involvement when their conflict could only lead to annihilation. The dragons would stop the fighting and force the warring leaders to a truce. Breaking such a peace treaty enforced by the yok-ani brings about their even hand.

Unfortunately, the demons of Kakodomania listen to nothing but their own twisted emotions. They refuse diplomacy and abhor resolutions that don't end in bloodshed. This caused the yok-ani to easily side with good. They fight to death for the lands of Kuraukou in the far east.

The nine yok-ani are all still alive and live in and around Kuraukou and Eastern Slav. Only one exception exists, that of Genai, living in Angel in Canam. The typhox dragons regard them as manipulative puppeteers. Archons consider them honorable, fair, but a little untrustworthy. They appear to have their own agenda at hand and even though good creatures, their motives often differ from archons. The yok-ani don't answer to Lazarus nor do they regard or follow the archon hierarchy. The yok-ani look to Shaka, the elder dragon, living in the great temple in the clouds, for guidance. With the exception of she and Genai, no one is entirely sure where all the other yok-ani are located.

The big difference between them and regular dragons is their enhanced spellcasting abilities. Yok-ani resemble Asian dragons of legend, with long, thin bodies and extravagantly adorned heads. They are proud creatures with polished, glistening scales that never dull with age. They seldom take mates. For that they know their time is limited, but they feel the universe is as limited. If they die, then their time was simply up. They are so powerful that yok-ani believe their souls will simply rise to Attricana to watch over the world upon their death.

Yok-ani are rare in story terms and most wandering adventures consider seeing one as a good omen for times to come. Seeing two in a lifetime has often been interpreted as having a blessed life—which a future in Attricana is assured. Seeing three has never occurred.

They are quiet, reserved, renowned for their wisdom, and worshipped for their humility in their approach to their immense power. Under their guidance, Kuraukou saw no war, no famine, and no grief...until recently.

Statline: Yok-ani dragons are identical to the gold dragon in abilities and combat features with exception to the abilities below.

•All yok-ani are great wyrms dragons.

•All yok-ani cast spells as a 20th level mage. Each one knows at least 5 foundation spells.

•Yok-ani gain a +10 bonus to their Dexterity, increasing it to 20 and their AC up by +4 (AC 46).

•Yok-ani gain the Evasion (Ex) and Improved Evasion (Ex) abilities per monk.

•Yok-ani gain a +4 bonus to Charisma, Intelligence, and Wisdom. Because of the bonus to Wisdom, the Will save increases by +2.

•Yok-ani have perfect maneuverability and float in the air with hardly a flap.

•Yok-ani lose the Detect Gems and luck bonus ability.

•Yok-ani suffer a -10 to Constitution, As a result, their hit point bonus is only +266 instead of +451, giving them hit points closer to an ancient dragon rather than a great wyrm.

•Yok-ani challenge ratings increase by +2.

•Yok-ani are all neutral with a few being neutral good.

•Yok-ani can Spider Climb at will.

•Yok-ani all have 2 toes on each foot when born. As they age, they grow more toes. Currently, they all have four toes except for Tianlong, the youngest, which has three. Shaka has five toes. They only start growing additional toes after reaching great wyrm.

Genai-Dilong: Living deep in the Genai temple in Angel, this powerful dragon left his homeland long ago. Tracking the immigrants from Kuraukou, he kept them safe across the water until arriving in Angel. He remained hidden in the population and moved to and from human form when needed. He is the most personable of all the Yok-ani.

In the Amethyst quest, he assisted the heroes by directing them to find the Chronicle of Aurannis. Later, Genai and the city named after him operated as a staging point for many quests to find the artifacts. For all this time, Genai maintained the persona of the human, David Tong Shen.

•Alternate Form (Su): Genai only assumes one other form, that of the old Asian man David Tong Shen. David will only use his mage spells and never falls back on his dragon abilities. He will also not transform in view of anyone, preferring the anonymity of being David. Few are aware of the double identity. To this extent, David's form has an additional ability upon it that prevents any effect revealing his form. He cannot be forced to transform back nor can any detection spell reveal his identity. Not even True Sight will see David for what he really is.

•Genai is Neutral Good.

SURVIVING DRAGON KINGS

The term dragon king was a somewhat incorrect slang appointed to the four most powerful dragons. This title was labeled by the emerging fey and never by the dragons already inhabiting the planet. To them, they were all equal, save for one. The fey marked Shaka, Lazarus, Goch, and Jahada as the greatest and wisest (Goch had yet to turn).

Some label Amethyst a dragon king, but this title is the one used by the dragons. The dragons call Amethyst the dragon king and consider him the only one. The fey refer to four dragons mentioned as the dragon kings (though two are female), and pass to Amethyst the title of dragon god, a claim Amethyst personally loathed. Some of the dragons started using the moniker, though the aforementioned dragon kings never did. Then came the apostles of Amethyst, the loyal seven that surrounded Amethyst at all times as his guard and loyal cousins. None of them were given such royal titles as kings or dukes or princes, just followers of the greatest dragon. Of those, only one had survived to the new age, corrupted to evil because of a promise made.

As for the dragon kings, of the four so blessed, the majority survived the new age. Lazarus remains in his mountain keep across the ocean in Euras. Goch fell to darkness and became the first fire dragon. Shaka is believed to be resting in a large temple atop a mountain in Kuraukou. That leaves Jahada the Glass. She has been entrapped in the Mirror of Jairus for millions of years. It has never been located. If released, she would most likely be more proactive than the other kings, as stories always claimed she was a very involved creature, despite her weak frame. She preferred action to words. If released, she would be a grand ally on the side of light, a fact that worries enemies of Attricana.

JAHADA THE GLASS

Huge Dragon

Hit Dice:	8d12+16 (112 hp)
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	60 ft., fly 250 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft
Armor Class:	17 (+7 natural), touch 10, flat-footed 17
Base Attack / Grapple:	+8/+11
Attack:	Bite +18 melee (4d6+8)
Full Attack:	Bite +18 melee (4d6+8) and 2 claws +13 melee (2d8+4)
Space/Reach:	15 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spells
Special Qualities:	Immunities, Damage Resistance 20/magic, SR45, Caster Level 25th, Improved Invisibility.
Saves:	Fort +48, Ref +16, Wil +40
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 40, Wis 40, Cha 40
Skills:	Climb +15, Concentration +40, Decipher Script +27, Diplomacy +45, Gather Information +25, Heal +55, Hide +15, Intimidate +35, Jump +20, Knowledge Arcana +45, Knowledge Geography +25, Knowledge History + 35, Knowledge Nature +25, Knowledge Religion +23, Listen +25, Perform +25, Search +30, Sense Motive +45, Spellcraft +55, Spot +25, Swim +15, Use Magic Device +35
Feats:	Alertness, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Rod, Craft Wand, Craft Staff, Craft Wondrous Item, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Forge Ring, Greater Spell Focus, Greater Spell Penetration, Heighten Spell, Improved Counterspell, Iron Will, Magical Aptitude, Maximize Spell, Quicken Spell, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell, Spell Focus, Spell Master, Spell penetration, Still Spell, Widen Spell
Environment:	Any (Currently Trapped)
Organization:	Unique
Challenge Rating:	25
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Good

The Chronicle of Aurannis describes Jahada as Amethyst's mate, almost as old as he, weak in physical strength but unmatched on this planet with magic. Jahada, because of her fragile state, came to be known as "the Glass". She falls neither into typhox nor archon classification, being appointed to dragon king. She is more skewed to kindness and is prone to passionate outbursts to defend good.

Jahada often helps by passing down magical items she creates. She loves crafting and can often be talked into handing over an item as a reward for a good deed.

Currently, Jahada remains imprisoned in a mirror, sealed there by Gebermach millions of years ago. The mirror sits on an empty shelf in a dungeon, the prize of an ignorant keeper.

COMBAT

Jahada obviously prefers to remain out of combat whenever possible, using her spells to bring down her enemies.

Improved Invisibility (Su): Jahada can turn invisible at will per the Improved Invisibility Spell.

Spells: Jahada knows and casts arcane spells as a Mage of 25th level or divine spells as a Cleric of 25th level. She knows all Foundation spells but the inscriptions on her skin cannot be read by anyone. She can cast each foundation spell only once a day.

Her Holy Gift abilities (per cleric) are: Word of God, Fires of Heaven, and Act of God.

Jahada can cast spells with a duration longer than 1 standard action in one standard action.

Immunities (Ex): Jahada has immunities to sleep and paralysis effects as well as any mind-effecting spells.

Keen Senses (Ex): Jahada sees four times as well a human in shadowy illumination and twice as well in normal light. She also has darkvision out to 120 feet.

Wish: Jahada is one of a scarce few creatures in the world capable of casting Wish. She can do so 1/year.

DRAGON TURTLE / DRAGONNE

Though classed as a dragon type, dragon turtles and dragonnes are not related to dragons of legend and are simply powerful spawn creatures.

DRIDER

Driders in Amethyst can be mutated fey of various types from severe Attricanan saturation. They have no connection to drow or Lolth, both non-existent in Amethyst. They are extremely rare and are officially not canon.

DRYAD

Like all fey, dryads are branched off from a mother species and are thus related closely to other fey. They are a close branch of nymphs, split directly from chaparrans. It is believed they were elvish folk that became so connected to the trees that the merged right into them. Another theory claims they are not descended from nymphs, but directly from chaparrans. As ghosts from fallen chaparrans under their spirit tree, their ethereal forms somehow became solid, allowing them to re-enter the world. With either source, dryads only appear in forests also populated by chaparrans, though occasionally seen away from their villages. They are

extremely shy, even with the chaparrans. They use the term dryad, pointing to echalogical influence. Variations on the name (meliai, hamadryad, daphnaie) are direct human terms and do not show up in their lexicon. Dryads appear both as males and females, though the latter is more common. Their personality seems so distant that they are prone to vanishing during a conversation if one is lucky enough to catch one being talkative. They are also nearly mutes and seldom talk for any reason. A famous fable passed between pubescent males claims if a good mortal was to sleep against a dryad tree, the dryad would emerge and quietly make love to them. Some men claimed to have had such an encounter, though no one believed them, especially since dryad trees are indistinguishable from other trees. They are often confused with other nymphs though dryads have never enchanted creatures into captivity.

ELEMENTAL APOTHEOSIS

Soon after the gate opening, the wave of enchantment began its influence, creating not only new spawn races, but altering surviving ones. Initially, the resident creatures grew in size; later variations began to be pushed further. Before abominations and higher intelligence emerged from the lower forms, a few followed an elvish trend and become more attuned to the world around them. They formed a bond with an aspect of the environment, allowing them to focus that might, despite still being of limited brainpower.

An elemental apotheosis is any animal able to channel and control a certain element. They are prized as pets and for their pelts. Larger ones are even sought as mounts. Beyond this amazing power, they are normal animals.

APOTHEOSIS DIRE FIRE WOLF

Large Magical Beast (Fire)

Hit Dice:	6d8+18 (45 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	50 ft. (10 squares)
Armor Class:	14 (–1 size, +2 Dex, +3 natural), touch 11, flat-footed 12
Base Attack/Grapple:	+4/+15
Attack:	Bite +11 melee (1d8+10+1d6 fire)
Full Attack:	Bite +11 melee (1d8+10+1d6 fire)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Trip, elemental attack (fire, +1d6)
Special Qualities:	Low-light vision, scent, fire immunity, elemental overdrive (fire), pelt
Saves:	Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 10
Skills:	Hide +0, Listen +7, Move Silently +4, Spot +7, Survival +2
Feats:	Alertness, Run, Track, Weapon Focus (bite)
Environment:	Temperate forests
Organization:	Solitary or pack (5–8)
Challenge Rating:	5
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral

COMBAT

Trip (Ex): A dire fire wolf that hits with a bite attack can attempt to trip its opponent (+11 check modifier) as a free action without making a touch attack or provoking an attack of opportunity. If the attempt fails, the opponent cannot react to trip the dire fire wolf.

Skills: A dire fire wolf has a +2 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, Move Silently, and Spot checks. It also has a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

Elemental Attack (Su): The dire fire wolf inflicts an additional +1d6 points of fire damage with each successful strike with its natural weapons.

Fire Immunity (Su): The dire fire wolf is immune to all fire damage.

Elemental Overdrive (Su): A dire fire wolf combusts any inanimate object it wishes by touching it. It can also burst into flames, shining like a torch. This effect activates as a standard round and can last as long as the creature is conscious. The dire fire wolf can also turn into a flaming comet. In this state, the wolf can now fly at 100 ft with perfect maneuverability. It can sustain this ability for 6 minutes per day. It gains no other bonuses from this change.

Pelt (Ex): The pelt of a dire fire wolf cannot be consumed by fire but it can combust with the slightest spark. Though the fire can be extinguished with water, it can be reignited instantly without being dried.

CREATING AN ELEMENTAL APOTHEOSIS

Elemental apotheosis is an inherited template that can be added to any animal or vermin. An elemental apotheosis uses all the base creature's statistics and abilities except as noted here. Do not recalculate the creature's Hit Dice, base attack bonus, saves, or skill points if its type changes.

Size and Type: Animals or vermin with this template become magical beasts.

Subtype: An elemental apotheosis is tuned to a specific element. The animal is assigned a specific type from the list below and becomes associated with that. It can only channel one these elements: cold, sonic, fire, or lightning.

Special Attacks: An elemental apotheosis retains all the special attacks of the base creature and gains the following attack.

Elemental Attack (Su): An elemental apotheosis does not gain additional attacks, but any physical attacks it possesses channels additional power.

Hit Dice	Elemental Damage increase*
1–3	+1d4
4–7	+1d6
8–11	+1d8
12-15	+1d10
16 & up	+2d6

*The type of damage increase must match the elemental type of the creature.

Special Qualities: An elemental apotheosis retains all the qualities of the base creature and gains the following:

Elemental immunity (Su): The elemental apotheosis is immune to damage from its chosen element (cold, sound, fire, or lightning).

Elemental Overdrive (Su): Each apotheosis gains additional abilities based on its elemental type.

Sonic—A sonic apotheosis can control the sound it generates. It gains a +15 to all move silently rolls. It can reverse this effect in combat. If the apotheosis confirms a critical strike with a natural attack, the target is shaken for one round. It can also amplify its voice, sounding as if its call emerged from a creature two sizes categories larger.

Cold—A cold apotheosis instantly freezes 5 gallons of water/creature hit dice by touching it. It gains icewalking, replicating the spider climb spell as long as the surface is icy. It can walk (and no faster) on water, instantly freezing a layer of ice underneath it. This allows it to cross rivers or lakes. The

cold apotheosis can also freeze items to its body. This offers the apotheosis the improved grapple feat (+4 to grapple checks, does not generate an attack of opportunity).

Fire—A fire apotheosis combusts any inanimate object it wishes by touching it. It can also burst into flames, shining like a torch. This effect activates in a standard round and can last as long the creature is conscious. The apotheosis can also expel its internal furnace in a brilliant burst of energy. This turns the creature effectively into a flaming comet. The apotheosis can now fly at x2 its fastest speed with perfect maneuverability (regardless of its previous movement types). It can sustain this ability for 1 minute / hit dice. Everything attached to the creature (barding, rider, etc) are thrown or torn off when committing this action. Anything insisting on remaining attached suffers from the creature's fire damage.

Lightning—A lightning apotheosis elemental attack can be ranged. The attack is limited to the energy damage and not the creature's natural attack. The range is 25 ft / hit dice. The target struck by the touch attack must make a Ref save at DC 10+1/hit dice of creature or suffer lightning damage. A lightning apotheosis' land and air speed (if it flies) increases by +10 feet permanently. Once per day, a lightning apotheosis can also turn itself into pure electricity, allowing it to arc to another location. It can teleport its maximum run distance as a move action. It only teleports itself and nothing else near or attached.

Pelt qualities: The pelts of these creatures are valuable because of their unique properties.

Sonic—These pelts absorb sound. All natural sound is muffled. If used in large quantities, it can make an entire room soundproof. It does not absorb sonic damage.

Cold—Those coddled head to toe in the pelt of a cold apotheosis are immune to all natural cold effects (but not magical cold damage from spells or breath weapons).

Fire—Fire pelts cannot be consumed by fire but combust with the slightest spark. Though the fire can be extinguished with water, it can be reignited instantly without being dried.

Abilities: Same as the base creature

Environment: The apotheosis prefers a region that its element is tuned to (if it exists).

Challenge Rating: HD 3 or less, as base creature +1; HD 4 to 7, as base creature +2; HD 8 to 11, as base creature +3; HD 12 and up, as base creature +4.

Alignment: Always neutral

ETTINS

Ettins are related to giants and the names are often synonymous. Thus, they are related to the fey mother species by a very long branch. Ettins in Amethyst are simply primitive giants that never became bound to an element. Ettins in Amethyst do not have two heads but a DM is more than welcome to keep the addition for simplicity.

FIENDISH CREATURE

Fiendish creatures are those that are corrupted by Ixindar because of a natural susceptibility to its influence. They are always lawful but only usually evil. Otherwise, their rules do not change.

GENIE

There are no genies in Amethyst, at least the ones romanticized in literature. The origin of their name derives from Jinn, which is, in fact, a demon. In the pages of the MM, an efreeti could be inserted as a demon from Ixindar, though such an inclusion should be taken with caution. They cannot plane shift.

GIANT

Giants grew from a distant branch of fey. Though they despise the connection, they are most likely taken from ogres. They prefer to think they came from original narros stock. Narros do not care either way, for they have never considered the giants or the ogres particularly trustworthy. With the giants, they grew fast when imbued with great magic. This magic, channeled from the great elements of the world, turned the simple fey into avatars of the four basic elements of the world (fire, earth, water, and air). This diffusion caused more schisms between the various creatures. Some grew tall while others grew fat. Though many claimed a patch of land in Southam home, they have been seen everywhere else in the world. In those cases, they are always seen solitary or as a couple, never forming large communities.

Most mythology claims them all heinous monsters with grumbling moods and stomachs. This is often true, though a rare few became wise with their weight. Of the entries in the MM, the only ones remaining are fire, hill, frost, and storm.

Fire giant: Virtually unchanged except they are usually lawful evil with several simply being lawful neutral.

Earth giant: Earth giants are the same as hill giants and are equally as selfish. They gain the rock catching ability of the stone giant as well.

Water giant: Water giants are the same as frost giants. They exist under the seas as much as atop freezing mountains.

Air giant: Air giants are the same as storm giants, wise and powerful. They rule lands and never serve under them.

GNOLL

Gnolls are virtually unchanged from the originally entry. They are a spawn race that appeared in both times, though these new ones are taller and more ferocious. They are a common annoyance in eastern and northern Canam.

GOBLIN / GOLAN



Goblins are called golans by the fey, goblins by all humans. They are a descendant of the fey, a branch from the narros (not tenenbri, which was accused at one point). They broke off very recently, after the second gate, and have no real duplicate in the previous age. Their exact origin remains a mystery but it is assumed they migrated from the far north of Canam.

It is believed another species long since extinct carried their history into legends to man and the new goblins inherited the fable and reputation. This makes sense since the term goblin in man's history has been attributed to dozens of different creatures of varying heights, abili-

ties, and dispositions. Their names have also been confused with other degraded descendant races like spriggans and kobolds. Goblins are usually nomadic, though a noteworthy king in Canam has called thousands to his cause with more arriving every year. They claimed a land and dubbed it Crax.

Goblins are larger and fiercer than believed. This is because many writers of fantasy incorrectly placed goblins smaller than hobgoblins when the adverse is actually true. Hobgoblins are actually smaller. As a result, hobgoblins employ the goblin entry of the MM and goblins employ the hobgoblin entry.

GOLEM

Golems are unchanged but their construction requirements have been altered.

Clay Golem: Commune and Resurrection are no longer required. Price increases by +10,000gp.

Flesh Golem: Flesh golems are not considered an acceptable golem and are only seen used by evil creatures. Limited wish is replaced with Infusion and the creature alters accordingly.

Iron Golem: Limited wish and Polymorph any object has been replaced with Animate objects or Major creation. **Stone Golem:** Symbol of Stunning is replaced with Animate Object.

GORGON

Technically, a gorgon is the medusa of Greek legend, but a DM is welcomed to include the MM entry as an alternative.

HAG

Unfortunately, the image of witch and hag are often mixed. Where one can simply be a user of magic with a connection to nature, the other carries a renowned distaste for company and personal hygiene. The wicked variety branched from the fey around the same time as ogres but from the opposite side of the tree, from chaparrans. The discovery of the creatures was not made immediately and their origin is still disputed. For reasons unclear, all are female.

Baba Yaga: Another piece of folklore, the baba yaga is classed in the same family but very close to her chaparran cousins. She is a forest spirit almost as devoutly connected to the woods as nymphs, though not being bound to any specific location or tree. Although not pleasant to look at, one has been known to impart some wisdom to those seeking it. She might also just as well kill the one asking. Though classed as an annis hag and being equally chaotic evil, the baba yaga will not immediately kill all that approach her. If the one approaching has a talent she can exploit, she may impart her wisdom at a steep cost. She may still kill regardless even after the requirements are fulfilled. Legend has it, to ensure survival when dealing with baba yaga, one must maintain proper manners, being as polite as possible, and not wince when looking upon her face.

Though folklore believes there is only one baba yaga, there are several scattered across the world, with wide berths separating them. The first common sign of their appearance is the small hut formed of natural wood that sits atop of four growing trees. One account told the trees could uproot, allowing the cabin to move on its own accord to a new home.

Baba Yaga is the same as an annis, except for the following additional spell-like abilities cast as a 9th level caster: At will—Warp Wood, Wood Shape; 2/day—Tree Shape; 1/day—Lesser Geas, Divination.

Banshee: Traditionally, banshees, or bean nighes, were harbingers of death, but seldom assisted in the shuffling of souls to the afterlife. They appeared as omens from the underworld or otherworld (depending on the source). Like many myths, they were corrupted by other religions to be portents of evil. In reality, they would appear as enchanted singers with melodic voices when an important chaparran is about to die. They have also appeared among other elvish nations when significant figures are near to passing. The more banshees that appear, the more eminent the death. Because of their wisdom, they are often sought after as oracles, though they never reveal what they know. Their knowledge is limited to knowing the moment of someone's death, but in their opinion a death is fate and eventual, so they won't reveal how or when someone expires. Banshees are not sirens.

Banshees appear in various clothes in various states, with long and short hair, as ugly hags or as beautiful faeries, hidden and recluse or open and hostile. As their mythology is so varied, so are their abilities. They are the same as green hags and all are chaotic.

Good Banshees can cast additional spell-like abilities: At will—Gentle Repose as a 9th level caster. They also gain a +4 to Charisma (which affects all saving throws for hag cast spells as they are all charisma based).

Evil Banshees can cast additional spell-like abilities: 1/day—Command Undead.

All Banshees can cast additional spell-like abilities: 3/day—Sound Burst, Hypnotism, Speak with Dead; 1/day—Shout.

Cailleach: Though classed as an annis hag, a cailleach is actually a druid patron spirit, a branch from the fey that became isolated and recluse. They use the same statline as an annis hag except they have between 2 and 4 levels of druid and are chaotic neutral, not evil.

Sea Hag: The sea hag's stats are unchanged. In some circles, she is also known as a peg powler.

Sheela-na-gig: These are often seen guarding gates and protecting areas of powerful magic. When guarding something not belonging to them, they do so out of some undisclosed obligation. Though many are twisted in how they protect their territories, not all are absolute evil, just inherently selfish. They have insatiable sexual appetites and will often change shape into just about anything to satisfy their urges. They adore appearing as beautiful creatures to trespassers, tempting them to their death. They have the same stats as a green hag, except for the following:

•The Sheela-na-gig can cast Dominate Person 1/day as a 9th level caster. Her challenge rating increases by +1.

HALF DRAGONS

Half dragons are extremely rare. Technically, any creature created or bonded to Attricana and its magic is able to breed with another so infused as long as the two involved exchange fragments of their soul (bonding). Despite the folklore, most dragons are not vain. Their preference to breed within their own stock is a simple matter of custom and survival. Fey breeding out of their race usually results in offspring of the other mate. With this mentality, one would assume the fey would keep their lines intact. Alas, fey are, by their nature, romantic, and often bond with members of other races they share an emotional connection with, casting out inhabitations. In the previous age, this remained usually with elves, especially since the majority of spawn races were primitive and wild. The radical crossbreeds were somewhat uncommon. This changed when man entered the picture. Though half-elves are still not widespread, they emerge far more fre-

quently in comparison to the other non-fey bondings. Of all the bonding crossbreeds, the rarest of them all involves a dragon. With their shape changing abilities, most archons assume multiple shapes throughout their lifespan. When in that form, they are bound by the emotional fragility and urges of both their dragon side and their taken form. Most dragons never linger in those forms for any long period. Conversely, a few do, especially among the pearls. Dragons approach mating with an ulterior view than most. Because of their immortality, they keep with a family line for the entirety of that line's existence, through every branch carrying the name. Because of this responsibility, dragons understand the weight of the proposal of bonding with a mortal. Dragon conception rate is extremely low so the mortal bond must be aware of the chances of successfully siring offspring.

Historical accounts (though scarce) claim all the original few considered royalty could track their lineage eventually to a dragon's bond. In modern days, all a dragon is required to do is adopt a line and its named descendants (like with the line of Savarice in Janoah). However, it is believed both Sharajaclypse and Renar Alkanost both can track their lines back to a dragon pairing. Alas, in both situations, the dragon in question is no longer alive to keep the family safe or even validate the claim.

A dragon bonding with a mortal is perhaps the greatest sacrifice any creature every created could ever make for another. Not only does a dragon take on the responsibilities expected of a parent and lover, it does so for all following generations, even after its mate has died from its own natural mortality. Until the very last offspring that carries that dragon's name fades to history, that dragon will remain loyal. Some descendants even claim that if the dragon is killed, its spirit and wisdom lives on in their blood. The dragon never abandons its mate or offspring and will sacrifice everything it has in power and wealth to ensure their safety. Even more so, the dragon sacrifices the one endowment it holds over all others...its immortality. Whatever the dragon's age, it can now look towards a mortal death, 100,000 years after the bond or 50,000 years after reaching great wyrm, whichever arrives first. The bond offers 10,000 years to its non-dragon mate, dooming the dragon to loneliness for the rest of its now mortal life. Shockingly enough, many dragons that commit to this path do so happily, believing the mortality is a selling point. With their death ahead, they can commit their lives with a vigor never seen before. Even cousin dragons will claim the mortal dragon as gifted with a sense of verve others honestly envy.

Even still, cross-bonding dragons are extremely rare and is only thought to have occurred less than a dozen times in the entire history of the planet, two or three times with fey, and maybe once or twice among humans. It is not thought to have occurred with any spawn race.

