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VILLAGE BACKDROP: CARILLON

Ringing day and night, the many bells of Carillon echo through the village, a nearly constant tolling that serves as both protection from, and reminder of, the danger lurking beyond the village's borders. Deep in the otherwise idyllic Elysian Valley that is otherwise an endless bounty for the so-called village of bells, something sinister-the Hush-lurks and plots harm to the hunters who inhabit and visit Carillon. Fortunately, the noise of the bells-from the village's central bell tower, hanging on every home's doors, even sewn onto clothes or worn as jewellerykeeps the Hush away; thus the villagers trade peace for safety.

CREDITS

Design: Jacob W. Michaels

Development: Creighton Broadhurst

Art: William McAusland. Some artwork copyright William McAusland, used with permission.

Cartography: Maciej Zagorski (The Forge Studios)

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CARILLON AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Baronet Honris Valline

Government: Overlord

Alignments: NG, CG

- **Population**: 192 (107 humans, 10 dwarves, 8 elves, 12 gnomes, 15 half-elves, 14 half-orcs, 20 halflings, 6 others)
- Notable Folk: Honris Valline (Valariand), Huntmaster Nyami (Hunters Hall), Khainarv Ironwood (Centenary Glade), Ulrick Crossen (The Moonlit Prize)

Languages: Common, Sylvan

Resources & Industry: Agriculture (chestnuts, beans, gourds [pumpkins, squash], mushrooms, fruit [apples, cherries, plums]), hunting (bear, boar, deer, grouse, turkey, wolf)

Long before they set eyes on Carillon, travellers in the idyllic Elysian Valley hear the tolling of the village's ubiquitous bells. When travellers reach Carillon, not only do they see the village's tallest structure–a lofty bell tower–but also discover bells and chimes everywhere, hanging from every doorway in the village, draped over animals and wagons, even sewn onto villagers' clothes. The village's famed bell hanging in the tower sounds at frequent, but seemingly random, intervals throughout the day and night. Beyond its tolling, the village is alive with the tinkling and jangling of its smaller bells–some gently tinkle in the wind while others softly jangle as their wearers go about their daily life.

Despite the cacophony, the people of Carillon are mostly happy and prosperous. Almost as if it were a slice of its namesake higher plane, the Elysian Valley has everything its inhabitants could need: fertile soil perfect for crops and the towering hardwoods that are home to bountiful game; a gentle river that provides fish and fresh water; and a pleasant climate that spares inhabitants from the extremes of heat and cold. It was no wonder the first hunting trips to the area eventually led to the establishment of a lodge for extended stays, which led to housing for the servants and workers in the lodge and in time to a thriving village. Hunting is still a large part of Carillon's society and economy; many travellers come here to hunt while others come to purchase the finished goods arising from the hunt or the bells for which the village is now famed.

Unfortunately, the bucolic valley attracted something else, something hateful and malicious. Some nameless terror lurks in the perfect woods around the village and doesn't like sharing its home with humans and their ilk. And thus the bells. For if there's one thing the villagers have learned, it's that the silent, unseen predator-the Hush, they call it-hates noises, and especially the sound of bells. In truth, Carillon now has enough bells to drive away not only the Hush, but also some who would otherwise find a quiet home in the village. But for those who do not mind the constant noise, and who are willing to risk the Hush, the rewards are well worth it.

VILLAGE LORE

A PC may know something about Carillon, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the PCs are and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Carillon boasts a bounty of food and resources that make it a near-paradise for residents and a popular spot for visitings nobles and the like.
- Carillon has a beautiful copper bell, which hangs from a central tower and rings every day; many small chimes and bells adorn the villagers' homes and even their clothing.
- The bells aren't just for show; the noise keeps away something in the woods villagers call the Hush.

VILLAGERS

Appearance: Carillon is home to people of all races. With abundant resources making for an easy life, most are healthy and fit (and sometimes even a little plump).

Dress: Native Carilloners' clothing is adorned with small bells woven into the hems, while jewellery–stone or wood, if they can't afford better–is designed to make noise. Even much of their everyday wool and leather garb bears delicate embroidery and other such fine details.

