

Edoardo DallaVia

For Fuminori,

first Oscurian on Enascentia and peerless Player because you gave me so much without asking anything in return and even if you left us, you also left much in my soul.

For Daniele,

for being a true travel companion through the world of fantasy, who can always make me smile,

the kind of companion you always want by your side.





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Chapter 1

Enascentia's Origins

n the beginning, there was a void. Absolute nothingness. A formless union of darkness and silence. Then, the first sounds, savage and merciless, and the first images tore apart that dark veil. A maelstrom of color and sound invaded and overwhelmed his mind, and encountered no resistance. Gradually, the noise gave way to silence; that which was blurred and confused became crystal clear.

Cold, wind, mountains. Those were the first concepts he brought into focus and connected them to those he already possessed. Confused, he had no memory of past actions or things he wished to accomplish. He was chilled to the bone, wind lashed against his body, mountains surrounded him. And snow. Snow ruled over everything. It heralded the cold, rode the wind, owned the mountains.

Nyuzhe took his first hesitant steps away from the smooth round stone on which he was standing and sank into the snow that covered everything but that strange stone. So perfect in its simplicity, it was the only thing the white ruler of these places could not dominate. He felt the bite of the cold again. His clothing was not suitable for this place, and he had no idea why he was there. He pushed his long black hair away from his eyes, but all he could see around him were mountains and snow. And a single figure wrapped in heavy parsha furs, with long black hair flowing over his shoulders and a halberd in each hand. The stranger threw one halberd at his feet; his movement was so natural, casual and effortless that the weapon must have been made of a light material.

"Pick it up!"

"Who…?" The word erupted from his lips, thunderous, deep and so grim, and shocked him into silence. He was hearing the sound of his voice for the first time, and he liked it.

"Who are you to address your words to me as if you were my peer?" His lips —and his body were growing numb with cold, and his tone was less intimidating than he hoped it would be. But he would have time later to deal with this.

"You're wrong!" Yes, that was the tone he was looking for: curt and sharp. He really had trained himself well. "I'm not your equal, not at all."

"Good. At least we're making things clear from the start. Come on, throw me a fur."

"I'm not your equal. I'm superior to you in everything." The stranger gripped his halberd with both hands and turned its blade toward the Newly Generated. "Pick it up. I'm not going to repeat myself."

"What if I don't?"

"You will." The stranger threw himself screaming at Nyuzhe. He was frozen to the core, not because of the snow, but because of the fear growing in his heart. It soon turned to panic, fueled by each new step of the armed madman until it became sheer terror. It finally took hold of him, and his opponent's prediction soon came true because his hands locked onto the halberd, which was anything but light.

Its weight was unfamiliar; he couldn't remember ever brandishing one before, but he thought —knew— he could use it. It did not matter, in any case, because if he could not use it, he would soon be dead. After his opponent's first lunge, however, he was still alive, still wielding the weapon,

which he was using skillfully, parrying blows with relative ease. He was certainly going to examine this newfound talent of his in depth. Metal screamed against metal; it cut through the air with a hiss, and the wood flexed with each lunge, but his strikes were repelled masterfully by his challenger. Then the fur-clad stranger struck him.

Luckily for Nyuzhe, the omnipresent layer of snow was the target, not him. Astonished, he stared at the snow melting around the halberd's gleaming blade. He could not understand how or when it happened, but the blade was now white-hot, and he could hear a faint buzzing sound coming from it. The two men studied each other, on guard. The snow never managed to settle on the blade because it turned into steam before it could even touch it. The wind was still lashing against them both, like thousands of needles sinking into every inch of exposed skin. The Newly Generated's expression clearly indicated his acute discomfort, and his opponent was quick to notice.

"Enough. You know how to fight."

"You bet I do!"

"ENOUGH!"

Nyuzhe did not kneel consciously; his body did it for him. Every fiber of his body surrendered immediately, almost reflexively. It was not even terror driving him now; his will had simply shattered like crystal.

"There's a time for arrogance, novice, and a time for humility."

Nyuzhe could hear the man but could not look at him because he could not move a single muscle. "For now, embrace yourself with humility. You'll know when it's time to indulge in the former." No matter how hard Nyuzhe tried, he could find no words. Using all his strength for a single movement, he managed to nod.

"Good. You're a fast learner. I had to kick the last one into the river." That was certainly not an enticing prospect. "As I was saying, you can fight, which is good. You also seem to be quick-thinking and you listen. You'd be surprised how many don't know even how to do this. So, young man, try to best exploit your talent and keep those appendages on either side of your skull well open. You're a Janah. Like me and your kin, you've been generated for one purpose only: to fight. And to always keep your head high wherever you go. You'll set goals for yourself and face obstacles, and you'll achieve the first and overcome the latter. Most of the time. Savor your victories and learn from your defeats...you won't find better teachers." The snow was settling once more on the halberd's blade. "That's not all, though. What's your name, novice?"

"Nyuzhe, sir." Until he heard the sound of his voice, he was not sure if he could move his lips yet.

"You aren't alone in that hard skin of yours, Newly Generated. You'll never be alone. The body of a Janah holds two distinct entities joined at the Genesis. I'm now speaking through the first entity, the most moderate one that deals with appearances, but inside me —and you— there's also an uncontrollable presence, whose hunger knows no limits, an indomitable spirit that will lead you to your most arduous victories.

"Get to know your other self, Nyuzhe. Let it surface from time to time, let it decide for you both occasionally. Once you two become good friends, nothing will stop you. Until then, however, be cautious when you approach him. Come, cover yourself."

The stranger threw Nyuzhe a blanket, and he picked it up with trembling hands. He shook the snow off before immersing himself into its long-awaited warmth...which actually took a little longer to take effect.

"We will now go to the village, down in the valley, and I'll teach you a menial job. You will hunt for food, carry out the tasks I give you and learn how to make your two entities talk to each other. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, master, it is."

The Creators

In the beginning, there were two beings endowed with the power from which it all started: the power to create. They, the Duality, made a vessel to hold their future creations and called it Enascentia. They made seas and mountains, endless plains and luxuriant forests. They created each element of Enascentia, populated it with fauna and flora, and were satisfied. For centuries, they studied their handiwork. perfecting and completing it to make it totally autonomous. And yet, even when, finally, it looked perfect in every respect, they still felt it lacked something. They pondered the matter for a long time and eventually reached a conclusion: it lacked their personal imprint, an element worthy of representing them. So, they generated their firstborn, the Nalgar. He possessed both their essences, but the Duality failed to balance them properly because each essence tried constantly to overcome the other. This made their creation unstable and eternally lacking. Variable in appearance and purpose, the Nalgar was a mass of pure energy, inappropriate for representing a lifestyle suitable for living on Enascentia. The two beings, however, did not want to rush into judging him.

They gave him the freedom to express his own potential and observed his evolution. His work, however unrefined and unstable, slowly took form, albeit vague: he weaved the Veil of Magic and wrapped it around Enascentia. The Duality could see that this did not interfere with its plans and even felt proud because it had been generated by its firstborn. They concluded that it was right to generate entities that in turn could create other things and concentrated on giving birth to its new progeny. This time, however, the two beings decided to keep their respective essences apart, each generating his own races. They also agreed on creating beings with different traits and physical characteristics so that they could each become the embodiment of a key element of the next life form they were planning for their world, Enascentia One of them used natural aspects of the existing environment as a model, basing his creations on elements drawn on or inspired by it.

The other pondered on what their first joint creation still lacked and on what he wanted to add to it. His creatures therefore became heralds of new methods, feelings and emotions. Both fell prey to their creative eagerness and each of them produced twenty beings, which they called the Kami.

They decided to observe the actions of their creations without interfering, just as they had done with their first. As agreed, they gave the Kamis the power to create their own firstborn. This new race would follow the laws of the Duality's most successful creation: nature. The new beings



- Enascentia's Origins

would be born, grow old and die, just like the fauna did. Each Kami created two creatures in his own image that would be the origin of their own species: a male and a female who would reproduce, get old and die, passing on the torch to their children, generation after generation.

Initially, everything went as planned, the first children were born and had children of their own, perpetuating the cycle of life and proving the experiment could succeed. It did not last, though. As the centuries passed, there were problems the Duality saw as intrinsic flaws in its planning. In fact, the different Tribes started warring against each other for a number -- and often trivialreasons: to expand their territory, impose their own ideals or simply out of sheer mutual incomprehension. To be consistent with their original ideas, the two beings continued to observe their children's children's behavior. granting them the same freedom they had given their firstborn and a chance to redeem themselves.

The situation only deteriorated further. They saw them destroy each other, hurl their brothers into bottomless pits, while their actions grew more cruel and violent. They even dragged all the things that had been created for them into their foolish journey to self-destruction: they set forests on fire to expand their dominions and tore animals to shreds for the fun of it.

They reached the point of no return when they got their greedy hands on the Veil of Magic woven by the Nalgar. They did not simply take advantage of it by shaping and molding it temporarily; they treated it like any other natural element, ripping it from its background and abusing instead of using it. The Veil was a continuous fabric that could regenerate itself, but it had to be used sparingly. It had to be able to renew itself before it could be used again. But the Veil's seasons were not compatible with the ephemeral nature of its users' short lifespan, further shortened by continual warfare. Greedy and selfish, they grabbed as much as they could,

tearing away every shred they could find. This time, however, its creator did not just observe them as they wreaked havoc with his creation. The Nalgar reacted with the anger of a distraught parent and the violence of a being not yet aware of his potential. The whole of Enascentia shook when he turned into a relentless, protean, wild beast: thus began the War of the Nalgar. It was as vicious as it was short, and its outcome marked the end of a whole era. The Duality's decision of non-interference cost its firstborn his life. It was too much. The Duality could not continue to observe passively; it was time to acknowledge its mistake.



A New Way

After carefully analyzing the events, the Duality concluded that so much violence must have stemmed from the mortal nature of its creations. Blinded as they were by the prospect of a fleetingly brief life, they made hurried and self-destructive choices. This was in complete contrast to the original meaning of their presence on Enascentia, for they could not focus on a bigger picture —only the reality surrounding them. The two beings showed the Kamis the actions of their children and warned them, but they did not hold them responsible. On the contrary, they increased their power and showed them a new way to populate Enascentia, thus eradicating the cause of their previous mistake. They also came to the conclusion that it was not ideal for all forty species to live together and decided only ten at a time should share Enascentia so that they could determine which were the best combinations and whether there were any incompatible elements to be eliminated. Each creator would give life to five creatures in each group of ten to evaluate how the different species related to each other and how the work of each member of the Duality interacted with the other.

The new inhabitants of Enascentia would not be subjected to the natural flow of time, nor were they going to be free to decide if and when to reproduce themselves. They would appear on Enascentia when and how

it best suited the Duality's plans, and they would be swept away as easily when the time came for the next experiment. Not all the Kamis seemed to understand the reason for this choice: why exterminate whole Tribes if the ultimate aim was for them to live together peacefully? The Duality explained that experimenting with the coexistence of different races took priority over individual existence and that it was once more a matter of perspective. All things considered, they were going to destroy creatures that had lived longer than their predecessors. Had it been 'right' for their creatures to have an average lifespan of some fifty years, as had been the case before? They agreed that such choices could not be 'right' or 'wrong' in a general sense and that they just had to work efficiently within the overall picture. And that general picture now required a generational change from time to time.

The Duality, however, was not entirely comfortable with having the leading role in all this, maneuvering the puppets it had created at will. It had always believed it should be more spectator rather than actor and observe the choices made by its creations. Since past experience proved this could lead to irreparable mistakes, it decided to cover both roles at the same time by splitting up. It was going to equip the ten species presently being tested with all the tools they needed to keep living on Enascentia or bring about the advent of new Tribes. One member of the



Duality would then act as spectator, watching over them, while the other would play the active role: every time he died, he would take on the form of a Newly Generated belonging to one of the existing Tribes and he would remain aware of his own nature and purpose, and lose any other divine power. His task would be to sow the seed of doubt among them and persuade them the time for change was imminent, and he was going to do this as their equal. Had they believed his words, it would have meant their time had come to an end and it was time to substitute them with ten new races.

Before repopulating Enascentia, however, they had to repair the destruction wrought by recent events so that it could offer the new peoples the same welcome extended to those who had come before. They took the survivors to the cataclysm, wiped away their personal identities, cut all ties to their previous lives and turned them into creatures whose only purpose was to repair the damage done to the Nalgar's creation, the Veil of Magic. They would work to regenerate the Veil's core, still intact, so that it could grow back whole, with no beginning or end, able to repair future small damages by itself. As for large rifts, it would be their responsibility to take care of them.

Thus, the first Weavers were born, forever doomed to repair the consequences of their violence against the Veil and its creator. In future, anyone guilty of the same crime would share their fate.

Then, they took the masses of raw Magic now separated from the whole, useless for repairing the Veil, and gave them to the Kamis. They suggested they use them to create the new races to accustom them to the presence of magic from the very beginning, whether they chose to use it or not, as the previous failure had been caused partly by an insatiable lust for a power as unknown as it was seductive. They decided that each member of each Tribe appearing on Enascentia would be given a distinctive symbol that would bind him to his Kami and allow the Kami to bestow upon him the ability to use the powers allotted to him, including magic. Each race would carry a different symbol, which would also help classify the Tribes, even if most of them were going to be distinguishable from the others at first sight.

The Kami of the Void

The first ten Kamis who would have the honor of populating Enascentia with their sons were thus selected, but only nine of them followed the instructions of the Duality, and the Gardens of Life never received the tenth Newly Generated. In fact, the tenth Kami did not generate any being. He simply stood by, observing. By then, the Duality had already split. The part that called itself the Beholder



- Enascentia's Origins

observed the actions of their children while the other, the Actor, was already busy trying to persuade the Tribes to favor change and the advent of other Tribes. The Beholder decided to wait as well, thinking the Kami was not ready to introduce his progeny on Enascentia yet. He waited and waited until the First Era reached its peak, and then he decided to talk with him to find out why he was postponing the confrontation between his creations and those of the other Kamis.

"Father, I am the Kami of the Void, and you gave me supremacy over non-existence. I listened to the reasons you gave for your choices, but I don't agree with them. This isn't a mere expression of my nature, but what I think. I don't need the instruments you put at my disposal. I'll wait and listen, and one day, Father, one day, I'll hear the desperate cry of those who, like me, don't agree. I'll scrutinize the void devouring their souls and respect the denial manifested in their fury. And then I'll take them under my wing, and I won't take part in your twisted game but offer an alternative to my brothers' children. They will be my people, and through them, I'll show you you're wrong."

The beliefs of the Kami of the Void were based on an insight he had had well before the War of the Nalgar. At that time, the Kamis bestowed on their children features that distinguished them as a race: the Whisplings could fly more gracefully and skillfully than any bird, none could equal the Fluctua in water, and the Transmuters could change shape, experimenting with any substance at their disposal. These traits were present in each Tribe since the creation of the first couple and were passed on from one generation to the next, father to son, always with the same power and strength. Each person was the physical representation of his beliefs, embodying his own ideals. From time to time, however, it seemed that some were looking elsewhere, as if they were scanning the horizon and wondering if there were other choices at their disposal. Nobody noticed these uncertainties other than the Kami of the Void because unlike his thirty-nine brothers, he did not just look at his own fish in the fish tank the Duality had built for them. He could also hear. It was more a feeling than an actual sound, whispers so faint that he did not understand their meaning. They were there, though. Of this he was sure, and little by little, he convinced himself that, had they been fully audible, those whispers were actually screams. This was because it was he who bore the remorse for the killing of other people, it was to him to whom the denials born of the growing awareness of a collective descent to self-destruction were addressed, and it was for him for whom the rueful crying for the suffering inflicted on nature and the Veil was reserved.



Since first hearing those whispers, he concentrated on listening to them, but it was not enough, and they remained faint and infrequent. He thought about it at length, isolating himself from the others, and he finally came to believe that his own people were not the only ones who had brought about the void on Enascentia. Each Tribe was a celebration of an element rather than the element itself present in other living beings, too, albeit in much smaller quantities. Fear was not a trait exclusive to the Ashen Faces, just like the blood used by the Sacralis was also present in others, and the determination with which the Janah built their temples could be found, more or less dormant, inside every soul. The main ideals of a given individual should not have been those imparted to him at birth, because each being had everything he needed to make a conscious personal choice.

The Kami of the Void jealously kept his insights to himself and never shared it with his brothers. They did their utmost to use the symbols on the bodies of their children as well as they could, convinced it was the only direct link they had with them —the only way to 'communicate' - and that such communication was only onesided. In time, the first nine Tribes populating Enascentia came to realize the importance of the symbol they carried and that it was the 'medium' to access the power granted to them by their Kami. With a sense of wonder, they observed how the symbol could

never be disfigured by any wound and could adapt to it, either changing in size or moving a few inches away from it or even favoring the healing process of superficial wounds. Despite having learned all this, the Tribes remained in awe of it and did their utmost to preserve it. This, coupled with a natural sense of modesty where it was concerned, rendered it the most hidden part of their body, so much so that showing it became taboo. At the same time, they came to believe that it was thanks to the symbol if a Developer could perform his experiments or a Kadravis was able to concentrate his energy on a given place or object, altering the laws of nature at will. While the First Generation lived on Enascentia, each Kami gave powers to his children, and each Tribe member concentrated his attention exclusively on his Kami.