Half dragons do not look as extreme as indicated in the MM. Only the blood running through their veins is enchanted in that way. The dragon must remain in its changed form for the entire gestation or lose the pregnancy. As a result, the offspring looks like the mortal parent more than the dragon, with the dragon's more simple features carrying through. Since archons usually have human-like eyes, the color carries, as does their hair, usually the color of the dragon's scales.

The dragon's passed features usually remain dominant through the entire family, despite how many generations follow. Because of the rarity of gestation, dragon/mortal bondings usually only generate one offspring. The rare times a second is sired, something unfortunate occurs.

Size and type: The half dragon does not gain the dragon type.

Speed: The dragon does not pass down its wings to its mortal child.

Armor Class: The child gains +4 natural armor but the tone and feel of its skin does not change.

Attack/Full Attack/Damage: The half-dragon gains no additional attacks or increased damage.

Special Attacks: Half dragons never retain the Breath Weapon of their dragon parent nor any other special attacks.

Special Qualities: A half-dragon does gain the darkvision and low-light vision as well as the immunities.

Alignment: Half dragons can be of any alignment. Since they always appear from archon pairings, they are seldom evil.

Description: Fey and humans crossed with dragons have children reflecting a vibrant color to their hair dependant on the dragon's scales. They are usually 20% taller than the average height of both parents (in humanoid form).

Special: If a dragon/mortal-paired couple sires a second offspring or more, there is a significant change (50%), the magical infusion from the dragon will overwhelm the offspring. The cross creates an abomination that exhibits the full physical deformities presented in the MM. They still do not gain the special attacks and breath weapon. They suffer a -6 to Charisma (min 3). Most of these are stillborn. Those that survive reach adulthood in 5 years and have a maximum age between 35 and 40.

HALF-FIEND

Fiends in Amethyst are categorized into three groups, demons, grotesqueries, and ciphers. Despite some of them possessing the necessary equipment for procreation, the majority of fiends cannot reproduce. Ciphers are rarely given the organs and although they work when implanted, cannot be utilized that way. Grotesqueries are also sterile, the rule of thumb being the more inhuman they are, the greater chance they cannot reproduce. They were designed as prototypes, even in limited run, and were never designed to breed even with each other. Some of the more humanoid grotesqueries (succubus and incubus), though sterile, are able to reproduce by corrupting stolen seed harvested from mortals in creating half-fiends. The incubus or succubus captivate their prey and take what they need. The succubus transfers stolen seed to an incubus, which is then corrupted, and finally implanted inside a female. This allows these fiends to circumvent not only their sterility but also their need to bond like most magical creatures. Humans are much easier to entice and are often chosen for this. The incubus and succubus are the only known grotesqueries recognized to do this. The others rarely bother.

Demons can procreate, although seldom. They are forbidden to bond while in Kakodomania and their cycle is only slightly faster than the fey. Since they are humanoid and grotesqueries require donations from mortals, all half-fiends are humanoid. One birthed from an actual bonded pair emerges with a greater chance of being good, otherwise the offspring will be evil.

Creating a half-fiend

Size and Type: Unchanged.

Speed: Unchanged.

Armor Class: Unchanged.

Special Qualities: Half-fiends gain darkvision, immunity to poison, and resistance to fire 5. They gain damage reduction 5/cold iron and good. They are immune to magic sleep effects but still must sleep, requiring at least 4 hours a night of rest. Half-fiends do not disrupt technology if their other half is human. They gain +5 resistance to all fear effects.

Abilities: Increase from the base creature as follows: Str +2, Dex +2, Con +2, Int +4, Cha +2.
Alignment: Usually evil (Lawful).
Level Adjustment: +3.

HALFLING

True halflings have no real root in ancient folklore, and thus, are not present in Amethyst. The gimfen is a cross between gnomes and halflings.

HARPY / SIREN

Harpies and sirens seem similar and possess virtually identical abilities, but who came first and from what branches of fey they emerged from is disputed. The popular theory holds that harpies descended from sirens, who pervaded from nymphs. Other experts disagree, relating harpies to chaparrans, saying that sirens are only nymphs with a subtle additional ability and that classing them as a separate species is incorrect.

The big difference between them physically is that sirens are beautiful and statuesque and harpies are winged monstrosities with talons and claws. Sirens are subtle and stealthy in their tactics while harpies wear their rage on their metaphorical sleeve. Both are reclusive and carry a dislike for humanity. They do enjoy how easily captivated they are.

Sirens differ from harpies in that they do not have wings, lose their claw attacks, but gain a +4 to charisma. They also have no bird-like features.

HIPPOGRIFF

Since griffons feed on horses, it seems unlikely two would breed such an abnormality. In truth, they are not a crossed species but spawns related to, but more extreme than, pegasi.

HOBGOBLIN

Related to the Golan (goblin), hobgoblins (or just hobs) are distant descendants of the fey, branched off nearly the same time as bugbears. Like the aforementioned race, hobgoblins appeared before and returned natural as an eventual degradation of the fey. Oddly enough, the Amethyst hobgoblins are smaller than goblins, not the other way. As a result, hobgoblins employ the goblin entry of the MM and goblins employ the hobgoblin entry. They are also less common, used as slaves and expendable warriors in the militia. They are the unfortunate slave race of the goblins in Crax.

HYDRA

Hydras are simply oversized mutated serpents that emerge around areas where dragons have died. Their blood seeps into the soul or water and strange new creatures emerge (like dragon turtles and wyverns). They are a spawn race.

KOBOLD

Kobolds in Amethyst are by no way lizards. They are actually fey. They branched off from nymphs and fairies just before the fall, were wiped out, but then returned in the new age. When captured and domesticated or when raised in a culture that does not promote thievery or deception, kobolds can sometimes be raised to live normal lives. Whenever someone hears the term "house elf," they are actually referring to a kobold. It is an unfortunate truth that for every elf captured or broken in the slaver market, there are 10 kobolds that are processed and forgotten. Some are bred in pens, though some slavers do operate routes as far as Xixion (though kobolds can be found anywhere). They are never given much in the form of skills and never undergo the extent of processing other elves do. They are trained for chores, hard labor, and occasionally cooking. They are never processed as concubines and a kobold that is haloed quickly dies. In open echa, or when surrounded by other kobolds (especially in the hostile land they claimed called Xixion) they become malicious and violent.

In history their likenesses have been attributed to several fantasy creatures like brownies, leprechauns, and various other sprites. Kobolds are small elvish creatures with the sharp feature as an elf, but much more feral, further than even the dryads or chaparrans. They are usually less intelligent and quite wild if left alone.

Beyond this, they remain relatively weak and easy to control in single or small numbers. All other rules apply. They speak sylvan instead of draconic.

KODIAKS

In the north of Canam, magical influence forced the native bears upright. Some mutated further and several monstrous abominations took the lands. A very small group banded together to protect themselves from their monstrous brethren. At first, they remained lawless. They quarreled with other tribes and raided neighboring communities for food. To this day, the kodiaks still lack sufficient success in civilized society. Some attempt, but most cling on to survival with such an obsession that they care for little else.

The band's disposition relies on its leader, who dictates how the tribe will act and where they will travel. Will they hunt or forage for food? Will they attack their neighbors or trade with them? A few tribes closest to the narros in the west attempted a raid and were massacred. The remaining western tribes, understanding their future depended on pushing past their fears of others, attempted a dialogue. What followed was the most prosperous relationship of its time. The kodiaks had developed into trained hunters and farmers, two skills the narros lacked. As the kodiaks brought in food, the narros repaid their allies with knowledge, clothes, tools, and then finally, weapons. Kodiaks, armed and protected, turned back

and attacked their violent brothers to the east. After a century of bloody conflict, a victor has yet to emerge.

Not much time elapsed before these civilized communities turned on each other as well. The most profitable village maintained its contact with the narros, accepting a more non-violent route. Others, jealous of this deal, spread across Northern Canam. The ones lucky enough to encounter other civilized species like gimfen or humans flourished and rooted themselves. Others returned to their barbaric ways, unfortunately better armed and equipped. Conflicts have also broken out with the bugbears as well.

Kodiaks are enormous, towering over 7 feet tall. They pound their feet with massive weight. They prefer loose armor rather than heavy plates. They avoid shields and relish two-handed weapons. Few can tell the males and females apart. They are covered from head to toe in heavy fur with large black eyes and articulate claws.

Alignment: Most kodiaks are chaotic and some are evil. Most embrace neutrality. Good occurs occasionally.

Locations: Almost all kodiaks take residence in Northern Canam. A few migrated through the rest of the continent. They are virtually non-existent elsewhere. Their presence in any non-kodiak community is uncommon. Few other echans ever see one.

Religion: Little is known about kodiaks religion. They worship several gods unique to them. Their big deities include Fressen, the maiden of winter and slumber. She attempted a mortal life with a kodiak shaman and was punished for her actions with the death of the kodiak from her own embrace. From this, she birthed Chronzia, the kodiak devil, creeping from the north in the form of a colossal glacier. Fressen returned to her realm to rejoin with her other half, her twin brother, Kwuoia, who is always silent and spends the entirety of his existence planting and growing trees.

Languages: Kodiaks speak in a series of grunts and whimpers. Few non-kodiaks comprehend the language. A few managed to pick up a few other tongues, the most common being Narroni.

Racial Traits

•+8 Strength, +4 Constitution, -4 Intelligence, -4 Charisma. A kodiak's starting Intelligence and charisma scores are always at least 3. If this adjustment would lower the character's score to 1 or 2, his score is nevertheless 3.

•Size: Kodiaks are large

•Kodiak base land speed is 40 feet.

•Low-Light Vision: A kodiak can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. He retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

•Skills: A kodiak receives a +4 racial bonus to Listen, Spot, and Swim, +2 to Animal Empathy, and +1 to Handle Animal.

•Armor Class: A kodiak receives a +2 bonus to natural armor.

•Natural Attack: The kodiak can strike with either claws as a natural attack. The claws do 1d6 damage.

•Automatic Languages: A kodiak receives his native tongue for free.

•Favored Class: Barbarian. A multiclass kodiak barbarian does not count when determining whether he takes an experience point penalty. Note: Kodiaks are never mages or rogues and their faith-based class is druid, not cleric.

•Improved Grab: A Kodiak receives the improved grab feat for free. He may start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity.

•Level Adjustment: +3

Kodiak, 2nd level Barbarian

Large Humanoid

Hit Dice:	2d12+8 (30 hp)
Initiative:	+1
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armor Class:	16 (–1 size, +1 Dex, +2 natural, +3 hide armor), touch 10, flat-footed 16
Base Attack / Grapple:	+2/+7
Attack:	Claw +7 melee (1d6+5) or Battleaxe +7 (1d8+5)
Full Attack:	Claw +7 melee (1d6+5) or Battleaxe +7 (1d8+5)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Improved grab
Special Qualities:	Low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +1
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 13, Con 18, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 9
Skills:	Climb +8, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +3, Jump +14, Listen +9, Ride +5, Spot +5, Survival +3, Swim +14
Feats:	Power Attack
Environment:	Cold forests
Organization:	Solitary or pair
Challenge Rating:	5

Kraken

Alas, the appearance of massively oversized monsters is inevitable. Krakens are a well-known example of this and are why few dare brave the oceans by boat anymore.

Lamia

In truth, lamia in Amethyst are grotesqueries that were only slightly modified from original demon stock. They are mostly female, not male, have ferocity of all flesh (preferring elvish and human), and look completely humanoid, with no crossing animal parts. However, a DM is more than welcome to include the entry in the MM. If wishing to endorse the real creature, reduce the lamia's speed to 30 feet.

Lammasu

Although a spawn race, these creatures emerged early with a wisdom indicative of older races. They are extremely rare. Officially, they are not canon in Amethyst but a DM is welcome to insert one. They cannot cast Dimension Door.

Lich

A lich becomes so because of an obsessive need to gain immortality. All other routes are usually closed. Due to the path of nihilimancy, those consumed by the idea of everlasting life prefer to follow that. It is actually a little easier, and the subject not only stays alive, but also retains all his early desires. Still, it would not be unheard of a caster wishing even more power and virtual invulnerability. There are no official liches in Amethyst though a DM is welcome to create one.

Lizardfolk

Lizardfolk do make an appearance in Amethyst. They are a spawn race, called reptilian, but are only seen in Indoaus. They have their own racial template and rules, which are not available in this book because of their distant location. If the

DM still wishes to include them, he can, except that reptilian history is not available here.

LYCANTHROPE

Many lycans are either fey or humans overly susceptible to magic that gain this ability by letting in Attricana's influence to assist their spell casting. Lycans formed this way usually begin their lives as druids, or are cursed to this state by druids. Lycanthropy by infection is somewhat rare. There is no lycanthrope culture, though some families have been known to remain together if formed naturally. Ones infected (by disease or spell) usually attempt to find cures while those gaining the ability through the druidic path often accept their condition and find ways to take advantage of it.

Druidic lycanthropy occurs when a druid's animal companion becomes so attuned to its master, that it actually merges (at least partially, sometimes totally). In mythology, this condition only occurs with wolves, hence the Greek-inspired name. In modern echa, it has expanded to various other creatures as well. By that argument, the actual term is therianthropy.

The lycanthrope condition has also been seen in reverse. Though magic usually creates a dire creature, on the rare occasion that a normal evolved animal is suddenly struck with such an infusion, it emerges with a higher intelligence, almost to the level of humans or fey. Being unpredictable as definition, it's unclear what conditions allow one normal animal to enlarge to massive proportions, another animal to gain a higher intelligence, and another to not be affected at all. Some druidic beliefs claim therianthropes starting as animals occur when an already enchanted animal gifted by intelligence develops a connection with a humanoid and eventually discovers how to take their form. Among the endowed animals, dire creatures are more common than intelligent ones and those intelligent are more common than those able to alter their form, making natural therianthropy extremely rare. In these conditions, offspring of therianrhopes with humanoids are entirely dependant on who the therianthrope bonds with, with the affliction (if called that) only being passed down 50% of the time.

Natural therianthropes, though intelligent, often reveal their identity because of personality traits from their true form emerging and a lack of experience when dealing with the humanoid race they change into. Just because they turn into a human or an elf does not mean they act like them. Throughout human history, natural and human therianthropes have been described as being tricksters, villains, wise shamans, or faithful lovers. However, they should not be confused with changelings, a branch of nymph that can assume a specific animal form. They began as fey and change to an animal shape at will. The easiest way to separate them is that therianthropes have hybrid forms and are feral while changelings are skittish and prefer their humanoid form than their animal one.

Therianthropes / lycanthropes follow the entries given in the MM. The following alterations apply:

•A natural therianthrope (one beginning as an animal) starts life with a neutral alignment and may then deviate to good or evil, seldom taking the lawful or chaotic path. Naturals also do not have the curse of lycanthrope ability.

•Afflicted and druidic therianthropes are unchanged from the MM entry except that alignments are usually, not always.

MERFOLK

There were fey bound to the sea defined under nymph but who retained their legs. As these chaparran descendants lived their lives on and under the water, they eventually replaced their legs with fins and a tail. It is believed these fey branched around the same time as other nymphs, specifically water-based ones like nereids and naiads. It is thought this transition occurred quickly. Of all fey races, the chaparrans underwent the most alterations. Being so tied to nature, and thus the world that reflected the power of Attricana, they were especially vulnerable to its effects. Though the huge schism probably occurred over a 1000 years in the chronology of the planet, whole tribes of chaparrans literally exploded into dozens of subspecies instantly. The nymphs were fey especially bound to an element, usually earth. They personified this element bound into a skin of perfect flesh. They continued to alter into more radical offshoots like pixies and nixes (the latter being thought to be a link between merfolk and nymphs). The water-based fey eventually would turn into merfolk, but did so far faster than any other species. It might even have transpired over a single generation. They dove into the water and never surfaced.

It is this fact that has kept their historical footprint at a minimum. The elvish legends refer to them as merrow, and they are mentioned infrequently. Many modern fey didn't know the merrow even existed in the past, let alone the present. For thousands of years, they kept to themselves. It was only their substantial consistent inclusion in human mythology that verified their existence in the previous age. Even still, there is no account that tells of how they survived, if these descendants came from Terrors or reappeared from the nymphs as an eventual outcome of the family branch.

In the modern world, they are virtually invisible, never involving themselves in any conflict, regardless of the sides or stakes. They never form huge empires, spreading themselves thin across massive oceans. With the dangers of high tides from a close moon, few travelers brave the seas. Some that do occasionally return (if they do) with tales of encountering such creatures. It is now thought that the further one sails from the land, the greater chance to encounter more friendly examples of the merrow race. As they have not encountered the cold killing nature of mankind, they can be a bit naïve. Closer to shore, a few have appeared dead in fishing nets thrown to water by the boats of Baruch Malkut. Several vessels reported missing are attributed to the hands of merrow, vindictive in their reprisal. They would seduce sailors with beauty and song, leading vessels off course and into the harsh waves away from land.

The legends claim the females as beautiful as the men are revolting—as close to vicious animals before they stop being fey altogether. With such a disparity, there may be little hope for them in the future. As centuries pass, the fey devolve more and more. In time, the merrow will be indistinguishable from surrounding fish.

Despite many fairy tales, there has never been a factual record of a bonding between any land creature and a merrow. Though human sailors seem fascinated by the idea, there are obvious physical hurdles popular fiction seems to ignore on a regular basis. Though they are classed as mammals and reproduce the same as dolphins, this is as close as they come to being related to other fey or humans. Merrow cannot change into a full humanoid (with two legs).

Another unfortunate misconception insinuates that eating the flesh of a mermaid grants one immortality. This is false but has led to some barbaric attempts to test the theory. Further deviations from merrow are described as having the upper torsos of ogres and bugbears, a sign of the merrow's eventual fate.

MINOTAUR

Minotaurs are very real, appearing in both ages. Like many situations, the two variations (before and after the exodus) appear slightly different, with the new variant being smaller spawn from the monstrosity in the previous age. They prefer open areas and keep away from mazes.

NAGA

Though nagas are never mentioned, they have a solid root in Hindu mythology, so can be inserted without problem. They would be considered a spawn race.

NIGHTMARE

Nightmares cannot astral project though they can still go ethereal.

NYMPH

Nymphs broke off soon after the Ixindar migration but not because of it. They diverged from chaparrans, exaggerating the feral elves' nature of being nomadic, reclusive, and introverted. Despite popular beliefs, nymphs can be either males or females, though the latter occupies more than 95% of the nymph population, such as it is. The creation of the nymph was followed soon after by many other branches like dryads, selkies, neireids, narfs, and faeries. In many ways, they are all connected. Before fairies were attached with the cliché of being diminutive creatures with butterfly wings, there were tall and beautiful, with neither wings nor inhibitions. Some experts studying nymphs claim all those races mentioned are of the same single race, being so closely related as to not matter categorizing them separately. The only real branch is a very small offshoot known as changelings (see below). All nymphs are beautiful in ways to put all others to shame. They are the covet of gods and the desire of all mortals who gaze upon them. No form shaped by divine hands can measure to their beauty, forcing even the most vain to look away in humility, which is unfortunate, for like many elves, nymphs are not conceited.

They come in every skin tone, every eye and hair color, but none are ever fat. None are ever bald. None are ever scarred, even when violence is inflicted upon them. They are solitary, seldom found even with other nymphs. Their introverted nature translates to an impossible estimate of their population, with some optimistic guesses placing them around 500. They keep almost as a mute, even when curiosity forces them to reveal themselves to others. They do so only when confronted by a stranger of a peaceful or benign disposition, especially if from a race they had no prior experience with. They are also known to appear to injured creatures that suffered their injuries while defending the land or those less fortunate.

They are not just bound to forests, like one would assume, but are also found tied to many different environments. Nymphs are the personification of an element of nature. Dryads are often lumped in as nymphs of wood. Nymphs of water include creatures known in mythology as naiads and nereids. Most are a personification of life, and though having a connection with nature, are not bound to a specific element. They have been known to appear near or within bodies of clean water, in fields of tall grass, or atop of green-filled mountain peaks. The only common trait is they always appear in lands blessed with regular sunlight.

One famous account comes from of all places, Angel, which told of a sniper atop the outer wall. This sniper could target goblins from a kilometer away, placing bullets between their eyes before the crack of the concussion reached its ears. One day, a nymph found itself carried along the waters of a nearby river, and was accosted by a gang of hobs. Though virtually out of sight from the techan wall, this sniper found his targets and was able to, with surgical precession, kill any that closed to strike the girl. From this range, the soldier could see the victim was fey, though not realizing she was far more exceptional. After the hobs retreated, the nymph vanished from his sights.

A full month passed before the soldier saw her again, staring directly at him through his reticule from nearly the vanishing point. He could hear her whisper and found himself sharing a conversation, which made the other snipers of the wall somewhat uneasy. The next day, the soldier had vanished. He had left his sergeant stripes, his apartment, his assigned vehicle, even his weapon. His bank account was full and he never informed friends of his intentions. One sniper had reported seeing him walking away with a ghost-like figure. A transport was sent to locate him. He was never found.

In an addendum, his body was identified from his tattered and heavily patched uniform. He had never traveled more than 10 kilometers from the wall and had never been seen by anyone in that time.

He had only recently died.

It had been 350 years.

Legends of a New World
By Bacchus Relm

Nymphs are considered the most valuable prize of a fey slaver. Despite claims to the contrary, a nymph has never been sold or even caught. Slavers have broken their wills and wealth in the obsessive drive to catch such a beauty. Bounties for their retrieval by the rich landowners of Baruch Malkut have topped 30,000 - 40,000 gp. These selfish misers are mocked by tales of nymphs taking mates by their own choosing. Nymphs seldom bond and never bond with their own kind, probably due to their rarity. Nymphs only occur naturally within an environment and can never be birthed. They are at the bottom end of the fey-hybrid ladder and do not even create half-fey when breeding with a non-fey. The only way to increase the population of nymphs is to wait. Unfortunately, the drawback with winning the love of a nymph is the surrender of whatever life the winner held onto before. A nymph wishes no such sacrifice, the other mate desires this by choice. He (or she, okay he) gives up his career, his obligations, even his family for his new love, vanishing into the open world with nothing but the clothes on his back. He wanders the world nomadic, living off the land and taking no responsibilities other than those he takes upon as partner. Like all fey, the nymph remains with their love for the duration of their lives (nymphs live about 1000 years). The mate usually only dies of old age since no animals (those with a neutral alignment and an Int <3) will harm a nymph or her mate. The nymph returns to their land of birth upon their mate's death, but unlike other fey, they NEVER take another mate. They vanish into mystery, even abandoning children and their descendants.

Skills: A nymph has +10 racial bonus to hide and move silently checks while within the terrain associated with their nature (forests, hills, water). They seldom deviate from these areas.

Changelings: Changelings are nymphs believed to have been a halfway point between nymphs and other faeries. They resemble nymphs in every way except that instead of bonding with nature, they bond with a specific animal, and

by doing so, can change into that animal at will (standard action). They may only change into one specific animal and only that animal for their entire lives. One can always tell a changeling from other shapechangers (like therianthropes) because the chosen animal is always non-violent and combat ineffective. The known changeling animal forms include foxes or small dogs, swans or doves, or even seals or dolphins.

The legends of these creatures have carried through virtually every human culture across the world, switching animals dependant on the native fauna in the region. All these tales tell of these changelings falling in love with, or being tricked into marrying, a human. Alas, their time together is limited and the changeling eventually runs back to his or her natural state, leaving the mate and children alone. This breaks from accepted fey logic of fidelity in a marriage. In these cases, usually a male has taken something of the changeling's, forcing her to accept his proposal of marriage. If the changeling falls in love without such deception, it is usually a random act of fate that forces her back to her life. The same as standard nymphs, children from these pairings are never changelings, but of the other race. Changelings still require bonding to reproduce, so the accuracy of these legends is in question.



OGRE

Ogres despise their reputation, warranted though it is. They loathe the charge of their relation to pagus. Truth is, ogres are not related to pagus in anyway, though sharing a common harmful personality. They are an old race, branching from the narros not long after the Ixindar Migration. A connection between these two events has never been proven. They arrived around the same time as trolls and gimfen. Alas, the ogres never formed civilized communities, preferring raids and wars (often with themselves) to building houses and nations.

In the new era, they survived and spread across the world. Only in Southam have they actually been able to form some semblance of an empire, albeit a wicked one. Their eventual path of development would form some intelligence, as their descendants would bond with the elemental world, grow even larger, and become the giants. Though one of the oldest fey races, they are an example of a fate which may fall to all fey.

PAGUS

Fey found themselves easily susceptible to the influence of the magic coursing through their veins. They cannot filter which magic penetrates their soul. Before Ixindar started creating demons, it corrupted the fey to form the armies of pagus. Over a single evening, as the black star fell from the sky, a million fey walked from their homes, despoiled by the passing wave of darkness. Many of the unfortunate victims came from the chaparrans that took root in a large forest near the land later to be called Kakodomania. The corruption of Ixindar soaked into their hearts and poisoned their mind. They walked from their families and vanished into the night. A century later, the pagus emerged.

All other fey descendants disowned this new off-breed. Chaparrans swore to their destruction. No one is sure who started the term pagus. It is the singular and plural. The most unfortunate side effect of the pagus' corruption is their reproductive system. Unlike other fey species, pagus females enter into season every two weeks and gestation only takes three months. Pagus also do not require pair bonding to breed. After a century, their numbers quadrupled. Most of those that escaped Ixindar and developed independently on their own were still evil.

By the time the first hammer fell thousands of years later, pagus outnumbered all other elves combined. Amethyst reduced most to ash in his death throes. Few were saved. On the new Earth, they returned with an obsessed fervor. Ixindar lost control of most of them as pagus spread throughout the

globe. Kakodomania found itself without much of an army, forcing them to reconsider their plans.

Without control, the pagus went wild. Raiding bands appeared across the globe, never coalescing. Many evil dragons took them in to form their own personal guard. Many became nomadic. Their hatred for the other fey races never died and they found new enemies with the humans.

Some pagus claimed freedom when away from the black lands but most still follow the rules corruption implanted in their souls hundreds of generations earlier. Oddly, every year, more and more pagus are born trying to better themselves. The further they are born from Ixindar, the greater the chance for redemption. This salvation occurs rarely. Those embracing this path must first escape their people and find a place of refuge to call their own. Few exist.

Though suffering comparisons to the kodiaks, pagus are more intelligent on average. Pagus know how to forge their own weapons and beat their own armor from an early age. They are taught every facet of war and the quickest routes to success. They are taught never to enjoy death, only the favorable outcome of war. Known as some of the greatest soldiers in history, most villages ban the use of magic unless it is channeled through weapons. The use of draconic words is prohibited.