Nomenclature: *Male* Adar, Godo, Ortwic; *female* Etlis, Rada, Wivina; *family* Cabur, Frico, Wurne.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Carillon, a PC may hear one or more rumours. The PC can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the PC learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1*	Ulrick Crossen was once touched by the Hush, which is why he makes sure his inn is so noisy every night.
2	The baronet has invited a high-ranking noble to hunt for the first time here; no one knows who's coming, but they're on edge at Valariand and Hunters' Hall.
3	Freyny fell asleep last night and the bell didn't ring for hours.
4*	A group of hunters saw a monstrous albino boar in the woods, but their arrows passed right through it!
5	Lyndise drank too much cider the other night and left the gate open at the Menagerie. A handful of horses ran off when something spooked them.
6*	Huntmaster Nyami and ol' Ironwood got into a screaming match the other day; I heard someone caught something Khainarv was protecting.

*False rumour

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- The Belltower: This stone campanile houses the village's prized bronze bell, which hangs from a stout wooden beam in the three-storey belfry. A stairway spirals up the interior to a platform where a rope hangs to cause the bell to swing and toll. Village children have the task of ringing the bell at irregular intervals every hour day or night.
- 2. **Valariand**: Baronet Honris Valline rules Carillon from this manor house, which bears the name of his ancestor, an early huntmaster who became the village's first baronet.
- Hunters' Hall: This luxurious lodge welcomes visitors who come to hunt in the fertile valley. It supplies all the luxuries its guests could possibly need, including hunting guides, fine cooks and a highly skilled bowyer/fletcher, all overseen by Huntmaster Nyami.
- 4. **The Trophy Room**: Chandalli Berheardlaf caters to wealthy hunters in her workshop, mounting their most impressive catches for them to take home as taxidermied evidence of their prowess.

- 5. **The Leatherworks**: Exiled to the village outskirts due to the strong odour of his work, leather-maker Jodri Adivis transforms hides into leather for various uses. In his spare time, he crafts hide and leather armour.
- Clangors: Bax Olnan runs this bell foundry and smithy, which supplies the village's tools, weapons and occasional suit of metal armour, along with a steady supply of bells.
- 7. **The Menagerie**: Originally a livery yard for horses, the Menageric later opened its doors to more exotic species, and became a kennel famed for breeding exceptionally well trained hunting hounds.
- 8. **The Moonlit Prize**: Ulrick Crossen runs the village inn, a lively place known for its evening entertainment and the brews fermented in the attached cidery.
- 9. Centenary Glade: This peaceful grove serves as a home and woodland chapel for the druid Khainarv Ironwood. He considers the glade a place of peace, the one spot in the Elysian Valley where he objects to hunting. Unlike the rest of the village, no bells hang here, as the sacred spot is believed to be safe from the Hush.



Carillon's bountiful resources make life relatively easy, and villagers pass their time working the fields, fashioning fine goods, plying the stream and hunting in the valley. Most villagers become inured to the noise of the bells, as well as irritable visitors suffering from lack of sleep.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

Carillon is largely self-sufficient, as the abundant flora and fauna mean no villager lacks for food. While the village imports raw metals and ores to finish into finer goods, it also brings in much gold from wealthy nobles and adventurers coming to the valley to take advantage of its resources. It sends visitors home with finished goods from its bounty-such as hard cider; fine, wooden jewellery; and stuffed and mounted trophies taken on the hunt.

LAW & ORDER

The bounty in Carillon means there's little need for crime. The baronet maintains a small militia drawn from village woodsman, who can respond to a rare crisis-mostly, though, they do little more than escort a neighbour who's had a little too much to drink to bed. The two cells in Valariand (location 2) rarely have occupants. The village does harbour one unusual law: *silence* spells are absolutely forbidden within its borders.

CUSTOMS & TRADITIONS

Fearing the Hush, whatever it is, villagers do their best to make sure there is always noise. A bell or door knocker adorns the front door of every home. Equally as common are bells attached to interior doorways (that get rung every time someone passes through) and even window shutters.

Most villagers, men and women alike, also wear bells as part of their clothes, some as a necklace, some woven into shawls and other garb. Villagers make quick movements to make those bells sound during moments of silence, making it sometimes look like they're doing a strange dance in the midst of conversations.

On clear nights coinciding with the new moon, villagers give thanks for the bounty of their home as $\label{eq:clear}$

part of a custom called Elysian Welcoming. Every home that can prepares a feast for the evening meal, making sure to leave a portion out under the stars as a thank you to the spirits of the wood. The food is always gone in the morning, though it's not clear whether it's taken by wild animals from the forest, the Hush, or-some believe-other woodland spirits and sprites who spread their favour across the valley.