Then the First Generated of the Second Generation arrived. The Kami of the Void heard the call again, but now it was not just a whisper; this time he heard the words of the ode directed to him clearly. It was the desperate cry of those who did not approve, the voices of those devoured by their inner void, which soon... very soon...were going to become the cry of those expressing their denial through their fury. It would not have taken much for that cry to become a shout, and it was then that the Kami of the Void decided to accelerate the inevitable.



enascentia's Origins

The first Tribes, decimated by the genocide unleashed by the new First Generated, joined forces under the banner of the Blazing Arrow. There were many survivors among them, who had miraculously escaped the persecutions that had decimated their Tribes within seven days. Their grief was like nothing they had experienced before, and they could not help but wonder if they were going to have a future and what sort of future it would be. At first, all they felt was dejection. Then they realized they were not getting any visions of new Geneses, and they panicked. They lived like that for many long years, but not all of them stood idly by. Some were already the object of strange attention due to a change in attitude. There were those who could not accept the situation and looked for a way to express this. The First Era had already seen the faith in his Kami falter for one of them, and it wavered until it disintegrated dramatically.

Garom, a Shining One, was the first to try and remove the symbol from his body. He could not understand how the Sun, source of light and life, could allow such a massacre. Why were his people being exterminated under the motionless gaze of his rays? How could he still believe that the next dawn would bring new hope when the piles of bodies were growing higher with every sunset? Whatever the answers, the symbol of that unworthy Kami had to disappear from his arm, for he could not bear to look at it any longer. He cut, burned and even flayed his skin, but that infamous brand would not go; it merely migrated to his shoulder, not having any other place on his mangled arm on which to settle.

"Why are you hurting yourself?"

He was not alone in that cave, but he had not taken his eyes off the entrance even for a second. The space was too narrow for anybody else to have been hiding in the shadow without him noticing, but there he was, standing at the back of the cave. Facing the walls, he stared at the shadows cast by the low flames of the fire. It was not possible; he was sure...

"Why are you hurting yourself?"

"Who are you to ask me that?"

"I must know. Why?"

"My Kami is a lie! If the Cleansing Dawn, whose praises we sang for so long, really existed, this nightmare would end!"

"And if it was a lie?"

"In that case I wouldn't have a role in this farce!"

"What if the Rejecter was nothing but a new role in such a farce?"

"Then wearing the cloak of a Rejecter might be my first really conscious choice."

As he spoke, Garom stared at the cave opening because looking at the intruder made him feel



uncomfortable, even though he was just a dark form in the background. As there was no reply, after a while, he turned toward him: he was not there. Of course not...after all, there never had been anyone there. It was just an effect of his recent blood loss. He wanted to convince himself of this, but he could not take his eyes from the dagger now lying by the fire; its blade was made from a strange metal, as black as the night, and turned toward where the mysterious figure had stood. It all happened within a matter of seconds. Instinctively, he grabbed the dagger and tried to erase the symbol with it. He felt the warm, familiar feeling of blood running down his arm, toward his elbow. He looked at his handiwork without any expectation. He stared at his symbol for a long while, which was finally distorted by his new wound. He stood up and picked up a flaming log from the fire to light his way out of the cave. Only then did he see the change that had taken place around him: where he previously saw just naked rock was now a whole vein of black metal.

The Emergence of the Faceless Ones

The Faceless Ones came into being much earlier than is claimed by the supposed first members of the Way. It all started with Garom, who achieved his hopeless aim. Of course, not without the direct intervention of what would become —unbeknownst to him— his new Kami. That was the first, and last, intervention by a Kami in the history of Enascentia.

At first, though upset by what had just happened and the inability to speak freely about it, Garom did not know what to do. He was the first to succeed in something most people saw as sheer folly. Being unique and different made him fearful of the others. Dissatisfaction was spreading insidiously among them, and it was a time of grief and subterfuge that could only feed the flames of outrage. The idea grew independently in the minds of a few people. Garom took no part in the process. He simply observed as others tried to get rid of their symbols but did not miss one single line of their script. Once he knew for sure which roles they were going to choose for themselves, he proceeded with caution. It was still a restricted group, composed mainly of Bearers of Peace, Shining Ones and Transmuters, all Tribes who, more than any other, had to live with the contradiction between their beliefs and what had happened. The Ashen Faces, on the other hand, saw no collapse of their ideals. On the contrary, they were glad to have been chosen to witness the greatest manifestation of their Kami.

The dissenters used to meet in isolated places, away from the other survivors, and wounded themselves in every possible way, emulating what Garom had managed to do way before and unbeknown to them. Only then did he reveal himself, walking



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among them and baring his shoulder to display the marred symbol. He handed them the black dagger so that they could do what he had done and led them to the cave full of the black metal. He became their guide despite not one them even thinking he needed to elect one.

The first thing they did was to find a name for the metal on which their condition depended, and they called it Oblivion. They then set up shifts to guard the only known vein of the metal and began to extract it. They also tried to make other dissenters join up; they never exerted any pressure and strived to sow the seed of doubt in already fertile ground. The turning point was when a Molder and a Developer, Baruak and Iphemu, became part of the group; together with the Transmuter Silathi, they were charged with a rather unusual task. They were taken to the cave and were educated on the nature of Oblivion

and of the only blade ever forged with it. Unlike the others, however, they were not given the dagger to remove their own symbols.

Garom informed them of what he had experienced after removing his symbol; that is, what he most craved: the final parting from his Kami. It was not just a matter of rumors or false beliefs. The bond to one's Kami really depended on the symbol. This was proved by the fact that he, once a Shining One, could not now generate heat from his hands nor call upon daylight to heal his wounds. The sun would no longer grant his wishes. That was why it was important for them to keep the bond with their Kamis alive: the dissenters needed whatever means necessary to make more tools that could break that otherwise indestructible bond for all those who in the future would request their freedom. Having understood the reasons of the







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dissenters' spokesperson, the three agreed and set about meeting his request with the best means at their disposal. Baruak built a forge inside the cave to work the metal to make more weapons, and he even began to work on a prototype artefact made of that metal. Iphemu performed many experiments and tried to join the metal with different natural elements, living organisms and anything else suggested by his imagination and the results of previous experiments. Silathi concentrated on the metal itself, trying to commune and blend with it.

Garom and his followers got what they wanted. However, they did not know that the precautions they had taken were unnecessary. He had actually lost the powers that bound him to the sun, but not because he had disfigured his symbol, which had been merely a gesture to highlight the choice he had already made in his heart. It was not the symbol but his faith in his Kami that enabled him to produce a small amount of the sun's heat on the palm of his hand: branding himself had just been a way to become aware of a choice he had already made. Baruak, Iphemu and Silathi, however, had not completely rejected their ideals yet, since they were still obeying the dictates of their respective Kamis -with different aims now, but as they had always done. Ignoring the truth, they kept working on the metal, deeming it to be crucial for their goals.

The Kami of the Void —who was well aware of the truth— did not give them the means to get rid of their symbols: first, they had to feel free from the bond they thought they had with their Kamis before they could look elsewhere. Once free to believe anything they wanted, they would concentrate on denying what they had been —that is, on what he represented— thus unwittingly becoming his own people.

The Faceless Ones did not yet have a standard and had not named what they were. They were simply savoring their new existence, isolated from the rest of Enascentia as well as from the other survivors, fearful of how most of them would react to the knowledge of what they had done. They learned many things about themselves and the new Kami they were worshipping unknowingly. It was a long time before he taught them how to use his implicit teachings. It is difficult to use a power you are unaware you have, and it is even more difficult if you cannot actively use it. And yet, as centuries went by, Garom discovered he could temporarily block the powers of other members of the Blazing Arrow. At first, he thought they were isolated instances of outside interference, and only later did he realize he had caused them. He worked hard on this discovery and on himself; it became as obsession. He finally understood its secrets, but he was greedy and did not share his insight with the other dissenters. He himself could not tell if he was acting out of greed or if what



he really wanted was that the path of one's growth remained something each person had to conquer by himself.

The experiments carried out by the three scholars trying to understand the nature of the black metal gave totally different results. Barak had to work hard before he found a way to properly mold the Oblivion, which resisted the highest temperatures. At the cost of a great deal of effort, however, he managed to forge quite a number of blades...at least ten... before moving on to his other project. It required a greater effort, years of work that, unfortunately, led him to a dead-end. He finished building his artefact, but it never responded to any order from his creator. Iphemu's results were even more inadequate because he could not successfully meld the metal with anything else. All other substances overwhelmed and totally destroyed it, while all organic beings were somehow resistant to it. All but Silathi, who was able to welcome the metal into her body with relative ease. She absorbed it first into her hand, molded it with a substitute for her skin and covered her fingers with it. After a few attempts, she then succeeded in creating protuberances that extended from the tips of her fingers. As time went by and her experiments continued, she became a real live weapon. She absorbed Oblivion in herself in ever-increasing quantities, perfected the shell she was building around herself and added to the number of weapons

with which she could replace her limbs at will. Each success, however, marked a new step toward an abyss of indifference. She spoke less and less, shunned the company of the others and stopped eating. Then she disappeared without trace. The others searched for her in vain on the islands of the Inner Archipelago, but they did not dare wander farther into the new civilization. Since that day, the Transmuters were forbidden any further experimentation with the black metal because of suspicion that a connection could exist between the Developers being unable to experiment on living beings and the effect the metal had had on Silathi.

The Second Overthrow of the Royal Races did not catch them unawares or unprepared...not this time. When the Blazing Arrow heard about the first anomalies in the Geneses, they realized what was coming next and did not sit back and wait for it, but worked as well as they could on ways to hide and defend themselves. On the other hand, the Second Generation, like the members of the previous Tribes, could not even work out what was causing its devastation. Very few survived, and they joined the ranks of the Blazing Arrow, not without causing some turmoil among the original members, who were used to seeing the new arrivals as the persecutors of old.

Once the violence ended and everybody's thoughts were not solely concentrated on the effort of surviving another day, the feelings



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of injustice and rejection Garom had felt so many centuries before surfaced in many of the survivors, even in those who had been able to recover from the previous tragedy. This time, however, they found a way to express their frustration: in their darkest moments, Garom was there to hold a light for them, a black light shining from a black blade. He did not ask for any recognition when he handed the dagger to Jeram, a Harmonic, who was the first to cut his symbol in public, declaring war against the Kamis and liberation from them. Many followed his example. Garom, Baruak, Iphemu and the others who had already removed their symbols joined them in what is remembered as the official birth of the Faceless Ones

The Consequences

The rash action of the Kami of the Void did not go unpunished for long because that part of the Duality who had remained to watch over Enascentia knew everything that had happened there and particularly those actions that should never have taken place: that is, those of the Kamis themselves. They were forbidden from interacting with their creations -just like the Duality, who only walked among them without any divine power- and it was unthinkable that they might ignore the dictates of their fathers. Unthinkable for them all but the Void.

The Beholder pondered over the matter carefully, finally choosing to abide by his original aim of simply observing the events on Enascentia without any interference: the Oblivion would remain at the disposal of its inhabitants, and it would be up to them alone to decide what to do with it. At the same time, however, he felt he had to teach his undisciplined child a lesson and make an example of him to his thirty-nine brothers: he imprisoned his essence and his powers for one hundred years. Thus isolated, the Kami of the Void could not see what was happening to those who had begun to acknowledge his existence. He could only think and keep listening until he teetered on the edge of madness. He never crossed that dangerous threshold, though. On the contrary, he honed those aspects of his nature allowed him in his seclusion and thus came to perceive far more clearly the call of those invoking his name, whose number grew daily. He carried out some experiments and discovered he was able to bestow powers coming from his own essence to those who called upon his name or his nature. Little by little, Garom and then the others discovered how to bring about Void and Denial among the Tribes, suppressing their innate skills.

The Kamis spent whole Eras observing their respective Tribes as they established themselves on Enascentia and prospered there. Blinded by the presence of the symbol, they were the first to believe



in its importance as a vehicle for their power, a belief corroborated by the behavior of the Tribes, each devoted to its principles and following the same path as their Elders before them.

When the Kami of the Void bestowed his powers on his people, it went unnoticed at first. During the Second Era, these events were so limited and sporadic they did not attract any attention. During the Third Era, however, ignoring the phenomenon became impossible. The eyes of all the Kamis turned to the undeniable manifestations of the Void on Enascentia, despite their brother not yet having generated any child of his own. They observed and pondered, until the Kami of Discovery, worshipped by the Senduars, heard an unusual call.

People from all Tribes formed a convoy to search for knowledge through discovery as they traveled to learn at first hand those feelings a single word cannot convey. Each of them had left behind a great many practices forced upon them by the Genesis. They all firmly believed in the new principle that would guide their lives in the future and were grateful to the Senduars who, willing or not, had showed them which path to follow. Surprised to learn all this, the Kami followed their travels with curiosity and a little pride. When the whispers became a common voice, he instinctively felt a connection with that self-proclaimed emancipated people and without even realizing it, he included them in his blessing.

From then on they found it easier to travel and face difficulties in unhospitable lands, and those among them who knew how to manipulate the Veil suddenly managed to use it in their travels, just like any other Senduar.

As a direct consequence, the other Kamis heard only silence from those worshippers: no more odes to Father Wind or prayers to Mother Earth, no more 'dances' at the hands of Determination. In their hearts and minds, there was only room for Discovery, whatever their shape and nature at the Genesis had been.

This realization had devastating consequences for all the Kamis, suddenly aware that the faith in their mandates was just laziness brought about by the people's birth and not genuine devotion to their cause. They wanted to shout and summon all the existing Tribes, greet them with open arms and welcome them into their protection, but their mouths were sealed by the Duality's prohibition, for they remembered quite well the lesson taught to the Kami of the Void and also knew that it had been a warning for them all: a second such act of disobedience was not going to be dealt with so leniently. Their words never reached the oblivious ears on Enascentia, who welcomed the change but never felt the need to rationalize it. In time, that convoy of travelers shared its view among the uncertain ones, on every continent. Thus were born the Defenders of Free Will.



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era	Event	
Forerunners Era	Genesis of the Nalgar	
Forerunners Era	Creation of the Veil	
Forerunners Era	Genesis of the Forty Kami	
Forerunners Era	War of the Nalgar	
First Era	Genesis of the First Generation	
Second Era	Genesis of the Second Generation	
First Overthrow of the Royal Races		
Second Era	Establishment of the Blazing Arrow	
Second Era	Direct intervention by the Kami of the Void	
Second Era	Secret establishment of the Faceless Ones	
Third Era	Genesis of the Third Generation	
Second Overthrow of the Royal Races		
Third Era	Official Establishment of the Faceless Ones	
Third Era	Official Establishment of the Defenders of Free Will	



Chapter 2 Hidden Lore

t least three city officials were keeping watch at each Meditation Point. The Mask was charged with surveillance; the person responsible for the hookah was loaded with large quantities of star videnya; and then there was a scribe. Scribes had been an integral part of every Sojor Len'Nhi —the original name of the festival— since its creation: each scribe had to write down every single videnya-induced vision, even the most preposterous ones, and then add each scroll to the documentation, which Falusa kept in his archives in his palace vault. They said the annual occurrence of this festival was due to a Senduar's rant when under the influence of the videnya...words which turned out to be true. Since that first edition, almost twenty years earlier, the festival has been held yearly on the same date, and it was decided that no words, even the most irrational, would go unheeded.

Besides the three officials, four other people already occupied the Meditation Point: a Menoosh female whose beauty was inversely proportional to her modesty, and a group of three wayfarers, wrapped head to foot in thick layers of clothing typical of the Senduar tradition.

Ishnet tried to make use of their sign language to ask if he could take the only free seat. In spite of his sign-language skills being a little rusty, he managed to convey the concept of 'possibility', and as an answer, he was invited to sit with them.

He had always been fascinated by the Senduar culture, which focused on discovery through travel and the resulting inadequacy of the spoken language to share experiences and feelings that could really only be savored personally.

"What if didn't allow you to sit here?"

With her hands folded, resting delicately on her knee and her legs crossed as she lay on her side on the cushions, the Menoosh removed one hand from her alluring position to get the hookah and enjoy another dose of star videnya...not before sensuously stroking her lips with the tip of the pipe.

She seemed to be aiming for a direct approach, so Ishnet quickly counted how many hourglasses' time he had left before his appointment with his companions to decide if it was possible to get to know her better.

"I would be inconsolable." Ishnet lay down beside her without waiting for her formal permission, since it had already been given implicitly. "And in any case, I would keep pressing you." She handed him the black flexible pipe, but as Ishnet raised it to his mouth, the person in charge of the hookah stopped him. The official was clearly recognizable from his uniform, red linen leggings and a vest of the same material with a bright-yellow background and a floral motif in a darker shade of yellow... perfect for getting high.

"Embrace Happiness, guest!" Ishnet had always wondered who had coined that greeting, typical of every Kartali festival, because he found it intriguing. "Have you already received the seal of participation?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Let me explain." The officer rummaged inside his belt pouch. "During Sojor Len'Nhi, anyone can join one of the meditation points to avail themselves of our abundant stock of star videnya."

He finally managed to fish out a stamp and a small bottle of red ink. "Before a guest takes his first puff on the hookah, however, we ask for a small contribution to cover our expenses, and in exchange, we apply a seal to his hand so that we don't ask him for any further contribution for the rest of the evening." As he spoke, he put both the stamp and the ink on the ground before him and waited for Ishnet's reaction.

"Of course, it will be a pleasure to give my contribution to such a successful event." Ishnet was finally realizing how they raised funds for each of their events: from the money collected during the preceding ones. He took a mother-of-pearl jewel out of his knapsack and put it in front of the now-kneeling official. "Will this cover it?"