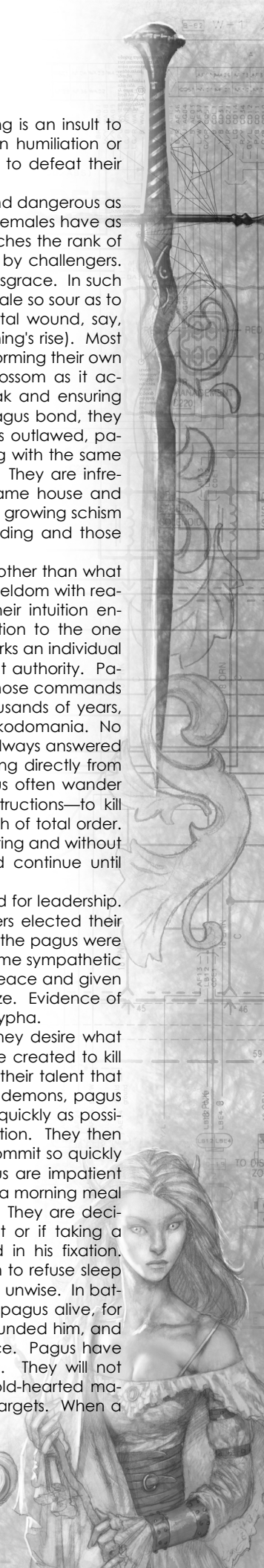
The human mage Kereptis Rifts figured out that more than 10 million pagus walk the Earth today. Their communities never amount larger than a few hundred before internal conflict splinters it. The pagus culture only dates back to their time on Earth and not Terrors. They were not permitted to express themselves while under the influence of Ixindar. Only now have independent pagus attempted their own society. Currently, it is still ripe with violence. Their culture is noteworthy for what it lacks. They have no real writing style, they don't play music (not counting their drums), and they never dance. Since they were created for war and reproduction, the society that has developed indulge in such actions. The drums employed by their commanders have no rhythm and were employed only in combat. Pagus communities under pagus control have expanded their use with a festival of procreation they have called San Lossom ("The Founding"). This entails non-bonded pubertal and older pagus separating into two sides of males and females. Initially, high-ranking males will challenge females to single combat. The women are armed. The men are not. The men only need to disarm and disable the female while she attempts to resist with deadly force. Usually, the women only wield clubs but a few swords have snuck into the arena. If the man bests the woman, he has earned the right. Most often, the two retreat to a private stable, but they occasionally consummate on the arena floor. Between four to six challenges occur this way with varying results. Following, after the moon has risen to its fullest in the night, the remaining available males and females duel in a full combat brawl taking anywhere from five minutes to a full hour. Again, the men refrain from using weapons. In this situation, victors never retreat and procreation takes place there, amongst the blood and dying. Some die from their injuries during the act. All the while, the drums beat rhythmically. Rarely do females die during this ritual. At least two to four males are not as lucky. San Lossom occurs three times a month in most free pagus villages. In pagus villages permitting bonding, the defeated female is honor bound to bond with her mate. Only a few pagus communities allow bonding. The female is often free of her obligations after the evening has passed and is expected to compete again at the next ritual if she is not with child. Females enjoy the competition and often compare their honor marks with others by how many times they pass through San Lossom without impregnation. Being defeated or failing to sire offspring is an insult to the male and too many failures may result in humiliation or expulsion. Tribal chiefs are always expected to defeat their females.

Because female pagus can be as large and dangerous as the males, there is no separation of gender. Females have as many rights as the males and if a female reaches the rank of chief, she is expected to never be defeated by challengers. If such a chief wishes reproduction, she risks disgrace. In such a situation, she must make such a victory to male so sour as to discourage later challengers (inflicting a mortal wound, say, as injuries cannot be tended to until the morning's rise). Most demons and dragons discourage the pagus forming their own culture but a few have tolerated the San Lossom as it accomplishes two tasks: weeding out the weak and ensuring continued pagus stock. Like all fey, when pagus bond, they are monogamous. In areas where bonding is outlawed, pagus are denied any long term pairing. Mating with the same partner is dissuaded, though it often occurs. They are infrequently allowed to remain long under the same house and children are raised communally. This places a growing schism between pagus communities that allow bonding and those that don't.

Personality: Pagus don't believe in much other than what they see and feel. They act with instinct and seldom with reason. Because of their skewed disposition, their intuition endorses violence and an unwavering dedication to the one they consider their leader. When a pagus marks an individual as his leader, he swears untiring loyalty to that authority. Pagus blindly follow all orders, taking joy when those commands endorse their desires for destruction. For thousands of years, that fidelity was firmly tied to the forces of Kakodomania. No matter how powerful a pagus chief was, he always answered to a demon, dragon, or from a claimed calling directly from Mengus. When freed of that authority, pagus often wander wild. Uncontrolled, they follow their last instructions—to kill those against Mengus and encourage his path of total order. Unfortunately, pagus must be told to stop fighting and without those instructions, their path of blood would continue until they have wiped each other out.

Away from Kakodomania, pagus searched for leadership. Most fell under control of dragons while others elected their leaders from within. In almost all these cases, the pagus were instructed to continue their barbaric ways. Some sympathetic to them believe that if instructed in ways of peace and given a benign figure of respect, pagus could civilize. Evidence of this occurring has already been seen in Apocrypha.

Pagus think forward, never backward. They desire what they see and seldom plan ahead. They were created to kill and do so very well. They are so efficient in their talent that they take little pleasure in torture. Unlike the demons, pagus seldom play with their kills. They dispatch as quickly as possible, razing villages and eliminating its population. They then move on. If they have carnal desires, they commit so quickly in order to resume their regular duties. Pagus are impatient and easy to rouse. They will take to war over a morning meal with no preparation from the previous night. They are decisive in action and when ordered to commit or if taking a quest by choice, a pagus is narrow-minded in his fixation. They refuse distraction and have been known to refuse sleep for days in their obsession. Crossing a pagus is unwise. In battle, opponents are warned never to leave a pagus alive, for upon healing, he will remember who had wounded him, and will think of nothing else in seeking vengeance. Pagus have no war chant. They don't taunt opponents. They will not cheer. On the battlefield, they are silent, cold-hearted machines. They march forward and mark their targets. When a



	Pagus Fighter Humanoid (Medium) (1st level Fighter)	Pagus Head (40 years old) Humanoid (Medium) (6th level Fighter)
Hit Dice:	1d10+2 (12 hit points)	6d10+36 (78 hit points)
Initiative:	+2 (+2 Dex)	+6 (+6 Dex)
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)	20 ft. (4 squares)
Armor Class:	17 Flat 15, Touch 12 (3 armor, 2 stat, 2 shield)	21 Flat 19, Touch 12 (6 +1 Chainmail, 2 stat, 3 +1 Shield)
Base Attack / Grapple:	+1 / +5	+6 / +14
Attack:	Longsword +5 melee (1d8+4)	+1 Longsword +10 (1d8+11)
Full Attack:	Longsword +5 melee (1d8+4)	+1 Longsword +10 / +5 (1d8+11)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks	--	--
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60ft, Aversion to Water	Darkvision 60ft, Aversion to Water
Saves:	Fort +6 Ref +2, Will +0	Fort +7, Ref +13, Will +13
Abilities:	Str 19, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 8	Str 27, Dex 24, Con 22, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 5
Skills:	Climb +4, Jump +3	Climb +8, Handle Animal +3, Jump +3, Ride +4
Feats:	Cleave, Power Attack, Armor & Shield Proficiencies	Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (Longsword), Weapon Specialization (Longsword), Armor & Shield Proficiencies
Environment:	Any	Any
Organization:	Gang (2–4), mob (11–20 plus 1 head of 3rd–6th level), or horde (30–100 plus 5 heads of 3rd–6th level and 1 chief of 8th-level)	Leader of a mob (11–20 plus the head) or part of a horde (30–100 plus 5 heads of 3rd–6th level and 1 chief of 8th-level)
Challenge Rating:	1	7
Treasure:	Standard	Standard
Alignment:	Lawful Evil	Lawful Evil
Advancement:	By Character Class	By Character Class
Level Adjustment:	+0	+0

rival sees a pagus locking eyes upon him, that opponent must be ready, for that pagus is coming to kill him.

Physical Description: The negative flow caused veins to expose on the bruised, dried, and cracked skin of the old fey race. They lost all their hair from head to toe and grew a mass of muscle. After a century in darkness, only the ears remained the recognizable feature from the old elves, around the same length as chaparrans. Despite an obvious assumption, the female pagus, though hairless and having the raised veins like the
males, still have elvish features. They are equally as massive as the males.

Relations: Pagus are despised by every single race, even the ones that rule over them. Demons think of them as cattle, slaves to take orders. All other races swear to their destructions. A small number of individuals in positions of authority have civilized such a judgment by saying the pagus cannot be allowed to exist as long as they continue to follow the directions of Ixindar.

Alignment: Pagus are often evil. A few rare cases are neutral and a few rarer cases are good. They are almost all lawful when in service of Kakodomania, chaotic when on their own.

Location: Many pagus live in Canam in their attempt to escape as far from Ixindar as possible. Millions still live around Kakodomania. Not even pagus know where even half of their own communities are. Most are nomadic.

Religion: Since most are evil, pagus worship the negative gate of Ixindar. Those embracing other alignments choose faiths of their desire from other cultures.

Language: Pagus demented their chaparran language to such an extent that it turned into its own vernacular, called paggin.

RACIAL TRAITS

The racial traits and rules for the pagus are identical to those of the MM orc with additional modifications:

•+4 Strength, +2 Dexterity, -2 Intelligence, -2 Wisdom, -2 Charisma.

•Medium: As medium creatures, pagus have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

•A pagus base land speed is 30 feet.

•Pagus have darkvision that extends to 60 feet.

•Automatic Languages: Paggin

•Favored Class: Fighter. Pagus often take Juggernaut or Weaponmaster as a Class Focus.

•Avoided Class: Rogue. Pagus don't do subtle.

•Age: Pagus reach adulthood in 5 years. Their average starting age is +1d6 years. They reach middle age around 20 years, are old at 35, and are venerable at 40 years. Their maximum age is usually +2d4 years past that.

Unfortunately, pagus do not grow weak with age, quite the opposite. They get larger and stronger but not necessarily more intelligent or wise. If their WIS score is 11 or less, they suffer drops to their Charisma, Intelligence, and Wisdom as they age. These reductions to Int, Wis, and Cha are -1 at middle age, -1 at old age, and -1 at venerable age. If their WIS score is 12 or greater, the pagus gain the standard mental increases all races get when they age (+1 Int, Wis, and Cha at each stage).

Regardless which direction their mental stats shift, pagus physical stats actually increase with age. It is the reverse effects of other races. At middle age, they gain a +1 to Str, Dex, and Con. At old age, they gain a +2 to Str, Dex, and Cha. At venerable age, they gain a +3 to Str, Dex, and Cha. Because of this, pagus increase their challenge rating by +1 at their venerable age. Those gaining an increase to their mental attributes usually discover that pagus can survive better on their own without dragons or demons. As a result, despite the need for great warriors, all pagus in Kakodomania are euthanized by the time they reach 35.

•Pagus do not disrupt technology if held like all other echan races. They are never seen using them.

•Aversion to Water: Pagus hate water. Regardless of the class they take, they can never have Swim as a class skill and suffer a -4 to all swim checks. They avoid large bodies of wa-

ter when necessary, especially salted water. It does not actually harm them.

•Although only as a point of interest, a pagus is not stricken with the same biological problems a fey would suffer with the absence of magic. If either Attricana or Ixindar were to close, a pagus would not instantly die from the absence.

HALF-PAGUS

Unfortunately, it's much easier to create a half-pagus than a half-elf. The parents don't need to pair bond to create their offspring. Pagus females are capable of giving birth to a child once every three months and she is capable of conceiving more frequently. There is no guarantee a half-pagus will gain anything resembling a positive childhood. Given that, most pagus still prefer to mate with each other. Its simple and there is less fuss. Half-pagus are more rare in this world then half-elves. The crossbreeds still emerge from a majority of parents that have pair-bonded pagus. In these situations, the pagus is usually the father.

Half-pagus carry a heavy burden. Most pagus despise them and many other cultures consider them unredeemable. They often travel alone, passing from town to town, never stopping long. Many are raised away from any community, forcing a curiosity the half-breed must satisfy. This, in addition to the aggressive pagus-blood already pumping through their veins, results in a half-pagus discarding the shackles of fear and restraint. They love taking chances. They have no fear of putting themselves in harm's way, going for the adrenaline rush every time. They seek adventure whenever they can find it. They share with the pagus their determination in whatever tasks they take.

Physical Description: Half-pagus are only an inch or so shorter than a full pagus. The half-breeds are stronger than normal elves, with cracked skin with many raised veins discoloring their already bruised body. Still virtually hairless, half-pagus will grow eyebrows.

Relations: Half-pagus are considered abominations within Kakodomania. They are rarely accepted anywhere though certain exceptions have been seen. Both Abidan and Limshau contain several half-pagus citizens. A few more have been spotted in the mines of the Finer Fire Pits. Like all fey, they are ostracized in Baruch Malkut. King Darius prohibits pagus slaves in every level of the market though a few have passed through. Pagus are exceptionally resilient to Malkut conditioning and are immune to the "Halo." A few outlaw markets have attempted pagus slavery but mutiny often ends such attempts.

Alignment: There resides a greater chance a half-pagus will be good compared to his parents. The odds are still low. Most are neutral and many are still evil. They often still follow law.

Locations: Half-pagus usually live outside of smaller communities. They seldom enter big cities. There are no dedicated half-pagus communities.

Religion: Again, religious beliefs of half-pagus depend entirely on the parents.

Languages: Half-pagus have no language of their own.

RACIAL TRAITS

Half-pagus follow the same racial template as the half-orc from players handbook with additional modifications:

•+4 Strength, +2 Dexterity, -2 Intelligence, -2 Wisdom, -2 Charisma.

•Medium: As medium creatures, half-pagus have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

•A half-pagus' base land speed is 30 feet.

•Darkvision: Half-pagus can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

•Pagus Blood: For all effects related to race, a half-pagus is considered a pagus.

•Automatic Languages: Paggin, English or Common

•Favored Class: Fighter.

•Avoided Class: Rogue.

•Half-pagus do not gain pagus age benefits and their lifespan is half the two respective races.

•Half-pagus do not disrupt technology if both parents possessed the ability. If one parent causes disruption, than the offspring loses this benefit.

Note: Half-pagus are listed here instead of the player section because of the dangers of playing a pagus, even a half-breed. The DM should exercise caution and only allow such a race as a player character after due consideration.

PEGASUS

The famous image from mythology was a simple spawn creature of gifted intelligect and angelic grace. Its return was heralded by oracles, both human and non-human, as a sign of coming peace. To date, not a single account reports seeing one. The same goes for unicorns, another spawn race signifying such magnificence. Like gods, many carry faith that they exist and some have searched their lives away seeking one, dying in failure. Like all spawn creatures that did not survive, it is assumed the beast would return. Some modern myths claim some elves rode pegasi to Attricana during the exodus. If true, then some examples should exist today...and yet, they remain undiscovered.

RAKSHASA

There are no rakshasa in Amethyst as defined in the MM. Traditionally, he is a Hindu demon and thus can be included as a grotesquerie.

RAMKAVA

Large Construct / Magical

Hit Dice:	18d10+30 (129 hp)
Initiative:	–1
Speed:	45 ft. flight only (Good)
Armor Class:	30 (–1 size, +3 Dex, +20 natural) touch 8, flat-footed 30
Base Attack / Grapple:	+12/ +0 (no arms)
Attack:	Slam +23 melee (2d10+11)
Full Attack:	2 slams +23 melee (2d10+11)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./0 ft.
Special Attacks:	Babble, Slam 4d6+10
Special Qualities:	Blink, Detect Thoughts, Detect Magic, Single Mind, Magic Immunities, Damage reduction 15/Angelite, darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision
Saves:	Saves: Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +25
Abilities:	Str 31, Dex 16, Con --, Int 31, Wis 50, Cha 5
Skills:	Knowledge (all) +30, Innuendo +20, Sense Motive +15
Feats:	Alertness, Iron Will.
Environment:	Ramkava
Organization:	The group mind (3 – 18) + 1d6 per round (total 30) if Ramkava appears to lose.
Challenge Rating:	14
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral

The Ramkava, or Heads of Ramkava, float around their realm, minding their own business, dispatching knowledge to those who attract their attention in the proper means. They are made from the same rock that encased Ixindar, angelite. When it shattered, the largest pieces landed here and became intelligent. No one knows how or why.

Ramkava can speak all known languages.

COMBAT

Ignorance: Ramkava will ignore EVERYTHING unless addressed by a +15th level character or by someone possessing the Staff of KeRif. If attacked in any way, Ramkava responds with an equal attack, only if lethal force is applied will lethal force respond.

Babble (Su): As a normal action, a Ramkava head can mutter and whine to itself, creating either a hypnotic or a confusing effect. All sane creatures within 60ft of the head must succeed at a Will save (DC 20) or be affected as though by a Hypnotism spell or Confusion spell for 1d4 rounds cast by a 15th level Mage. This is a sonic, mind affecting compulsion. Opponents who successfully save can be affected by other Heads but not by that specific head for a full day.

Shout (Ex): Ramkava can shout per the spell as a 15th level mage. The save is Int-based.

Detect Thoughts: Ramkava can continually detect thoughts as a 15th level mage.

A Single Mind: Ramkava heads see all together and hear all together. They are immune to flanking.

Slam: A Ramkava, if driven to take such drastic action, can slam its body onto its opponent for 4d6+10 damage. The target must be underneath the head and be no more than 45 feet beneath it.

Immunity to Magic (Ex): All Ramkava are immune to any spell or spell-like ability that allows spell resistance. Ramkava are immune to all mental and sound based attack spells. This includes Silence, Deafness, Command, Confusion, Daze, Detect Thoughts, Dispel Magic, Dominate Person, Hypnotism, and Suggestion.

All Knowledge: Ramkava know pretty much everything but love being cryptic. They can also cast *Legend Lore* as a 20th level mage. The casting time is 1d100 minutes regardless of the information being retrieved. If someone asks a general question, most likely, they are going to get every single possible answer, regardless of which one applies.

The KeRif staff only allows 10 questions per year. A high level character can ask Ramkava one question per level 15th and above (eg: A 17th level caster can ask 3 questions) per year.

Immovable (Ex): A Ramkava's levitation is a natural ability and cannot be dispelled until its death. They cannot be brought down by any magic spell. Only a force greater than Ramkava's strength can force any of them down.

Skills: Ramkava gains a +15 to spot and +5 to listen checks.

ROC

Rocs, or simurghs, are alive and well, and have returned to the world as a natural occurrence of spawn magic. Often confused with holy dragons, these monstrous birds are highly sought after for their feathers and eggs. They are extremely rare and are only rumored to have been spotted in the far north of Canam.

Some stories claims every type elemental apotheosis has a single roc as the element's ultimate avatar. They are considered creatures of legend with regional titles around their known migration destinations.

SATYRS

Satyrs, called scians by themselves and other fey, were represented somewhat accurately though human history. They began as a fey race that broke off damaskans shortly after the migration around the same time as gimfen. Their progression would not stop, eventually leading to centaurs.

Satyrs are not the peaceful skittish creatures the centaurs are, nor are they like the demure damaskans they came from. They are somewhat closer to their cousin species, the gimfen. However, the satyr's more animalistic and feral ways overpowered them. Unlike the gimfen, which are grounded in comparison, satyrs are hypersexual, orgiastic, and hedonistic (it's where the term satyriasis is derived). Satyrs are incapable of bonding with any creatures, so can technically only breed with their own kind. Because their conception rate is low, like all fey (and cannot increase because of the loss of bonding), satyrs offset this by engaging in as many sexual encounters as possible. When there are no female satyrs around, they compensate with whatever they can find. They are never violent, just very charismatic in their seductions.

Satyrs seldom get involved in combat and are considered by many of the other races to be cowardly. They hide in forests the same as chaparrans and centaurs but keep away from both of them. Because of the increasing population of humans and their heightened sexual drive, many satyrs have gone about migrating to be nearby human communities to persuade passing locals.

Satyrs should not be confused with fauns, a very miniscule later branch from satyrs. Fauns are smaller, less cowardly, but equally as hedonistic, but in different ways, preferring drink and song as their pleasure of preference.

SHAPELESS WILD

Medium Aberration (Lawful)

Hit Dice:	4d8+0 (16 hp)
Initiative:	+8
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armor Class:	18 (+8 Dex), touch 18, flat-footed 10
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/+6
Attack:	Claw +11 melee (1d4+2)
Full Attack:	2 claws +11 melee (1d4+2)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Flurry Charge
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60ft, evasion, immunity to poison & petrification, shapeless
Saves:	Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 26, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 3
Skills:	Climb +4, Hide +14, Jump +4, Tumble +13
Feats:	Weapon Finesse (Natural Weapons), Dodge, Mobility
Environment:	Sana Marsh and outlying regions
Organization:	Solitary or team (2–4)
Challenge Rating:	3
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful Evil
Advancement:	5–8 HD (Medium); 9–12 HD (Large)

Many opponents swear them to be undead while others claim them as incorporeal. Shapeless wild are neither. They are born from the death throes from lost souls within the Sana Marsh but are not of the other side. They breathe, but don't appear to have mouths. They have claws, but don't appear

to have arms. They cast no shadows because the shade they cast has been magically wrapped around their skin, concealing their form. Only illuminated white eyes and matted silver claws twice the length of human fingers poke from the mass of blackness.

The shapeless are birthed from a dark spell cast upon a sleeping subject in the Sana Marsh when King Sana and his demon lover engage in coitus. They are nearly amorphous, but still alive. They serve only to protect the marsh and follow the commands of their demon mother.

COMBAT

Shapeless wild move with a frightening speed. They appear to dance and weave as they charge into battle. They appear to slip away from attacks, confusing enemies of their intents.

Evasion (Ex): If a shapeless is subjected to an attack that normally allows a Reflex saving throw for half damage, it takes no damage if it makes a successful saving throw.

Flurry Charge (Ex): If the shapeless makes a charge against an opponent, it may deliver both its natural attacks at the end of the charge.

Shapeless (Su): Because of the shapeless wild's nearly amorphous form, it is hard for enemies to track how it's moving or where it's moving to. If the shapeless moved more than 20ft on its previous turn (including if it charged), it is granted the effects of a *Blur* spell (20% miss chance due to concealment).

The shapeless form also offers it a +4 bonus to *Hide* checks (incorporated above). It also automatically passes all *Escape Artist* skill rolls. Shapeless Wild remove 50-feet from a fall when calculating damage.

Because of their form, shapeless cannot be flanked. Even when their shadow is suppressed, a shapeless's true form cannot be ascertained as it still shrouded in black skin that reflects no light, though it still loses its shapeless benefits.

SPHINX

Sphinxes were a spawn race exclusive to the old time of Terrors. They did not return in the new age. A DM is welcome to re-insert them.

SPRIGGAN

Small Fey / Large Fey	
Hit Dice:	6d6+12 (30 hp / 42 hp)
Initiative:	+3
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), swim 20 ft.
Armor Class:	18 (+3 Dex, +4 natural / +6 natural, +1 size / -1 size), touch 13, flat-footed 14
Base Attack / Grapple:	Small +6/+8, large +9 / +11
Attack:	Small--Short sword +7 melee (1d6+2/19–20) Large--Short sword +10 melee (1d6+5/19–20)
Full Attack:	Small--Short sword +7 melee (1d6+2/19–20) Large--Short sword +10 melee (1d6+5/19–20)
Space/Reach:	Small 5 ft./5 ft., large 10ft./10ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities.
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 5/cold iron, low-light vision, swell
Saves:	Fort +8 / +10, Ref +12, Will +9
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 5
Skills:	Concentration +2, Escape Artist +6, Handle Animal +13, Heal +12, Hide +12, Listen +12, Move Silently +12, Ride +5, Sense Motive +12, Spot +12, Swim +8, Use Rope +3
Feats:	Dodge, Weapon Focus (sword)
Environment:	Temperate forests
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Usually chaotic neutral
Advancement:	By character class
Level Adjustment:	+2

Spriggans are slightly shorter than gimfen, thinner, and far more ugly. In fact, they are revoltingly ugly and unclean, with atrocious hygiene and manners.

Spriggans are one of the most recent fey branches, broken off from gimfen, refuting the gimfen claim that they are the ultimate evolution of the fey. They live as thieves and tricksters, never earning anything over just stealing it. They are callous, self-centered, and vengeful, holding grudges for years against someone for something as petty as a shoulder budge. The spriggans will take it upon themselves to make that person's life a living hell until someone else upsets them. Then their attention diverts to that target, regardless of its severity. They are ineffective in combat in their natural form and will flee if confronted. They are not helpless, alas, and if trapped, they will respond by swelling their bodies to an enormous size and fighting back.

Spriggan numbers are growing across the world, though currently, their population is still low. They are seldom seen with others and no communities have sprouted up. They are far too selfish and vain to seek out love.

COMBAT

Swell (Ex): As a standard action, the spriggan can enlarge his shape from Small to Large. He also gains a +6 Strength (+3 hit and damage), a +4 Constitution (+2 hit points / hit dice, or +12 hit points), and a +2 natural armor bonus. When swelled, the spriggan cannot cast any spell-like abilities. This effect lasts 2d4 rounds. After which, the spriggan reverts to his small shape. He cannot swell again until the new day.

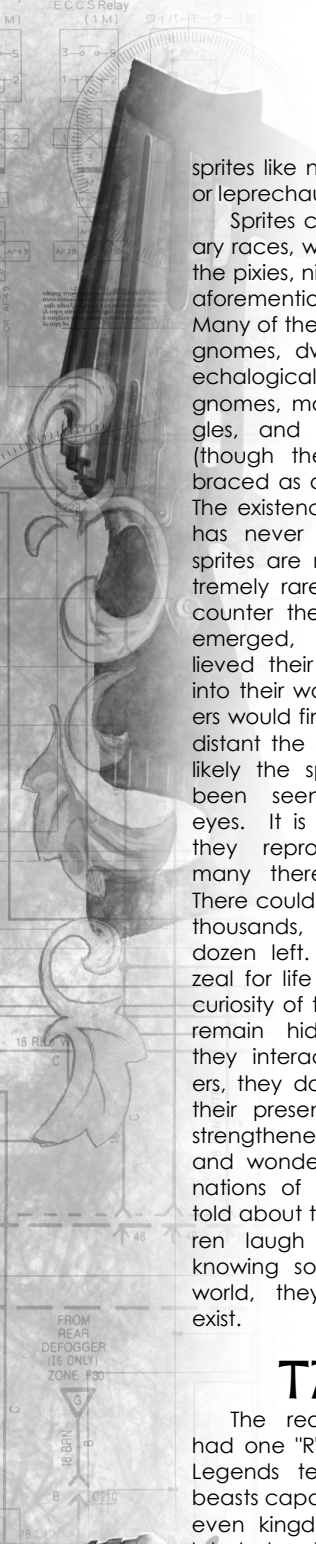
Spell-like abilities: As a 7th level mage, the spriggan while in his small form can cast the following: 1/day—expeditious retreat, grease, hideous laughter, confusion.