VILLAGE DRESSING

Use this table to generate the minor sights and sounds the PCs experience as they explore Carillon.

D20 DRESSING/EVENT

D20	DRESSING/EVENT
1	The peals of the grand bell drowns out all conversation for a few moments.
2	A group of richly dressed men and women arrive at Hunters' Hall and leave their guards and servants to deal with their excessive amounts of luggage.
3	The smell of freshly roasted boar drifts on the breeze.
4	A pack of barking dogs rushes through the village followed by a frantic young half-orc shouting, "Stop!"
5	A young woman dances to music in the Moonlit Prize, her jewellery jingling in time to her movements.
6	A young couple feed each other cherries, while staring lovingly into each other's eyes.
7	A grinning gnome staggers drunkenly through the village, hard cider sloshing over his tankard's brim.
8	Several giggling children play in the stream under the bored gaze of a teenage boy.
9	A momentary silence drifts across the village, broken almost immediately by nervous villagers shaking charms on their wrist and bells hanging from their clothing.
10	A young girl runs pell-mell toward the Belltower, calling an apology to the older woman she barely avoided knocking over.
11	A woman in an apron carries a tray of beeswax earplugs to The Moonlit Prize.
12	An older woman laughs as children rush to grab fresh fruit she's carrying in her apron.
13	A dwarf looks fearfully over his shoulder toward the woods as he drags a dead deer into the village.
14	A group of children practice archery, shooting arrows at a target hanging from a tree.
15	A slamming door provides a percussive counterpart to ringing of the attached bell.
16	A pair of horses, bells tinkling from their harnesses, pull a wagon carrying a stuffed bear out of the village.
17	A row of pies cools on the sill of the Moonlit Prize.
18	Villagers respectfully make way for a dwarf with a wild beard and leather helm from which a pair of stag's antlers rise.
19	An old man sits on a wooden stool whistling as he checks the fletching on his arrows; a bow leans against the doorframe behind him.
20	Wind chimes tinkle melodically in the breeze.

THE SURROUNDING LOCALITY

Carillon sits nestled in the idyllic Elysian Valley, a place so beautiful its first settlers named it for the fabled plane of untamed wilderness. Plants grow strong and tall in the fertile soil of the valley, providing ample food for herbivorous beasts that similarly grow to prodigious size to become abundant prey for predators. For those that live in or visit Carillon, there is no shortage of food.

This long, broad valley is even blessed with weather wellsuited to the humans, halflings and others making it their home. The worst of winter and spring storms have their fury broken on the surrounding sheltering peaks, so rains and snow rarely rise to levels that threaten its inhabitants. Much of the summer melt flows off the far side of the mountains, keeping flooding to a minimum, much to the relief of those who live near the Lillend River or ply its water for the plentiful fish that live there.

Of course, like Elysium, the Elysian Valley's bounty doesn't mean it's safe. Bears and boars grow large enough that they are as likely to turn a hunt around, seeking to kill those who hoped to fell them. Even the more placid of its

inhabitants, such as deer, tend to be of such size and health that they can be a danger if they feel threatened, whether by hunters or those trying to keep them away from orchards and gardens. Similarly, such bounty at times attracts other predators- animals such as rocs, but also those with greater intelligence, such as cloud, hill or stone giants. Rarely, groups of more violent creaturesorcs and ogres and the like -find their way into the valley. Some simply set out to take quick advantage of the bounty they see there before returning to their own homes, but others, welcoming the same resources that attracted Carillon's original settlers, eye a longer-term home.

Nothing, however, is as dangerous as what the villagers know as The Hush. Whether attracted by the valley's bounty or some darker cause, this malevolent force has been present since the first settlers, destroying early efforts to found the village by corrupting people and tools. The Hush still lurks apparently in the valley's depths, ready to take unaware any who set out without the bells that keep it at bay.

WHAT'S IN THE WOODS?

The exact nature of the Hush can change depending on what sort of game Carillon is used in, though it should always be a vague, shadowy menace threatening the village and the lives of those in it. Depending on what style of game you're running, the Hush could be a malevolent fey that sneaks out of the woods to wreak havoc on Carillon. Alternatively, it could be more supernatural, a mystical curse-disease that infects its victims with a cruel malevolence that causes them to harm others. The PCs could have a chance to explore what caused it and perhaps even find a cure for those infected or a way to end the Hush's threat.