He was impressed and satisfied with the professionalism of the official —it was no accident that he belonged to his race— who nonchalantly picked up the jewel and examined it. "Kartali is deeply grateful to you, master. Your offer is so generous you can extend the seal to other visitors if you wish."

"I'd gladly provide for this lady here, as well."

"Unfortunately, she already has a seal, master." It was obvious, considering her fondness for the hookah, but Ishnet was content that she had heard him offering. "Oh, I see. Then there's no one else, thank you."

"Very well." The official applied the seal with the emblem of the festival, a stylized hookah enveloped by a vine. "Embrace Happiness." More than embracing it, he breathed it in deeply and repeatedly from the black pipe.

"Thank you, my champion." Her lips brushed against the Menoosh's earlobe, sending a shiver through his body that clouded his senses but did not prevent him from understanding the gesture. Everything was going as expected. Everything but the unexpected screams that suddenly arose from a place on the opposite side of the square.

"I SAW THEM! THEY ARE AMONG US!" Panic filled a Whispling female's voice. She stood trembling, prey to the darkest of terrors which dripped from her every single word. "The Faceless Ones are everywhere...the Faceless Ones are here...there's one of them!"

The Mask on duty stepped in immediately to grab her, forcing her to lower the arm pointing toward the cushions occupied by Ishnet and the other four smokers. He then held her wrists together with one hand, decisively but without exerting too much force, before pulling out a small transparent vial containing a viscous, unappetizing liquid. The Mask opened it with his free hand and unceremoniously poured its contents down the poor Whispling's throat. He held her a little while longer until the powerful sleeping drug took effect. Evidently, the carts taking flowers to the Kartali festival did not only carry star videnya but also a stock of elinia nipadia, a flower that looked like a fuchsia and yellow-striped black lily and was well known for its soporific spores that could be condensed using an alchemic procedure.

The scribe at the Mask's side took note of everything the woman managed to say. He then became annoyed by the Mask's ill-timed intervention, which interrupted the flow of words.

"Falusa's instructions regarding the visions were quite clear. They have to be transcribed in full."

"That's odd. Thereal was quite explicit, too, about preserving the festive atmosphere of the festival. It's certainly more festive now."

The Mask lingered no longer because he had already been delayed more than necessary by carrying out his next task: he had to make sure there was no cause for alarm. When he looked again toward the meditation point indicated by the Whispling, however, he saw only the official in charge of the hookah and the scribe.

"Where did they go? And where is the Mask in charge here?"

"Everything happened far too quickly, and I couldn't... as soon as they heard about the Faceless Ones, they all ran away, and the Mask ran after them."

"Damn!"

Overthrow of the Royal Races

The following information refers to events during the Third Generation Era precisely on the game date 996 P.G. (Post Genesis), with the year 0 P.G. being when the First Generated of the present Tribes first appeared in Enascentia. This event, which the scholars call the Overthrow of the Royal Races, marks a sort of universal point zero for Enascentia, the moment when the Genesis of the pre-existing Tribes came to a stop and new inhabitants started to appear.

The year 0 P.G. is when the First Generated arrive in Enascentia. As the name itself implies, they are the beings whose names will then be used to identify all the individuals belonging to a specific race. Their appearance unleashed a real apocalypse. Without wondering about their actions or taking time to think about what they were doing, they hunted down and exterminated all the members of the previously existing Tribes in cold blood, embodying the highest level of power allowed by their Kamis. Virtually all those who witnessed such immense power never survived to speak about it: Kronoss traveled easily through frozen time, excluding people from his continuum with a simple gesture of the hand; Janah wandered here and there like a merciless wild beast, facing a new opponent at every turn

and dispatching him every time with a single blow. As for Gromsh... virtually everything was happening around him, from people turning into blossoming flowers to objects that suddenly came to life and attacked their owners.

In the first week of his existence, the mind of a First Generated is a complex mixture of knowledge, apathy and pre-existing orders. The purpose of his existence is to kill, eliminate and supplant the usurpers who prevent his people from exercising their rights to exist in that world. Each of them follows the precepts implicit in his basic knowledge, without passion or emotion and without applying his Kami's philosophy of life, a knowledge he acquires only later. During this initial phase, even the First Generated of the most peaceful Tribes, or of those devoted to freedom of choice, do not restrain themselves out of respect for the value of other people's lives or any moral qualms: they do what must be done because that's the normal course events must take. In this primeval phase, they all experiment with what they are able to do, oblivious to the death of their victims and only paying attention to the effective speed of their hands or how many boulders their magic can lift off the ground.

After seven days and nights of slaughter, the First Generated gradually calm down and begin to receive visions granted by their Kamis, similar to those the Elders still get to herald the arrival of a Newly



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Generated. These visions guide them to the place where other members of their Tribe are being Generated, those same members that up to this day are still called the Elders. Led by the First Generated, these Elders build the first cities, now known as capitals, and lay the groundwork for the new civilization that is being born. During the following short seven days, the constant influx of Newly Generated enables each Tribe to develop substantially as a race, well-distributed across the five continents. As the days go by and new Tribe members continue to arrive, the powers of the First Generated dwindle, until by the fourteenth day they stabilize at a level that, while downsized, is still high enough to represent the highest expression of their Tribe's Kami. During their second week of life, the First Generated not only experience a lessening of their powers but also have no recollection of their actions during that very first week and retain only confused memories. At times, these traumatic and deeply disturbing memories resurface as the awareness of their Kami and their own nature clashes with the knowledge of what they did with mindless skill and relentless determination. Some of them, like Gromsh, leave it all behind and do not let it bother them, while others are deeply distraught and need the help of the Elders to get over their inner conflict. Like, for example, Lumian, who finally accepts moving on only in the name of the sanctity of every life, even the life of a slaughterer

like him, and for the good he can do to his people with the powers granted him by his Kami.

Up until now, the Overthrow of the Royal Races happened twice in Enascentia, exterminating as many generations of Tribes and breaking the balance they had established among themselves across the centuries. The First Generation consisted of nine Tribes, while the Second was made up of ten, just like the current one, which is the Third.

The first Overthrow caught all the races by surprise. Merciless and ruthless, the new First Generated mowed down their victims while they were still trying to understand what was happening, who those newcomers were and why they were acting so aggressively. Their arrival was progressive and methodical... they unleashed their violence onto the world in the form of devastating floods, fires, epidemics, etc.

Very few survived, almost always by pure chance, saved by circumstance or some quirk of fate. The extermination of their Tribes, together with the end of Geneses, forced these few survivors to bear a unique burden —they became the only living legacy of a reality now alive only in their memories.

They were the only real exceptions, but besides these few cases, the presence of the old Tribes was erased from the surface of Enascentia. Their cities burned to the ground, along with every written document and technological achievement. Even the



breaches they had made in the Veil were partially healed, obliterating the unusual places created by the interaction of the old Tribes with it.

The Second Generation Era had begun, and the First Generation survivors had no other role left to play but that of outcasts who had lost everything and were now forced to witness the ascent of their butchers. The First Generation survivors joined forces and united under the standard of the Blazing Arrow, a symbol that represented their mutual suffering and their willingness to carry on, no matter what. Once they managed to put together the highest possible number of members of the First Generation, they migrated together to the Inner Archipelago, which offered them the perfect hiding place, with

its abundance of semi-desert islands far from most trade routes. It did not matter that the new civilization had fully developed not far from there, on the central island of Sit-Tabthi, which consisted of a fair concentration of capital cities and of important mixed-Tribe villages.

Within the ranks of the Blazing Arrow, however, not all shared the same view about what had befallen them. There were those who railed against their own Kami or cursed the new peoples and those who had learned to live with their new status and tried to come to terms with the idea that perhaps what had happened had been preordained.

As centuries went by, these differences of opinion grew, and the supporters of the different viewpoints



found it hard to continue living together. However, most of them still rejected the prospect of mingling with the newcomers.

After a few centuries, there was an alarming change. The number of Geneses decreased, and there were the first mixed-Tribe Geneses. There had not been any for centuries, despite similar signs already heralding the previous Overthrow of the Royal Races. This time, they would not be caught unawares. They would fight and defend their right to live.

Some members of the Blazing Arrow created a small inner group that consisted of people who had learned to live with what happened to them and deal with their pain over the centuries. Those same people saw the advent of new Tribes as unavoidable, a preordained part of Enascentia's own nature. They managed to develop a broader view of the events and for the first time saw their butchers as the new victims, unaware of what was in store for them, just like they had been. Unbeknownst to the others, they decided to help them.

The Blazing Arrow's plan was quite simple: they would use the powers granted them by their Kami to defend themselves from the imminent attack. The Bearers of Peace, Molders, and Key Keepers had an important role in developing this project, as they could rely on stronger defensive and concealing powers. They built underground shelters and barriers to hide from their enemies and passages to reach inaccessible nearby places. They had to be ready now, or they never would be. And the time had come to discover if they were.

They were not the only ones who had to find that out, however. In the meantime, the other inner group had acted on its own, alerting trusted members of the Second Generation Tribes of the danger. The latter soon made their appearance on the islands occupied by the Blazing Arrow. Bedlam and protests ensued; a breakup seemed imminent. The outside world, however, had already begun to disintegrate. The first to strike, in Sit-Tabthi, was Lumian: blinding bolts of energy stole the people's life energy, white shining flames enveloped houses, buildings and all that the usurpers, now themselves usurped, had built through the centuries. Those same centuries the survivors of the First Era had wasted, wallowing in regret.

The time for ideologies was past now they all had to fight for survival, and the First and Second Generation did that side by side. They held out for seven days and nights, through endless hours of desperate flight and futile resistance. Many hideouts of the Blazing Arrow were found and destroyed, most of them discovered by Gromsh by unknown methods. Others survived to the end of what they knew to be the new Overthrow. Finally, the attacks ceased, and they knew that if the events followed the same pattern as the previous Overthrow, they now had seven days

to get ready. Then the moment would come for them to strike and counterattack.

Only two among the First Generated reached had the Archipelago...three if one considers the constant incursions of Gromsh, who appeared to be omnipresent. He was never seen again after those first seven days, and Lumian took to the sea before building Luminia, insisting to the Elders of his Tribe that he had to be exiled from the lands he had drenched with so much blood. Only Rok'Nar remained, a giant that at the moment of his Genesis was as tall as the sky was high. With the help of the Elders of his Tribe, he started digging caves in the sides of the most inaccessible mountains in Sit-Tabthi. The break-up occurred during the seven days the Blazing Arrow spent getting ready.

Almost all the survivors belonging bore in mind the faces of masters, companions and disciples, now lost forever- did not want to give up their plans of attack and found that same majority of the Blazing Arrow members, who initially wanted to send them away, as their unexpected allies. They parted ways with the submissive minority, whose opinions they could no longer share, and prepared to counter-attack, strengthened by the newfound forces of two united generations.

Bereft of the boundless powers of their First Generated, the Rok'Nars did not know what hit them. Their settlement was the first to be attacked, and all the Rok'Nars in Sit-Tabthi were slaughtered. Rok'Nar himself was forced to flee, still strong enough to be impossible to kill but not to thwart the joint attack of the other two generations. He was forced to the most horrifying method of flight his race could envision: he had to take to the sea. However, he did it his own way.

He blended with the beach and traveled underground across the whole seabed until he reached Si-Neb. Exhausted by the journey, he sought shelter on the high peaks of the Mehara Mountains, curling up among them and merging with the Mother before falling in a deep, refreshing sleep.

The survivors of the first two generations totally wiped out the new Tribes in Sit-Tabthi: the continent was theirs again. There were few left to exult in that success, however: actually, there were few left in general and were about to part ways. Once the enemy was defeated, the most belligerent ones were the first to act. They renounced the concept of Kami itself, all their beliefs and the distorted, cruel nature of their world, expressing their disdain by getting rid of what bound them to that perverse tyranny: they defaced their symbol, forsaking the path their Genesis had chosen for them and founded a new movement: the Faceless Ones were born.



Hidden Lore

The Faceless Ones

After founding their Way —provided it can be called so— the Faceless Ones lived as outcasts, mostly in Sit-Tabthi, sharing it with their former companions of the Blazing Arrow. Their angry rejection of their Kamis and the bond they imposed had left them quite distressed: it took them a long time to get used to the silence the emptiness left behind and to discover who they really were now that they were free of the burden of their bonds.

Not all of them found the same answers. The break-up with the Blazing Arrow had been led mostly by the members of the First Generation, who had felt betrayed by the actions of their companions, the way they had acted behind their backs in an unforgivable way, even if the numbers of their group -the belligerent onehad thus increased noticeably. And these new additions --more recently wounded- had the most vivid memories of the wrongs suffered, not at the hands of fate but because of particular beings whose faces they would never forget. That group was growing restive and clamored for vengeance.

The Faceless Ones decided the moment to stop had not yet come for them. On the contrary, they had just begun their work. They left the Central Archipelago in four groups, four delegations, as if they were going to meet some Newly Generated... which was exactly what they intended to do. They promised to meet up again in Sit-Tabthi ten years from that day to see how their numbers had grown. Each delegation's purpose was to gather under the Faceless Ones' banner all the Tribes, by now Lost, who had survived far away from their original coalition. It was hard to find them and even harder to persuade them of the soundness of their reasoning. They alternated successes with failures, and in spite of it all, the banner of the broken circle was but a drop in the vastness of the new tide. Years went by, and the situation deteriorated further.

Ten years after their departure, all the delegations returned to the Inner Archipelago, where the extremely low number of new recruits soon rekindled the old disagreement between the representatives of the two existing opposite schools of thought more vehemently than ever. There was one key point on which the members of two different generations seemed unable to agree: the oldest Tribes maintained that becoming a Faceless One had to be a conscious choice, with the person being aware of the wrongs Enascentia inflicted on its inhabitants and of the way it bound each of them to a Kami in slavery. The most recent Lost Tribes thought that being Liberated from the chains binding each individual at the moment of his Genesis could not be appreciated while the subject was still dominated by it: only by forcibly removing the blindfold could



they really see for the first time, and the Newly Generated would never be able to remove that blindfold by themselves.

During what should have been their general gathering, the Faceless Ones underwent a permanent breakup. However, this happened without any fanfare, dramatic gestures or new banners. They simply took different paths...and not just two, but three because a third seed of doubt was sprouting in the minds of some. Since the group's foundation, the Faceless Ones had fought against the Kamis' unfairness, somehow blaming them for their fate. Now, one of them developed a new theory: in order to overcome the Kamis and their tyranny, he should become a Kami himself. So a new group was born —a group of rebels led by a Sacralis, fueled by his ambitions and detached from the others.

To be free to pursue their own paths, the groups headed for different continents. The Traditionalists took shelter in the desolate Si-Neb to meditate on the recent events and the future of the Way; the Activists sailed for Dejama to spread their condition and avenge themselves on the runaway Lumian and his Tribe; and the Revolutionaries left for Artanty, led by their visionary leader.

Even now, centuries later, the three groups are still divided.



Traditionalists

Gathered at their headquarters of Shyren, between the glaciers of Si-Neb and the Mehara Mountains, the original branch of the Faceless Ones has evolved through the centuries, undergoing a remarkable self-growth. Its members still accept any new member who asks for acceptance in their ranks but have long since stopped looking for new affiliates because they have met a growing resistance to their ideas -a direct consequence of the activists' actions. Even though they renounced their Kamis as they started on their new paths, with time, they have recovered their lost abilities. Being able to access their Tribe's powers again allowed some members of the First Generation to use one of their specific skills: to activate the Teleporting Stones (circular black stone slabs, five yards in diameter and totally smooth but for some unreadable inscriptions along the sides). Using them, they can teleport to another of these stones, about twenty yards in diameter, placed in their headquarters, and from there to any other stone. However, they try to use the Teleporting Stones as little as possible because using them can cause loss of memory.

Besides regaining their original powers, the Traditionalists have also managed to tap into a new form of energy, which enables them to handle forces previously beyond control or even unknown.

Activists

Over the years, all the present Tribes have learned to know and fear the members of this group of the Faceless Ones almost exclusively, mistaking them for the whole Way. It is they who helped build the wall of diffidence erected against anyone who defaced his own symbol. They were the ones who planned the first raids, deceptions and forced Liberations (see Enascentia Player's Guide, p. 40) from the very beginning, and this was their goal from the start. Because of their modus operandi, their faction of the Faceless Ones has the highest number of members. Many of them, however, are just outcasts who flounder in the dark and lean on anyone offering them help, excluded from the society to which they once belonged.

The ritual for joining the Faceless Ones voluntarily usually allows permanently defacing the symbol. In their case, Liberation is only possible by using a special dagger with an opaque black blade. The secret behind these blades has not yet been unveiled, despite attempts to analyze them by anyone who recovered one. It seems that each group of Faceless Ones has one of these daggers.

Within this faction of the Way, only the Elders recover their old powers, and even among them, very few can use the gifts acquired by belonging to the Way...gifts the other two factions seem to have received far more liberally.



By now they have spread on every Continent, like the plague people believe them to be.

Revolutionaries

This is the most mysterious and lessknown faction of the Faceless Ones. They are the members of the group who chose to follow the Sacralis in his ascent to Kami status, persuaded that only such an extreme gesture could stop events from deteriorating further. After centuries of research and repeated attempts, they have not accomplished anything yet. They do not actively try to find new members, and it is unlikely they accept anyone in their ranks. After defacing their symbol, like the Traditionalist, they also seem to have recovered their lost powers, together with new skills in manipulating energy. According to the latest rumors, they have returned to the Inner Archipelago permanent and established their headquarters there.