SPRITE

Sprites are a fey race branched off late before the exodus. They represent the most chaotic group of elves in history. The chaparrans seem equally blessed and cursed because of their sensitivity to magic. Only the narros can compete with such bizarre subgroups. Where the narros descendants grew brutish and broad, the chaparrans became more graceful and angelic. The chaparrans didn't mind this path, as it allowed them the delusion that chaparrans were of the sacred path. Then the kobolds appeared and ended that confidence quickly. For a short time, the chaparrans were transforming into a more and more nomadic and reclusive people. They were growing more saintly, more stunning, becoming the envy of other races across the world. The rate of these appearances was unsettling. In the span of only a few centuries, nymphs begot dryads, which begot selkies, which begot neireids, narfs, kitsune, swan maidens, and fairies. Eventually, the fairies broke off with so many forks, later deviations were clustered into the broad heading of sprite. These variations slowed and ceased until the arrival of the kobolds. Though not a single chaparran descendant claimed responsibility for kobolds, they are most likely branched from older

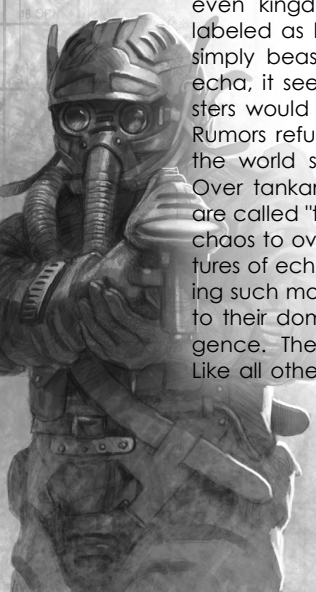
sprites like nixies or smaller, lesser-known faeries like brownies or leprechauns.

Sprites comprise no less than half a dozen known subsidiary races, with a dozen more not catalogued. These include the pixies, nixies, and grigs mentioned in the MM, but also the aforementioned brownie, leprechaun, tomte, and nisse. Many of the creatures mentioned in human mythology called gnomes, dwarves, or elves are actually derived from the echalogical descriptions of various sprites. Garden gnomes, machine elves, Christmas elves, boggles, and pucks are all actually sprites (though the last, *puck*, has been embraced as a derogatory title for all fey). The existence of the majority of these has never been confirmed. Most sprites are never seen and it is extremely rare for even elves to encounter them. Until the kobolds emerged, the chaparrans believed their fate was to vanish into their woods, where no others would find them. The more distant the deviation, the less likely the sprite would ever been seen by intelligent eyes. It is not certain how they reproduce or how many there are in total. There could be hundreds of thousands, or only a few dozen left. Despite their zeal for life and a natural curiosity of the world, they remain hidden. When they interact with outsiders, they do to not reveal their presence. This has strengthened their fancy and wonder in the imaginations of young children told about them. The children laugh at the stories, knowing somewhere in the world, they might actually exist.



TARASQUE

The real historical tarasque had one "R" in his name, not two. Legends tell of such gargantuan beasts capable of swallowing ships, or even kingdoms, whole. Some were labeled as being dragons. Some were simply beasts of godly size. In modern echa, it seems unlikely such colossal monsters would wander the world undiscovered. Rumors refuse to die and travelers from across the world still claim to have seen such beasts. Over tankards of ale, the travelers claim the beasts are called "the eaters of dragons," placed upon this world of chaos to overcome the undisputed rule of the greatest creatures of echa. Dragons speak only briefly of such rumors, saying such monsters did exist previously but were never a threat to their dominance because of the tarasque's lack of intelligence. These new creatures are spawns forged in the world. Like all others, they are given names based on myths prevalent in human history, names like Behemoth, Ziz, Leviathan, and Tarasque.





TILEN, ELDER

The term elder tilen refers to the originals turned at Attricana's opening. Almost all tilen encountered in the world (and the ones listed earlier) are descendant tilen—children of other descendants or from the elders themselves. Elders are exceptional examples of tilen but still resemble their offspring in almost every way. There is little public knowledge of who they are or where they live. The majority are in hiding due to impressive bounties placed on their heads from Baruch Malkut and other xenophobic human cultures. All known tilen villages are run by elder tilen. Nearly all elders turned were female (not even the tilen know why) and optimistic guesses place the total world elder tilen population at under 15 today, with less than 5 being male.

The entire elder population was centered in a specific landmass later to be claimed and corrupted into the necrosea. Many elders were killed in their escape. A few refused to travel far and took root outside the sea, as self-declared guardians against the armies of the blood-soaked land. Other elders scattered to every corner of the globe. Many more died at the hands of the fearful during the journey. A few found friends, who later begot families. Some of these fledgling communities were sacked by the hands of bigotry. Survivors took to roads less traveled, keeping hidden from hateful eyes. In these shadows, they prospered, never feeling resentment at their treatment. For every stranger that raised his hand to strike, another held out a hand of friendship. Tilen needed to bond with outsiders if their species had any chance to survive. Though tilen descendants often trust outsiders, elders are often too guarded to accept help. This is because of paranoia after being hunted for centuries but also from a fear of regressing back to their vampiric ways and harming those they care about.

This anxiety is rooted in one incident centuries ago concerning a single elder tilen, Lham Cyrose, who killed and devoured the flesh of her husband. No one, not even the other elders, knows why Lham snapped. Upon discovering this, other nearby tilen like Saleena Kaeris and Janis Kenaz sought her destruction. Lham, guilt stricken, briefly entertained the idea of allowing that fate. Instead, she fled across the ocean

with her offspring in tow. Not a single tilen, elder or descendant, has ever reverted to vampirism before or after Lham Cyrose. However, the incident proved to all the tilen, especially the elders, that it was a possibility. It reminded them that the gift of redemption could be recanted, and to never take it for granted. To this day, no elder ever has.

Personality: Elder tilen are gripped with fear and guilt more than their offspring, fear from the possibility of regressing to their dark form and guilt from the sins committed before being saved. Elders never forgot their previous lives and the death they wrought on the innocent. Despite living a life in honor of a blessing undeserved, many still believe nothing they do will be enough to redeem their souls. Most elders are melancholy and withdrawn as a result. Elders earn friends even more infrequently than younger tilen, and are even more protective of those bonds when established.

Elder tilen share a similarity with the laudenians in that they are the longest-lived humanoid creatures on the planet. But unlike the laudenians, tilen are not ignorant or arrogant.

Physical Description: Elder tilen are virtually indistinguishable from their offspring. They are neither taller nor visibility stronger. They do appear more attractive with radiant eyes that even surpass those of other tilen. Like other tilen, some of their old vampiric traits have remained such as the jagged ears, slightly cold skin, as well as the fact that tilen cannot shed tears. Elders also revert visibly to their dark form when excited or enraged, growing incisors and developing a red or yellow glow to their eyes. These are visible changes only, and elders retain full control of their faculties while in that state. Not a single elder tilen is under 5´10.

Relations: To the casual observer, there is no difference between an elder and a descendant tilen, so reactions are virtually the same. If identified as an elder, respect or violence often follows. A proven elder tilen captured alive and taken to Baruch Malkut fetches a bounty of more than 20,000 gp. Once there, elders are thrown into a "brazen bull" where they are slowly roasted alive for nearly a week. If they survive the ordeal (and shockingly most do), they are then put through the "Death of a 1000 pieces" where the subjects are strapped to a table and gradually and proficiently taken apart. With a surgeon's skill, the tilen's ears are cut away, then the tongue, the nose, and genitals. The fingers and toes are severed digit by digit. Throughout this, the eyes are kept intact, only taken moments before the tilen's demise. Alas, this process continues until completed when all cuts have been made. Parts are paraded around and then sold as souvenirs to the public. To date, twenty tilen have met this fate, though only two were actually elders. Despite this horrific menace, elder tilen still consider humanity a relatively benign race, though still keeping their distance when encountering them.

Alignment: All living elder tilen are good. There is a broad mix of neutral, chaotic, and lawful paths.

Locations: Tilen elders are the permanent authority in all tilen-dominated communities, to which there are less than a half-dozen across the world. Nomadic elders are the rarest individuals encountered as they seldom wander near civilized areas.

Religion: Like all tilen, elders embrace Attricana as their primary religion though few become actual clerics.

Languages: Same as tilen, elders speak Common and Elvish.

RACIAL TRAITS

•+2 Strength, +2 Intelligence, -2 Constitution, +2 Charisma.

•Reduced Healing: Effects from healing spells, scrolls, potions, and any other healing effects are halved for tilen elders. Even natural healing is reduced in this way. Elders can offset this with Blood Drain.

•Blood Drain (Ex): A tilen elder can suck blood from a living victim with his fangs by making a successful grapple check. If he pins an enemy, he drains blood, dealing 1 point of damage per elder character level per round sustaining the grapple. The elder is cured of half that amount inflicted. If an ally voluntarily offers himself or herself, the healing rate is 1 to 1, with 1 point of damage inflicted heals 1 point of damage to the elder. The elder tilen cannot heal more hit points that their current character level a round nor can they drain more hit points that the target has. Blood Drain operates independently to the above rule, where healing effects are halved. This effect does not turn the victim into a tilen nor a vampire.

•Blood Vengeance: An elder tilen receives a +10 racial bonus to listen, sense motive, spot and survival checks when using these skills against vampires (not other tilen). An elder tilen also receives a +4 bonus to hit and damage rolls against vampires. A tilen elder is even allowed to roll against identifying a vampire that has shapechanged to its animal form.

•Resistances (Ex): A tilen elder has resistance to cold 5 and electricity 5.

•Elders still show up as undead on detection spells though not actually being undead. Elders cannot be turned and still read true on alignment detection spells.

•Darkvision: Elder tilen can see in the dark up to 120 feet. Darkvision is black and white only, but it is otherwise like normal sight, and elders can function just fine with no light at all.

•Enhancements (Su): Elder tilen exhibit strange abilities unique to each other. An elder tilen can choose only one at character generation. Unless stated otherwise, all powers with activation times can be activated as a free action.

Air Walk: The elder tilen can tread on air as if walking on solid ground at will per the *Air Walk* spell. He can walk this way for ten minutes each day.

Alter Self: The elder tilen assumes the form of a creature of the same type as the normal form as per the spell *Alter Self*. The effect lasts for 10 minutes. The transformation takes a full minute.

Blur: The elder tilen's outline appears blurred, shifting and wavering. This distortion grants the elder concealment (20% miss chance) as per the *Blur* Spell. The elder can activate this ability 1 / day and lasts 1 minute.

Command: The elder tilen's voice can influence others. The elder can give a subject a single command, which it obeys to the best of its ability at its earliest opportunity. This effect duplicates the *Command* spell. The WILL save to negate is 10 plus the elder tilen's character level. The elder can attempt a command 1 / day per character level.

Double Jointed: Almost every bone in the elder tilen can disjoint. He receives a +4 to all grapple and *Escape Artist* rolls

Spider Climb: The elder tilen can climb and travel on vertical surfaces or even traverse ceilings as well as a spider does as per the *Spider Climb* spell. This effect is continuous.

•Age: Elder tilen live exceptionally longer than their offspring. Not a single elder has died of old age. Their lifespan is identical to laudenians, at over 5000 years. Unlike all other races, elder tilen neither gain nor lose ability scores. They do not gain bonuses to Int, Cha, or Wis nor do they incur penalties to Str, Dex, or Con. It is assumed they would live to the end of their lives and then suddenly die for no apparent reason. As a result, it is impossible to tell how old an elder tilen is, as they never visibly age. They look the same as when they were brought from the darkness.

•Weaknesses: Exposing an elder tilen to direct sunlight reduces his vision to 30 feet and he loses all racial skill bonus-

es. He also suffers an additional -4 penalty to all spot checks and ranged attacks.

When tilen get emotional in anyway (as in anger or in passion) their old vampiric traits emerge. Their eyes glow yellow or white or red depending on the specifics of the character and their incisors extend. When in this state, the tilen gains a +2 to intimidation, but a -4 to diplomacy.

•Level adjustment: +2

SALEENA KAERIS

5th level fighter, Medium Fey

Hit Dice:	5d10+5(45 hp)
Initiative:	+4 (+4 Dex)
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), swim 20 ft.
Armor Class:	19 (+4 Dex, +3 armor, +1 natural, +1 deflection), touch 15, flat-footed 15
Base Attack / Grapple:	+5 / +7
Attack:	+1 Composite (+4) Longbow +10 ranged (1d8+6)
Full Attack:	+1 Composite (+4) Longbow +10 ranged (1d8+6)
Space/Reach:	5ft. / 5ft.
Special Attacks:	Blood drain
Special Qualities:	Reduced healing, Blur, Blood drain, Sworn Enemy, Cold resistance 5, Electricity resistance 5, Darkvision, Daylight vulnerability
Saves:	Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2
Abilities:	Str 15, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 19
Skills:	Bluff +8, Climb +6, Diplomacy +8, Handle Animal +6, Heal +2, Intimidate +12, Jump +3, Knowledge (History) +7, Ride +6, Survival +2, Swim +4
Feats:	Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Focus (Longbow), Weapon Specialization (Longbow), Armor & Shield Proficiencies
Challenge Rating:	7
Alignment:	Neutral Good

Saleena Kaeris, at 5' 11", is short for a tilen elder. She is also the youngest at just under 3000 years. She is still wracked with fear and guilt like all the other elders. Saleena prefers to act rather than sulk and actively pursues avenues to help rid the world from evil. She helped establish a village on the west coast of the Necrosea but left it temporarily to meet with Lham Cyrose in Southam. Saleena needed to be sure her sister would not relapse and was prepared to kill her if need be. Having accepted that Lham might have found some inner peace, Saleena wished her well and traveled north to Canam. There, she disappeared and has not been seen since.

COMBAT

Equipment: Saleena has a +1 composite (+4) Longbow, a ring of protection +1 and an amulet of natural armor +1.

Blur (Su): Saleena's outline appears blurred, shifting and wavering. This distortion grants her concealment (20% miss chance) as per the *Blur* Spell. She can activate this ability 1 / day and lasts 1 minute.

Bowman: Because Saleena is a master of the bow, she does not provoke an attack of opportunity if using a crossbow or shortbow in close combat.

TITAN

Titans are the greatest conundrum of the entire world. They resemble fey in beauty and power, but do not have pointed ears. They look human, except they are taller than oak trees. They are not descendants of the fey because, despite many attempts to try, no one has ever successfully made a connection between them and any other species. Not even the giants come close. The biggest mystery of their existence is their history. Titans did not exist in the previous time of Terros. Those still alive from that time don't remember them and they are in no surviving records. They live in only one area on the planet and are seen nowhere else. Though called titans, they will not reveal their true name. No one, not even dragons or laudenian elves, have ever heard the titan language, as they opt to always choose the native tongue of whom they speak to. Only the titans know their origins. No bones or stones rattled by any oracle have ever revealed the truth. They were simply there the day Attricana opened. Many modern echalogians believe the gargantuan creatures to be extraterrestrials, beings from another world entirely, which fit facts but throws all logic to the wind. They possess a grasp for magic virtually unmatched. Only the dragons are more powerful. Typhox refuse to venture that far north. Archons rarely associate with them. The only exception being Lazarus, who has a continuous channel of communication with the titan leader, Selman, through a magical device only Lazarus operates and has seen.

All titans live on and around their capital city in the land of Ashur. They seldom encounter or deal with mortals.
This does not alter their disposition to be fair and kind to creatures they do encounter. They never leave their land or involve themselves in any of the events of the outside world. Nevertheless, they possess a knowledge and wisdom of the universe most other creature lack.

Titans in Amethyst are virtually identical to those listed in the MM except they never wear armor (thus their AC drops), are never evil, and are always lawful (rather than chaotic). They can also speak any language they hear but never reveal their native tongue to anyone. They try to avoid physical contact whenever possible. Their damage resistance changes from DR 15/lawful to DR15/epic. They only employ their spellcraft when in need. There has never been a historical record anywhere of a titan ever being in a combat encounter.

TREANT

Talking intelligent trees seem a given in such an enchanted world, and such an assumption would be correct. How they came to their intelligence is up to debate. The obvious source would be from departed chaparran elves possessing the tree they are buried under. There are events witnessed and confirmed showing one of these trees swaying with a gifted desire and an enchanted whim. They would shelter creatures from the rain, block passers from entering holy hands, but would never act violently nor uproot and shuffle across the dirt. Alas, these accounts also never report the trees speaking.

Other fables contend that in areas of substantial magic, the enchantment saturates the soil and rises up the roots. For druids, channeling their power from nature, they are able to bring out the voice of nature directly, using the tree as its avatar. These trees still do not uproot and walk around. In various myths and religions, the tree is a cornerstone—a vital image to be always respected. In the entire world, there is no flora more associated with magic than the tree. The resonance

from them is thought to have been the catalyst that created the first schisms in the fey and is surely also connected to the massive deviations the chaparrans withstood, with dozens of branches in their progression in comparison to other fey. Trees have offered wisdom, everlasting life, and done no less than support the entire universe. Yet, none of them ever displace themselves and walk around.

Officially, there are no treants in canon Amethyst though a DM is welcome to include them. Their appearance would not be jarring.

TRITON

Tritons are not in Amethyst, though they could be inserted as a transition race between nymphs and merfolk. They would not be common.

TROGLODYTE

Simply called trogs, these creatures exist in Indoaus, across the ocean and are the sworn enemies of the reptilans, the only spawn species after the second hammer to form some semblance of a culture. They are mean-spirited and despise all creatures that don't look like them. They are a spawn race. They are not seen often in Canam.

TROLL

Trolls, unfortunately, are not spawn, but elves. Despite similarities, they are not close relatives to the ogres, but descendants from the tenenbri, though not blind like them. At some point during the war, a great spasm burst from Attricana that encouraged more spawn races and fey deviations. Within a span of a few decades, four fey races more than doubled to nine, with the sudden appearances of nymphs, satyrs, gimfen, trolls, and ogres. Of all of them, the trolls were by far the most twisted and vile. This did not help the tenenbri's reputation. Trolls were quickly outcast from the tenenbri caves and spread throughout the globe.

They somehow survived the passage of time and returned in the new age, though their numbers were limited. Amethyst trolls are still large, but not as giants. They are ugly but still fey-shaped. They are definitely more unsightly than giants. They are mostly covered in warts and occasionally sport short tails. They are extremely muscular and can either be hairless or completely covered in hair. Usually chaotic evil, many are simply misunderstood, though they all have fragile tempers. They seldom form communities, though families are known to remain tied.

UNICORN

The unicorn is the pinnacle of all mythological creatures and one of the most sought after trophies on the planet. The true unicorn of legend was far more than a simple horse, also sporting a white lion's tale, a white beard, and a great silvery mane to rival all other horses. Variations of the animal have been mentioned across many cultures with no common source to glean from. Only lazy artists offered the creature up as the simple horned horse.

These graceful beings do not breed, they simply form naturally in wooded areas of dense magic not graced by intelligent eyes. In areas tranquil and serene, unicorns just appear. They do so rarely and few outsiders ever see one. The tales tell of blinks of the beast passing from the corner of one's eye. The only soul able to perceive and tame the animal is a maiden (a pure-hearted virgin female of any age). Such a chaste lady merely has to sit and wait for the animal to approach. Supposedly, only such a woman is allowed to ride the animal and is able to do so without bridle or saddle. Attempts to lure it out with a waiting trap mimicking said conditions have never succeeded. It is far too smart and aware of the world to fall for such trickery. Every civilized fey race (tenenbri included) has declared the murder of such an animal a criminal offense of the highest order. Even more so than the fabled pegasus, the unicorn was the very symbol of purity and virtue from Attricana. One religious book placed the unicorn and the chaos beast as extremes of good and evil along the spectrum of creatures the white star can create.

With the unicorn a symbol of righteousness in elvish cultures, they ensured its survivability into the new age. Here, the legendary animals are still scarce. Both ogres and trolls despise them and Baruch Malkut posted a massive bounty of 6000 gp for the recovery of a horn, 12,000 gp if still attached to a living body. Most claims made of a captured unicorn are absurd. Ground, powdered horn is said to cure any disease and heal any injuries. Drinking a unicorn's blood is said to add up to 100 years onto any creature's venerable age. Both acts require the slaying of the beast. Doing so drapes the land around (miles) in a despair that it rarely recovers from. Animals never enter. Passers feel dejected and contemplate the ending of their lives. Plants will stop growing.

Its importance in the old fey cultures carried through to man and many a crest and banner featured the white silhouette of a unicorn almost as often as a dragon. In modern echa, even dragons regard the animal favorably, claiming the animals are Attricana's subtle way to offer hope to misery.

The unicorn in Amethyst cannot teleport, though it can cast cleric spells as a 4th level caster. Its bonus to move silently is +10 instead of +4. It also gains a +15 to all escape artist checks. There are no celestial chargers in Amethyst.

VAMPIRE

In Terrors, the vampire was the iconic symbol of the underworld. Though Mengus had rejected the path of undeath, he had unwittingly sowed the seeds of a variant religion among his own people. Though many of the demons abandoned their work in necromancy, many of the spells they developed remained in their repertoire and linger still today. When the demons abandoned their work, many of their minions refused to settle into obscurity. They hid in numbers within Ixindar. They claimed their own patch of land upon their return and soaked it in the blood of living things. They created the Necrosea. There they expanded their power, raising armies of the undead from the corpses around.

Alas, the return of Attricana and its sweeping of enchantment never affected the pagus or the demons, but it did affect the walking dead still possessing some fragment of their bodies and souls. A huge number of them rose from the darkness into the light, regaining possession of their faculties, no longer controlled by their sinister lust. They became the elder tilens and managed to survive despite being in such low numbers. However, not all were turned and the necrosea continued to grow.

Vampires are only called so by the humans. They refer to themselves as undead lords, a term still used by the elves today. With the absence of liches, vampires are the undisputed nobles of necromancy. Their influence on man's history was slightly altered than from demons.

Throughout human mythology, the morphology of vampire changed from folklore to pop culture and their capabilities altered alongside. The only real commonality among them is their need to feed on the blood or life essence of the living to sustain them. Folklore from across the nations of man

described them as having pale faces, purple faces, or no faces at all—being of only a skinless skull. They may have had talons or long fingers. Their hair was the color of night or blood. They had eyes of red or eyes of yellow. They were tall and thin, or short and furry. Because of this disparity in their descriptions, mankind misidentified some vampires from Terros as demons.

BLOOD TEST RESULTS
Lieutenant Martin Ogura, CSAF (Deceased)

Test	Results
17 Hydroxyprogesterone	3.0 mg/L
25-hydroxyvitamin D	40 ng/mL
Acetoacetate	3 mg/dL
Acidity (pH)	7.45
Alcohol	0 mg/dL
Ascorbic Acid	1.5 mg/dL
Bicarbonate	23 mEq/L (carbon dioxide content)
Bilirubin	0.4 mg/dL
Blood Volume	4.1 % of total body weight
Calcium	8.5 mg/dL
Carbon Dioxide Pressure	35 mm Hg
Carbon Monoxide	5% of total hemoglobin
CD4 Cell Count	500 cells/µL
Copper	70 µg/dL
Creatine Kinase	38 units/L
Creatine Kinase Isoenzymes	1% MB
ESR or Sed-Rate	1 mm/hr
Hemoglobin	5 gm/dL
Iron	190 µg/dL
Lactic Dehydrogenase	50 units/L
Cholesterol	35 mg/dL
Triglycerides	225 mg/dL
Oxygen Pressure	15 mm Hg
Red Blood Cell Count	1.2 million/µL/cu mm
Thyroid-Stimulating Hormone	1 µ units/mL
White Blood Cell Count (WBC)	500 cells/µL/cu mm

Results: Victim's blood cell contaminated. Reject and retest. Recommend coroner retake the blood sample as I identified two different blood types in the victim. Subject also appears to be suffering from lyssavirus (rabies) and erythropoietic porphyries.

If the bullet wound didn't kill him, his low blood count and various infections would surely do it. However, I don't know which blood type the victim has. There is still cellular activity in this blood sample. Who is running that lab?! This subject is not dead.

Not even their preferred victims or process of exsanguinations was common. Some preferred virgins, some only animals, while most didn't care. Some drew the life from the neck while others from the skull, while still others took from the chest. Some needed incisors to draw their sustenance, some needed the palm of their hand, and still a few required only a kiss. Some seduced while others hypnotized. Some required stealth while others walked openly in public with no fear of lynching. To become one required either being bitten once, or as many as three times, by a vampire. One may need only to reject their church in an exceptionally blasphemous way. Some vampires came from a witch's curse while some rose from the dead with not a single sin upon their soul. Though they class as undead and follow the rules of such, they may not actually have died. Alas, most superstitions to ward off vampires from forming or attacking are false. Poppies or coins placed upon a corpse or burying it upside down has no effect. Wild roses or running water do not repel them and garlic is a simple annoyance. They are thankfully repelled to enchanted holy seals (though to no specific religion) as well as consecrated earth and water. Apotropaics are commonly used to ward off the creatures and anyone blessed with divine magic usually does the job as history claims. Vampires can enter homes without invitation with ease.

Vampires start their existence as pale-faced monsters with glossed eyes, decrepit bodies, and feral impulses. As they gain years in that state, they learn to control their own compulsions and inner strength. They regain some color to their skin and the life within their eyes. They resemble their old selves more and more, though their evil dispositions and appetites do not change. This may be more the amount of essence and blood they feed upon and less on the actual age the beast. This was how the tilen came to be as the eldest shifted into the light, leaving their servants in darkness. All the tilen elders graced with life entered the path of redemption with the burden of the greatest stains of all vampires upon their souls. Some vampires envious of the tilen that were not turned hoped that by devouring enough, they would earn such a gift. They even attempted a normal life, taking mates and mimicking a mortal existence. Alas, the wave of Attricana's opening was an exclusive event that has not been replicated or repeated since. The poor souls fooled to love these depressed beasts often fell victim to them, either in a sudden violent act of relapse or after a long slow process to exhaustion. Those that didn't fall as prey to their mates survived from fidelity the vampire retained from when he/she was mortal. Loyalty to a companion never translates to anyone else. In the extremely rare occasions where vampires feigning a normal life had never encountered their own death, they have been known to bond and even sire children, creating the uncommon dhampirs, the half-breed offspring of vampires. In these extremely rare occasions, there is a 50/50 chance the progeny will become a normal human or a tilen. In these cases, when reaching puberty, this specific type of tilen has another 50/50 chance to turn into a full vampire.