1: The Belltower

A wooden door opens out of this three-storey stone tower. At its summit, a large copper bell hangs from a crossbeam.

The campanile at the centre of the village holds Lady Joie, the copper bell that rings at all hours of the day and night to keep the Hush away. Meticulously maintained, the bell swings easily on its headstock with the pull of a rope as thick as a man's arm that hangs down a couple stories. Typically, children are given the task of ringing Lady Joie, younger ones who can do it at their whim during the day and older ones on the cusp of adulthood given the responsibility of staying up all night. Currently, a lad named Freyny (CN young male human) bears that duty, though he's fallen asleep several times and drawn the ire of village leaders. Still, he keeps begging for more opportunities to prove himself, though he's likely down to his last chance.

It's Quiet; Too Quiet: The driving rain and thunder from a rare bad summer storm didn't drown out the sound of Lady Joie's tolling earlier in the evening, so the prolonged silence from the bell feels especially ominous. Has something happened to silence the village's main source of protection?

2: VALARIAND

Manicured gardens, with fanciful topiaries, flank this stone manor house. Large windows allow residents to gaze over the grounds.

Valariand–named for Huntmaster Valariand Valline, who was appointed the first baronet of Carillon more than a century ago–is the home of its first inhabitant's descendants and the official seat of power in the village. Sparing no expenses, its creator had granite hauled in after being quarried from the surrounding mountains, matching it with the finest wood from the valley and expertly made glass. Inside are 100 years worth of hunting trophies and gifts brought to celebrate Carillon's bounty. Valariand's current occupant, Baronet Honris Valline (NG male half-elf magic-user 5), administers justice and settles disputes from here in a casual court that is called only when strictly needed.

Hunting for True Love: The baronet has yet to find a willing partner to marry and carry on his family line. Some of his concerned subjects have taken on

the job of rectifying that, and seek a person accomplished enough as a hunter to be able to keep that tradition at Valariand. If they find a candidate, they arrange social gatherings in hope of making a match with Honris, who s e e m s nonplussed by the entire situation.



A large statue stands at the entrance of this wood-log hunting lodge, its older central part flanked by additions of newer construction. Two outbuildings stand nearby.

This ornate lodge dates back to the founding of Carillon, though it has been expanded over the years. Offering opulent accommodation, it charges exorbitant prices and in return offers anything a hunter might want. Those who frequent it hunt for sport and the challenge far more than sustenance. They often donate their catches to Hunters Hall's cooks who expertly prepare dishes to serve the assembled guests, with the successful hunters getting the chance to brag about what they brought in.

Full-time residents of Carillon frequently refer to the lodge as Fools and Follies, the colloquial name referring to their opinion of the two types of hunts and hunters: those who eschew wearing bells in the woods in hopes of a more fruitful hunt or the more cautious ones who put their safety first and accept their noisemakers will hurt their chances of success. Those who are successful at the latter type of hunt, such as Huntmaster Nyami (NG female human ranger 8), are regarded as true masters.

Among the services of the hall is a master bowyer and fletcher, Elyeris Irien (NG male elf ranger 2) who turns out ammunition for the lodge's guests. When he has the time and opportunity, he's skilled enough to craft items suitable for enchantment.

- Food & Drink: Meal (roasted whole wild boar, with seasonal fruit and cheese, fresh bread) included in price of stay, weak ale 6 cp, wine (pitcher) 3 sp.
- Accommodation: Suite, includes hireling (hunting guide), hot bath, laundry service, meals, 50 gp.

HONRIS VALLINE

NG male half-elf magic-user 5

This heavyset half-elf is dressed in fine clothing and expensive jewellery, including a gold bell hanging from his neck.

Mannerisms: Honris is terrified of the Hush, and unashamedly rings the golden bell around his neck–even in the middle of a conversation–if he hasn't heard another nearby bell toll recently.

Personality: Honris is a capable steward of the village, though has little ambition to do or be anything more. Though he comes from a long line of hunters, he has little interest in the activity and is content to let Huntmaster Nyami handle such outings while he stays safe in Carillon.