The Blazing Arrow

The original members of the resistance organized by Tribes, now long lost, did not dissolve their alliance as the years went by. On the contrary, they stayed on the move, always trying to control the expansion and actions of the Faceless Ones. After their return to Sit-Tabthi and the ensuing break-up, the situation was at risk of becoming out of control, most of all after the creation of the two new groups: the Activists and the Revolutionaries. At first, the Blazing Arrow followed the latter to Artanty but soon realized the Activists were the real danger.

By now, they had totally lost all reason and were discrediting not just themselves but all the Faceless Ones. Entrenched in their beliefs, they thought the two Overthrows of the Royal Races to be part of the natural balance, but the Faceless Ones' attempt to thwart them by coercively



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planting the seed of doubt was not. So the Blazing Arrow members decided they had to fight fire with fire, where their fire was their symbolical arrow. Coming out into the open, they started establishing relationships with the new Tribes, as they had in the Era shortly preceding the Second Overthrow. This time, they anticipated the events well in advance.

It did not take them long to persuade the current Tribes that the Faceless Ones were a menace. Thus, the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow was founded, governed by three representatives of the races —more determined to fight that spreading plague— who took the title of High Inquisitors: the Kronoss Awon, the Lumian Elshian and the Janah Morken. The original members of the Blazing Arrow, those belonging to the Lost Tribes, chose to remain in the background, but they still control the Way from there.

Forms of Government

In a world where people do not age, the different populations have developed renewable forms of government, since they cannot count on a cyclical renewal of people to run them. Two are the most common formulas: warrior kings, and councils consisting of a variable number of members. In the first case, decisions are made by an individual —the one deemed the most suitable in decision-making and in battle. This means a king can never exempt himself from intervening, guarantees a relatively which constant renewal of monarchs. In the second case, a number of groups the decision-making duty split equally between them and vote on the management of everyday civic problems, allowing each member to express his opinion. At times, the members of such councils are elected cyclically. In other cases, the mechanism ensuring the renewal of the members is managed internally by the council itself.

The capitals are the exception to the rule in that the power is always in the hands of just one person the First Generated— regardless of how much he can be called into question by his Tribe. Below is a list of more detailed information about the current First Generated; some of it contradicts what was described on *Enascentia Player's Guide*. Of course, the information below is what should be followed.

Ferua

Her present whereabouts are unknown: some say she is on an island in the Inner Archipelago, where she is challenging the wild beasts created in the previous Eras, while others maintain she is dead.

Gromsh

Gromsh' tracks were lost centuries ago, and his peers are not even certain he is still in Enascentia. Legends tell of the one hundred eleven eyes scattered all over his body and how they closed


one after the other. It would seem he disappeared after the thirteenth eye closed.

Janah

He holds a place of honor within Jandia's council of war, but he voluntarily abstains from making any decisions personally, aware he cannot accept no for an answer. His sheer presence is enough to boost the morale of the population that sees him as the goal each citizen is trying to reach in following his personal path. On his part, Janah tries to get involved in any adventure that awakens his interest, by now stifled too often.

Kronoss

He really is in Khrone, a well-known fact, but it is his identity that is hidden from most people: in fact, the real Kronoss is the individual known simply as the Eternal. He has fallen victim to his own power and has been locked away in a place that can contain it, at least partially. Who locked him in there and who is ruling Khrone in his place is a story literally 'lost in time'.

Lumian

After exiling himself and his people from Sit-Tabthi, he lands in Dejama where, with the help of the Tribe Elders, he builds Luminia. The capital's temples, originally empty places in which to worship the Kami, are later filled by the citizens themselves with statues depicting moments of the First Generated's life. Their intent was to show their Number One that his people has forgiven his past actions, hoping such scenes can be an example to others by inspiring them with the path of redemption taken by someone who has seen the abyss, yet can hold his head high. His healing powers are beyond those of any other living being, so much so, it seems at times they have managed to defeat death itself.

Menoosh

Numberless stylized scrolls almost totally cover his body, to the point that, at first glance, his complexion appears darker than it is. He lives in Menuria, where he guards the peace of his capital, fitting perfectly into the harmonious city life of his people, free from any form of government, duty or institution. Those who saw him fighting compare him to a whole army, but they are very mistaken: the forces he can unleash are far greater than those of a mere army.

Oscurian

No trace can be found of this First Generated. It is not even known if he was male or female.

Rok'Nar

Only a handful of Elders knows of the presence of the First Generated among them, the same who saw him reach Si-Neb shortly after their Genesis and helped him get to the Mehara Mountains, there to establish a communion with the Mother to



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recover his strength. He is the very cave around which the Tribe members have settled, and the odd upturned head facing the cave entrance is his own. Even if he has long recovered from his efforts and his wounds, he still watches over his people with the patience and steadfastness of the rocks themselves until the day they will need him, and then he will be there to protect them in the way he could not in the past.

Senduar

There is no news about this First Generated. Some rumors even say he is the very koopash that carries Dunesia on its back, but this hypothesis is generally ignored.

Whispling

In order to honor his pact with Kronoss —or, better, with the usurper impersonating him— Whispling has agreed to remain on the flying archipelago and specifically in Khrone to give the flying fortresses enough power to stay afloat in the air. His face is lined with melancholy, and the long time he spends with the Kronoss often prevents the Whispling visitors from talking with him. Such attempts to reach him have become more frequent because he has now been away from Whisp for too long.



Chapter 3 The Lost Tribes

hen the sun disappeared behind the hills, a new light rose from the thick undergrowth of the woods somewhere in the distance. It was a sight that fueled the Gromsh's natural curiosity, and he was attracted to it like a moth to a flame. Or rather, like a red rag to bull. He headed in that direction as stealthily as he could, which meant breaking, crushing and bending any obstacle between him and his goal. He reached an area where the vegetation was sparse, unable to grow in the immediate vicinity of a huge oak tree.

Sitting cross-legged under the tree, his arms relaxed by his sides, was a Gromsh deep in meditation. All but one of his eyes were closed. The light filtering through the vegetation came from a fire burning in front of him. Its crackling flames lit up his face, giving him a stern look, and shone on his many-colored robe, which was unusually sober for a member of his Tribe. They played with his shadow that looked rather odd because of the crown of bony protuberances, a sort of distorted ribcage protecting his neck and head. On his throat, protected by those ivory-colored guardians, was the opened, vertical, third eye that captured the fire dancing on its smooth, slightly curved surface.

For a fleeting moment, the seated Gromsh opened all three eyes, staring ahead. The third eye snapped shut, and almost at the same time, the Gromsh opened his mouth.

"If Chance wants, Chance will be."

"I like reasoning of yours!" the Newly Generated declared, loudly clapping his hands as he walked toward his fellow Tribesman.

"You have good spirit, you I like. You new from stone, yes?"

"Yes, yes, I come from round stone, when I come out dark comes down."

"Then Chaos has great ideas for you, I say."

The Newly Generated Gromsh displayed his somewhat inadequate teeth to indicate the joy he was feeling.

"I give all if Chaos wills."

"I like hear you say this. What is name of yours?"

"I know not." In fact, he did not know; he never gave it a thought. When he left the Garden of Life, he realized he knew the name of many things, but not his own name.

"You not worry. Chance does this at times for those he sees with good eye." The seated Gromsh stood up and grabbed the big gnarled staff propped against the tree trunk. As he walked toward the other Gromsh, he raised the staff and shook it making the many bones attached to the iebal skull at the top rattle.

"Now we give you your Gromsh name. The first three words I hear, I make them become your name. It all clear, yes?"

"I understand not, but I care not. I trust you, you speak with voice of Chaos."

"You learn really fast. Very good. I now count down from ten so you get ready, and when I say one, I do magic, yes?"

The Newly Generated was already concentrating hard on what was happening, so much so that he just nodded, accidentally threatening his fellow Tribesman with his horn.

"I count ten... I count nine... I count..." The Gromsh Elder looked vacant for a moment, then he shook his head and started counting again from a number of his choice, probably the first he could remember correctly. "I count three... I count two... I count one... GROMSH MOVES!"

A moment later, they were no longer there. While explaining the procedure, the Elder had forgotten to mention a small detail. It was not a question of the first three words he heard, but of moving to a place chosen by Chance before hearing them. That was why tradition required the use of a teleporting spell to reach a randomly chosen, reasonably nearby destination and then listening carefully upon reaching it.

The place the Kami had chosen that day was the boar fest in Kartali. On that occasion, every square in the City of Joy was filled to capacity with peddlers, merchants and buyers, all busy haggling over the price of hide, tusks and most of all the meat of the animal they were celebrating. Boar hunts took place in the nearby woods, and themed banquets were held in the streets and taverns. The two Gromsh arrived during the opening speech, given by the chief organizer, Falusa himself, which, by chance, happened to take place that year in Gromsh square. More precisely, they did not arrive in the actual square, nor in the immediate vicinity; they materialized in the air some thirty feet above it. It was not the first time Chance acted so unexpectedly, nor would it be the last.

This is how it happened, more or less. The two Gromsh started tumbling head over heels from the sky just as Falusa uttered the last word of the last sentence — "Welcome to the boar fest" — of his opening speech. Immediately afterwards, two onlookers were the first to see the huge Gromsh free-falling toward them and exclaimed one after the other, "Who—" probably missing a delayed 'the hell' and then a sudden warning to the crowd, spoken in haste with a monosyllabic, "Falls!" Meanwhile, the Elder was reciting the spell again and managed to finish it a few inches from the head of one of the onlookers. There are some who still tell this story over a mug of beer in the inns of Kartali.

Chance made them return to their starting point under the huge oak. Far from being worried and frightened, they were so amused and excited, they exulted in the success of their plan. Then the Elder became serious again —at least as serious as he could be— and said, "Kami spoke with voice of others today and gave you Gromsh name. I welcome you in our Tribe, Boar Who Falls."

great part of Enascentia's history Thas been written by those now called the Lost Tribes. This chapter is intended as a resource for those Game Masters who want to use them in their campaigns or adventures and offers some information about their habits and potential skills, complete with specifics about the generation to which they belong, their view of the Kami and their appearance....all of which will help bring them to life without having to make everything up from scratch. It should be used primarily as a springboard to help the players lose themselves in the setting, fully aware of the facts.

First Generation

The First Era was a time of peace. The Tribes seemed to embody the true spirit of the experiment their creators were carrying out, each fully committed to developing its culture without hindering the others. All the Geneses took place on Enascentia, as it would be for the forthcoming generations, and yet the very first generation developed a territorial arrangement never to be seen again: the races split the continents evenly between them, except for the allegedly smallest one occupied by a single Tribe. The reason for this unusual choice was because of the tendency of the Tribes to gather in and around the capital cities built by the First Generated and of the Elders to head there, particularly when returning from a new Genesis. This constant increase of population around the capitals consequently extended their rule over the surrounding lands, which then had the effect of distancing the other races who became a minority surrounded by the dominant race...a chain reaction the consequences of which were easily predictable.

There were a few mixed cities, as well as delegations traveling beyond their borders, but those were exceptions in a diametrically opposed reality. The most renowned case was that of the Bearers of Peace, whose delegations could be found on every continent, to personally guarantee the safety of the 'retinue groups'. These were small groups put together with the intent of escorting a Newly Generated to his Tribe's territory, a task usually characterized by the awkwardness of having to wait for an Elder of that specific race, the only one who could answer the often unasked questions of a newcomer on Enascentia.

At first, there was a period of during which the stabilization different peoples migrated from the continents, where they had been generated, to those where their capitals had been built. Once geographic borders became the stable, the Gardens of Life remained empty for thirty years. There was no malice in the hearts of the First Generation peoples, who could not even envision something as terrible as the Overthrow of the Royal Races. That period of stagnation was not due



The Lost Tribes

to them but to the Gardens' need to perceive a mixture of Tribes around them before allowing a Genesis to take place. However, the exodus was so sudden and massive that nobody realized the nature of the problem, and everybody just waited patiently for the Kamis to grant them the blessing of more Newly Generated. They waited for weeks, months, years without ever losing faith...but then, what are mere years to somebody who does not grow old?

After the thirtieth year, the Geneses resumed, and retinue groups were created in each village, headed by local scouts, who were usually the first to spot the Newly Generated. The Elders of each Tribe still had Genesis vision, but most of the time, they just approached the borders of the other Tribe's territory and waited for its ambassadors to escort the Newly Generated to them.

Notwithstanding, there were fights and wars over the centuries, violent but seldom lasting long, mostly among neighboring Tribes or Tribes whose view of the Kami was completely different, such as the Shining Ones and the Pale Ones. The story of these wars is lost in time, together with



most of those who witnessed these events. For the most part, after two Overthrows of the Royal Races, all that is left of the First Generation are very few, barely representative buildings in almost inaccessible locations. Most of the evidence the First Generation left behind consists of all the magic objects and alterations made to Enascentia not brought about by the Weavers: for example, the large number of monstrosities now occupying it.

Ashen Faces

This tribe has Fear as its Kami. "Without the Kami there would be only stagnation. It is Fear alone that makes us carry on and drives us to do what we must. We could not enjoy life without the fear of death."

The Ashen Faces live a constant dichotomy: having to deal with fear on a daily basis, they run the risk of defeating it and, ironically, exclude it from their lives while actively chasing it. They extend the gift of their Kami to as many people as they can and are always looking for new phobias to keep themselves lively and active.

The Ashen Faces' skin, eyes and hair are completely white, and they use all sorts of means to look terrifying. The most common is to apply black paint on arms, faces and other visible body parts to simulate exposed bones.

Among them there have been many skilled enchanters and most of all crafters of magical objects, since no one more than an Ashen Face loves the intrinsic danger of ripping away a strip of the Veil, with all the consequences it entails. Of course, their favorite objects aim to awaken the most secret phobias hidden inside the soul of any living being. One of the greatest fears, the fear of death, is also one of their most powerful weapons. Able as they are to defeat death, albeit only temporarily, they take advantage of the terror people feel at the sight of heaps of bones and masses of shapeless bodies dragging themselves around among the living.

Bearers of Peace

The Kami of this Tribe is Peace, expressed through the harmony between people and non-violence. The Bearers of Peace perfect their defensive skills, preferring them to the offensive ones, with the ultimate goal of using them in the service of those who need their help.

Their looks are far from reassuring, but the Bearers of Peace see them as a test, part of the path the Kami asks them to follow to evaluate them and deem them worthy: a Bearer of Peace has a bright-red complexion, is at least seven foot tall and brawny. They also have four trunks that extend respectively from their shoulder blades and their hips, and always dress in a way that leaves them exposed. They like to adorn themselves with veils and metal frills, often driving them through their own flesh to secure them.



The Lost Tribes

They played a fundamental role in the events that immediately preceded the Second Overthrow: the original group of outside-the-box thinkers was led and mostly made up of members of this Tribe. Theirs are the brains behind the original concept of the Blazing Arrow, although they are not responsible for the present, improper use of this term, which corrupts the original reasons for founding the group.

Developers

Just like the Transmuters, they believe the Kami is change and evolution, but Developers have a totally different approach to it. Researchers and experimenters, they firmly believe that all nature was created as raw matter to create something more complex. Their skill is blending together different elements to obtain unique results. The creation of most of the unusual creatures now wandering about on Enascentia is down to or, as some would say, because ofthem. Eranx are the result of a cross between large felines and different birds, mostly owls; mebuurusas owe the shape of their shells and heads to stag beetles and their size to horses; elements of three original species can be found in the nerebas: cats, bats and iguanas. These are just a few examples of the handiwork of a race who was active for centuries, before the Overthrow. And their art did not stop just at animals; it extended to any form of life, even to vegetation and



Creating a Lost Tribe Character

This manual does not include rules for creating playing or non-playing characters belonging to previous generations, even though such rules will be included in future publications. Such characters, so uncommon and with centuries of experience behind them, should have a crucial, purely narrative role in the account of the events. Such a role, especially when dealing with Novice Rank Characters, can easily be performed without the need for a detailed character sheet. In spite of all this, we have included some basic information on these Tribes to give the Master an opportunity to create powers linked to each one's sphere of influence or to adapt the Trappings of existing spells to them.



members of other Tribes as well as to inanimate objects, even though they always had a preference for living organisms.

They were always easy to recognize at a glance because of their brownish complexion and many traits typical of their race, such as narrow elongated fingers and necks, and the size of their heads, large even for their body size and —except for the Shining Ones far larger than those of the other races of that era.



Harmonics

Slender and long-limbed, Harmonics have an elongated face similar to an antelope's snout but with much larger eves, which, together with long, unruly hair, temper their otherwise animal-like features. Horns and ears blend together, forming a single, extremely wide auricular cavity, keratinous on the outside, which runs straight up the sides and on top of their heads. Musicians and orators without equal, the Harmonics worship the Kami of Sound and devote their lives to searching for the most various sorts of melodies and sounds, and they are extremely sensitive to any new auditory experience. They believe everything was originated by one very loud boom, a deafening sound that could create and mold matter. They do not tolerate silence, which they consider abnormal, so they constantly generate some kind of sound: drumming their fingers to fill the silence is a common occurrence. This peculiarity forces them to find ways to induce sleep. The most common methods are sleeping by running water or channeling the force of the wind through whistles and wind chimes.

Harmonics used to live in large communities because they strongly believed they were each a note on a musical staff, and that only by playing them all together was it possible to obtain a true melody. Very few of them survived, and their views are very similar to those of the Followers of the Mosaic, which makes them ideal candidates to enter their ranks.