Vampires in Amethyst can draw life energy via their grapple attack or with a seducer's or seductress's kiss, though the latter is really only accomplished by elder vampires. A vampire's age and power is relative to how normal they look, with the monstrous abominations being younger to the statuesque and nearly beautiful elders. Vampires in Amethyst are immune to garlic and running water does not affect them. They are still sensitive to light but are not destroyed by it. Wooden stakes work but so does a shaft of cold iron (which burns them the same as all fey, even if the vampire is turned from a non-fey). Vampires are able to see right through the disguises of other vampires, even ones that have taken their animal form. They receive +10 racial bonus to listen, sense motive, spot and survival checks when using these skills against vampires. They also receive a +1 bonus to hit and damage rolls against vampires. Due to this, vampires only fear the tilen, who have taken this ability to become the greatest vampire hunters on the Earth.

WORG

Worgs (more accurately spelled Wargs) are alive and present as a spawn race both in the old age and the new one.

WYVERN

These beasts are spawn side effects from areas where dragons died. Their residual magic permeates the soil and an inferior, dim-witted imitation emerges. Occasionally, a dragon is powerful enough to spawn several wyverns, allowing breeding stock to create more.

ZEROS

Medium Construct

Hit Dice:	2d10+20 (31 hp)
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class:	14 (+4 natural), touch 10, flat-footed 14
Base Attack / Grapple:	+1/+2
Attack:	Slam +5 melee (1d6+4)
Full Attack:	Slam +5 melee (1d6+4)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Stun
Special Qualities:	Construct traits, darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Hardness 2, intelligence, insulation
Saves:	Fort +0, Ref +0, Will –5
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 10, Con —, Int 6, Wis 1, Cha 1
Skills:	Climb +5, jump +5, knowledge (local) +10, knowledge (history) +10
Feats:	Run
Environment:	York
Organization:	Solitary, Squad (2-4)
Challenge Rating:	3
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	—
Level Adjustment:	—

With a miniature head with four eyes and metal cladding, these machines resemble armored warriors, though appear thin and stalky. They sport two fingers and two thumbs, all elongated. They cannot be alive, for careful observation reveals pistons and pneumatics connecting the upper and lower torso.

Zeros were constructed by a combination of knowledge from the gimfen and human engineers from York. They were designed to assist the builders and law enforcement personnel of the fledging bastion in order to speed up its development. By the end of the century, more than a million were constructed. Though a few gimfen remained for technical support, their advice was never required after the initial run. The human population now wholly builds and maintains the zero population. Despite a recent decree prohibiting the zeros from serving in the York armed forces, they continue to occupy the majority of the city's law enforcement, only answering to a handful of human supervisors. Though many tourists have objected to this practice, they remain popular with the native population. They are stronger than the average human and can withstand substantial punishment.

COMBAT

Tireless (Ex): The zero has the run feat and neither tires nor requires rest. It can operate at full efficiency for 72 hours before needing a recharge.

Intelligence (Ex): Zeros are not sentient, but have been programmed with basic problem-solving skills. They are still constructs, and are thus immune to all mind-affecting effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects).

Insulation (Ex): Zeros are a technological construct, through designed and initially built by the gimfen using gleaned human knowledge. Because of gimfen expertise, though much more advanced than they appear, zeros count as TL1 items and have a +5 bonus to EDF rolls. They operate via a heavily insulted power cell built deep inside the torso.







ADVENTURING IN AMETHYST

Amethyst presents a detailed setting without forcing a gaming group down a specific path. The Amethyst quest, the primary arc of the world, can be ignored in favor of something less far-reaching. However, the setting is designed for hero players, not villains. Though it presents information on the extent of evil, the game is not intended for players to play such evil. What follows are several adventure ideas the DM can use as a guide. It is important to have an idea where the game is going, thus creating the story arc that involves the majority of the campaign.

INTEGRATING CHARACTERS

The first and most vital step in creating a campaign in Amethyst is not the generating of dungeons or the crafting of a game timeline, but in the creation of the characters existing in it. This includes both the ones the DM produces for the players to encounter, but most importantly, the player characters themselves. In the end, all great stories need great characters. The DM can present a brilliant setting, but it's for naught if the player characters are boring or badly conceived.

Usually, after several months or even years of playing, a player deviates and discovers that fighting gets somewhat monotonous. Even though they might still enjoy the odd gun or swordplay, they yearn to create a character holding the potential to grow with traits and skills not designed solely for combat. They strive to develop and live in a story. The story becomes the priority and not the next battle. Amethyst hopes to support that need.

Creating a character is a collaboration. Characters should be made with the DM present to ensure proper integration. The player should read the back-story of where he or she is from. Study the landscape, develop a personality, even create a few friends or villains in their past. If the group is echan, they can originate from different parts of the world, but techans should have some prior knowledge of each other or be formed by someone with prior knowledge.

A DM must give the players an idea of what to expect. If their characters have a high chance of dying, then the players should be made aware of that, lest they make a character with a five page back-story only to have the PC killed off in the first session. The PC should find ways to connect important events in his/her character history with events in the setting and not invent their own. The more the character fits in the story, the more role-playing that character will get. Some players like making universal characters that can be plucked

out and placed in any game with the same rule system. This is not that game.

Back-Story Characters

A player is encouraged to create figures in their past with the hopes that the DM will include them in the game in some way. A player must be prepared for the eventuality that the DM will play the NPC differently than the player expects. This is a freedom the DM has. NPCs should be fleshed out as well as they can be if the DM plans on incorporating them into the game. The chance increases that the NPC will behave against the PC's wishes. All too often, the DM mattes his own character plate over that of a player's back-story NPC. Don't. Use the NPC, but don't mutate him/her into a complete opposite with no rhyme or reason for the change.

On paper, good guys and bad guys seem very distinct and very obvious. However, PCs often interpret actions differently. A good guy that is too good is often suspected of hiding something. Villains being too evil are a little fake. Give them some motivation to be more believable.

Echan / Techan Differences

The biggest difference between a techan group and an echan group is the interdependency techan members have on each other. Their classes and skills must be chosen to best offset deficiencies in others. With the threats of disruption and overwhelming odds from echan encroachers, a techan group never endorses vigilantism or the splitting of a party. Techans always stay together and avoid straying too far from their base of operations, mobile or not. Bravado in a techan member will not only result in a swift death for the character, but his precious gear as well.

Because of the need to ensure survivability, techan players should either have prior knowledge of each other, have been working together already for some time, or were brought together by a more enlightened third party. Unlike the clichés of fantasy, techans don't meet together in a tavern to decide to team up to take on the world. Strategy is key and more often, a specific character is forced to take charge to coordinate the actions of others. Contrasting fantasy, the commander probably won't be the biggest fighter, but the most intelligent tactician (faceman, infiltrator), and said leader does not need to run in front of combat to prove his worth.

Echan/fantasy groups can follow whatever form fits their fancy. They can meet and plan out dungeon raids over a tankard in a tavern. In the end, as long as the characters are part of the setting, unique amongst others but still fitting in their surroundings, then the story that begins should interest them.

In both groups, the DM is encouraged to connect as many points in the setting to the characters as he can. Don't just have them raised in a small town with a farmer father and an inherited blade. These are heroes. They should be special. Not "I'm actually a prince given up down the river" special, but perhaps with a connection to events they may not be aware of yet. This all helps with the forming of an ARC.

A Note on EDF

The DM is allowed, if not encouraged, to play the EDF rules long and loose on the condition it not be abused. Just be aware that the two worlds don't mix and only when the players are stupid should they be punished by EDF saves. The GM should not be constantly measuring distances from EDF fields to characters. Intentional EDF bursts from spells and EMP weapons should be taken seriously.

The Arc

The arc is the overlying story of the entire campaign. Though the game endorses one grandiose plot that can alter the course of the setting, it is not the only one to deal with. An arc carries through all other stories and should change the setting in subtle to major ways by the end of it. The DM is encouraged to take such risks in altering the basics of the setting by the conclusion. That final point is important—have an end in mind. A DM should be prepared to close his arc, to reach a culmination the players can be happy with. It may not be the end of the story for the players or the end of their experiences in the setting, but be a turning point for all players involved, where they have had an impact in the entire setting.

The arc should hopefully take the players across as much landscape as possible. The DM ought to exploit as much real estate in the world as he can. He should include story tangents which force the group away from the land they are associated with, into realms of the unknown. Meanwhile, the arc touches on several characters in a personal way. This is why the characters should be made alongside the DM, to create a scenario the characters can be integrated into.

Arcs have a beginning, a middle, and, hopefully, an end. The game may not follow the standard three-act structure of a screenplay, but the DM should still attempt to give the idea that this game has a purpose. The arc is the purpose of the game in the long run and it is important that the players actually enjoy the arc. They should prefer following the arc story, even to the sacrifice of monster-mash dungeon-crawls. This avoids the sin in story-based games where players find themselves trapped in a plot they don't want to see through. Players in this state believe they lack freedom and may find the arc confining. An ill-conceived arc handled inadequately forces players down paths that seem illogical from their perspectives. Straying off the planned path often results in total disaster. With heroes in the lead, a DM should remain confident that the noblest path will be the preferred choice and can plan accordingly. In the end, the players must be able to affect the outcome and not be static characters in a novel they are reading more than playing. The players should want the arc and be personally motivated by it. If the DM cannot depend on virtue, then he is responsible to creating the impetus to start the arc. This motivation will change depending on the arc-type.

The arc is the key to the game. It is what makes Amethyst different from many other games. Sure, the DM may insert random modules or dungeon crawls found online but it is the arc they should want to see through.

It should also be noted that arcs can be combined. Players may have individual arcs and even huge arcs can overlap as well. Even still, one umbrella should carry from beginning to end.

Amethyst - Echa

The most important arc in the book is not mandatory. If tackled, it does involve the greatest risk. Players will be encountering every evil the world can throw at them. Nothing short of the entire world rests on their shoulders. For an echan group, they are personally motivated so injecting additional incentive is hardly necessary. Player characters are fighting for their very survival, as well as those all around them.

This arc involves discovering the truth of Amethyst's fate, what happened at the moment of his death, and how he could be brought back. The heroes will travel to every corner of the planet searching for clues and defeating evil in pursuit of their prize. Meanwhile, the demons and their armies prepare to mobilize, for they will stop at nothing to stop the return of the dragon god.

HOW IT BEGINS

In the story segments included here, Aiden discovers the Amethyst amulet within the cargo hold of a beluga transport plane from the bastion of Porto en route to the bastion of Angel. It is heading there to be given to the leading expert on ancient artifacts, the philosopher and historian (and book collector), David Tong Shen. A random act of magic brought down the behemoth west of the bastion of York, where it was recovered. A player could take the place of Aiden in its recovery or find it elsewhere—in a dungeon, or maybe as the prize in a poker match. The initial artifact should always the amulet, for it is the least powerful initially and is perfect for a low-level starting group. Its bizarre glow and misleading power should beckon the players to learn more. It should appeal to the mage in the group (the DM did encourage that, right)? This will force them to seek answers.

If the DM does not endorse David Tong Shen and the bastion of Angel, then the players must look for their answers elsewhere.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

Placing the four known Canam artifacts in dungeons would be the easy route, but to expand the story scope, the DM should spice it up. Before the group gallivants where angels fear to tread, they need a direction. They could try Raunnis at the Pagoda Mountain or make an attempt at Ramkava. Limshau would also be a route. If a player is from there, then this is a perfect place to try. Alas, these routes only lead to others before finally reaching their prize. Going to Limshau should involve a story arc into Baruch Malkut, as the players trace the path of the buckle from hand to hand.

Raunnis or Ramkava could direct players north to the bastion of Selkirk, where the bracers wait. But Raunnis would be cryptic and somewhat easy. He may direct the players to Ramkava or maybe through a convoluted dungeon to uncover a clue that they must head to Selkirk or travel all the way to Southam.

But Ramkava won't speak to low-level characters, forcing more research. Maybe Raunnis informs them of the staff of KeRif, involving a trek to Mount Sarnathi and the dungeon/tourist trap of the late mage, Kereptis Rifts. With the staff in hand, the players race to Ramkava. There, they could find evidence of any of the three other artifacts, but not solid answers. Raunnis or Ramkava should direct players north eventually.

If the DM wants to avoid bastion politics in Selkirk, then maybe the artifact traveled north in trade with the narros in Fargon. There, such a powerful item could have been sought after by the laudenian elves. Finding their floating city would be difficult indeed. If they had it, would they let it go?

Assuming a starting point in Canam, the final artifact within this book would be found in the catacombs of Vakai. How would they get there? Maybe the titans whisked them away. Maybe the laudenians sympathized with their quest and dropped them off in Southam. More than likely, the players had to hop zeppelin, cart, and feng-fu flyer to southern docks, where a wavecrasher would take them.

Aeros takes them to Vakai, dispatching ogres along the way. In the network, the players must find the right tenenbri to trust. Hopefully, they will find a friend before they find a foe. All that is left is to infiltrate Vanaka and steal the rings…easy.

WHO THEY MEET

The echan arc of Amethyst carries players to almost every corner of the globe. One noteworthy absence is Baruch Malkut, which can be strategically avoided if the DM wishes. Otherwise, the players will find friends with the narros and, if they play their cards right, the laudenians as well. If the group is mostly human (and for the benefit of role playing, at least one should be), a techan connection will occur. This will assist if involving the bastion of Angel as headquarters and when entering Selkirk. If all fey, the bastion plots should be avoided, as entering a bastion with no humans in tow would be impossible.

Laudenians will be less hospitable if the group does not have at least one elf. The narros won't care either way. Seeking out the titans will be easier than one thinks as they are aware of the quest and will allow the players to find them. Getting there would be the hard part.

Because of the implications and ramifications of the quest, encountering royalty would be a possibility. Since Raunnis is close to Abidan, visiting would be an option. If players are from any of the Free Houses in Canam, shortcutting through one would be obvious.

If infiltrating Baruch Malkut, the players will find an ally with Bilford Gram, supporting the group with supplies and information in their journey.

OPPONENTS

The Amethyst quest forces everyone encountered to take sides. Vast kingdoms that are aware will offer services while enemies will send armies to stop such help. If tracking the buckle through Baruch Malkut, a military engagement between Limshau and Malkut may occur to help smuggle the information from the kingdom. This may be the final stroke to spark a war. If the DM wishes to avoid Southam, he may place the rings somewhere in Faustis. Their removal from the fingers of Konig will surely result in the clashes of armies. If the rings or bracers are moved across the Bulwark in Janoah, then the players must contend with pagus and their dragon lords, resulting in a climactic battle on the wall as the pagus chase the heroes back over the bridge of Tethuss.

All of this may pale in contrast if the Saints take notice. These techan overlords seek to prevent the success of the quest. No one knows how they know. They will use the resources of bastions they are secretly in league with to send forces to stop the players. When the heroes are found, perhaps a Saint cruiser will drop a single MAX suit to doggedly pursue the players through every day of the quest until it is finally dealt with. Being so initially overpowering, this force of science should strike fear in the groups, always on the run from this goliath.

If the tenenbri get involved, it could be for good or evil. If Sharajaclypse assists the players, then stealing an Amethyst artifact could be easy. This could be the final justification Queen Karell needs to accuse Sharaj of treason. This could split the tenenbri nation in twain, and cause a civil war. The players may involve themselves in it, or sneak away during the violence.

PLAYER ARCS

Because the echan Amethyst quest touches on so many regions, eventually, every player should find a connection in the setting. Limshau always plays well because of its size and central location. For a mage, the artifacts are of tremendous

importance. The amulet, being designed for mages, is enough motivation as it is. Other classes may need work. Rogues need more inspiration than a shiny rock as the Amethyst doesn't appear nearly as valuable as the trials required to obtain them.

Eventually, it comes down to the virtue of good aligned players to follow the quest. Some players may have a grudge against the techan world while others may have a vow to destroy the world of Ixindar—a worthwhile cause for anyone. Hunting for the artifacts demands more and costs more than the glories and rewards. Vengeance will not carry a player through to the end. The virtue of the quest must be the final drive. The DM is encouraged to make the trials hard and the sacrifices costly. Make each victory bitter. Make every reward sour. Those around the quest that help may often pay for the help with their lives.

WHERE IT ENDS

The final duel with Amethyst in Canam should always involve demons, as they are the final foes to be conquered. The captains and general of Mengus have reached Canam shores and are coalescing free range pagus into a massive army. Thornshroud has been searching for a route around the Bulwark and has found it. He has penetrated into Canam and hunts the players as many others do. He privately sent back message to Gebermach, also recently arrived, who now gathers a massive force of pagus to push through the thin mountain pass and cut through between the great lakes and Kannos. One tangent of the army may decide to lay siege to Limshau, while the other steamrolls through the kingdom to claim Arx-Cis. These ruins from Earth's past contain so much negative energy, channeled through the dead souls of a million demons and pagus that lost their lives on this soil, that they can create a new black gate on Canam, and drape the entire continent in a darkness never before seen. With all four Canam artifacts in tow, the players may have to gather all the allies they have won over to assault the pagus stronghold and prevent the demon foothold in this part of the world.

As stated, this is far-reaching…

AMETHYST - TECHA

A techan group dealing with Amethyst must come face to face with the deception of the authority they answer to. Techans may be hired or assigned the duty of acquiring these artifacts. They do so initially for money and not necessarily for morality, for they probably don't know the whole story.

It is important to distinguish with a techan group between ethics and survival. Since this arc still supports good-aligned players, eventually, the group must deal with the implications of their mission. They would certainly not know that Attricana closing would kill off millions of elves and humans. They may be acquiring these artifacts for no known reason. Maybe they think the world should belong to science but are not educated on the sacrifices for that result. They may have been led to believe that the elves would be sent back to their realm and that everything would fall back to science's control.

In the end, the group must come to terms with their conscience, and turn against their own people for the betterment of the planet.

HOW IT BEGINS

This arc should involve Angel or York, the most active bastions in echan affairs. The Angel hierarchy has been corrupted by Saint sympathizers and the deacons are using that influence to direct Angel's lower tech (and more EDF resistant) soldiers to do their bidding. They may hire out the PCs if they are a mercenary group.

When the Porto beluga vanishes, the players are sent to retrieve its cargo. Maybe the mercenaries were hired to do the shooting themselves. In fact, the Saints could have shot down the beluga themselves, but could not risk infiltrating the atmosphere long enough to search the remains.

Eventually, the group is informed of the quest and how it would doom mankind to always live out their existence in walls. The players should be convinced with words and money that the retrieval and eventual destruction of the artifacts would bring Earth back under control of Mankind.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

Like the echan quest, the techan Amethyst quest takes the group to every corner of the world, but specifics may change. Being experienced travelers in echa, the techan characters should be prepared for venturing into heavy EDF regions in their hunt. Limshau may still be a destination but forget about the heads of Ramkava or Raunnis on the Pagoda Mountain.

Someone will discover the report on Selkirk about the bracers and venture north. If the locals don't want to give up bracers, the players may have to try other means. If the bracers have been traded to the narros, a nefarious ambush may be in order. Laudenia would not appear here for they would never allow themselves to be found by techans.

If the group is overall good, then eventually an ethical dilemma will arise about the morality of their mission. By ending the rule of magic in closing the gates, they not only wipe out the population of elves and other magical creatures in the world, but they also snuff out the majority of mankind living outside of bastion walls. If the group is good, their eventual turn will be an easy one, and welcomed for a good twist and dynamic storytelling, as the techan group turns on its authority. This may and should not necessarily turn them to echa, forcing them to switch loyalties and character classes, but maybe expose the truth to the people of the bastion, to sway opinion to the just cause.

When this begins, the Saints will realize their folly and attempt more direct means. As the players are now hunted by the very techans that started them on their quest, they are forced to pass through echan nations. They will find assistance initially in Gnimfall, where they would be worshipped. This could eventually result in an assault by a Saint cruiser on Gnimfall. They would take out one of the grind towers and send armed forces into the labyrinth to stop the amethyst quest.

The players may discover new echan allies in the gimfen, resulting in a very ironic twist of fate in the inclusion of a gimfen engineer. As the techan switch sides, they start finding unusual allies with the echan nations. Gnimfall would not be the only. Limshau would follow soon after, though the majority of the free houses would be invisible in this tale.

In the end, the players may have to infiltrate Angel and talk to David Tong Shen directly. He will reveal the truth of everything, or maybe send them off to find the Chronicle, which will fill in the blanks. Since Angel has a soft spot for echans within Genai, the players may exploit this to expose the Saint corruption and turn the bastion of Angel against their more powerful benefactors. This may culminate in a Saint cruiser aggressively attacking Genai in hopes of killing a flock of birds with one radioactive stone.

At some point a Saint may be taken captive, and the truth of their origin may be revealed. They are as echan as any others, though not disrupting their technology like gimfen. But if Attricana closes, the saints would fall dead quicker than the

fey. Do the deacon's know this? Do they care? The DM may insert a saint NPC at this point, one that could shed light on his/her people and their mission.

As pagus migrate in from the north through a secret mountain pass recently discovered by Thornshroud, the players may try to forge an alliance with the lower tech bastions of York and Angel with the echan nations of Abidan, Kannos, and Limshau. This may not bode well for Mann, already reaching its tolerance with their lower tech neighbor.

A techan group may be advised to avoid Southam altogether, shifting the rings into Mann, a final destination as the group spends more time finding a way in rather than searching for the rings inside. Defectors within York provide the assistance in infiltrating the island fortress. As Mann chases the players from their territory, a conflict may ensue with York and Mann. How will York defend against a Mann invasion? Alliances from Angel may come to assist, but if the players played David Tong Shen right, he may just bring dragons to stop the fanatical bastion in its tracks.

WHO THEY MEET

Techan players could appear naïve, even if within the echan world for many years. Fundamental techan parties reject magic in all forms. As the group begins to learn the truth and their loyalties waver, they will begin to encounter more friendly representations of the other side. The exotic nature of the elves may win over several members of the group. Damaskans are very open to techan knowledge and would befriend a techan group open to new ideas.

Though the DM is encouraged to spark a romantic story thread, caution must be tempered since a bonded techan human turns echan and can no longer wield technology without disruption

Encountering benign dragons for the first time would be the real shocker. How the players respond to them would be considered the litmus test when dealing with all echans from then on. If the players have a home bastion, then that bastion should feature greatly in the story, which is why Selkirk and Sierra Madre don't feature greatly in this arc. York and Angel could be the sites of great battles which may leave the bastions crippled.

OPPONENTS

Saints would play a much larger role in this story than in the echan campaign. Since players are all techans, they should never be turned away from any bastion they encounter (save for Mann). Since they could be going to every one, this allows them to expand the repertoire of their technology. It is never advised to make a bastion the players' enemy (save for Mann).

Although the echans appear as enemies in the beginning, more and more of them are shown in a brighter light. This may never change with pagus or the monsters roaming the open land.

When demons appear, the techans may be unsure of what's going on. When they discover that the black gate of Ixindar and the white gate of Attricana are not connected, this may drastically alter their outlook. By allowing Attricana to close, the techans would be overwhelmed by the forces of darkness, regardless of the absence of the EDF. This may result in an attempt to convince the saints of the folly of their obsession.

This will not stop the deacons, who will intimidate with will and magic to push for the saint's goal. When finally shown the truth, a captured saint may turn against her/her people, and sow the seeds of rebellion.

PLAYER ARCS

The discovery of the truth of Attricana and the Amethyst quest will shatter the group's predisposition and force them to come to terms with the world around them.

They may not all wholly embrace the world of echa and it would be unrealistic if every member of the techan group suddenly flipped over to the other side. Some would surely be resistant, causing conflict. As long as the player understands what is expected, the resistance should not last long.

One or several characters may embrace the other side but caution should be taken if one goes too far and becomes an echan, for they can no longer carry techan gear. This may alter the views other players have, as one of their own has turned to the other side. They may do this because of another calling, or because they wish to follow the love that they have found with a fey.

WHERE IT ENDS

Like with echan Amethyst, techan Amethyst should resolve its stay in Canam with a great battle against the pagus armies flowing in from the north. This can occur in open field, or in an attempt to rescue the city of Limshau from annihilation. Angel and/or York forces would be taking a severe risk in leaving their borders to help an echan nation. The battle of Arx-Cis may still occur, but it may be the beginnings of the Saint rebellion against the Deacons that saves the day in the end. As a Saint Cruiser's reactor resonates like a positive gate, one that has turned against the deacons could sacrifice itself to close the black gate opening in Canam. The players may instigate such an event. In the end, the seeds of rebellion within the saints have been sowed, but won't be resolved in this chapter.

CRASHING THE SLAVE MARKET . ECHA

This arc may be all encompassing, or be merged into either arcs above for a massive tangent plotline. This arc is personal, more intimate. It has less monster fights and more role playing. It deals with a group of players proudly following one of their own as they risk everything to save the one he/she loves.

HOW IT BEGINS

An echan (human or fey) loses their loved one in a mission near Baruch Malkut. They fear the worst. Perhaps the player hires a group. It is more likely he gains unwavering support from brothers of battle and blood. They grab what gear they can find, whatever transport will take them, and they go about to infiltrate the kingdom to rescue a single innocent from the kingdom of madness.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

Where would the quest lead but into the heart of the most hated kingdom in Canam. If fey are present, an issue develops about how to infiltrate them. They would have to pass as slaves while in the nation. Finding the target won't be easy, as no one is sure who took her (or him, okay her). The group must first find the slaver train. It could in fact be the descendants of the most powerful and richest trader, Prosten Foster, who commands an army of hundreds. The group must also contend with the roaming bands of ignorant military that may not believe the group's faux story.

All these battles should be avoided as stealth and trickery will be the greatest weapon wielded. Brute force will only

result in a quick death as the players are vastly outnumbered. Alas, as their target drifts deeper into the kingdom, the players must bite their tongue to avoid exposure. Their leads take them to Tobias, then to Matronis, as product is shifted from location to location. The players may raid one slave train, only to discover their objective is not present, and now must help a band of chaparrans or damaskans out of the land. They rescue them, and are thus responsible. Maybe the group breaks up at this point, as the obsessed player dives deeper in his quest while others escort their responsibilities back to their homes.