Background: Honris grew up in the village, spoiled by the easy life its bountiful resources made available. As long as the village maintains its prosperity, he's content to allow it to continue as it always has. He's dabbled in his family's magic, but sees even that as more trouble than it's worth.

- **For Sale**: +1 longbow (3,500 gp), animal-slaying arrow (2,500 gp), potion of healing (400 gp), potion of invisibility (500 gp).
- For Rent: +1 longbow (50 gp per day), hunting guide (8 sp per day).

WHAT'S GOING ON?

While the PCs are here, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

- 1. A pair of drunken elves act out a dramatic hunt, bumping into other people and knocking over plates and drinks in their exuberance (and possibly starting a fight with other patrons).
- 2. A halfling excitedly shares the story of the massive dire bear that got away.
- 3. A limping big cat drags in a bloody woman who lies unmoving at its feet as the cat whines piteously.
- 4. Two dwarves labour under a massive trencher bearing a whole roasted boar as patrons applaud and bang their utensils on the table in anticipation.
- 5. A human man whispers he saw a band of giants coming down the mountain into the valley, earnestly warning others the woods-and maybe even the village-aren't safe.
- 6. A half-elven woman challenges anyone listening to an archery contest in the courtyard at midnight.

4: The Trophy Room

Several mounted animals stand under eaves to protect them from the rain, and other trophies–antlers, teeth and pelts–hang from this building's wooden walls.

The thriving taxidermy shop, run by the somewhat macabre Chandalli Berheardlaf (N female gnome) does a brisk business

HUNTMASTER NYAMI

NG female human ranger 8

This dark-skinned woman wears green and brown leathers, and carries a longbow nearly as tall as she is. A bracelet of tiny silver bells jingles on one wrist.

Mannerisms: Huntmaster Nyami stares intently at those she talks to, judging them and their words. She gives short shrift to those she sees as fools or braggarts–largely those without the skill to hunt, but also those who don't respect her craft–nostrils flaring as she looks down upon them as if they were nothing.

Personality: Nyami is matter-of-fact about her prodigious skill, only taking quarries she feels provided a real challenge (or in some way threaten the village or valley); she gifts the resultant meat to the village's poorest.

Background: Nyami accompanied a wealthy hunter from a far-off land to Carillon and fell in love with the village, refusing to leave when her patron did. She stayed first as a guide in Hunters Hall' before working her way up to become Huntmaster several years ago.

with hunters staying at the nearby lodge, transforming their kills into impressive mounted and stuffed trophies. Part of Chandalli's skill comes from her odd habit of treating her works as if they were still alive. She talks to them, acting as if she were patching up a wound or other ill while she works on the animals' bodies.

• For Sale: bracers of defence AC 9 (3,000 gp), stuffed black bear (50 gp), hunting fox tableaux (25 gp).

5: THE LEATHERWORKS

The noxious smell gives clear evidence of the trade carried out here before the leather tanning shop ever comes into sight.

The hides of those animals used for food instead of being turned into trophies often end up at this tannery on the outskirts of the village. Jodri Adivis (NG male human) sells most of the leather he produces, but works some into suits of armour he sells to villagers and visitors alike. A good man and hard worker, the fourthgeneration tanner is self-conscious of the smell his work generates and how it upsets his neighbours; unfortunately, it is an unavoidable byproduct of his work.

• For Sale: Fine leather armour (20 gp), fine studded leather armour (40 gp).

6: CLANGORS

The banging of hammers against metal rings from the open doors of this smithy.

This smithy and bell foundry deals with the village's metal-crafting needs, from wagon parts to weapons (though it has fewer demands for such than the bowyers and fletchers at Hunters Hall) to bells. The latter makes up much of the demand for Bax Olnan (CG female half-orc) and her apprentices' time; most of their products are crafted to be worn or hung from door lintels.

• For Sale: Bell (1-10 gp, see below), throwing axe (8 gp), trident (15 gp).

Bax has the following notable bells for sale; she can also make a bell to order, given a few days.

- Engraved with a border of woodland scenes this brass bell has a loop atop its body ready for it to be tied to a doorframe or an article of clothing.
- This small handbell sized for a child or halfling has an etched image of a stylised woodland devil.
- This brass bell hangs at the end of a short, looped silver chain.
- Finished with a looped leather handle, this ornate handball is long and slender and has a clanger shaped like a clenched fist.