Key Keepers

These Tribe members are extremely cerebral, love indulging in logic and always analyze everything in depth before making a decision. Concentration is their Kami, a term that must be interpreted in many different ways. The most fitting among them, perhaps, is the original meaning of the word: channeling specific things or concepts into one single expression; the power they use the most involves exploiting pure energy, the raw potential of the magic enveloping them. They can channel their energy within enclosed spaces or 'containers', thus creating rooms to which only they have access or which are accessible only with their permission.

The concentration on which their culture is founded is not a one-way concept, though. It is a solution to be chosen over any conflict. This is why the Key Keepers always allow mental concentration to overpower them. Each room has a rule, a weakness that can be understood through the use of logic and can be exploited to get out of it or even permanently deactivate it. They have a pale complexion and gaudy ornate clothing that never goes unnoticed. They were of considerable help to the Blazing Arrow by providing good hideouts in the period before and during the Second Overthrow.



Molders

The Molders are small humanoid creatures, even shorter than the Oscurians, as they are never taller than three feet three inches. Their short stature is their most typical feature but is the one of which they are less proud, so much so, they never flaunt it unless forced to.

Creation is their Kami: just as they have been created by somebody or something, so they feel morally obliged to pass on this gift by any means at their disposal. They build constantly, therefore, with no other goal than the creative process itself. First, they build things designed to help them do their jobs better and hide their actual size, such as exoskeletons, automatons and mechanical supports, and then they proceed to build other things, unceasingly and without interruption, enjoying the results of their creations or trying them out.

They created the Golem Escutcheon as well as all the other devices you might be able to find in Enascentia and are the most advanced race of them all from a technological point of view.

Pale Ones

The Pale Ones are an all-female Tribe that worships the Moon. Their lightgray skin, as well as their customs and traditions, is somehow evocative of their Kami: the most typical example is the veil covering their faces, held in place by brooches which replicate the phases of the moon. The Pale Ones show their faces only with a full moon, and it is said that is the only time they take lovers belonging to other Tribes, blessing them with their Kami's favor. Seducing a Shining One in such circumstances is a matter of pride for them, because it represents the submission of the Sun to the Moon, but such events are one of a kind.

They are bound to the sea because it obeys the call of their Kami, too, and their nautical power was unmatched throughout the First Era.

They prefer to be nocturnal to enjoy the light of their beloved Lady at night and sleep during the day. When fighting, they tend to avoid close combat and try to keep at a distance from their opponent until it is time to deliver the killing blow.

The Pale Ones are experts in the arts of stealth and concealment, and their style is considered the foundation of the Oscurians' present methods by the very few historians who could study them, from books or —even more uncommonly— in person. The Daughters of the Moon do not have great affinity with the Veil. Their Kami has given them gifts of a different kind.

Shining Ones

Proud avatars of the Kami of the Sun, they are natural fighters, advantaged by a brawny build and an average height of about eight feet. Were it not for their size and amber-colored complexion, an observer from the



Third Era could mistake them for Lumians because of their blond hair and practice of wearing heavy armor in a fight. They tend not to wear armor for too long, however, so that they do not deprive their skin of its contact with the rays of the Sun.

Clearly in contrast, as far as their ideologies and Kamis are concerned, Shining Ones and Pale Ones are in fact two Tribes characterized by a complex mixture of analogies and differences. Both feel little affinity with the Veil, are tightly bound to their Kami as far as symbolic customs and traditions are concerned, and tend to be active for only part of the day, ignoring the part in which they are denied the sight of their Kami. Unlike the Pale Ones, however, the Shining Ones favor close combat, see the act of inflicting a wound from behind as disgraceful, and having interracial sex is something completely natural to them. In particular, having sex with a Pale One under the watchful eye of their Kami is something to be proud of, because it symbolizes the submission of the Moon to the Sun. It goes without saying that such unions are very rare, almost unique, events. In the First Era, they used to build towers formed by truncated pyramids with a sun-shaped effigy on the top.

Transmuters

The Kami is change, evolution, flow. Unlike those who seek all this in their fellow beings or in their surroundings, the Transmuters prefer to work on themselves, changing and evolving into new, more complete shapes. They relish every step they take in that direction and try to understand what is happening to them at each stage.

Their particular trait is the ability to assimilate some of their surrounding elements, as well as continuously bodies altering their own to accommodate each change and experiment with it on themselves. They need time to assimilate the new element, and then they choose to include or exclude it at will.

At their Genesis, the Transmuters are nondescript humanoids with few recognizable traits but tend to become easily identifiable with time and the acquisition of a new personal dimension. It is said that at times they push themselves too far in their experiments and that the greater their ambition, the greater the possibility the new assimilated element may overcome the nature of its host.

Second Generation

The beginnings of the Second Generation's civilization were somewhat anomalous: instead of concentrating on his own Tribe's prosperity, each Newly Generated had to confront the threat of the Vorex. Unlike the other nine races, the Vorex were simply unable to dialogue with the other Tribes nor inclined to reach any sort of compromise. They would simply take whatever they deemed to be theirs...in short, everything.



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Even before realizing it, the other nine Tribes joined forces to fight that common threat and limit the damages. Almost all the capitals were built on Sit-Tabthi, which thus became the new core of city life for the whole Second Generation, and militias were formed to defend the cities, because it was going to be impossible to totally wipe out the threat of the Vorex while the Gardens of Life were still active. For the first time in the history of Enascentia, the allied Tribes tried to eradicate the circular slabs of stone to which they owed their existence so that the threat of the Devourers would also be eradicated once and for all. This resulted in a massacre.

The yak'maats protecting the Gardens reacted to the attacks, sparing no one. The Tribes then resigned themselves to their situation and organized themselves, working together and merging with each other much more than their First Era predecessors did.

It was not possible to totally ignore the other four continents because this would have allowed the Vorex to become the undisputed rulers of all the uncivilized lands, with unforeseeable consequences for the Central Archipelago itself and the Newly Generated of each Tribe, left to their own devices. Four First Generated stepped forward and each offered to lead their own people





to the conquest of the abandoned continents, where a war for survival was certainly being fought: Inim'Ur chose Si-Neb, Luxuar opted for Si-And, Daolong headed for Artanty and Sacralis selected Dejama. They all had their own reasons, besides the common good, to travel so far from their new homes. The Luxuars made their offer on impulse because of their view of the Kami that made them not only worship their survival instinct but also test it. The Sacralis could not wait to emancipate themselves from the other Tribes and be able to shed blood —their Kami— legitimately. The Daolong wanted to restore balance to those abandoned lands and make sure all realities could coexist on at least one of the five continents. The Inim'Urs were the last to step forward, only after the Tribe had held many an assembly, finally deciding they preferred to carry on their search for a place where they could be alone, away from the distraction caused by other peoples.

Not all the Tribes' members departed, however, Each left a delegation in its capital city on Sit-Tabthi, but the armies that landed each continent were huge, on nonetheless. Restoring order was not easy, but in the end, each Tribe successfully laid the foundations on which its own civilization could flourish. All but one of the armies were victorious: the Luxuars. At first, it was a real massacre. The conquering army was the largest of those who had left Sit-Tabthi, and yet

they also proved to be the weakest warriors. They soon learned, at their own expense, that their strength was not in numbers, as they thought, but in the survival instincts of their race: as the number of their losses grew, each survivor acquired a larger body size and new potentials. The war on Si-An lasted two years, and the last surviving Luxuars decided they would give the Vorex a very hard time, despite having seized the whole continent in the meantime.

Daolong

The members of this Tribe are peculiar, to say the least, because of the color of their skin, which is half white and half black. The most unusual thing, however, is how this pigmentation distributes itself in geometric, but not necessarily continuous, patterns. Some Tribe members bear concentric circles in alternate colors, while others seem to be divided into two distinct halves by a vertical line running down the middle of their bodies, and some others are covered with more complex figures. The one constant is the alternation of black and white, each shape equally divided into the two colors.

Just as their bodies are a living manifesto of balance and coexistence, so their nature is oriented to the preservation of such principles in the world surrounding them. They leave Sit-Tabthi and head for Artanty attempting to find a way to coexist with the Vorex, but they fail in their



The Lost Tribes

Generation	Name	Kami	Continent
First	Ashen Faces	Fear	Si-Neb (west)
First	Bearers of peace	Peace	Dejama (north)
First	Developers	Experimentation	Artanty (east)
First	Faceless Ones	Void	-1 7. 19
First	Harmonics	Sound	Dejama (south)
First	Key Keepers	Concentration	Artanty (west)
First	Molders	Creation	Sit-Tabthi
First	Pale Ones	Moon	Si-Neb (east)
First	Shining Ones	Sun	Si-An (south)
First	Transmuters	Evolution	Si-An (north)
Second	Daolong	Coexistence	Artanty
Second	Fairaj	Fire	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Fluctua	Water	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Inim'Ur	Transcendence	Si-Neb
Second	Jisteria	Entertainment	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Luxuar	Survival	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Maroja	Emulation	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Nemeri	Adjustment	Sit-Tabthi
Second	Sacralis	Blood	Dejama
Second	Vorex	Greed	Si-An

endeavor. Later on, they try to reestablish union among all the Tribes in those new lands as well, inviting the Newly Generated of each Tribe to remain on that continent, but they never force them to stay.

Their ability to manipulate light and shadow, or chaos and reason, may appear as a contradiction to those who do not understand the enormous task weighing heavily on their shoulders: to act as keepers of the correct balance between two opposites, in everything. The few of them who have survived into the Third Era sympathize with the Followers of the Mosaic and, to a lesser degree, the Defenders of Free Will.

Firaj

They bear the marks of their Father, the Fire, on their bodies. They have a reddish skin, their eyes are bright red, and their hair is not just a vivid tribute to their Kami, but it releases real flames and thin coils of smoke that get darker and thicker when the Firaj fight or become angry (both quite frequent occurrences).



They exert good control over their favorite element. They can become immune to, recreate and even wear it. The flames generated by Firaj himself melted the mechanical armies of the Molders. Some of the creatures still existing in Enascentia owe their existence to them. Such is the case of the Phoenixes, bound to the altar's nature, itself raised to the Firaj's Kami: the volcanoes. Together, Firaj and Fluctua created most of the enchantments imposed on weapons armor, by now rightfully and considered among the most usual alterations of the Veil.

Fluctua

These anthropomorphic beings share many of the features typical of the creatures harbored by their Mother, the Water. Among such features are a scaly skin and webbed fingers and toes to help them swim faster. Endowed with a natural aptitude for martial arts and the use of the Veil, they resemble the Kronoss, but have a quite different approach to life that is more oriented toward spirituality and meditation than study and search for knowledge.

Their powers extend beyond Water itself to influence the solid form of their element —the ice— too. There are rumors that some surviving Fluctua from the outer continents have migrated toward the glaciers of Artanty and Si-Neb to establish their new villages.

Inim'Ur

peculiar With physical no characteristics besides their slim, seemingly fragile build, the Inim'Ur have always been considered by the other Tribes as a bunch of 'dreamers with their heads in the clouds', which is not so far from the truth. Devoted to the Kami of Transcendence, they always tried to detach themselves from the useless vessel of flesh and blood in which they were trapped to reach a superior state of existence. They never managed to explain exactly what it was, or perhaps their listeners never managed to understand.

Philosophers and free thinkers, they always showed a natural talent for manipulating the Veil, as well as a special ability to remove shreds from it without visibly tearing it or causing unpleasant consequences. They made the obelisk Sendorja found at Fourth Dream as well as the great number of artefacts scattered all over Si-Neb, some of which are still found nowadays by the Gracious Collectors and other types of 'archaeologists' in spite of the magical cataclysm that made most of them disappear in the year 600 P.G.

The coming of Janah marked the end of the Inim'Ur Tribe and at the same time made their greatest wish come true: he parted them from their physical shells forever. No living being of the Third Era will ever meet an Inim'Ur in person, but he will be able to meet one in his dreams or in a disembodied form, which are just



two of the stages of Transcendence the most enlightened among them have reached.

Jisterias

These short jesters are mentally unstable and have an ambiguous sense of irony. This is an all-female Tribe, but its members love to disguise themselves as males or even as members of other Tribes (even better if they can do both) at every possible opportunity. Amusement is their Kami: to them, everything is a game, even their own presence in Enascentia. Their careless way of life leads them to take huge risks, to the point of sacrificing their lives without hesitation for fun. This explains the origins of the famous saying: Better one day as a Jisteria than one hundred as a Hurit. The Jisterias are not famous for their fighting prowess, but if involved in a fight, they know only too well how to strike -from behind. They are the first Tribe to ever use the Veil to produce all sorts of short-and long-term illusions.

Luxuar

At the moment of their Geneses, the Luxuars are the most anonymous among the Second Generation Tribes. They have no distinctive traits, are of medium height and weight, and their hair can be of different colors, although it is usually brown. If they were a Third Era Tribe, they could easily be mistaken for Menoosh, Lumians or Janah. What really differentiated them was what happened to their Tribe later on, an event that highlighted their unique trait: their survival instinct, that is, their affinity with their Kami.

They left Sit-Tabthi for Si-An to stop the advancing Vorex, and they deployed the largest army among the four who left the harbors of the Central Archipelago. They also had more losses than the others. Every time one of them died, however, the survivors saw their height and powers grow proportionally. Isolated deaths would not create a great change, but such a slaughter like the one that took place in Si-An was a real game changer for the survivors. Just when the massacre seemed to have reached its peak, the course of the battle changed drastically. The few survivors were able to stand their ground against the Vorex, but by then there were simply too many of them to rid the continent of their presence. Those Luxuars who had remained in the Luxuar capital in Sit-Tabthi moved to the islands of the Inner Archipelago because they had become too large for living in a city by then. Nowadays, in the Third Era, it is said that the only members of the Tribe still alive are real giants.

Maroja

If the Rok'Nars can be considered the defenders of Nature, the Marojas, on the other hand, do more or less the same thing, but more actively. They could be called the avengers of nature.



Their physical appearance is very similar to that of a tree, with bark and knotty wooden limbs instead of skin.

Among the tangled branches forming their bodies, masks are visible from time to time. They generate them constantly and grow them on their own bodies to wear or to give them to those they deem worthy.

There are many kinds of masks suited to the most diverse situations. They also differ according to the degree of evolution their creator has reached along the path of his Kami, which is the Cause-and-Effect one. Each action corresponds with another identical or opposite one. This often translates into the simple principle of 'an eye for an eye'.

Nemeri

While their philosophy can be described as the worship of the Kami of Adjustment, the Nemeri are in fact the only polytheistic Tribe. For them, there is not just one absolute principle, one face before which to kneel in prayer; they believe multiple realities exist above any single being and that each context requires the attention of a different entity. The Kami of Strength is represented as a bear, the Kami of Wisdom as a tortoise, and the Kami of Guile as a fox. Each prayer is addressed to a different Kami, because with each passing moment, life is too diverse to

cling onto extreme concepts, and it is necessary to face it with a spirit of Adjustment.

Their main characteristic is the lack of any features at the moment of Genesis: no eyes or mouth, as if wearing a mask rather than baring their own faces. They can get their bearings from vibrations in the ground, sounds and smells, and can satisfy any physical need such as eating, talking or mating just by taking the necessary form. They can do this because they can alter their body at will and turn into an animal or a member of another race. At first, the mutation just affects their outward appearance, but as they move ahead on the path assigned to them by their Kami, they also learn to emulate the abilities of that specific being. Moreover, they never mutate randomly: each Kami has his own specific form, and each circumstance requires the emulation of that form.

Sacralis

The Sacralis are perhaps the Tribe whose potential is more mysterious and whose members hold the power of an enigmatic Kami —Blood within themselves. They use this raw material, of which there is never a shortage, in many different ways: they can solidify blood, use it to release an individual's latent potential or —even more interestingly— 'steal' the powers of others' blood simply by accessing it.



The Lost Tribes

They are usually clothed in rags and bandages, some previously used on wounds, and others for future use. They do not have any outstanding features other than sunken eyes and the visible effects of blood deficiency.

Vorex

Put together a Ferua's aggressiveness and a Gromsh' common sense and you will be a step nearer to understanding what a Vorex is. Brutal, out of control, driven by an insatiable hunger for any sort of insane, rash action, the Vorex were never seen as a Tribe like the others, but as types of wild beasts that had to be exterminated. These huge, almost ten-foot tall beings that look like anthropomorphic whales, unwittingly serve the Kami of Greed, and they simply cannot rationalize the impulse that drives them to assimilate any given thing that attracts their attention at any given moment. As if their aggressive nature were not enough, the power given to them by their Kami is among the most fearsome ever seen: they can melt and absorb any matter or kind of energy, including the Veil's emissions.

The Vorex were never even worthy of being called a race, nor ever had any organization that went beyond being a mere 'pack', put together on the spur of the moment. During the first years of the Second Era, all the other Tribes united to fight the threat of the Vorex, and once the first wave of Geneses was repelled, the Devourers have always been killed



Is that all?

No, that's not all there is to it, but this is what you will find in Behind Screen with regard to the the unanswered questions of setting. It is a wide-ranging metaplot, filtered little by little intentionally. What we reveal here will give you all the tools necessary to plot and manage your campaign consistently, or to play out the occasional adventure or simply spend some time engrossed in your -pleasant, we hope- reading. What you still do not know is all background information unknown to 99.9% of Enascentia's inhabitants and therefore unnecessary to carry on your game. If you want to satisfy your curiosity, you will have to wait for the next issues: all in good time (famous Kronoss saying).



on sight. As one can imagine, if in the Second Era it was already difficult to spot one of them, in the Third Era there are next to no surviving Vorex. It is rumored that the last survivors are kept for laboratory testing by some scholars belonging to the Lost Tribes, on Sit-Tabthi. The Followers of the Mosaic and the Defenders of Free Will are particularly interested in investigating this legend.