In the end, the group (or groups) eventually reach Faustis, the capital, and must infiltrate the inner circle of the aristocracy to discover the truth, Darius Konig is a Nihilimancer. With such knowledge, the people could potentially revolt, but it will be the war to come that will truly change the landscape.

WHO THEY MEET

The most loyal ally in this journey not accompanying the players will be Bilford Gram, who will keep players safe in his land. He asks for nothing but the eventual downfall of the kingdom. Alas, when his treachery to the kingdom is exposed, his life will be in danger.

Beyond them, there are few friends the players will encounter while deep in the kingdom. Their best allies will be the few slaves they are able to release. They cannot make a habit of this, as their presence will quickly be noticed. It should be obvious that a small band of players cannot crash the market on their own. All they can do is expose its sins and hope rival nations finally decide to make a move. This will come in the form of an aggressive assault from Abidan and Limshau with smaller forces from Gnimfall and Kannos. When the war finally begins, chaparran guerillas from Laurama will jump in as well. Representatives from any of these nations may make appearances. Watchers from Taskin-Kada that have infiltrated the Baruch Malkut may take notice and help the players when possible.

OPPONENTS

"Unlike other quests that stand before us, with Baruch Malkut, the common enemy is always man. The more we fight against the dark side of our own species, they more we are forced to realize how little we have progressed. Though many other nations claim their nobility as proof of humanity's progress, Baruch Malkut illustrates otherwise. Darius Konig is a man, not a demon. By defeating this artifact from mankind's past, perhaps, just perhaps, mankind can truly forgive itself for the sins it committed in the blindness of fanaticism and move ahead as a civilized species."

Vincent Savarice
Abidan

The players would not be making excuses for these humans, and will probably act more enraged towards them than if the slaver were pagus.

Despite what the players may think, it may not be wise to have the group directly encounter Darius with swords or with words. The game could grind to a halt remarkably fast if done so. It opens up a risky situation where players may have the opportunity for regicide, though probably at the cost of their own lives. If unsuccessful, the players' fate would be sealed as a rescue that deep into the kingdom would be impossible.

Various towns and slavers would post bounties for the group, even if the bounties were unaware of the players' identities. An ambush may occur at one point.

PLAYER ARCS

No matter what happens, this tale should have dark chapters. But one of them should not be the failure of the primary arc. Despite many storytellers that believe an unhappy ending is more dramatic and interesting than a happy ending, players don't like seeing their purpose of being flushed away. The player whose obsession initially drives the group (though eventually shared by everyone, sometimes for other reasons) should survive to see this quest completed. His love should be rescued, alive, and conscious. If another player falls for an elf which is later haloed or killed, that's fine, but the final objective should succeed. This is neither the climax nor nowhere near the end of the story for any of them.

One interesting concept involves having a player actually from this kingdom originally. His or her family escaped and defected to a neighboring nation, but roots remain and the player may have ties to one or several slave trains, maybe even to one of the town's ruling class. Facing these past demons would be a vital plot thread for that character. In the end, this objective should also succeed, even to the point of wiping out this player's family in Baruch Malkut.

WHERE IT ENDS

With the objective in hand, the lover's pair and their loyal protectors beat a hasty retreat with King Darius' elite Cloth Knights in pursuit. Baruch Thuggees dog their shadows whenever they are cast. They escape with the truth of Konig, with maybe even one of the precious halos in possession. With other such grievous insults to boost, the players can no longer sneak and crawl away. They must race to Nassau to warn Bilford. He cannot leave, for the town is now in danger. They must fortify against attack. The occupying Malkut militia needs to be dealt with. When killed, the town prepares for an attack from Sykar. The players are but drops in a bucket. What is required is an army from the north. Players should travel to Athenaeum. The Feathertans will be easy to convince and Abellis will lead the charge, but their army is small. Limshau forces may be slow to hustle, but if convinced to move, mounted armies from Kannos and Abidan will respond. This still involves a siege of Nassau which could occupy several days until reinforcements arrive.

With the defeat of Sykar's forces (A safe assumption), the armies unite and prepare for a pincer attack to sweep across and shut down the slaver markets for good.

Such a war would not be resolved immediately. Though the player could have an active hand in the invasion, the war would hit a wall when approaching the marshlands of the peninsula. With Matronis and Tobias occupied, the kingdom of Baruch Malkut would be reduced to a handful of poor towns with little resources. From there, the rival nations would simple wait for the people to rise up to overthrow their kingdom. However, that is another story.

RESCUE, WHATEVER THE COST - TECHA

The worst fears come to pass. An important scientist / politician / loved one has strayed far off course and crashed in the north. No one knows exactly where or their condition. Was it a beluga transport or another aircraft that fell to disruption and why was it that far north in the first place? The bas-

tion or the players themselves feel compelled to conduct a rescue. Such a mission would take months. It is as far away as anyone could travel, past the Bulwark, through Apocrypha, into the land ruled by the Kodiak's glacier god.

HOW IT BEGINS

This quest is fantastic for a group routed in Angel or Sierra Madre. For Sierra, the stakes are much higher, for the population is exceptionally naïve about the world outside. The team would have few resources. Such a long trek would have to be taken on the ground, with as little high technology as possible but still enough to keep the group alive. Many of the members of the team might not have even heard of Limshau or Abidan and may be completely unprepared for what awaits them. Why are they going? Are they being paid a massive amount of money from a third party? Have they been lied to (Save my microfilm—er, I mean, my daughter)? Is it personally motivated? The details of the disappearance should be left open and mysterious initially—a mystery to be solved later. The players are confused, as could be the one hiring them, if there is one. In the end, the loyalty to the lost loved one or the massive purse waiting for them upon the return encourages such a dangerous quest.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

As stated, Sierra Madre or Angel are the best launching points for this quest. They would come face to face with many evils in the world. Though bumping into strange backward humans still living in a feudal society, the majority the creatures the group will encounter will be strange, ugly, or beautiful. They should unfortunately enter the Sana Marsh without knowing it. They should stumble into Tranquiss without knowing it. They should…you get the idea. How they reach the north is up to them, perhaps influenced by the DM. Obviously traveling through Abidan, over Tethuss, and into Apocrypha would be the most exciting and most dangerous. When finally reaching Chronzia, the players unfortunately discover the wreckage empty, with signs that everything salvageable in supplies and slaves was taken to Azi Dahaka. Can the player survive a trek into the land ruled by evil dragons?

WHO THEY MEET

Like the techan Amethyst quest, this arc is full of strange encounters both happy and hostile. The players may make friends along the way and may end up never leaving this enchanted world. Techan opponents would not appear as often as in the Amethyst arc and would deal primarily with these strangers in a strange land. Though they may still commit the quest out of honor, the full purse may not appeal to them in the end. Low level techan characters may turn to echa and alter the entire demographic of the party.

This may come because of influence of the people they meet. It may also come out of necessity as they may be out of touch of bastions for extended periods of time, especially when passing over Tethuss into lands no good creatures walk.

OPPONENTS

Like the Amethyst quest, the players here will encounter many mean-spirited monsters in their travels. They will also encounter allies. As the group passes through the Sana Marsh, their only hope of survival may be from Kannos. From there, they may travel safely until Janoah. Across the Tethuss Bridge, the players will struggle to even have hope.

Their final opponent in the rescue should be nothing short of a dragon, specifically the death dragon Reaver in Light. His death would not mark the end of their journey, but perhaps this chapter.

PLAYER ARCS

Initially, the inexperienced techan players may want to avoid the echan world as much as possible, but as time goes on, it will be unavoidable. Unlike other arcs, even in the techan Amethyst, the players should have little to no knowledge of the outside world. Some of them might not have even seen an elf.

Because of the EDF, there is no communication with their home or the person or property they are trying to rescue. They would not even be sure exactly where they are going, making the mission seem pointless. The players may wander lost, losing hope as quickly as they lose direction. They may wander far off course, encountering other realms like Salvabrooke or Baruch Malkut. All the while, they start asking questions about how the world came to be this way and if it is the preferred state of being. The DM is encouraged to keep the majority of the rulebook as far from player's eyes as possible, keeping them in the dark about locations until they reach them.

By the end of the story, their dispositions have matured, their tempers have tempered. They stopped fearing that which lies around the corner. They have grown used to this new life. It would not at all be shocking if every single character had switched from techan to echan.

WHERE IT ENDS

Where it probably won't end is back at the original bastion the group left for. Once they retrieve the person, or realize the object they were really questing for was useless in the grand scheme of the planet, they may eventually integrate into the echan world.

With Reaver dead, they may discover the object in question is something truly dialogical. Perhaps the rescue was after a person, but their mission was to transport something of vital importance. If the target was a loved one, they may encounter their rescuers as echan and wonder what had happened in all this time. Would that person understand the transformation the players had gone through?

The object or information present (maybe within the mind of the person being rescued) holds the vital clue for technology to work within magic, the key to creating anti-magic fields with technology. On the adverse side, it may be an Amethyst artifact, starting yet another arc on the heels of this one. Their fate may be to die with the armies of pagus converging on them. In the end, perhaps the Laudenians take favor and scoop them to the sky, to begin another chapter in their voyages.

IT'S WHY THEY CALL IT MONEY . ANY

This is a strange arc, and will appear very selfish. This is because it probably is. It should be combined with another much larger arc, like the Amethyst story. The big difference here is that the players are not actually part of the Amethyst quest. As it occurs around them, it changes the landscape of the world. When other heroes are trying to save the planet, these players are just trying to survive and make some extra money.

HOW IT BEGINS

It begins with a group of mercenaries or freelancers voyaging into the lawless lands during the chaos of war to join winning sides or dive into dungeons, looking for unpilfered coins and other carrion. As the tides of war shift from castle to field and back to castle, these "heroes" keep out of notice, pinching and pilfering what they can, involving themselves in combat only when it suits their goals. Fate may have other ideas.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

Following any of the Amethyst arcs above, the players could go anywhere and do anything, as the world changes around them.

WHO THEY MEET

Who they meet may alter the player's perspective as they travel the world. If the group truly wants to look out only for themselves, then they will encounter few allies in their journeys. At some point, they will be in the wrong place at perhaps the right time. Maybe they are in Limshau when the pagus move south. Maybe they are in Athenaeum when the call for help from Nassau arrives. Perhaps they are in Janoah when the Saints arrive in force.

OPPONENTS

Like most quests of this nature, their opponents are the enemies they make along the journey. The issue with this type of arc is the absence of a real arc unless the players wish to endorse one. It could only be them touring the world, taking what they can while they have the chance during such turmoil.

PLAYER ARCS

The ethics of slipping away in battle may wear down the souls of the group, eventually forcing a few to put their foot down. This may occur several times until the players stop dodging responsibilities and face the fact that they have a responsibility to help change the world for the better. If they don't wish to, then they are part of the problem, and a true player arc won't occur.

WHERE IT ENDS

When the players have their fill or until that take upon an arc that truly matters.

POLITICS OF CANAM - ECHA

The politics of Canam are thorny and complex. It basically comprises several large empires grinding at the land with dozens of smaller ones in between being treated as political lubricant. As long as the large ones don't chafe borders, all should be well. After a time, the smaller houses began to get somewhat annoyed at the practice. While they try to muscle some control and claim some piece of dignity, the large ones play their game, threatening war but never committing to it.

Players in this group should not be part of the royal class, but loyal members just below the inner circle. They catch the direction the wind shifts before anyone else does but may not have an active role in the weather. This may appear to stifle players but some groups find having such an overlying story arc intriguing. Eventually, the players will have a hand in actively changing history by being in the right place at the right time.

HOW IT BEGINS

Previous chapters list the many kingdoms and free houses of Canam. The DM is welcome to choose any of them, or create an original free house. In this way, players can have a larger role in history. There are huge open areas unclaimed in Canam to place such a pocket monarchy. It should not be larger than a few villages. As the war of Amethyst begins, several houses grow concerned about power plays by neighboring and larger nations.

What starts as a diplomatic envoy of peace to a rival house may spark a conflict that brings in other houses and maybe even one of the big nations like Limshau, Abidan, or Kannos. One player may be part of the royal family, but never an overwhelmingly influential one. Other players could be cousins, guard captains, or loyal friends. They may be assigned or always present and vigilant. They may be treated as equals or the royal may flex his regal muscles at the disdain of others. Often enough, friends of monarchs hold as much or more sway than bishops or brothers.

Perhaps the royal is being betrothed to a potential marriage in another kingdom to increase their power base with a blood-tied alliance.

House Antikari is fairly independent though its small noble house has ties to the crumbling House Torquill. They would happily sell out Antikari's sovereignty to help rekindle the fires in the larger house.

House Locus-Mallis is temperamental, prone to violence. If they break from their hold within Xixion, an aggressive push for territory may develop. If not, they may offer up riches or marriages in hope someone else will take up blades to war.

House Orchis enjoys a profitable relationship with many neighbors thanks to its proximity along the Continental Cross. It believes it can dictate terms with those seeking treaty.

House Plicato has many such young nobles open for marriage. Alas, it is often forgotten. Away from the Continental Cross, Plicato hopes a treaty will allow the cross to be replanned through their nation. They offer themselves up as a stopover point between the Western houses and Limshau.

House Torquill, the shadow of its greatness, continues dreaming of a time when they were one of the largest nations in Canam. Many of their nobility wish it to return at any cost. They will snatch anything offered to them and will offer what they have left as an edge to retake their land.

House Ogium hardly has time for politics, as their continued internal conflict litters their landscape in blood. If Ogium is a neighbor, then their conflict may threaten to spill over.

House Quinox is virtually ignored. They are so foreign in policies and practices, few other houses want to deal with them.

House Skyrose won't deal with any nations unless they have pure elven blood. They are even wary about dealing with Limshau or Plicato.

WHERE IT TAKES THEM

Almost nowhere. The players' arcs concern internal conflicts of the kingdom and they would seldom leave it. The only exception is when escorting or when leading armies into battle. The players may eventually find themselves in a war campaign against another rival house if war is declared. Perhaps this war comes from a treaty with a rival. If all the players are below the nobility, they may finally take charge when sent on mission on their own. The majority of the story actually takes place within the house borders. A notable exception to this would be if the noble the players associate with the most is given to another house, as a ward with a treaty, or as a spouse in marriage. The players may be part of the retinue

that accompanies the noble everywhere he goes in this new land. Dangers wait at every turn and as assassins rear their heads, the shadow of another house's treachery becomes clear.

It is also important to set a timetable for this arc. Though the modern era deals with encroaching evil, the DM may decide to change his game to much earlier, when nations were more selfish, believing demons were the problem of the East. The DM may set the story in the distant past and border the house next to the recently fallen nation of Kardia.

WHO THEY MEET

Where this new fictional house is placed will alter who they encounter. The biggest issue is who to trust. In politics, no one trusts anyone. The players would be loyal to each and to the noble they swear to protect, but they may seem the only sane voices in a land of madness.

The most important and exciting events of a political game, and the event that brings in the most characters, is the tournament or hastilude. This event probably occurs because of the highest noble of the land wanting to put on a show to celebrate the treaty or marriage. It could also be he just wants to spend money. The players are welcomed and encouraged to join in the festivities, though such an event would neither be quick or simple. It would be more than just a joust. Melee circles, horse racing, endurance events, and grand banquets would par the course over several days. Such a festival should take up more than several sessions. The players are able to talk to representatives from houses all over their half of the continent. Friendships may be forged and enemies may be vowed. If assassination is part of the event, the DM is invited to include such a subplot.

If an external threat looms on the horizon, like armies of kobolds, pagus, or goblins, the political atmosphere may shift, forcing rival houses together, forgetting pesky squabbles. Marriages may be the glue between rival families in order to fortify the alliance. Players may not like such alliances, as it forces prior enemies to mix.

OPPONENTS

At some point during the political drama, the DM is invited to introduce an external element like pagus. Once again, it would depend on the placing of the house in Canam. Until then, the majority of opponents use smiles and words as their weapons. Combat occurs with blunted blades and flat-tipped lances until the war breaks out.

Of all the arcs, the DM will have the hardest time with this one. Because enemies are not as clearly defined and cannot do something as pesky as killing an innocent openly as proof of their wickedness, DMs have to play down the extremes. There could be more than a dozen NPC with fully fleshed out histories that the players encounter on a daily basis. They should have both first AND last names.

Opponents need not even be evil. They may simply be rivals from another nation with their own responsibilities. They have their own principles which are as valid as the players. In this landscape, there is little black and white, only shades of grey. The external evil in the form of goblins, kobolds, or pagus (even Kodiaks) should not arrive until much later, or be always present, just not always active. Combat with them should be kept to a minimum.

PLAYER ARCS

Once again, this depends entirely on how the DM creates his house. Arcs here don't always reach their climax with a pivotal battle. Here, they reach a crescendo with words. This is a role-playing arc. Players are responsible for creating much of their role playing as a DM needs input for such plots to play out properly. Only active players will be rewarded. With before, all a DM needed to do was place a favored enemy in front of a character to get them to emote. It is not nearly as simple now. The players have to live their lives between the dungeons, especially since their probably won't even be in dungeons.

The players may end up mingling with the nobility in more ways than one. Loyalties may be frayed and friends may turn against each other. It should be important to note that players should never openly fight each other. It will eventually bring about the downfall of a game. Despite claims of a character's voice, fighting among player characters usually spells doom for the group. Testing friendship should occur between NPC and PCs.

As the external evil begins to grow, players may have to put aside their resentment toward human or elvish enemies. This may not go quickly or quietly and arguments may spill with blood on battlefields.

WHERE IT ENDS

Whether or not the Amethyst quest is involved in this story is optional. If a war with an uncivil race breaks out, this war would be the event that marks the last act of the arc. If the rival nations suddenly band together to defeat the menace, then the DM should come to the ultimate realization that many of these great NPCs he has been creating since the beginning will start dying. And die they should. Not all of them, but most of them. Whether the house survives or not is up to the DM to decide. He may decide to overwhelm the house in the encroaching evil, forcing an evacuation. The house and its nobility may crumble. The survivors may flee to neighbors. The player should take what they can but ultimately vow to protect the one noble they were always tied to and make their escape to another house, even one previously sworn to be an enemy.

STORY EVENTS

After a DM decides upon his arc, he should consider the events that he will inflict—er, I mean impose on his players. Often enough the DM must test the waters before trying some of the more risky storylines. These are player arcs which often enough lead eventually to the final fate of the character. The issues many players have with these plots is the seemingly lack of choice they may have over them. These events occur by the player's choice and the DM must be receptive to input from the player and not force events on the individual they may not enjoy.

Story events are just that. They don't involve money. There is not prize, no reward for success beyond the personal satisfaction of fulfilling a well crafted role playing story.

DEATH

It is one thing to be fair. It's another for a DM to willingly kill his PCs. Most DMs who plan a short game can sometimes become executioners, killing off their players willingly and eagerly. Fairness works better. If a PC is killed fast in a game through the rolls of combat, the argument can always be made that, "it was in the rolls." However, the DM should never press the finger of god upon a PC and kill him outright, story be damned. There are only a few exceptions where character death is warranted:

a) The Player wishes to start anew with a new PC.

b) The Player plans on leaving the gaming group.

c) The Player and DM have a previous knowledge of the fate of the PC when the game begins.

Killing a player character off even at the end of a campaign or arc is risky. Players want their characters to live forever. Some understand the importance of good storytelling, so may be welcome to the idea. Amethyst does not support an entire player group dying from the lunacy of a single player or from the shortsightedness of a DM throwing too much at them.

The deaths of allied NPCs can be handled in one of two ways: As a glorious moment of battle, or as proof of a threat looming or presented directly. Non-Player characters rooted in the Player character history are assumed important and the player often invents a history not even the DM is aware of. The player lists that NPC as friend. That friendship is paramount, and the death of such a character will be felt.

Getting an emotional reaction from the death of a non-player character is extremely difficult. A DM cannot just say, "This character is important to you" and have it stick. To make it felt by both player and character, that NPC must have a personality. The NPC must also have hung around for a long period in the game. Nothing strengthens an attachment like time. The longer an NPC hangs with the player group, the more the loss will be felt when death occurs.

The DM is also advised to avoid showboating. Nothing is taken sourer than a DM's pet character having a glorious death. It is even sourer if the NPC kills off an important enemy in the process.

On the point of villains, the common DM point is to bring back successful villain often…and more often. The DM should never ever do this. Player groups all assume any threat placed before them can be defeated. Placing a noteworthy enemy that can't be killed yet only frustrates them. It is useful as a plot point but the player should be made are of this the risks in fighting the target. As it stands, the DM should only do it once. The annoying point occurs later, when the villain is actually defeated. Defeated villains should stay dead. Players that vow to defeat an evil get really frustrated when that same evil returns again and again and again. Let players have their victory and bring in new opponents. Just because the DM likes an NPC villain, doesn't mean said villain should steal the show. Give the players a chance for victory occasionally. If not, it can prove very frustrating for the PCs to engage in a fight they have no hope in winning. Never include just one villain. Always toss in a couple subordinates. Take one down once in a while.

In Amethyst, there are several key villains present, some of them the players may encounter, many they might not and probably should not. The most vital of these is Gebermach, which is intentionally designed to be so powerful that if he appears in a scene in this arc he will most certainly win. This is a key point for an allied NPC to die, to prove how dangerous this evil is. Gebermach should not (and really cannot) die in the Canam story arc. Thornshroud is another story. Despite a potential for his return, his death is up for grabs. Other villains that best remain out of the player sights include all the Azhi dragons as well as King Darius Konig.

ROMANCE

The single hardest story point to role play in a game, without a single moment's hesitation, is romance. Beyond accusations of dorky players and uncomfortable words spoken betweens group of men, a romantic plot is one of the hardest to conceive and play out. What the DM thinks as a possible relationship may not be synonymous with the player's views. Sometimes the DM inflicts their own idea of beauty to a player with utterly different beliefs. Some DMs shortcut this by having the player create his own potential love interest in their past and then have the DM play out the events leading to the confirmation of those feelings. Alas, this does not always work either. It also may feel forced. Some players don't want relationships, just conquests. Regardless, a DM should avoid dropping a romance in a game initially, only introducing such an idea gradually over the course of many sessions. The DM should determine who is receptive to such a plot thread before taking such a risk. A forced love affair is one of the most painful ones to watch.

A DM should also know that, like life, romance is unpredictable. An NPC inserted as a love interest for one character may end up with another. Once again, the DM should never enforce this.

As for situations to introduce such romantic encounters there are several to choose from. Occasionally, the meet is imposed, like two nobles arranged to be married, though this works more for NPCs than with players. Often enough, romance occurs on the fly, as the players are moving from place to place. They encounter exotic foreigners and get swept up in the moment. In this world, the colorful nature of the fey and their various cultures support such encounters. Players may find new characters accompanying them on their journey. As time passes, relationships may develop from shared experiences. If one side is in dire need, a well timed rescue goes far. This is the easy way out. A truly more realistic romantic plot occurs with words more than actions, but these are extremely difficult to play out. As the arc winds its path through the world, players and npcs will understand each other more. Empathy may beget romance if handled correctly.

The DM must also be prepared to suddenly create a fleshed-out NPC out of the air when a seemingly unimportant act causes an attachment. The player may see a beauty from across the room or take notice of an opponent in battle. Captured alive, they reveal a truth about themselves that makes them endearing to another. Then there are the slaves. Players are bound to encounter the slave trains in Baruch Malkut at least once. A freed slave may suddenly find him or herself tagging along. Please note, rescuing a slave is noble act, and good aligned players should avoid taking advantage of the situation.

Even when feelings are exposed, it may take some time to finally reach a literary climax. Their may be other hurdles. Obstacles dealing with culture, race, or even sex may prevent the traditional "happily ever after" coda. Being a fantasy setting, death occurs often and the romance may suddenly find itself cut short with the death of one side. This may bother the player in ways never seen before, as emotional investment placed in such a relationship is promptly flushed away. In Amethyst, death is almost always lasting, so a DM should be aware of the calamity inflicted when killing off a loved one.

This deals with romance, not sex. Players can have sex easily and often. Romance often takes time and only the longest games can truly succeed realistically at this.

THE TWIST

By keeping huge portions of the game away from player's eyes, the DM is encouraging an atmosphere for them to be shocked when something truly unpredictable occurs. Both the arrival of the demons in Canam and history and quest of Amethyst are huge events the players may suspect going into the story (it IS the name of the game). However, the players should be completely in the dark about the existence of the Saints and their drive to close the gates. There are even more twists to come in later volumes. This book does not explain everything. The DM should handle such twists dramatically, and not waste such important points as passing trivia. He can

keep the book locked in a safe, only revealing what he wishes to reveal.

The DM is welcome to limit the races available to the group, pulling back the knowledge of races the players may not know about. The first encounter with the pagus may come as a shock, as groups of massive fey charge without mercy into battle. The history of the tilen may be suppressed until one is found in a rescued slave train. For techan characters, the DM could hold back the entire fantasy world. They would venture in the unknown with only their paranoia to protect them. They may not even know what an elf even looks like.

THE ANACHRONISM OF FANTASY

The biggest drawback when dealing with a fantasy world is the equivocal nature of its own genre. By definition, it creates a situation that can never exist because of assumptions made that are historically or logically incorrect. Given the modern youth's unwillingness to probe further than glorified and theatrical accounts claimed to be fact, many assumptions are made which simply do not hold up to scrutiny. The time period of man's medieval age lasted almost 1000 years, ending (as some claim) with the onslaught of the industrial revolution and the invention of modern firearms. What many readers of fantasy literature do not know is that much of what they read in books are based on weapons and armor which never occurred at the same time, nor in the same place.

Amethyst, the game, allows certain illogical compromises to be permitted in order to be a more enjoyable role playing experience in comparison to the real ideal of Amethyst. History actually reveals that scaled armor did not lead to mail (chainmail in D&D) and was a different path taken by a different culture. By the time the Japanese were perfecting their lamellar armor with their samurai, Europeans had long since passed them with the perfection of hardened full plate, protection that would defeat even the sharpest katana. Though there is evidence of splinted armor in Europe, there is no evidence banded armor ever existed at all. Historically, many weapons one can purchase via the PHB would never smash together, being separated by 500 years and 5,000 miles. It is the same assumptions made when one claims a stegosaurus and a tyrannosaurus could fight, when they were never in the same period.