7: THE MENAGERIE

This kennels and stables opens into several fenced yards, where hounds and horses graze or play.

The Menagerie offers stabling for horses and other animal companions brought to Carillon, as well as a breeding and training program for "the finest hunting hounds in the kingdom." The facility is run by owner Mazzo Ardich (CG middle-aged male human), who jokes his near-total deafness is almost a blessing considering the noise the hounds make when they get to baying (especially common if an exotic animal companion or mount is stabled on the premises). Ardich is aided by his three sons, Abert, Hancho, and Dargi (all CG male human), as well as his daughter, Fradisa (CG female human), who has recently trained herself in avian husbandry as she tries to cater to falconers and the like.

- **For Sale**: Falcon (50 gp), hunting dog (25 gp), stabling (1-5 gp/day dependant on type of animal).
- Animal Training: 3 sp per day per animal (Abert, Hancho, or Dargi), 4 sp per day per animal (Fradisa) or 6 sp per day per animal (Mazzo).

8: The Moonlit Prize

Smoke rises lazily from the chimneys of this wooden inn, where a prominent bell hangs at the entrance.

In addition to locals, this inn and tavern welcomes visitors to Carillon who don't have the means or inclination to stay at Hunters Hall, such as merchants or adventurers. It still offers fine accommodations, if not quite as luxurious as the lodge's, with a rowdy common room usually featuring some musical performer or other more common entertainment than that featured at the lodge. Ulrick Crossen (CG human male thief 2), who boasts a beard "that would make any dwarf jealous," runs the establishment and produces strongly alcoholic ciders, which he says help his customers sleep through the nightly tolling of the village bell.

- Food & Drink: Meal (venison loin, roasted chestnut mash) 4 gp, hard cider (mug) 6 cp, applejack (gallon) 4 sp, sassafras tea 2 cp.
- Accommodation: One-bed chamber 3 gp; two-bed chamber 5 gp; four-bed chamber 15 gp.

A Quiet Look: The scholar Mirosaer Formene (CN male elf magicuser 4) wants to make a bell-less expedition into the depths of the Valley to learn more about the Hush. He offers the PCs gold to accompany him and keep him safe from any wild creatures, but insists no one brings any bells.

9: CENTENARY GLADE

An easily forded section of stream leads to this small island, where a wooden glade offers quiet respite from the rest of the village. A stone altar with a small font of water stands in its centre.

This druid's grove is the centre of worship in Carillon, though most of the residents give little more than perfunctory obeisance to the spirits dwelling within.

Still, the druid in attendance, Khainarv Ironwood (N male dwarf druid 6), welcomes any to join him in meditation and prayer

during his daily services. He is happy to speak with visitors about the surrounding woodlands and the Hush, although he won't help anyone hunt or kill the creature (whatever it is). Khainarv also casts spells for visitors-for the normal rate, of course.

Khainarv's Worries: Khainarv worries that sometime the hunters will take matters into their own hands and hunt down the Hush. He also wonders about the Hush–it's identity and its plans; if the PCs have encountered the creature–or are reputed to have encountered it–the dwarf seeks them out to learn more.

If the party boast of slaying the Hush, the dwarf inevitably finds out and seeks them out to remonstrate with the heroes–difficult to do as no doubt the rest of the village will be celebrating its death.

KHAINARV IRONWOOD

N male dwarf druid 6

Twigs and leaves litter the greenish-tinged hair and wild beard of this dwarf, as if he'd just pushed his way through a thick hedge and hadn't yet brushed himself off. A pair of impressive antlers seem to grow from his leather cap.

Mannerisms: Khainarv is a boisterous dwarf, his booming voice making up for the lack of any bells on his clothing. He loves to tell stories, embellishing them as much as any bard.

Personality: As all druids do, Khainarv reveres nature. He accepts hunters as part of the natural course of things, merely another type of predator at the top of the food chain. He even understands and accepts the need for trophies, seeing it as no different than a sort of mating display. Similarly, he sees the Hush as nature's way of fighting back and shows little concern for its effects on the village or its victims.

Background: Khainarv found his way to the village on a spirit journey and took up residence, speaking little of his own background. Some claim he was exiled from his childhood home for some crime, but most who know him believe he was simply more interested in the natural environs of the Elysian Valley than living underground.

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