Chapter 4 Geography

The view from the top of the tree took away whatever breath Ishnet had left after the climb. The colours, the light, the landscape created an unforgettable picture. And he wasn't the only one to enjoying it.

"Good Morning, Ishnet."

"And to you, too, my Lord. Couldn't you sleep, either?"

"My dear Ishnet, being the First-comer brings its own load of trouble." Perched on the top of the baobab, Menoosh was inhaling from a long smoking object, a hollow piece of wood with a bulge turned upward at one end. He handed the Kalimsat to Ishnet, who almost choked himself when he tried it to please him, coughing up gray and purple smoke.

"Sitting up here helps me take my mind off things, and I'm pleased to see you here. Those who manage this climb usually come back up here regularly in their wanderings through Menuria." Ishnet only managed to nod now and then while he still gasped out purple smoke.

"I don't want to steal more time from you, though. Tell me, my young friend, do you already know what would you like me to tell you about today?"

"Yes, my Lord. Lobelia mentioned nine more Tribes. I'd like to know something about them." "Very well. Follow me."

It was more of a statement than an invitation. Without Ishnet realising it, Menoosh started chanting strange words and making unusual gestures. Soon the landscape around them changed: the trees were replaced by vast grassy meadows, and the sudden frightening emptiness beneath their feet turned to solid ground.

Menoosh was now holding a white stone, vaguely elliptical in shape and large enough to be elearly visible on that otherwise uniformly green expanse. He put it on the ground and rested his left hand on it: first his whole palm, then just his fingers, until he was touching it just with his fingertips. Almost as if they were a brush, a dark thick liquid started flowing from them. Ishnet could have sworn it was ink, had there been any kind of container by Menoosh's bare arms. After Menoosh had finished, a circle as dark as night and more perfect than any before stood out against the whiteness of the stone.

"When confronted with something unusual, or facing unknown concepts, Ishnet, it's in the nature of each individual to seek a logical explanation or at least to associate them with something else to better understand them. Having been generated not long ago, you must still be quite confused about many things. You're lucky that you have us, the Menoosh tribe, who have already lived through all this. We know what the future has in store for you, and we can help and advise you. Not everyone has been that fortunate, though.

"At first, each of us tried to understand his surroundings and himself. The great questions are always the same. Why are we here? Who generated us? Each of us has tried to answer these questions, Ishnet, and countless others. We tried to lend a face to a concept, the Kami, which we already knew. Each of us tried to do so by exchanging views with his fellow beings, without realising the answer was already within us — in the way we acted and in our view of life itself. "Take this stone, for example, Ishnet. This painted stone is unusual. You may search the length and breadth of the park surrounding us, but you won't find another like it. According to the Tribe he belongs to —and therefore to his intrinsic nature— each individual will try to rationalise it, to turn it into a more familiar object.

"To a Lumian, it would be the irrefutable proof of the Kami's existence, while an Obscurian would see it as a rarity to be sold to the highest bidder. A Rok'Nar would consider it as an offence to mother earth, whose purity has been marred. A Janah would try to break it, striking the black circle as if it were a target, and a Kronoss would immediately record its discovery. To a Senduar, it would become a landmark in his future travels, and a Ferua would bite and scratch it until she was —soon—bored by it. A Whispling wouldn't consider it in the first place, as they don't consider anything intimately connected to the ground. As for a Gromsh, he might do any of those things or countless others we cannot even imagine."

"What about us, Your Grace? How would a Menoosh react?" "You tell me. What was your first thought when you first saw that stone?" Ishnet stared at the stone, hoping it would provide an answer.

"Don't think about it, and don't feel under any pressure. I don't want to know what you're thinking now. I want you to tell me, honestly, what was your first thought when you saw it?"

"The perfection of the circle enchanted me, my Lord. It's surprising."

"That's right, my dear friend. We appreciate and value the artistic element in whatever we observe."

Chascentia is a vast world, new to the reader. There are many things to say about it and little room to do so in these pages. This chapter will provide a brief description of this world's five continents, as well as of some of its most peculiar places, its most famous cities and its strangest geographical phenomena.

Artanty

the Northern Continent

Second perhaps only to Dejama in terms of population and civilization, Artanty offers some of the brightest examples of civilization on Enascentia, such as Legis, or Ereldia. Single-Tribe villages are quite numerous, mostly on the continent's wide plains, while only some Tribes ---mostly Whispling and Rok'Nar— inhabit the vast mountainous areas. Moving northward, the climate becomes increasingly harsher, where glaciers dominate the whole land, an expanse of ice so vast, it stretches beyond the horizon. On this continent, one can easily see Whispling flying fortresses floating in the sky.

Clamatis Capital City of the Defenders of Free Will

More a place of pilgrimage or a waystation than a permanent dwelling place, Clamatis is a stronghold of the

teachings pertaining to all known philosophies on the Kami. Each Tribe belonging to this Way -even the Obscurians-has its own ostentatious temple there, where periodical lessons on the salient points of the Kami are held by a teacher, who may or may not be the same Genesis assigned to that Kami. The members of the Way come to Clamatis to learn and form a more complete view. All those who are ready to call into question the ideals forced upon them through their Genesis, as well as those who can give proper lessons on long-lost Kamis -either because they belong to the Tribe connected to it or simply because they are well informed- are welcomed within its walls.

Several magic objects are also kept in this city, because one of the tasks assigned to this Way's upper echelons is the recovery of those enchanted artefacts that contain the power of each Tribe. It is only through the recovery of these precious instruments of learning and identification with the beliefs of a race that the Elders of this Way can hope to bestow the promise of an insightful and sensible choice on their followers.

Each building reflects the architectonic style of the Tribe to which it belongs, which creates a colorful, never monotonous landscape: just walking along the streets of Clamatis is enough to provide the feeling of traveling for hundreds of miles all over Artanty. Clamatis is a coastal



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city with its own independent harbor from which several maritime routes lead to Dejama.

Claw Pass

This is one of the few accessible ways to cross the Peaks of the Moon, and it twists and turns through a thick forest extending all along the foot of the mountains. This wilderness is characterized by flora and fauna specimens belonging to both valley and mountainous areas. This wood is known to have a settlement of the Puma Ferua in its depths.

Ereldia

The city of Ereldia was first founded as a Janah outpost, built with the intent of controlling a Garden of Life and the Geneses taking place there. The experiment proved a failure just like all the others of the same kind- when the builders realized no more Geneses were taking place within that specific Garden of Life. Although disappointed by this, the Janahs, however, followed the customs of their race, and finished building the city all the same. Many of them then left, only to return later looking for something more than a failed experiment. The few who remained gathered inside the more central dwellings, those built around the all-important circular slab of stone of the Garden itself, and devoted themselves to simply taking

care of their own sustenance. As time went by, passing travelers learned to make use of the outskirts of the city to find shelter against the weather, and thus Ereldia became a waystation for travelers, later building taverns and inns in its central area.

One summer day, as he walked along the sun-drenched streets of Ereldia, the Obscurian Erte found his way blocked by a group of Janahs and one of Menoosh, each refusing to cede to the other. Annoyed because the ongoing quarrel prevented him from reaching his favorite tavern, Erte stepped in and tried to act as a mediator, inquiring about the reason for their quarrel. Since, in his opinion, neither party's claims had any merit or foundation that made it more deserving than the other, Erte suggested a different way to solve the issue: a challenge. But deciding what that challenge should be was far from easy, though, because the Menoosh refused any proposal that involved the use of weapons as adamantly as the Janahs rejected any form of artistic contest. Erte then tried to think about something both parties might have in common, and the right idea finally came to him when, staring into space while he thought, he unconsciously fixed his attention on the hammer the leader of the Janahs was belligerently waving around. He suggested a nonviolent physical activity, an "athletic game" as he called it, in which both parties could take part.



The game played that day was the first Earth Hammers match ever. The basic idea was quite simple: draw two perpendicular diameters within a circular field and place a rock at the end of each, four in all. Each action would start with a hammer positioned in the middle of the field. At the signal —a whistle- the players would compete for the hammer until one of the two teams managed to break one of the rocks with a single blow, thus scoring a point. At the end of the game, which was to last one whole hourglass, the team scoring more points would win the challenge and gain the right of way every time the two groups met on Ereldia's streets. The game caught on immediately.

Official fields were created, and detailed guidelines were soon created to prevent players from disputing the rules of the original version of the game. Most of all, the prestige gained from winning an Earth Hammers game soon became the only way to measure an individual's social status within the city. People from the nearby villages would come to Ereldia to play, and the city regained some of the good cheer that had disappeared with the failure of the original experiment pertaining to the Garden. As soon as Ereldia became, in effect, a mixed city where each current Tribe was represented, the Garden of Life at its center resumed its activity. The city came back to life.

The success of the Earth Hammers continued to grow, and Erte rode the wave of that success from the outset: he recruited the best players, built dedicated stadiums, complete with grandstand seats for the paying audiences, and also a residential area —the Champions' District— reserved for the best athletes, plus many other commercial feats only an Obscurian could achieve.

Nowadays, Ereldia has four stadiums of different sizes, each named after a game category, from the most accessible to the most prestigious: Koopash, Iebal, Pembur, and Wurnug. A game season lasts two months followed by a month's break in between seasons. That's when the selection games take place; the knockout stage whose winners will be included in the next season's Koopash team. Therefore, there are four standard seasons and four selection months. Since aspiring athletes converge to Ereldia from all over Enascentia to gain a place in its championships, the teams usually tend to present themselves well before the beginning of the selections to enter all available competitions should they not be successful at the first attempt. This is why the first team to win each knockout stage in between seasons is also the one that most interests the public. The Koopash tournament is the only one in which all the teams are reselected. with sixteen teams that will compete against each other. At the end of the season, the four best teams will move on to the lebal category. This category consists of ten teams. Of these, only two remain the same until the end



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of the season, because the last four will be excluded and forbidden from entering the selection games for a whole season, while the first four will move on to the Pembur category, which is structured exactly like Iebal. The main category, Wurnug, differs only in that the best teams are entitled to substantial prizes, given by Erte himself. Moreover, these athletes are just like heroes in everybody's eyes, and their feats are sung by bards in all the local taverns.

During the day, most of Ereldia's population gathers in the four stadiums to root for its favorite team; in the evening, everybody vies with each other to find a seat at the Wurnug stadium for the evening show. It is not a simple theatrical performance, neither are the performers ordinary actors, but athletes who are actors as well. At times, they are all Menoosh wearing stage costumes, but the best theatre companies hire only members of the Tribe to which he belongs for the role of the main character. Such shows are held every three evenings, and each re-enacts a historical game, which the theatre company studied in detail to recreate it as accurately as possible. The symbolic value acquired by this practice is such that it has become an elite event, a gala evening for connoisseurs, who can appreciate both the athletic and acting talent of the actors.

Once every four years, instead of the spring season of Earth Hammers, Ereldia hosts the Omniades in its four stadiums, an athletic event that attracts competitors from all over Enascentia and includes countless disciplines of the most disparate kinds: fencing, cooking competitions, magic challenges, singing competitions. A variety of things, in fact, including, of course, the great tournament of Earth Hammers, the jewel in the crown of the whole event. The teams are not divided by country of origin but by Tribe, and Janahs and Menoosh often vie for first place.

Khrong Capital City of the Kronoss

The flying fortress of Khrone is the greatest example of the technological level Kronoss and Whisplings can reach by joining forces. The wide window walls, the vast libraries, and the soaring buildings of Khrone did not always float in the air. There was a time, not so long ago, when they rested on a hill at the foot of the Peaks of the Moon, in Artanty. Now those same peaks flow under the fierce eyes of the inhabitants of Khrone on the rare occasions they raise them from their studies.

The whole city is a triumph of flaunted opulence and flamboyance: high spires alternate with finely chiseled stone gargoyles. Each building favors flamboyance over functionality to flaunt the undisputed supremacy of the Kronoss over all the other Tribes in so many fields they have lost count. Their latest achievement —lifting their cities off





the ground— makes their capital and the nearby fortresses even more impregnable. In fact, Khrone is not the only flying city; it is part of what is called the Flying Archipelago.

Surprisingly enough, on this cluster of cities there are two First Generated, not just one. Both Kronoss the Tribe's First Generated- and Whispling reside there, and it is Whispling himself who makes the whole Archipelago fly through the air; in his absence or when he needs rest, ten Whispling Elders replace him. Looking at all those airborne islands, the difference between Kronoss and Whispling fortresses is immediately obvious. The former look like regular castles ripped from the earth, the remains of their underground foundations still attached, while the latter are characterized by more sober buildings resting on a huge transparent dome that looks like a convex lens. Such domes, now sported also by the Kronoss' most recent fortresses, are covered with chrome on the outside, so that their color blends with that of the surrounding sky, but on the inside, there are areas through which it is possible to see the fantastic landscape stretching under the flying city.

A peculiar guest, known only as the Eternal, lives in the most secret rooms of one of the many towers of Khrone. He is an Elder who has been overwhelmed by his own power: he cannot control it anymore and is constantly prey to time surges. The whole sealed area that contains him has been created expressly to



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confine him and limit the range of his power, which is extremely unstable. Very few know about his existence: freeing him would mean to put the space-time continuum at risk, and Kronoss himself makes every effort to prevent this from happening. After all, it would not be the first time he has to alter the regular flow of time to preserve its entirety.

Those who have inside information maintain that the production of new kronlings —when allowed— takes place in Khrone, from where they are sent to the appropriate entities in Artanty. The inhabitants of this capital of learning boast of owning the best, most complete libraries in the world, and even affirm they hold all the learnable knowledge within their walls.

Legis

One of the few successful experiments of building a city around a Garden of Life, Legis owes its positive results to its multi-racial organization. This imposing urban structure has at its very center the round stone on which the Newly Generated appear, surrounded by a green belt and then by thick round walls ten feet high. Beyond those walls, there is a common area oddly shaped like a doughnut, where it is possible to find inns, taverns and other meeting places. Further out, the rest of the city is divided into five well-delimited areas by huge walls, each belonging to a different Way: the Guild of Free Trade, the defenders of Free Will, the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow,



the Followers of the Mosaic and the Warlords. Each zone can be accessed through two distinct points, one on the inside and one on the outside. The inside one can be accessed only by the Newly Generated and Legis inhabitants, while the outside one -where airships dock- is seldom accessed by anyone not belonging to one of the five Ways. Within each dedicated area, both the architectonic style and the customs followed are those of the capital of that specific Way, and the general effect varies from the graceful blending of styles typical of the most heterogeneous groups to the simple pragmatism of those who have little time for appearances. The only Way whose members can access any given area —upon authorization, of course— is the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow, whose task it is to keep Legis free from the presence of any Faceless One, and who is therefore seen as an armed service defending the whole city.

Legis rests on a structure set a few dozen yards above the ground, which prevents any possible access to it by land. Underneath the actual city, among the huge columns holding up the whole structure, lie the secret quarters of each organization; again, thick walls divide each area from the others. The only deserted areas, closed to visitors, are the deepest foundations, a series of tunnels on which lie the two upper levels.

Merrinock Capital of the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow

In the proximity of the highest reaches of the Peaks of the Moon, on their western slopes, there rises a place of worship and meditation where pilgrims belonging to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow gather to seek the mental clarity they need to carry out their tasks without faltering.

A mixture of wide stone plazas and pagodas, so high their tops are shrouded in the mists flowing from the snowy mountains surrounding the city, Merrinock acts as a training ground for the Inquisition's recruits, who are often sent here to toughen up under the keen eye of the High Inquisitor Awon, one of the greatest living exponents of the martial way, called the Time Disciples.

The needs of the initiates are taken care of in the capital in exchange for their devotion to the common cause. Virtually all the resources employed to train the new recruits come from the more or less voluntary offers made by villages or delegations requiring the Way's help to face the ubiquitous threat of the Faceless Ones. Each division commander ensures such offers are sent to Merrinock, where they are equally distributed. The capital is also where the divisions are formed that will later be sent to the different cities requiring the Inquisition's protection, as well as to Legis, of course. Awon makes all his



decisions autonomously, but once a year he meets with the other two High Inquisitors to get an update on their progress in fighting the Faceless Ones.

Peaks of the Moon

These peaks mark the beginning of a mountain chain that stretches through most of the Northern Continent. They are named after their highest peak, whose strange form makes it look like a crescent moon. Yovòks and wandering qelewar make their nests in their caves. There is a large Rok'Nar settlement in a small natural dell protected by the mountains.

Whisp Capital of the Whisplings

The Whisplings have a saying: 'If you've never seen Whisp, then you've never really seen a city'. While we can appreciate the sentiment of this saying, unfortunately, such a wonderful sight is reserved almost exclusively for the members of the Tribe of which it is the capital. Built on one of the highest peaks in Artanty, this city is a huge warren of tunnels dug into its rocky surface, at times connected by smaller internal passages, other times only by external paths carved into the living rock and overhanging the abyss below. Seen from the outside, Whisp looks like a huge, extremely refined beehive, so beautiful it is breathtaking. The still-intact rock face is carved

with symbolic engravings, and each opening is framed by ribbed halfcolumns. The most fascinating thing, however, is probably the Vertical River, the result of an alteration of the Veil that took place centuries ago and was used as a starting point on which to build all the rest. The waters of the river Glenis follow their natural course only up to a point, and then they are diverted from their natural bed by a dam and directed toward a specific point, where the river becomes something unique all over Enascentia. From there, in fact, its waters run up the rock face, enter the main cave, running through the very center of the widest city square, then emerge on the opposite side of the mountain, creating a waterfall that hides part of the capital and refreshes the area below it. From there, the river continues to course downhill along what would have been its natural bed without the dam.