Other notions incorrectly made assumed a knight under a full suit of custom plate would wield a longsword in one hand, and a shield in the other. But history has shown the only time this has ever occurred was while in parade. Knights in full plate never needed the use of a shield. It was simply redundant, exchanged for a two-handed warsword. Clad in the best plate armor, an enemy was a formidable opponent, virtually immune to everything except for attacks specializing in blunt trauma. Most arrows simply could not penetrate. No matter how sharp the sword or axe, a proper steel helmet could not be cleaved. For 1000 years, it was a slow progression of move / countermove between those that developed weapons and those that developed armor. With the exception of the sword (and to the lesser extent, the axe), most weapons available for purchase would never be for sale in the same shop window, heralding their origins from across the world or across time. It is impossible to properly approximate a fantasy world where society is prevented from developing because of an external obstruction. At which point, one could imagine 1000 years of weapon construction had to be re-learned (less people know how to make plate armor now then they did 500 years ago). One would need to consider which weapons would make their reappearance. Longbows and crossbows seem an obvious assumption (though their application resulted in them hardly ever appearing together in the same army), as would the many lengths and styles of swords, but even that is an assumption tempered with caution. Old swords were broad with grooved fullers to keep weight down, something not appearing in later blades. Old blades had to be forged with various metals to keep the ratio of steel, iron, and carbon consistent, though later methods allowed swords to avoid this costly procedure. Let's also not forget that the bastard sword and the longsword were actually the same weapon.

But role-playing requires these options, lest it make the game tedious or boring. In a real world situation, shuriken would have no hope of breaking skin on someone fully laden in even the basic chainmail (assuming such a conflict were to occur, which it never did). Amethyst then throws magic into the pot, where an enchanted blade could in fact cleave a man clad in full plate from head to brisket. Given these elements, it would be hard to visualize how a fantasy world would really look if it had to be logical and realistic (within its own set rules). If a DM wished, he could apply this logical application to Amethyst, knowing that it limits a player on what he can purchase and use. For example, realistically there is no reason why a trident would be for sale anywhere in Canam as an offensive weapon. The same goes for two-bladed swords, spiked chains, or sickles. If one had money, would they go into a shop and purchase farm equipment? Further, Asian designed weapons for use with monks (nunchaku, kama, kukri) would be excruciatingly rare, as such, items would be for a select few trained in its proper use. Full plate armor doesn't take a day but weeks to months to do properly.

In Amethyst, there would be no random encounters, for open echa could not be as dangerous as to force a violent engagement every second day. It must be relatively safe, otherwise the entire planet's population would be doomed to annihilation. Fighters with a 100,000 gp sword should be retiring within a castle, not gallivanting around the world with a thief and a mage, looking for more treasure. The extent of the realism a DM wishes to place depends entirely on the level of commitment he wishes to invest. How much D&D does he want and how much Amethyst does he want?

THE HERO RULE

This RPG represents a translation of Amethyst within the confines of Dungeons and Dragons. If a group wishes, they can option to alter the rules even more in order to turn the game more to the feel of the real Amethyst story, rather than an Amethyst/D&D compromise.

In an attempt to balance the rule alterations with fun game play and to put the fear of death firmly into the player's hearts, the DM is advised to utilize the hero rule. It balances the lack of raise dead spells and keeps the players alive longer. Death is more permanent in Amethyst and no longer just an annoyance.

- Characters do not die at -10 but rather their Constitution attribute (18 Con = -18 hit points before death.) Those with less than 10 Con may still use the -10 limit.
- Death from massive damage (+50 points in a single strike) results in the PC dropping to 0 hit points.
- Magical death effects, or spells that don't destroy the body, reduce the Character to -10 hit points. They lose consciousness instantly.

•Magical death effects do not destroy the body. Another spell must be cast to destroy remains.

•There are no healing potions. The only ones able to heal injuries are those dedicated to the practice. Cure spells (including Heal) now take ten minutes to cast and require substantial amounts of components in the form of herbs and various alchemical liquids. The recipient must be present and prone for the entire duration. Inflict Wound spells still take their normal casting time.



"You caress that thing as if the bible," Said Mahan as he placed the kufi upon his head. Aiden fondled the chronicle's binding, examining the matted platinum finish of the spine. Gold plated the corner bosses, reinforced with a heavy, diamond-hard steel on the inside. Despite the abuse it obviously suffered at the hands of the shapeless wild, the chronicle looked as if formed from dragon hands yesterday. The exquisite rigid cover looked of stone, though seemingly melted to obsidian and far too thin to survive the punishment of time. It formed from unnatural flames. Each leaf looked perfectly cut to blend in with the others. Edge on, Aiden couldn't pick apart the number of pages or even if the book contained pages at all. When he ran his fingers across its thickness, his nails rolled across it smooth without the rattle associated with a book bound by mortal hands. At five inches thick, with this much metal, the book should weigh more than Raven; yet, Aiden could shuffle it around with a single arm. Beyond that, the cover looked inconspicuous, with no title, author, or blind tooling for that matter. Not even the spine carried the name. Carvings deep in the gold bosses featured the gaping maws of dragons at each corner. Their front claws reached down the outer edge to the single oversized clasp keeping the book closed. Their tails ran across and down the spine, curling their tails that continued to run across the back cover. Aiden saw the latch held no lock, just a simple silver toggle. All he would need to do is flip said toggle.

Aiden remarked internally at how perfect the binding was. Not a single flaw anywhere in the book. He need not check for its potency in magic. He doubted the denizens of the keep knew of its importance, else they would have guarded it better, though Mischa hardly considered it light resistance when the kodiak gored him. Aiden unlocked the toggle.

"Hey, did not Master Chen advise against opening that?" Raven's head was still down. She didn't need to see Aiden to know his actions. Mahan quietly mouthed the words of his devotion. He whispered to his right shoulder, then to his left.

Aiden spoke a word and the latch flipped down. "Hey, did not Master—" Raven stopped himself as Aiden crept the book open. A single branch from the tree swung down and gently closed the book on him. Aiden swatted the branch aside and opened it again. The branch came down once more. However, a whisper from his lips and Aiden ignited his right palm in flame, holding it in the air. The branch recoiled back from the heat and light, returning to matters of growth.

"That is not really very nice, we are guests here," Raven said. Mahan had finished. Curiosity caught hold and he took off his cap. He folded his mat and stood. After placing his prayer items on his pack, he walked over to hang over Aiden's shoulder. Raven was already doing the same.

The book indeed carried pages. The first one floated weightlessly on the passing wind, as light as a spider's silk. When Aiden passed the leaf over, the folio spread flat. The sun dipped below the tree, enveloping them all in long, dagger-shaped shadows. The other pages only rose when Aiden flicked them over. The blankness of every page mocked them all. A cream finish adorned every face with no letters or words of any language. Aiden tossed another page lazily, frustrated. Before he slammed the book closed, Raven forced her hand inside. "Wait," she said. She lifted the book again. She reached over and grabbed it from Aiden. She held it open to the light. As the last few bands of sun struck the book, the symbols floating off the pages emerged. Like crystals splintering the spectrum, colors broke apart in the presence of the symbols. The letters, if one could call them that, changed from red to orange to blue as the light moved across the page. The symbols were not simply raised letters. They carried dimension. They absolutely required one to witness every side to distinguish themselves. Several looked the same in one view. Shifting, however, brought out their differences.

Mahan and Raven gaped as Aiden rose up to see the book in the sun as well. "What intelligence forms an alphabet in three dimensions?" Raven asked.

"It's draconic," Aiden whispered in return. He reached down and snatched his pack. He unlatched and pulled out his own spellbook. A quarter the size of the chronicle, a perfectly bound spine, sheathed in leather, it held his spells together, blind tooled with symbols from Chen Aiden still tried to decipher. He blew a silent whistle over the latch. It responded open with a sudden spring. A simple shift of his hand on the spine and the book flipped to the page Aiden wished. The uneven and muddled pages were a requirement, filled with scratches and notes on the sidebars. Equations and shorthand filled every expanse. Sitting perfectly even and parallel were the symbols of Aiden's devotion. They resembled the floating letters of the chronicle, save for the floating. "I only know of them in two," Aiden gaped. "Fifty five letters, I know, there must be more then. Hundreds. What potential could this hold?"

Aiden's smile lasted only a moment longer, as the sun finally dipped its last, basking the sky in orange, and the forest in shadow. The symbols in the chronicle vanished as quickly. "Dammit," Aiden muttered privately. Mahan accepted the book as the symbols drifted away. They sank back to their pages. A book written in the true language of dragons was a rare find indeed. He Mahan closed the book and returned it to Aiden's arms. "Thankfully, only god and the sun can be relied to always rise." They all settled back against trees. "That's outstanding," Mahan observed.

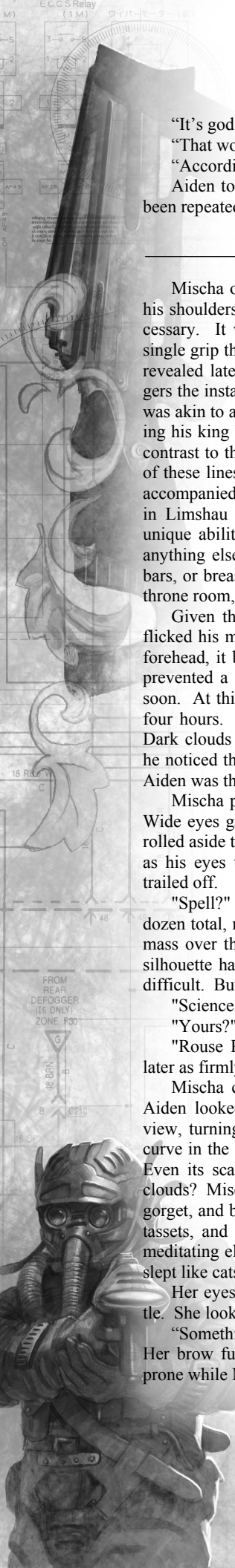
"It's also unrealistic," Aiden said.

"What isn't out here?"

"Chaos creates chaos, but language never is. It's ordered. Attricana may have created elves and dragons but they created their words. Language, spoken and written, must be governed by rules. There is no way I know for a species to create a language in three dimensions."

"Who's to say? These are dragons after all. Magically, they are considerably well endowed. This may not be something you can understand."

"Why not? If a power so chaotic can be bound into a specific word which never changes, it means what's beyond that door has rules…just different to ours."



“It’s god’s domain, if he chooses it so, then it is. That’s all.”

“That would be an easy answer, wouldn’t it?”

“According to the science of your people, that’s a basic rule.”

Aiden took in the comment and said that which he knew had been repeated before. “Not my people.”

Mischa once claimed to have lifted a troll's corpse clear over his shoulders, though he never disclosed why such a feat was necessary. It was his habitual tendency to palm the blade with a single grip that staggered the other members of the group. Mischa revealed later that Kantis elders would tie weights to young fingers the instant they could form a fist. A Kantis dropping a sword was akin to a lying Kadian watcher, or an Abidan knight dishonoring his king by indulging in malicious vice. All acts were sins in contrast to the image one envisions when bringing up the legends of these lines. Mischa was never disarmed in the time the others accompanied him. The legend Aiden had plucked from the pages in Limshau claimed the discipline allowed Kantis warriors the unique ability to lock their grips tight around their weapons, or anything else they happened to grapple at the time, be it blades, bars, or breasts. Even when the kodiak kicked Mischa across the throne room, the ranger's grip never faltered.

Given this and knowing Mischa's lack of subtlety, when he flicked his metal-clad gauntlet finger in full force against Aiden's forehead, it broke skin. A follow-up to cover the caster's mouth prevented a scream. Aiden was very much awake now, but too soon. At this late season, the sun was not due to rise for another four hours. There was not even a strip of glow on the horizon. Dark clouds covered the moon and its bright companion. When he noticed the passing stars under the clouds, Mischa took notice. Aiden was the first jostled.

Mischa pointed upwards to the lights slothing across the sky. Wide eyes gave away his shock. Pulling his hand away, Mischa rolled aside to look up through the tree canopy. Aiden's jaw gaped as his eyes tried desperately to focus. "What in the..." Aiden trailed off.

"Spell?" Mischa asked quietly. Aiden studied the lights, a dozen total, moving in perfect regard, matching speed. The black mass over them looked as dark as the clouds above, making the silhouette hard to imagine. The trees also made taking the sight difficult. But Aiden realized the answer all too quickly.

"Science," he corrected in a whisper.

"Yours?"

"Rouse Raven," Aiden countered, but then added a moment later as firmly as possible in undertone, "gently."

Mischa crawled over as Aiden stared back up at the shape. Aiden looked and listened; it confounded him. He altered his view, turning in a spot, kinking his head, hoping some angle or curve in the shape would trigger a memory of what this could be. Even its scale eluded him. Was it over the trees or under the clouds? Mischa had been on watch. He unlatched his shin guards, gorget, and bracers to offer some comfort but kept his breastplate, tassets, and spaulders. So clad, he skulked successfully to the meditating elf. Her eyes were closed, and she dreamed, but elves slept like cats. He replaced a flick with a gentle prod.

Her eyes shot open instantly. Her body did not flinch or jostle. She looked to Mischa. "What?"

“Something Looms,” said Mischa while pointing to the sky. Her brow furrowed instead of rising and she lifted herself from prone while Mischa rolled over to wake Mahan.

Raven drew behind Aiden who refused to break his stare, lest he miss something. She looked up, forgetting her weapons back at the tree. Aiden held onto his totem. "Technology?" she asked.

"Listen," Aiden responded. She followed his command, still staring.

Her attention stayed with the shape, despite the quick "Ow—" let out by Mahan behind them.

"Crickets, leaves—"

"Nothing," he interrupted. She realized it. The shape barely jostled the trees. The wind was natural. The darkness upset neither the night birds nor their prey. Aiden counted no less than a dozen dots of light across it. "Its not Angel. Selkirk," Aiden continued, but Raven couldn't figure it for a question or statement.

Mischa approached from behind, keeping quiet. "Across the water...Porto?" he asked.

"Way too far west for a galleon," Aiden responded.

"It's heading to the keep," said Mahan. Aiden looked at the path and realized. By then, the shape had started to vanish over the tree line. South was right, the keep.

Keeping the canopy of leaves under them, the five followed the shape at a brisk pace, realizing that even at a run, it moved much faster. After an hour, they approached the edge of cover, the expanse of barren desert spread for half a day to the keep they just came from. Atop a hill, they took the grass in stealth. With the open fields, the entirety of the castle was visible, as was the shape. With trees gone, the outline began to form. It was taller than long, longer then wide. Aiden had been right on both cases. It was just under the clouds and just over the trees. Laid flat, it would bridge the distance between the outer trees and the camp behind them. As a floating centurion, it dwarfed the mountains and the keep perched atop. As the Moon and Attricana bared its light through a temporary break, the glisten of the form's metallic skin twinkled in the glow.

The dots of light were nearly invisible from this distance. The shape was constructed, not a creature or force formed by magic. Aiden knew it. The top looked as an inverted boat bigger than the Porto galleons or any ocean vessel that once sailed the deep waters before the tides took to violence. Underneath expanded to a larger segment, even longer and wider than the top. This larger shape was of a gaping maw. A toothless, skinless, slender jaw in full yawn, wide enough, it could swallow all but the dragon kings themselves. The shape resembled a fixed open mouth. It narrowed at the bottom to a near point. The vessel was daunting in its profile—an overturned boat settling on a dragon's skull. When it orbited the keep to expose its rear, its shape was thin, like a sword slicing through the sky. Bumps and divots peppered the hull, placed with reason. No smoke escaped from exhaust, no glow from idling engines. It hung on wires suspended by heaven.

"My god." Aiden was the only one to speak. He brought his book up and whispered quietly, "*Shan Shy-Shon*." He closed his eyes. From his view, he could still see the rear of the behemoth, but as quickly his vantage changed back to the profile, then to the front. The keep was plain in sight as the flying boat floated closer. Aiden brought his vision to the ship as it moored itself to the castle. Metal boarding ramps reached out. Too thin to sustain weight at that distance, but even without supports, the bridge didn't bow, even as the first figures crossed it. Shapes covered in the shadow from the vessel scurried over, taking the keep in a record siege. Aiden counted six, dressed as black as the night with helmets matching. Against the gloom of clouds, Aiden made out little detail. "I see men. Uniforms," he whispered to the group. Then it changed. "One," he added. A figure emerged, the thin one whose helmet was narrow, silver, and smooth. A black coat covered him

to toe. His hands were exposed. "One has skin as pale as the moon."

A moment passed, hardly a breath. As quickly, the dozen that crossed returned, the bridge dissembling as they traversed. Aiden opened his true eyes, breaking the spell.

When able to focus again, he joined the rest in seeing the monstrosity pull slowly away from the keep. It began to lift to the sky, pushing through the threshold of clouds. Before the bottom jaw finally vanished above, a small prick of light leapt from its point. It moved with precision to the keep.

The brilliant flash struck the landscape an instant before the wave of thunder. Aiden took the moment to scream, "DOWN!" Heads dropped to the soil.

The crack of a thousand roars shattered the peak and splintered the mountain as a hammer to a sand sculpture. Smoke and cinders covered what remained under the moonglow. Shards of grass flew as knives past their skin. The first trees flung the needles from their branches under command of the howling wind.

The moment had passed; the ground shook in the after pains of a woman in climax. Mischa lifted his head before the others. "Fucking hell. Foundation spell!" he declared loudly.

"Far from it!" Aiden responded as he rose as well. The dust and debris had already begun to fall. The wave of wind had swept the clouds aside. Light from the gate above was falling with drips of water. The castle atop the mountain peak lacked both a keep and a mountain, merely a hill of no consequence, erased from all relevance.

"That keep was hundreds of years old. It held too much history for this dishonor." said Mahan.

Aiden ignored Mischa. "By God in heaven, tell me that wasn't nuclear?" he whispered loudly.

"What?" Mischa asked.

"No one...no one...would dare inflict it again."

"Aiden," Mischa pushed.

"Porto would never do that."

"Another bastion?" Raven ventured.

"Like who?" Aiden turned back. "The nearest is Angel and they possess no such weapons. The others would break down before reaching this far."

Mahan stood up, as skulking was insignificant given the show. "More importantly, such an appearance is scarcely random," he said, "not a day from our exit. Centuries standing and now in ash. They sought the same for us. I doubt they came for the glowsitcks...lest their reprisal be marked as a mild overreaction on their part."

Mischa weighed in. "We bring blades and magic. They bring a chariot spanning the wings of ten dragons."

"Not a chariot," Aiden corrected. "That was a spacecraft."

"The fat Asian man owes us answers." Mischa snorted.

"It was a god-damned nuclear weapon David," Aiden snapped. "I read the books—the stories recounting horrors man committed in selfish pride. I thought we'd grown." Aiden stared at Chen's profile as he looked upon the closed Chronicle resting on his desk. The others surrounded it, staring more at the exchange than the book. Minx sat atop a bookcase ladder as a watchful cat, peering down on the group from her vantage.

The last snippet of dusk's daylight died from the open window. Dozens of tall, white candles—melting no wax, forever keeping their wick—danced light across the room. A few smaller ones sat a safe distance on the desk.

Chen stayed focused on the lock and latch, fondling its curves as a graceful lover remembering the ways. "Trust me, young one," he answered. "Mankind has. Keep a little faith. If not in a god, then at least in your species."

"Who were they?" Mischa interjected. He orbited the group like a vulture preparing to dive, taking moments to look to the empty book.

"I heard of men of old from across an ocean," Chen answered. "The past returned to lay claim on land they gave up the right for so long ago. They mean to stop you, as many others will."

Mischa stopped across the desk. He firmly pointed and snapped. "They couldn't and we're...wait...you didn't use the past tense."

"Observant," Chen responded, finally glancing to the ranger with furrowed brow. He turned to the latch and unlocked it with a simple thumb-flick. He never needed to search. "You opened this," he addressed Aiden. It was not a question. He flipped the blank pages one leaf after another. "I expected and wished it, else I wouldn't have told you not to," Chen added before Aiden could answer. Aiden didn't bother to respond to that. He wanted to ask about the floating letters—the impossible language no creature could create—but Chen's remark disarmed him from making an accusation. Chen puckered his lips slightly and sucked a quick lungful of air. He whispered a quick "*Yaas*" and snatched the flicker of flame from a nearby candle. It hovered in his grasp before letting it go over the open book. Only the slight echoes of the draconic letters darted and bounced over the pages. A gesture akin to wafting a fire followed and the floating letters fell on the empty pages. They were of normal type now, written, as they should have been. Smudges and ink drips followed, and the wonders of the book were concealed under normality.

Raven, standing straight with arms crossed, spoke softly and without giving order. "The Aurannis book marks a significant find, wise one. It belongs on the shelves of Limshau."

"So it should and shall. When I close it again, it shall be placed in your care," Chen responded as he swatted a few more pages by. He seemed aware of its contents, able to read the words with ease. Everyone noticed a half page illustration on one, showing an eye of human quality, which most intelligent creatures—spawn, heritage, and evolved—all had. The scales of purple around said eye and the orchid tone of the iris revealed the truth. Only dragons were of human eyes and scales. Chen flipped another page.

"Why do I feel exploited?" Mischa spoke up, restless. The next page stopped the group's motions. Mischa lost all color and he took the desk's edge to support a sudden faintness. His bottom jaw quivered looking at it. The image, it was plain as he remembered, the armor of a thousand parts. He had seen the parts rolling and sliding and joining to keep every limb covered while never seemingly connected to anything else. The four digit fingers on each gauntlet had brought its grip to touch thumb to index around his throat. The rack of antlers twisted as no elk around the back of the helmet. And the eyes…

"Is this what you crave?" Chen asked plainly. Mischa's stare seemed forced and willing. Turning his head slightly, his eyes refused to break their lock.

"That's it. As clear and real as every nightmare," he said.

"What is it?" Aiden asked.

"Shadow in steel," Chen answered, "foul in form. The very avatar of the other side of the coin."

"Speak without riddles!" Mischa snapped.

"The Demonicas Mechas—," Chen answered calmly.

"Gebermach," said Aiden. "That's a legend."

"Funny about legends. At one point, they weren't."

"Why this book? And why do techans seek it as us?"

"Because legends never walk alone. Secrets always follow. This one carries the greatest, or at least the most significant in our time. You know of God's Hammers?"

They all knew. Aiden answered. "Bolide collisions. One ended the reign of fey and dragon, the other ended the reign of man—"

"Before the first, the greatest dragon—one of violet and lavender scales—gave up his soul to stop the encroaching darkness of Ixindar. It was Gebermach that wielded the demon blade Dogurasu, plunging it into the dragon's heart, ending the mortal life of an immortal soul.

"In his final scream of defiance, this dragon of violet and lavender scales brought down a mountain upon Ixindar and orphaned the world to science. The subsequent impact closed the world from magic. Before that instant, the heart of this dragon fell upon the ground. It was shattered, scattered, and forgotten. Within science, they were of simple stones. When Attricana reopened, their inner light returned in a brilliance only overshadowed by the dragon-god himself."

Aiden's mouth had slowly grown slack in listening. He glanced gradually down at the item still hanging from his neck.

"Exactly...Amethyst," Chen concluded.

"This is a piece of a dragon's heart?" Aiden asked.

"Correct, not even symbolic."

"Figured it would be more…squishy," Mischa interjected.

"He was a god. What did you expect?"

"Nothing from me. I know little of this legend."

"Amethyst was the living deity that forged our world before it was your world. Before the hammer. Before sciencie had its reign."

"And there are others?" Mahan opened up.

"All infused into artifacts by owners since passed and forgotten," Chen said. "As they bond to their owners, or as they are brought closer to other fragments, their powers amplify."

"How many others?" Raven asked.

Chen flipped another page and almost on cue, rolled his fingers to a passage. "According to these pages, eight. They have earned names across various kingdoms."

"And Gebermach seeks them as I imagine you intend us to as well," Mischa interjected.

"I promised answers, ranger, not absolution," Chen answered.

"It doesn't explain the techan involvement," Said Aiden.

"Amethyst opened the first gate, or maybe he was inescapably connected to it. To control them would be to control the fate of this world, and the fate of his soul. According to myth, to bring them together at the point of his death would allow one to call him back to life. And in that moment, he could save the world."

"Save it?" Aiden asked.

"It's closing Aiden," Chen responded, his voice deepening and slowing, "ever slightly every day. We imagine years. With Attricana gone, Earth would fall back to science, leaving man unhindered in his pursuit to retake this world, save for the demons of Kakodomania. Of course, some of techa insist the gates are connected and with one goes the other. If only that were fact. Where these artifacts rest, dark souls converge. Ones bound to science wish a normal world while those bound to darkness wish only to see it burn. If only you knew the luck that fell on your hands."

"Luck?" Aiden asked. "I never intended this responsibility."

"And yet, it hangs from your neck."

"You expect me to scour this planet, looking for these fragments?" Aiden snapped, but less irritated, then settled.

"No. I require nothing more. Such cannot be asked. You will encounter few allies, and the rest will try to stop you."

"If I don't, the enchanted will die and this world will fall back into the hands of those who exploit it."

A pause passed in the verbal melee. Mischa stepped in. "So easy you condemn your own people?" he interjected.

Aiden ignored the comment. "You know the quest is mine to take," he said, resolved.

"Ours," Raven added. He turned to her. Aiden opened his mouth to thank or decline, but knew either was pointless. He looked behind her to Mahan, who nodded in agreement without being asked.

Aiden turned quickly, more with eyes than his head, to gauge Mischa's opinion. "And what stake do you make?" Aiden asked him.

"Valiance or vengeance makers little difference in the end," Mischa answered. It wasn't a yes...but it was. "This planet is vast, greater than any fictional land depicted in your books of fancy. Finding them would be as hunting a diamond within the sands of every beach in the world."

Chen straightened his back and spoke up. "Seek out those brought to knees by evil overwhelming. Seek out the greatest temples, the tallest towers, and the deepest dungeons. Seek out the vaults closed tight. Seek out the obsessions that drive men mad."

"That's a little vague, sir?" Raven responded.

Mahan spoke up in authority, always sounding right in his wisdom. "He means the answers have been recorded. Somewhere, in sometime, someone has noted their presence...for they have already all been found." His voice took the others back. They all stared at him. He wandered his eyes to meet each of theirs. "Though unlikely those involved would be aware of their fortune. And no one would give up such power willingly or without compensation regardless. Bank on greed as our enemy and ally."

Another moment's silence felt as a minute, but was really a few seconds before Raven finally broke. "Limshau. We must return to Limshau."

"No, child," returned Chen, ignoring the book for the first time. "Well, yes...but no. Go to the kingdom, but take to Zorahn. Military records, I wager, will work best. Search for accounts of great champions with unmatched zeal. Those glowing in brilliance reserved for saints and paladins, or else those of corruption unable to be felled by mortal weapons. I also know of a seer sitting atop of Raunnis, the pagoda mountain. He listens well and his ears pick up the voices across his entire vision. Raunnis is very tall."

"And what of Ramkava?" Aiden asked.