Its beautiful landscape is not Whisp's only charm, since it is a very lively city, constantly pulsing with sweet strains of music that change from quarter to quarter, even from street to street. There is no specific division of urban activities, which blend with each other quite well and are always located in easily accessible places...that is, accessible if you can fly.

For many centuries, Whispling sat in his cave throne, surrounded more by air than by confining stone walls, but he has now been conspicuously absent for at least ten years. His



people know why and that his absence is a direct consequence of the Whispling alliance with the Kronoss —and the consequential need to keep the flying fortresses afloat in the air, created through the joined efforts of both Tribes— but they all hope nevertheless that he will soon be back and dispel the sorrowful aura with his presence, which has been enveloping the whole race since he left.

Among the open spaces offered by the capital, it is also possible to find the 'nest' of the Sultan, a Whispling merchant well renowned all over the continents and often traveling to each of them. Secretly devoted to the Senduar Kami, the Sultan uses the new talent thus obtained —the ability to teleport himself— to shorten his travel time and also to find rare goods, which he then sells where they are in more demand. He is a bitter enemy of the Opulent Wayfarer, one of the Four Merchants of Vesoelm, and they are always competing with each other in their efforts to buy up the rarest goods.

Dejama

the Western Continent

Among Enascentia's five continents, Dejama is the one that vies with Artanty for the title of the most populated and civilized land. The seat of four of the existing Tribes' capitals —Luminia, Menuria, Jandia and Oscuria— Dejama's territory alternates vast grasslands with pleasant woods, has lakes and rivers surrounded by fertile and luxuriant lands, in places enclosed by hilly areas. Not all Dejama is the natural haven it might appear to be from this brief description, however. In its Southern reaches we can also find a massive rugged mountain range of volcanic origin —the Rellenok Mountains— as well as the Black Desert, an unusual expanse of black sand scattered with purplish crystals and characterized by a very peculiar and dangerous fauna. Here we can also find one of Enascentia's most bizarre cities, Kartali, that owes its fame to its many special characteristics, usually related to the countless celebrations held there, but also because it is probably the largest urban settlement not bound to any Way or centered on a single specific Tribe. For this reason and because of its location, best suited for city campaigns, it is opportune to provide an in-depth description of its characteristics, its main characters and, most of all, its succession of feasts.

Archipelago of Wenma between Dejama and Si-Neb

Situated just beyond Dejama's borders, this archipelago comprises many islands scattered between the western and southern continent. The archipelago is in the area of the inner sea where the fearsome Kesuls tend to gather and is made up mostly of



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shoals, large areas of inhospitable, arid and rocky land. According to some Kronoss morphological studies, these islands are the peaks of the mountain range that once connected the Mehara and Rellenok Mountains.

The Black Desert

This desert, a place of pilgrimage for the Senduars of Dejama, was once a pretty normal expanse of sunbleached brown sands. Now, there are miles and miles of totally black sand and rock, and the temperature, though mild during the day, does not lower at nighttime, as it does in desert areas. The desert's surface is scattered with purplish crystals that throw strange shadows on the surrounding black sand. Such crystals are considered very valuable, which means they are in high demand and make the Black Desert a favored destination for mercenaries and opportunists, as well as Senduars, whose intentions are far nobler.

The greatest danger the area poses is from its stranger than usual fauna; here it ranges from the Fiery Hearts, wolf-like creatures named after their exposed bone growths, constantly ablaze because of a particular reaction to the Veil, to the Rakar, scorpions feared by all those wellinformed about them because of their camouflage abilities. All black, the Rakar have purplish crystal growths on their carapace and on the tip of their tails, where the sting should be; thanks to these peculiarities, they often manage to strike careless greenhorns who mistake them for crystals and pay dearly for their errors.

Indeed, the Rakar's sting has far more serious consequences than the simple need to dress the wound, consequences that include the possibility of contracting a disease which progressively strips its victim of his willpower, turning him into a carrier of the disease itself: the Crystal Plague.

The Braska Volcano

The only active volcano on the Rellenok Mountains has a diameter four times as large as that of the smaller craters that can be found elsewhere on that range. It seems it takes its name from the Janah who, not long ago, managed to kill the phoenix bound to that volcano. Those who frequently travel through the area swear they have seen that legendary beast come back to life every morning in the time span of at least one year.

At the foot of the volcano, far away from any civilization, there is the Tavern of the Reborn Phoenix, regularly frequented by travelers who come there from all over Enascentia to taste the house's specialty, which of course is phoenix meat. These visitors usually camp on the hills near the tavern and spend enough time there to dine at least once in the tavern before leaving.



Durandia Capital of the Followers of the Mosaic

This city —the main seat of the followers of the Mosaic- welcomes the most disparate architectonic styles, blending them in a colorful and somewhat pleasing way. Only those people who have the pendant identifying them as Followers can enter the city, because it hosts things and most of all people who do not want to attract the attention of the outside world. The cities that host members of the Lost Tribes are quite few, and they all try to keep a low profile to lead a quiet life without drawing unpleasant attention to themselves. Durandia is perhaps the only place in the world where members of the Lost Tribes stroll peacefully along its streets, blending with the harmonious chaos surrounding them. In order to preserve the serene atmosphere in which they live, the Followers do not allow anyone within the city who has not chosen the same life path.

In Durandia, members of the Lost Tribes are allowed to be part of the Council, the governing body of the city, formed by a representative from each of the existing ten Tribes; the decisional power of the guests, however, is far less than that of the official ten members, and their presence there serves mostly as a formal acknowledgement. In any case, such guests do not usually stay long in Durandia: after a welcome stop there, they tend to wander from city to city, preferably heading for other outposts of the Followers of the Mosaic.

Jandia Capital of the Janahs

A stronghold in its own right, Jandia is built on the top of a cliff, its walls rising on the very edge of the drop on three of its four sides. The main doors and the slope ascending to them are on its only land-facing side.

Wide ramparts run all along the walls, protected by strong merlons and scattered with nine-foot-long spears, ready to face any aerial attack by the Whisplings. Preventing them from landing near the walls would mean giving the Janah enchanters time to ready their spells. This specific tactic has been devised by Janah himself in one of his rare moments of clear-mindedness -or, according to rumor, in one of his most paranoid moments; he wanted his city to be impregnable, and an attack by the flying Tribe was the only one that could nullify the advantage of its location. Therefore, he developed tactics against such a scenario, even if the Whisplings never attacked Jandia, and there was never any sign of danger looming on the horizon. The landscape surrounding the city is enchanting, to say the least. Perched there, on the edge of a chasm, Jandia rises from the top of a peculiar peak in the northern hills, overlooking the mesmerizing southern expanse of the



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desert...a vast stretch of black sand and rocks punctuated by the crystals' purplish shimmer typical of the Black Desert.

The whole city is organized like a military settlement, with barracks and armories set at regular intervals. The same goes for the watch towers, which also serve as lookout posts and regular 'launch platforms' from which masters of Abandon launch themselves with superhuman jumps, demonstrating athletic skills unattainable by those still in the first stages of their Determination path.

Within the city, its districts are arranged in training disciplines, and those who want to improve in one specific discipline can alternate between the courses: there are districts of swords, of polearms, of axes and at least one other district for each category of weapons, including unusual ones. There are also two larger districts where the use of spells and ranged weapons is taught in a rather condensed and concise manner.

Law in Jandia is enforced by a sword's edge. Right or wrong are not decided by a jury with persuasive argumentations, but via a firstblood challenge between the parties involved: the winner is by default the worthier of the two, and therefore his word carries more weight as far as the matter at hand is concerned. This method of law enforcement has never created any problems because at the root of each challenge there is a code of honor based on solid principles: no Janah will ever demand a challenge to uphold a lie. Any given controversy is never founded on deceit but only on a difference of opinion or a lack of information.

Jundali Capital of the Guild of Free Trade

Chaotic, dynamic and uncontrollable. These are just a few of the adjectives the members of the Guild of Free Trade use to describe their capital. Jundali is not a city in the conventional sense of the word, neither can the people there be called its citizens: Jundali is actually like a crossroads, a handling center. There are uncountable roads and paths that extend toward the rest of Dejama from Jundali's center, and the "city" itself has no walls, just signs indicating where to find the right warehouse for each kind of goods. If the crowds and the constant exchange of goods may look chaotic to an observer, however, the basic organization is more precise than a Kronoss device.

When reaching the capital, a Guild member must first and foremost categorize, qualify and quantify his merchandise with one of the outerring supervisors, who can be found in the handling area indicated by the above-mentioned signs. They evaluate his goods (in kronlings) and direct him to the specific warehouses, where he has to show the list of goods the supervisor just authenticated.



At each warehouse, the people in charge collect the goods and issue a certificate of merit, plus a tally corresponding to their estimate of the value in kronlings. The sum of all the single estimates made at the warehouses can never vary more than ten percent from the supervisor's initial estimate, in which case the Guild member is entitled to ask for refund. After visiting all the required warehouses and leaving his goods there, loaded with certificates of merit, the merchant can visit the purchase district, where he can find all the goods brought by previous caravans, already evaluated and filtered. This is usually the most entertaining moment for each member of this Way, because it is the beginning of a proper "treasure hunt", looking for the best bargain or some evaluation error by the people in charge of the warehouses.

"filtered" A object any is merchandise which passed а qualifying evaluation based on the Free Trade priorities. The Way collects requests from all its members returning to Jundali, who wait for the required goods to be delivered and catalogued before leaving for the place in which the request originated, to barter those goods there with more profitable ones. As usually happens in such situations, the most valuable and required merchandise is information. There is a thriving black market dealing in tips —trustworthy and less so- about surplus or most valued goods, or which is today the most alert supervisor: anything may be useful to make more money, therefore any information can be sold or bartered for.

Kartali City of Joy

Overseen by an extremely eccentric Falusa Menoosh, Do'Mirr, this coastal city hosts a different festival every day. In time, Kartali has centered its social, organizational and, most of all, economic life on this continuous succession of festivals. so much so that it is now known as the "City of Joy". Each festival is quite different from the other. Some of them, such as Morea Aragia, see the entire population indulging in a Bacchanalian and orgiastic frenzy for ten days in a row, while others, such as Naere Venner —the Day of the Dead, when the whole of the city's activity comes to a stop, require absolute and the strictest solemnity.

Each day, Kartali receives hundreds of visitors, often outnumbering the settled population of the city. The citizens, on the other hand, are by now familiar with the complex system of daily festivities, which requires a calendar divided into annual and one-off festivals. The first category includes all the festivities that take place every year and covers about sixty percent of the whole calendar, while the second is made up of "random" festivals, which differ every year. After consulting his personal



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entourage, Falusa himself organizes them according to the citizens' tastes, the originality of the event and its practicality. The day on which the whole calendar for the upcoming year is presented is itself a festival: "Furògra", the Announcement.

Kartali was built centuries ago, in the first years of the Third Era. It is said its founders belonged to a Lost Tribe, but other than Falusa, very few know the truth. Not without some difficulty, up until now, he has been able to maintain Kartali's status as a neutral city, acknowledged as such by all the Tribes and Ways. They say that even the Faceless Ones must have agreed to its neutrality, since no one can remember any raids within its walls. Kartali's security service comprises about a hundred and fifty people, mostly Meenosh and Janahs. They are called Kartali's Masks because of the ornate golden masks they wear and are armed with spears and light crossbows. Each day, Thereal, the unyielding Janah who is Falusa's right-hand man, gives them detailed instructions about the ongoing festival and how to behave so as to not disturb the proceedings too much.

Many famed craftsmen have moved permanently to the City of Joy because of the constant flow of customers, comparable only to that of Vesoelm, a place north of Kartali, which can be easily reached by koopash. Among the craftsmen of his profession, there is a name that stands out: Caleb, the most





renowned blacksmith in Dejama and probably in all Enascentia. This Janah winner of the festival-tournament that now carries his name has long since retired from the battlefield and now has a new goal in life: to equip the Newly Generated fighters with weapons of unmatchable perfection, so that they too can show their merit on the battlefield and carve their name in the sands of time and on the people's hearts.

Kartali's Festivals

Caleb Great Tournament

It was Falusa's intention that this should be a non-recurring event, but it has become an annual festival after the success the first time it was held. Proposed by a large number of Janah, who could not find any other festival that celebrated their nature properly, it was created initially as a Weapon Tournament —a succession of duels. Named after the winner of that first event, it is now in its twenty-first year and keeps attracting countless warriors and adventurers aspiring to the championship title. This singleelimination Tournament lasts for three days and takes place on a plain just outside the city limits for security reasons. The prize is a weapon forged by Caleb himself, who now lives peacefully inside the city walls.

Cut the Wings

The annual migration of the small but quite annoying yovoks passes directly through Kartali, heading eastward to the sea. This peculiar festival was devised by Querelle, one of Falusa's subordinates, as he was enjoying the rare sight of a Janah who was determined to exterminate a swarm of these annoying insects with his long sword. The poor man was found later in the sea, exhausted and many miles from the coast. According to him, none of those pests survived. Cut the Wings draws the most heterogeneous crowds to Kartali, and it mixes entertainment and healthy competition for the extermination of the yovoks. The participants have to sign up to take part in the competition, when they also receive the famous wing-carrying pot, complete with an aredeaa-thread net.

The crowd then gathers outside the walls to wait for the arrival of the buzzing black cloud. That is when five hours of total chaos begin: each competitor has to collect in whichever manner possible the highest number of yovok wings —which are extremely fragile- without destroying them. Of course, the Whisplings have an advantage versus other groups while both the Janahs and the Gromsh's attempts usually end up in flames, ruining any hope of collecting wings. The pots containing the wings are then carried to the main plaza for the award ceremony, and the judges count the wings. Those who signed up as a group have to divide the total



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number of wings by the number of the members of their group. The Cut the Wings award is a three-month supply of elixirs, healing potions, wide-spectrum antidotes and the largest precious stone Falusa can find, which always has a high barter value.

Festival of the Koopash

When the season starts becomes colder with the onset of winter, it is time for the classic Festival of the Koopash, proposed by a group of Oscurians who built their fortunes on this animal. During this Festival, it is possible to taste all the known delicacies whose main ingredient is koopash meat, from the Royal Stew to koopash tongue with chopped videnya -- for the most refined palates— and the extremely spicy koopash à la Menurian, served with the dreaded gray osho sauce. The main event is a large exhibition market of pack koopash, where assorted objects and weapons made with raw materials from this animal are also sold.

Furŏgra

The Announcement

"When not celebrating, the overseer of the City of Joy is planning a new celebration". In Enascentia, there is no saying more fitting than this one, and this festival is a perfect example. Throughout the year, Falusa and his staff gather ideas, work on them, debate and plan. About thirty days before the Festival of Joy is the Day of Furògra, when the whole calendar of festivities for the upcoming year is announced. The Announcement is a very important event for Kartali's settled population because it will influence their lives in the near future for better or worse. The citizens also compete with each other because some of their suggestions to the staff may always become a real festival, allowing whoever suggested it to boast that they originated the event.

Gromsh Feast, Gromsh Drink, Fires of Chaos, Gromsh Dance and Shout, etc.

This festival was suggested last year by Pole Never Sleeps, a strangely quiet Gromsh who presented the idea directly to Falusa's advisors. Pole Never Sleeps' suggestions on how to organize the event and what to call it were a bit muddled, but Falusa's talented collaborators were excited by such an original and challenging idea and managed to create a whole day dedicated to Chance, unruly drunkenness, and manic dancing. Nobody could imagine, however, that Pole Never Sleeps had actually seen the festival in a vision right before his eyes...as had done hundreds of other Gromsh who that day converged exultantly on Kartali. In a very short while, the market district was on fire, every single inn was in shambles because of some ongoing -or justended-brawl, and the streets echoed with praises to Gromsh, intermingled with burping and explosions. In the light of the consequences of the


festival, nobody expects to hear it mentioned again during this year's Announcement, considering, too, that each Gromsh calls this event a different name.

Morea Aragia The Purple Flesh

Ten days in which carnal and passionate relationships among members of all the present Tribes are celebrated. The whole city is bedecked with red and purple drapes, rugs and soft cushions, and thousands of candles light up every street and alley. Other drapes are spread out between the roofs of the buildings in an attempt to make even the most miserable corner look cozy and intimate.

During Morea Aragia, as you stroll along Kartali streets, it is usual to see couples or even groups —which often include at least one Meenosh- move sinuously under thin silk linens, while soft moans take the place of fanfares and crowds noises. No one sells his or her body, though: throughout the Purple Flesh festival, any erotic act is seen as decreed by the Kami himself and therefore as a sincerely shared gift. A golden time for all local inns, Morea Aragia always starts with a day reserved for the more virtuous Lumians and ends with a day reserved for the Senduars, the Tribe less able to understand and even less able take part in this celebration. Actually, there are those who say the last day is instead dedicated to the Lost Tribes. who can enjoy the pleasures of the

flesh in the abodes of some of the most influential Menoosh, away from the unseeing eyes of the crowds.