Raven rolled her eyes. "By the books, no," she spat out. "Cryptic and confusing, taking pleasure in their puzzles, the talking stones would be of a last resort."

Mahan added with hardly a break, "My king in Abidan is wise and kind. If he held one, he would reveal it if so asked."

"Trust the word of a king," Mischa snapped. "Hypocrisy finally revealed."

"He speaks truth," Chen defended. "Savarice is noble, possessing proximity of blood unmatched. Ancestry blessed by the dragons."

"True royalty," Mischa mocked, waving his arms slightly. "I shall do a dance then." He turned and began to orbit the room again. Aiden's focus followed Mischa's walk.

"Obviously," said Aiden, "with opponents on the hunt, its best we split, at least initially."

"That sounds," Mischa called out as he walked around, "in honest, truthfully ludicrous. You possess one now, as bright a target I never see."

"I'll leave it then."

"Good secured this place is...can't even hold onto a book!" Mischa shouted.

Chen spoke to Aiden in whisper. "Keep it with you Aiden, it takes from you and offers more in return. It will aid you when most needed. Unlike other items blessed with such magic, this one requires no sacrifice. It may also assist in your journey." Chen closed the Chronicle and latched the clasp. Only such an enchanted book could be lifted and handled so easy by such a frail man. He outstretched his hand to offer it to Raven, who took it with a smirk. She admired its texture and finish, eyeing the book as if a mare in heat. She nodded in thanks to Chen.

Aiden glanced to Raven as she narrowed her world to the limits of her grasp. "Very well, then I go to Zorahn. With you, I hope?" he asked. She squirmed him a look of tight-lipped annoyance at the folly. She didn't bother with the wasted breath. The question was a foolish one, made by one needing reassurance.

"Yes, take the pet," Mischa shouted from across the room. "From what I hear, Limshau welcomes none of the likes of me." "We'll travel to this mountain."

"But I think two should not travel alone," Mahan said.

Raven shot up her head, ever paying attention. Had she ignored Aiden? "Believe I can't manage?" she said softly.

"I was thinking Aiden," Mahan joked.

"I traveled to the edge of York and back," Aiden responded. "I did so without an escort until Limshau. Doubt my skills now?"

"Reinforcing Mischa's point. You know of it and what it can do. You traveled through safe roads and skies. Zorahn is near Baruch Malkut. That dogmatism forgives no one. Your magic and her melee cannot defend against that fanaticism."

"Then pray for us."

Mahan smiled. "I always do."

Mischa poked his head to the roof. The top level of Chen's house was the same as its neighbors. Aiden was leaning against the wooden railing, staring across a landscape of terracotta roof tiles.

"200 gold of various types when we pool everyone together. You?" Mischa started. Aiden turned around as the kantis stepped onto the roof from the iron ladder. Aiden pushed a hand into his pocket. As he walked back to the ladder, he pulled out a wad of Angel currency, half made of paper, the other half of clear plastic.

"Got about 50 in a bag downstairs. Feels like a hundred dollars. Spend that before we go. Doubt I'll need that." He handed Mischa the bills. Mischa felt the foreign texture across his fingers. He looked up to Aiden.

"You're coming back," he said.

"Not through the main gates again, I imagine."

"Well, bags are brimming. Packs are packed. We're ready for tomorrow. We depart together, break off past Cyon. Good?"

Aiden leaned back on the railing. "Why are you here, Mischa?" he asked.

"Because you require escort," Mischa answered.

"Give me a break."

Mischa stepped closer, the bamboo chairs between them. "I've seen quite the measure of mayhem in my life," he added. "I admit a majority caused by my hand. I don't think much of my actions. I respond but I never felt a fool. If I leave you and your cause...I may be considered that." He turned to leave. "Don't look too far in motive. I still won't deny being selfish. But kantis live for the safety of others." He grabbed the iron and turned around to begin to climb. "I wouldn't honor it abandoning you now."

"I guess Master Chen was right," Aiden answered.

"Never said he was wrong. I'm going to take Chen's tunnel, check out prices on those hot-bloods outside."

Aiden raised his voice. "We can't afford war mounts on that money," he said.

"Who said we? You're gettin' ponies," Mischa answered with a smirk. He took one step down.

Before vanishing, Aiden asked in addendum, "Mischa?" Mischa popped up again. Aiden continued. "Did you see it? The reluctant wall, the dark glass?"

"We all did," Mischa answered plainly.

"What's it like?"

"It's a step, like the one before. Nothing harms you. But your soul will be forever unsettled." With that, the ranger vanished down the rungs. Aiden returned to the view. He internally thanked the lack of pollution in Angel's sky. With no fuels to burn, the city was forced to take up cleaner power, captured from the sea and the sky. Transports with stubby wings and huge turbines buzzed as dots in the distance between the iron trees. As the golden sun fell between the narrow peaks of the bastion, the Asian town instantly fell under shadow. The pricks of lights in the distant buildings flickered into view. Flames lit upon posts up the streets of Genai.

One of the Angel skimmers, a cargo transport with four huge turbines and carry-all module hanging underneath, shortcut over the village. Its lion's roar invaded the stillness in ways toxic gases never could. It vibrated Aiden's skull, the house, even the flames quivered in the bass. Aiden grimaced more at the audacity than the noise. As it passed, Aiden returned his view to the street and the closing markets.

"It's two weeks by swifted mount," Chen announced from behind. Aiden spun around quickly. "Make sure you save your coppers for the markets." Chen had already passed the chairs and made from the railing. He was not winded. "Four days from the wall, follow the Blood mud road. You'll see them. And if I were you, keep from the parade brothels. Never good quality this close to the slaver trains. Once you pass into Kannos, that'll change, but the price goes—"

"Thank you, I…" Aiden cut in, but stopped again. "I don't need to know that."

Chen rested his elbows on the rail. "Aiden, youth can't lie. Not the wisdom for it. You'll meet many a minx and maiden on this trip. Don't deny such desires when they come, unless you wish something specific?"

Aiden was diverted from asking how Chen climbed the ladder so quickly, even considering the distraction from the shuttle. He addressed the question in a simple aversion. "It's not like that."

"Never is for you, right?" Chen asked. "And don't worry yourself for siblings. You'll return."

"Master Chen. It seemed as fate I find the crash. Did you know? Did you guide me there?"

Chen smirked and pointed a crooked finger to his forehead. "Again, with that. Aiden, is there a third eye here you failed to notice in six years? I kicked my desk yesterday and nearly broke my foot. I had a full pair open for that." Aiden shook his head and returned to his view. By now the market tables were folding up and several merchants had retreated a few meters onto the decks of their houses. A full day's strain had encouraged many men to pull their shirts off. They sat with iced water, reading papers they saved from the morning.

"Just...I don't know," Aiden answered.

"I find it more interesting you didn't ask why you?" Chen responded.

"Why not? I feared leaving. Then I lost my fear. Then I feared returning."

"You could travel a hundred lives in that world and still be frightened of what you'll find. Keep the ignorance here.
A blind man never shuts his eyes unless sleeping."

* * *

"Poor fools, them all."

"We had an arrangement."

"Your arrangement is with our benefactors—"

"Which supersedes yours, if I remember."

"Why are so cross suddenly?"

"Why? Are you the fool now? What conceivable cause—"

"Disruption ratios dropped 25% in the local area with the loss of that keep. After we recharge, we should be able to remain longer on the return."

"My brother remains safe, a purer a pledge, I do not know." Xavier snapped back to Jerrod. Xavier's assault shuttle sat parked behind him. Xavier was still in his military fatigues, standing without fear on the edge of the red cliff. He looked to the platform floating across the precipice. Jerrod's face smirked a taunt back.

"Did he not return?" The massive vessel was as high as the cliff. It never jostled an inch, fixing the platform in space. Despite one standing on earth, the other on steel, they kept their eyes locked.

"You destroyed a mountain. In spite?" Xavier asked.

"You find him. Stop him yourself," Jerrod responded. His accent was noticeable but not placed. Wrinkles under his eyes showed his age. His black robes could blow his frail frame away by a stiff breeze. Xavier could break him in two if he wished.

"He must find this folly by his own hands," Xavier answered. "Slay his friends—the brute, the bitch—and any others. I don't care for them. When his passions fade, he'll return. You'll have your stone then, and any others they find."

Jerrod stepped back to the open hatch of his door. Three guards in black waited for him. "We'll follow him and take what we wish, as was any agreement I know of. I don't recall sharing spit or blood by your bond otherwise."

Xavier stepped closer to the edge, almost to the platform. "You need the bastions, Jerrod. You cannot have this world without them. And whatever sway I have, I shall sway your way. If you honor it. And I never took your word, for it sounds the shit it probably is. Mine is with your backer…and he likes me more than you."

Jerrod stopped at the edge of the hatch. "So where you lead be the path we follow."

"He's sure to return to Limshau. We follow, let him enjoy this quest. Let him take in its pleasures. Swing his sword. Fuck his elf. He'll research, crusade, and find all these gems you insist are so dangerous. Trust me, a simply rap on the nose and he'll hide behind the walls again."

A moment of silence was neither uncomfortable nor tense. Xavier stared back at the near lifeless eyes of the saint. The deacon answered. "Very well. Loyal brothers for life. The others we do with as we desire. If they prove intractable, we'll increase our scale of concern. You need your brother. Best he not gather too many allies."

"Agreed. Is there more?" Xavier asked. Jerrod stepped across the threshold into his world. Xavier turned to leave as well. A small remote wrapped around his wrist pulsed the transport to initialize. Its turbines coughed twice, breaking through the disruption. In that time, the lubricants had seeped away from the gears and the machines struggled to fire itself. It finally did on the third cough. A low tremor shook the ground.

"Why do you despise them, Xavier?" Jerrod shouted back.

Xavier turned around and yelled back over the engine wail. "Man should never be walled!"



GLOSSARY

A.E. (After Enchantment): The progress of time in this new era. The game begins for many in the year 1008 A.E., just a little over a thousand years from when the White gate reopened.

Arkonnia: The same region occupied by the old Continent of Africa in old Earth.

Alternate Quantum Vibrational States: The generic title to any physical state out of phase with our own. "Echans" or magical folk call this state etherealness—being of this reality but not, where you can observe the real world, but exist separately. The real world may or may not detect you and may or may not be able to interact. "Techans" or techa-Folk progressed little in this field. A few bastions discovered a way for machines to enter this state so that they could pass through walls and slip past guard towers without detection. This is advantageous over simply being invisible because Etherealness displaces the subject out of the material reality altogether. Some scientists refer to the realms beyond the gates also as Alternate Quantum Vibrational States and claim the EDF derives from this.

Amethyst: The first Intelligence to emerge on Earth, some rumors point that the dragon everyone knows may not be his true form.

Astral Sea: The magical term given to the dimension the known universe and both realms of energy float in.

Attricana: The term given to the enchanted realm existing beyond the white portal. It is often referred to as the gateway itself.

Bastions: Sanctuaries of man's old ways. These are technological cities usually heavily fortified and densely populated. Most are echaphobic and forbid the use of magic within its walls. Each bastion stands its own country, with very little to no contact with the outside world or even other bastions.

Blinder: A common derogative nickname mages and other magically imbued individuals call techans.

Canam: The continent previously occupied by Canada, the USA, and Mexico. It is commonly separated into Eastern Canam and Western Canam.

Corpus Continuity: The belief held by many echan and techans, corpus continuity postulates the similarities in enchanted species of fey and the evolved species of man proves the existence of God. The humanoid form comprising binocu-

lar vision, binaural hearing, base ten appendages, erect stature, and mammalian physiology matches the fey species exactly, a species not evolved from primate, but formed from magic itself. With the exception of the pointed ears and the variation of fey species when they branch into subspecies, there still remain remarkable similarities scientists cannot explain to this day. Because fey arose first, many believers of corpus continuity also subscribe to echalogical influence.

Dragons: The first species to achieve high intelligence on Earth. They were originally dinosaurs touched with magic and coaxed into a greater form. No one knows how they achieved such power. They were the first race under Attricana, followed some time later by the fey.

Earth: The common name for the world everything resides on. Its odd that many timelines refer to "before the first hammer" and "after the second hammer," eluding that the time between (about 65 million years) simply did not count.

Echa: The slang given to magic or 'enchantment'. It often refers to visual use of magic (spells and magically infused items).

Echalogical Influence: The manipulation / influence via the previous echan age of Terros on mankind's evolution and cultural development. Various theories exist attempting to explain why the previous age of Terros matches those of literature and mythology of humanity's past. One theory points to inherited knowledge, through genetics or fragments of lost magic, converting into mythology. Mythology altered over time, but many truths survived to this day. This theory remains popular among many trying to explain how dragons, elves, and magic exist in this world once previously only found in books of fiction.

Echan: Someone touched by magic or using magic. This term often refers to humans specifically embracing the path of enchantment. Echans still consider this ugly bastardization of "Enchantment" derogatory. Unfortunately, it stuck.

Echagenics / Echalogy: The study in both echa and techa cultures of the similarities between humanity and its recorded history against the fey, dragons, and their recorded history. This analyzes the obvious physical similarities between fey and man in conjunction with historical coincidences in their religions, legends, and mythologies. Theologians studying echalogy are referred to as echalogians. They claim much progress, ascertaining the similarities to the will of creation. Studying echagenics in techan cultures remains an uninspired field bearing little fruit. They admit too many coincidences exist between the time of Terros (old Earth) and modern Earth and are confounded with the numerous references on the world of Terros in mankind's mythology and religious dogma. After a thousand years of study, a firm, scientific answer has yet to arrive. A popular theory recently accepted pointed to a remnant of magical knowledge passing through time like inherited genes. This field coined the term "echalogical influence."

EDF - Enchanted Disruption Field: The enchantment disruption field prevents radio communication and disrupts electronic circuits like an electro-magnetic pulse when extremely powerful magic is nearby. It also carries the tendency of jamming many mechanical devices more complicated than a windmill.

Euras: The term given to the region covering all of old Europe and western Slavic countries.

Evolved Races: These are the few species of Earth science created through natural selection. These are the species untouched by magic, even though they can still possess and use it. Man is an evolved race. If both gates were closed, only the evolved races would remain. Obviously, humans and fey bear many similarities on almost every level. Popular theories point to residual background magic (like radiation) that continued to influence the planet even when the gate was closed. This is vital to echalogical influence.

Fey: The first species born naturally from magic after the dragons. All dominant magical races derive from them. Many races claim to be of the original stock and no known original fey live today. The fey descendant races include the narros, laudenian, gimfen, damaskan, tenenbri, tilen, dryads, nymphs, centaurs, satyrs, and ogres. The oldest race to not make that claim is the Titans. Technically a spawn race, fey believe their appearance is less random and refuse the classification.

First Hammer: The first impact that destroyed the dinosaurs and ended the first reign of magic. It struck what would be called Mexico and initiated the Cretaceous-Tertiary extinction event.

Heaven: Is heaven Attricana? Some think so. Some believe, save for a gate spell, the only way to rise to the portal is to die after leading a blessed life. Others believe this to be wrong and that true heaven is elsewhere in an area of shadow no one dares look into.

Heritage Races: The races that fled into the realms to avoid annihilation, to emerge 65 millions years later when the gates reopened. These comprise dragons and all fey-derived species as well as a few others spared. Technically, there is no difference between heritage races and spawn races, as they appear to form the same way. Fey and dragons insist the difference between them is that they were fated to appear and are not a result of a chaotic world.

Inosi: The region of Earth previously referred to as India.

Indoaus: The region of land previously occupied by Australia and Indonesia.

Ixindar: The name given to the realm existing through the black gate, where evil and hate lurks. Amethyst buried the black gate millions of years ago under a rock that could not be broken (or so everyone thought) only for it to re-awaken with the second hammer. The evil fiends set up a nation around it called Kakodomania.

Kakodomania: An obsidian glass spreads from Ixindar. In modern times, this realm envelops most of central Slav. Under permanent darkness, nothing entering returns the same. The Reluctant Wall borders the land of Demons.

Second Hammer: The second impact that destroyed the technological empire of man. It struck Siberia, exactly where the Ixindar lay buried.

Slav: Often separated into Western and Eastern Slav, this region on Earth covers the majority of China and the entire Russian / Slavic region.

Southam: The region of Earth occupied by South America.

Spawn Races: Creatures spawning naturally from magic. Most of these are young races, birthed when the gate reopened. Very few develop any form of culture

Terros: What many non-human echans used to call Earth. The similarity of Terros and Terra (as well as Eoroe, Araa, and half a dozen other similar expressions tied to Earth in human languages) is one point of many connecting threads between the time of old Earth and new Earth. Most species separate the old time to the new time by identifying Terros as the time before, and Earth, the time after. Only laudenians refer to modern Earth as Terros.

Techa: The slang term given to the technology of man and is usually reserved for the bastions and their machines.

Techan: One using technology. Unlike echans, techans do not find their title derogatory.

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

RULES

Can mages make their own bodies their totems? Obviously, this would seem a logical choice since one cannot be separated from his or her body. Be aware, we have not forgotten this as an option. Dragons utilize this technique but no one in Canam has been able to replicate it. Tattooing the symbol onto one's body requires an intimate knowledge of the language and is a technique known to only a few. Only one nation has mages with this unique ability, the sorcerers of Hapura. Since they are from Euras, they are offered in the second sourcebook as a prestige class.

Why all the fuss with disruption? Why can't I wield both laser guns and magic wands? Because the game would be horribly unbalanced for one. Second, if you want that, play any number of other games with that premise.

Could I use prestige classes from D20 modern in this game as the techan classes are obviously inspired by them? Sure, though I imagine they would be slightly underpowered.

What are some guidelines in using prestige classes from other books? Any prestige class could be considered but the final word is up to the DM. Extreme caution should be taken in this. The DM should still ensure the class follows the rule changes on spell limitations.

Can I use domains or spells from other D20 books? The DM should be careful in this regard but we don't see an issue in this. The DM should still disallow spells from levels 7 through 9. He should also avoid divinity and transportation spells as they were intentionally removed from Amethyst.

Is there no way a Cleric can take an Elemental Domain? Why were they only given to a specific type of druid? No, there is not, and because we thought elemental clerics were dumb.

Is it correct that the only way to select War domain is to choose the Fanatic Class Focus? Yes

I want to create a good-aligned necromancer. Can I? No.

The game mentions a Kantis Ranger. What is this? A prestige class teased and not introduced until a later book.

Of all the classes, which one was the hardest to do? Paladin.

Of all the classes, which one took the longest? Paladin.

Both the Ranger and Paladin prestige class have rules for alternating spell levels with combat abilities. Does the previous class have to be a spellcaster? Can I choose spells if I couldn't before? Yes, and No. Paladins and Rangers play different depending on the core class going into the prestige class. Unless the core class going into the prestige class had spellcasting, the character cannot choose them in the prestige class. Going into the prestige class from a non-caster class removes the option, but offers additional abilities in return (additional fighter feats, for example).

Does the Paladin have to have a deity? No, just faith.

Where is Bard? Mercifully deleted (though elements of them can be seen in several class focus and prestige classes).

Nihilimancer's 10th level ability claims he doesn't age. Does he still die when his time is up? No. As long as the neverborn is maintained, the nihilimancer is truly immortal.

Is there no way to play a vivicator? It is not suggested. They would be overpowered. They should be considered artifacts, the same as any others, just ones that can walk and talk. There are no rules in place to actually play them realistically. At least, not in this book.

Can I play a good pagus? If the DM allows, sure, though a player pagus should be under 20 years of age. Please note there is a social stigma by playing such a race. Be prepared. This same goes for half-pagus as well. The race is overpowered if this stigma is ignored.

Can I play a good demon? Also allowed if the gm wishes, but even more so than the pagus, a demon has an uphill battle and will most likely be attacked before being talked to.

Are there guidelines for including monsters from other books? The biggest thing to look out for are monsters that may fracture the setting rules. Avoid any creatures that are directly connected to a deity or heaven. Avoid races of a high intelligence that form nations as their presence would have been included in the setting if they existed. Outsiders do not exist but this doesn't stop a DM to simply change their type to Magical Beast and insert them anyway. The DM can modify monsters as he sees fit but also must address their challenge rating if down tuned. If the DM wishes to maintain the theme of Amethyst's monsters, the key is to insert monsters with a connection to actual Earth mythologies.

Does a Weaponmaster Savant gain all the abilities listed? Yes

Certain monsters were altered in minor and major ways from their entries in the MM (like flipping Goblin and Hobgoblin). Why was this done? When comparing the MM monsters from their historical counterparts, we defaulted to actual mythology. Some monsters were altered as a result.

What are the limits on magic items from other books? To enforce the entry in the Magic items chapter, no major wondrous items, no artifacts, and no scrolls casting spells that do not exist or are foundation spells.

Is an Urmage limited to only Attricana bound spells? Is he effective with Ixindar magic and can he be corrupted by it if he takes control of it? No and No. The Urmage can feed back and control magic from either source. Since they are directing the energy back and not taking it permanently into their soul, they cannot be corrupted by negative magic. Since Ixindar and Attricana share similar properties, the laudenians were able to connect their power to both realms without drawing the corruption from the negative one.

To learn technology from a higher tech level or from foreign bastions, does a techan have to have the object in hand or could blueprints suffice? No, the item must be in hand as foreign bastions carry a different lexicon and more complicated ideas that a blueprints can convey. For the sake of rules, the character must have the item.

Do I have to level to reduce my penalty for foreign or higher bastions? Can't I just study? Sure…why would you want to study? It would take months away from adventuring. This is why no player mage in history has a golem. Think about it.

SETTING & STORY

Why are the bastions where they are? Specifically, why didn't Selkirk or Sierra Madre move to the coast? There is a method to their seeming madness as to their choice of location, but this answer is not revealed in this book.

Story segments mention characters like Aiden, Mischa, and Raven. Why are there no character entries for them? Because these are characters in the official story of Amethyst. Players should create characters that replace them as the central heroes of the quest. They should make up their own heroes and not use existing ones. Their absence was intentional.

The game appears to endorse Angel or Limshau as the de facto starting point. Is this correct? It is. Though the DM may

start his or her game anywhere, the official Amethyst story starts from within either of these locations.

Why does the game only detail Canam and gloss over the rest of the world? Cause we didn't want the first rulebook to be 800 pages.

What year in man's history did the second hammer fall and why did it strike precisely where Ixindar sat? This fact has been intentionally left vague.

Can I include my own dungeons and ones from other publications? Feel free and please do. When I ran the original game years ago, I bastardized dozens of 2nd Ed and even 1st Ed modules for filler. Grab any dungeon, plop an Amethyst artifact at the end, and viola, Mount Sarnathi.

What is the origin of Arx-Cis? Second Book.

What is the truth of the Temple of Amethyst? Third book.

What is the Necrosea? A blood-soaked landscape hundreds of kilometers across, south from Ixindar. It is home to the last original vampires not turned by the Attricana wave and their armies of undead. It is a realm that did not exist in the time of Terrors. It is referenced but not explained in this book.

Pagus use a modified orc statline. Are they the fantasy orcs in Amethyst? They neither look nor act like orcs. I used their statline because they are the equivalent mass threat orcs are in many other fantasy settings.

Do you know you spelled "this" word wrong? Yes, some titles have been intentionally misspelled from their traditional dictionary entry. This is because when dealing with proper names, like people or places, misspellings can often occur and remain in the vernacular. So locations like Sykar and Kodex are not mistakes. They were intended. This is just more ways the planet has changed in a thousand years. Just be happy I didn't go into intricate details on the language differences between Onespeak, Common, and English.

How the heck do you pronounce some of these words? Some words have foreign origins, making their phonetic interpretation difficult. Here are some guides to ones you may find difficult:

Abarbanel	a-bar-bae-nell
Athenaeum	athen-ae-um
Appareci	a-par-reesee
Archytas	ar-k-eye-tass
Baruch Malkut	bar-ook mall-kut
Burganasis	burg-an-aesis
Cyon	sigh-on
Dawnamoak	don-a-moke
Dianaso	dee-an-as-oh
Enchiridia	en-ker-rid-ea-ah
Gnimfall	nim-fall
Janoah	jan-oh-ah
Kirjath-Sepher	keer-ath sef-ur
Noable Shedun	noh-bull shu-doon
Nuqa Koppa	nuke-ah kop-pah
Warraqeen	war-ah-keen
Xiphos	j-eye-fose
Xixion	j-eye-john



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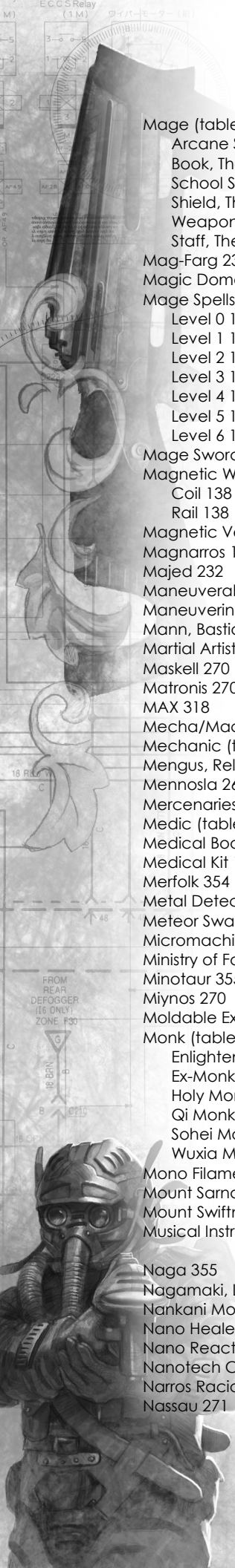
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In the beginning, the last dragon fell.
In the end, the first dragon will rise.
A world that was destroyed...
...will be saved

What would happen if dragons, elves, and demons suddenly appeared in our world? How would humanity respond? This is not some fictional view of Earth but our real world, with all the problems both social and political intact. How would religion respond given such massive doubts to its dogma? Would we welcome the world of fantasy or would we fear its presence?

What if their magic disrupted our world of science? Their very presence and the spells they flaunt shorted out our cars and computers. Would you embrace a world of wizardry and wonders in exchange over central heating, internet, and cable TV? Would you fear or hate those able to harness this power? Would you hide in cities of pipe and steel or venture in a landscape of goblins, monsters, swords, and sorcery?

What if the world reached a critical juncture? A quest will present itself. In its pursuit lies the fate of the world.
Cast off the realm of magic, giving the planet back to science, to progress.
Save those of fantasy and forever live among dreams and nightmares finding form.

Technology or Magic.
Make a choice.

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d20 system
A d20 System™ game.
It requires the use of the Dungeons & Dragons, Third Edition Core Books, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc.
This product utilizes updated material from the v.3.5 revision.

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