Naere Venner'a The Intimate Memories

Naere Venner'a is a ritualistic and deeply spiritual celebration. It begins at dawn when the soft and wellmodulated choruses of the Lumians gathered under the city temple's huge vault echo through the empty streets. the Intimate Memories During festival, in fact, no one is allowed to leave his or her house during the day: all the citizens stay at home and commemorate loved ones and companions who have passed away. Each Tribe contributes in its own way, and every single person builds a small effigy of him or herself using pieces of wood and cloth. When the sun reaches its zenith, tradition that everybody throws requires down something symbolic of his or her existence in the street, be it an object, a jewel, a stone or even a lock of hair. Nobody walks through the streets of Kartali for the whole day, which is therefore left empty for the spirits of the departed to roam through it, free to enjoy its beauty in the daylight, unhampered by the teeming chaos of the living. At dusk, everyone gradually emerges into the streets and gathers in the huge main plaza overlooking the sea. On their way, they pick up one of the symbolic effigies previously thrown onto the streets, which becomes the property of whomever picks it up, representing



somebody else's life and personal history to be protected and kept safe. Once everyone is gathered in the main plaza, all the small wooden effigies built during the day are burned and carried in the air by the winds, skillfully controlled by Whisplings, until the darkness of night is aglow with their tiny lights. This closes the circle, from the apparent stasis of the day to the light of life shining through the darkest night.

Qesh Ceres Laughter in the Wind

The festival of the Laughter in the Wind is of course organized by a large number of Whisplings, fully intending to prove the power and superiority of the Children of the Air, at times even overdoing it. Falusa still remembers with dismay one Qesh Eeres held a few years ago when the Whisplings tried a complex ritual in order to connect and amplify their magic power and make all Kartali rise from the ground, ending up by destroying a whole district. Resisting the pressures to turn this tragedy into a memorial festival, Falusa has kept the festival going in the following years, but with strict limitations, turning it into a day of mere leisure activity, with a gentle wind and a few stalls selling light fabrics and silk clothing. It goes without saying that the Whisplings do not like this superficial and commercial version of the festival.

Sojor Len'nh The Veils of Mystery

When the summer heat decreases and the evenings become milder, it is the time of Sojor Len'nhi, one of the most atypical and strange festivals held in Kartali. For this festival, the organizers buy flowers of star videnya, which have notorious and strong hallucinogenic properties in huge quantities, and in the evenings, sell them to the attendees at a low price, to be used under constant surveillance by the Masks. Several areas are equipped with hookahs (the fumes are inhaled when the flowers are burned), cushions, harps or violins softly playing in the distance, skilled scribes at hand and suffused lighting. In spite of its vague and esoteric flavor, the Veils of Mystery is a festival created the day a lone Senduar entered a city inn while under the influence of the videnya and announced that a Faceless One was hiding among Falusa's staff. His accusation was so serious that the staff were immediately and thoroughly checked, and the interrogations that followed led to the discovery of the Faceless One, Falusa was so shocked by the discovery (and by learning how the Faceless One had been discovered) that he decided to create Sojor Len'nhi. For the last seventeen years, each "meditation point" has been equipped with a scribe who swiftly writes down all the visions and hallucinations induced by the fumes of star videnya. All these scrolls are



kept somewhere in the underground archives of Falusa's palace, and it is rumored that a very trusted, selected group of Kronoss and Menoosh is studying them to find any possible link to existing prophecies and real events. In spite of the Masks' efforts to prevent this, it is well known by now that on the day of the Veils of Mystery, many drug and poison dealers come to Kartali to sell their merchandise.

The Three-Day Art Festival of Kartali

Falusa most probably created this festival -one of the first he devisedwith the sole purpose of showing his own works of art to the common people. Every possible "artist" has large spaces at his disposal, and even the city inns often display a few works of art in their common rooms. Of course, most artists and buyers are Menoosh, but there are also some sophisticated Lumians as well as intrigued Kronoss and Whisplings and even a few Gromsh endowed with a sort of unsophisticated creative gift. As the self-proclaimed overseers and organizers of the event, because of their "sublime aesthetic sense", Falusa and his staff decide what can be displayed: sculptures, paintings, poems and even real architectural works. It is worth mentioning the bloody remains of an Electric Urat a bewildered Gromsh once brought into the city: that "work of art" was so well appreciated by all the attendees of the event that at some point a few Masks had to restrain three potential

buyers from coming to blows. In fact, the Gromsh had killed the Urat not far from the city walls and was just looking for someone who could quickly skin it, but all this was deemed irrelevant to the sale and the "strong, gory spontaneity of such a work of art".

Ulign Rothe The Seven Days of Free Trade

This festival has been so successful for the first years of its existence that it has become regular. For seven days, market stalls and peddlers mostly Oscurians, of course— fill the streets of Kartali. The goods sold vary from exotic fruits and dray horses to Kronoss collection hourglasses and embalmed Tok'Gor bodies. During this week, Thereal adds a hundred more Masks to the security service to protect the traders from thieves and the Oscurians from themselves.

Luminia

Capital City of the Lumians

Surrounded by high, white, silverrimmed walls, Luminia casts its dazzling brightness all over the surrounding hills. The buildings inside its secure, perfectly square perimeter display the typical Lumian architectural style: every structure looks the same, which means it is quite sturdy and unobtrusive; it is surrounded by a small garden and is aligned with the others in a very rigid geometric pattern. Most



buildings are made of white stone, with wooden ceilings. Two main perpendicular streets divide the city into four squares; inside each square, there are two more main streets that create four more squares, resulting in a total of sixteen different districts. Each district has a specific function in the city's economy and is bound to a traditional Lumian virtue. A good example of this are the streets in the blacksmiths' district, which constantly echo with the sound of their work, reminding everyone of the virtue of Steadfastness, symbolized daily by the sturdiness of their relentless handiwork. A temple to the Kami can be found in each district, a square building made of white marble blocks that get progressively smaller in size, forming access steps on each side of the square. Open to the outside, these buildings have a stone-built roof supported along its perimeter by columns that also frame accesses in every direction. Inside, in the exact center of the temple, there is a statue portraying Lumian, always in a different stance and enacting one of the most symbolic actions of the first few years of his life. Many Lumians come to Luminia in pilgrimage to see the statues and recall the deeds of the First Generated, spending the duration of a whole hourglass in prayer in front of each statue.

The four districts facing the crossroad between the two main streets have a temple at their center, consecrated to the Kami, which is twice as big as the others. Here the key events of Lumian's life are portrayed, and at the actual crossroad Lumian's own mansion rises, a temple ten times larger than the others, which can house the whole city council, right up to the tenth rank. Like any other Lumian city, its government has a pyramidal hierarchical structure, with the Number One —in this case the First Generated himself— at the top and a progressively increasing number of people in the lower ranks: two Number Two, three Number Three, and so on.

Luminia's walls have one single door, with a huge drawbridge lowered over the river running by the city; this drawbridge is raised only in times of war, turning the city into a fortress quite difficult to conquer. Directly opposite the main doors, in the most out-of-the-way part of the city by the outer walls, there is a street called the "Path of Love", which can be only be accessed by people who are alone: women from east to west, men from west to east. When two people meet on that street, any word exchanged is considered a proposal, and any answer which is not a straightforward refusal is seen as acceptance. Many Lumian couples have emerged from small talk on the Path of Love.

Menuria Capital City of the Menoosh

Deep in the quiet forest of Viril there is a unique place full of sensorial stimuli, where every flower is part of



a wider picture, each stone is skillfully engraved, each board is artistically carved: it is Menuria, the Menoosh capital. This city is not surrounded by walls as is usually the case elsewhere, but by a simple wooden stockade, which marks its existence symbolically rather than offering actual protection. On the basis of this same principle, the city's four doors are open all day and night also because it is unusual to find the whole population at rest at the same time at any given moment. Each Menoosh has a different rhythm; life in the city does not follow regular cycles, but individual ones dictated by each person's immediate needs.

Menoosh The philosophy transpires from everyday activities as well. Their craftsmen channel their creativity in the way most suited to them, and their products are used by the other citizens, who in turn, offer their contribution in the field most congenial to them: bakers bake loafs of bread shaped and garnished to look like animals and objects, tailors sew elegant and comfortable clothing according to whatever flash of inspiration they have at that moment, while blacksmiths forge weapons and kitchen utensils, if their creativity inspires them to. Each of them then goes to the others if in need of one of their specialties. Most of the other Tribes, in particular the Lumians and the Kronoss, cannot understand how such shoddy organization can satisfy the needs of a whole people without

creating any imbalance, but perhaps this is just because of the Artists' ability to adapt to it.

There are no locked buildings in Menuria: not a single house, temple or other structure. Everyone lives in total harmony with nature. Wooden bridges run from the branches of the forest trees, providing hanging walkways held aloft by ropes and strong vines. Canopies built using the surrounding vegetation integrate with the other structures and provide shelter from the rain to those areas reserved for the most delicate tasks and the most fragile artifacts.

While devoid of any semblance of military organization, Menuria has never been conquered. Few have had the privilege of witnessing Menoosh himself —omnipresent in the forest in combat. They merely assert that a fighter of such caliber has no need of any other army than himself.

Oscuria

Capital City of the Oscurians

It is the greatest manifestation of the Oscurian civilization, with all its contradictions: it is such a concentration of thieves and rogues that resorting to locks and padlocks is of no use, as is the case in any Oscurian village. The only difference is that here, even doors and chests have a tendency to disappear, so locking or padlocking them would serve no purpose. When something gets into the city —no matter who brought—



it is considered as the property of the city, rather than that of the unwary owner. It will keep changing hands, shelf or bag until someone decides to leave the city and take it with him.

All the padlocks, traps and doors missing above ground are held in the vaults of Oscuria. The endless passages and rooms filled with the most complex challenges of Hidden Oscuria, as the Elders call it, is where all the newcomers are tested: this is where the Newly Generated, or those in need of training their stealth skills, are sent. Since no one ever does anything for free, though, some of the rooms conceal some rarities and even powerful magic objects —or at least this is what the Elders say.

Contrary to what happens in most capitals, here the First Generated has never been seen around the city. Any trace of him was lost a long time ago, and there are those who even doubt he is still alive. People who do not belong to the Tribe are always free to enter the city, but anyone with a sane mind would advise against doing such a thing. To survive the night, possibly with a few kronlings still in his pockets, a visitor must have more eyes than the Oscurians have fingers, a challenge not even the largest group of Gromsh could win.

The Rallenok Mountains

This is a mountain range in the southern part of Dejama. Accurate morphological studies led a large

group of Kronoss to believe it is part of the Mehara volcanic mountains, half of which is now submerged and forms the Archipelago of Wenma. The Rallenok Mountains, however, have a milder climate than their counterpart on Si-Neb, which enabled extensive luxuriant forests to spread over their peaks. On these mountains there are many Oscurian outposts that, while mocked by most adventurers, almost always manage to collect an "offering" from any wayfarer. On the Rellenok Mountains, there are also many volcanic craters, inactive for centuries, some of which have been taken over by phoenixes that have built their nests there.

The Sijang Road

It is the main trade road in Dejama and, therefore, probably of all Enascentia. The whole project was commissioned and financed by the Oscurian Sijang Torah, and this trade road connects all Dejama's largest cities making exchanges and trade easier. Sijang did not ask for any reimbursement for this huge work at least not openly— but of course, it is the Oscurians who make most use of this road.

The Silent Plain

This almost preternaturally quiet and peaceful plain is often visited in pilgrimage by Lumians, Rok'Nars and Senduars. With their mild climate,



these endless pastures are perfect for raising cattle; herds of zegrelby can also be found here: those large, stubborn herbivores renowned for their delicious meat that makes them the favorite prey of Feruas, Janahs, Gromsh and Senduars.

There are many single-Tribe villages on this plain, equally distributed so that none of them are too near any of the numerous Gardens of Life present there.

Vesoelm

Vesoelm is the largest existing market town; it is possible to find any kind of object, raw material, food or anything else you can think of on its countless stalls. The goods offered exceed even those that can be found in Oscuria in variety and availability. This is also due to the presence of Oscurians who prefer to sell their goods to other Tribes instead of having to haggle over their price in Oscuria. Besides the ubiquitous Oscurians, the other Tribes represented here are Menoosh,



Whisplings and Janahs, plus the many Senduars who frequently pass through it.

Wandering about Vesoelm's chaotic streets, it is possible to meet two different kinds of authorized personnel...always Menoosh, easily recognizable from the colored bands covering their right arms from wrist to shoulder: the white band means visitors' assistance, and this personnel is mostly female; the red band identifies the local guards, who are mostly males.

The city walls have an irregular rectangular shape, with two doors, one on the north side and one on the south. The city is divided into three districts, which cut through it diagonally. The northern district is reserved for adventurers and the equipment they usually require, such as weapons, armors, potions, scrolls and poisons. The southern district looks more like a traditional market and is full of stalls selling all sorts of goods: food, fabrics, arts and crafts. The inner, or central, district hosts all sorts of recreational activities and pastimes in which to indulge between one bargain and the next, as well as diverse ways to refresh both the mind and the body: inns, taverns and whorehouses, surrounded by more stalls and entertainers hired to provide continuously enjoyable surroundings.

One building stands out from the others: Madame Alerya's Pleasure House, a pyramidal building eleven stories high. The ground floor is

both a tavern and the reception area for the "inn" occupying the upper floors. If you want to drink, you will be escorted to a table by one of the charming Menoosh serving girls. If you are looking for company, you will have to talk with the inn receptionists, who direct each customer to the right room, according to his financial resources. The receptionists evaluate the goods offered as the admission fee, which is always paid by barter, and then they direct the visitor to one of the ten floors on the basis of his generosity. On the top floor, there is just one room: Madame Alerya's penthouse. The White Bands' lodgings can also be found in this district, on the upper floors of specific buildings, far from any unwanted attention.

Vesoelm also extends beyond the city walls, along the northern road, but this area is set aside from the noise and chaos typical of the main city and can only be accessed by authorized people. There is an auction house, probably the most important in Dejama, where the most precious pieces are sold, including extremely rare magic objects, offered and sold in the most casual way. The number of guards here is far higher than in any other part of the city; for the sake of convenience, the Red Bands' barracks are right next to the auction house and its warehouse.

Vesoelm is run by a group of powerful people, the so-called Four Merchants, each controlling a district and all having the same decision-



making power when dealing with problems concerning the city as a whole.

Madame Alerya

Besides owning the homonymous Pleasure House and being the company most coveted by its patrons, this Menoosh also controls the inner district, the crossroads of pleasure. Always busy managing many different activities, Alerva has established the order of the White Bands to maintain order and obligingly help any seller or buyer on his first visit to the city. Of course, the Menoosh charged with this duty are selected carefully and instructed on which are the first places the visitors must be shown... that is, those paying more "taxes". Alerya has a secret agreement with Netuke that allows her to count on at least half the votes when there is some important decision to be made, which could affect her personal business. From time to time, the two deliberately vote against each other, to mislead the other two by allowing them smaller victories on matters of secondary importance.

Netuke

Her vote carries the same weight as those of the others, but the area under her control is less important to the city's daily economy. She manages blacksmiths, alchemists, apothecaries, scribes and any other craftsman trying to sell his products to adventurers passing through the city or to merchants who drive a hard bargain to resell the same merchandise at a higher price elsewhere. Thanks to her Janah pride, she is very good at pretending to oppose Alerya when, by common agreement with her, she purportedly sides with the other alliance.

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This old Oscurian merchant left Oscuria with Sijang and moved north to beat the competition. He has been living in Vesoelm for five centuries. He runs the daily market organization, issuing permits to the different merchants who want to display their goods. The better the opinion Oolo forms about you, the better your position on the street tomorrow, and his opinion about you depends totally on how much your pockets tinkle when you walk. He has a secret allegiance with the Opulent Wayfarer, thus playing Alerya's game. Each pair believes to be the only one playing dirty, which causes a tug of war that often leads to stalemate.

The Opulent Wayfarer

This outlandish, garishly and scantily dressed Senduar does not bother to cover his skin the way his fellow tribesmen do and will not reveal his real name to anyone, hiding behind the pretentious nickname of Opulent Wayfarer. He is a bitter enemy of the Sultan, a merchant from Whisp renowned all over Enascentia, and attends the sale of each piece sold by his auction house...at times seeing it become the property of his hated rival.



Openly committed to the Oscurian Kami and a follower of the Way of Free Will, he also secretly favors the Guild of Free Trade, being in cahoots with Oolo to steer the Four's decision in their favor and split the largest possible profit with him. Besides checking the quality of the goods offered for auction by his auction house and exerting total control in this kind of trade exchanges, the Opulent Wayfarer also controls the city guards, the Red Bands, whose barracks are outside the city and by his auction house.

Si-An

The Eastern Continent

Si-An is perhaps the most varied continent of them all, because of its contrasting landscapes where boundless deserts alternate with large lakes, hostile jungles border with tamer woods and desolate savannas give way to inaccessible mountain peaks. Many Tribes prosper in such lands, living in mixed- and single-Tribe villages, but those residential focal points typical of Dejama and Artanty are missing here.

Nevertheless, there are three Tribes, each with wide territory under the influence of its people. In these lands, the Newly Generated have to prepare themselves for an adventurous life if they want to live to see the next dawn.

The Breath of Gromsh

This huge, odd-looking, multicolored geyser thrown literally up to a height of hundred and sixty feet by the boiling iridescent water of a lake, has a very important role in Enascentia's geography. Since everything there is drenched in magic, it constantly generates currents and flows of magical energy, which, if not properly contained, may cause earthquakes and explosions. This place is a sort of 'safety valve' for Enascentia's magical energies. Here is where they flow together and concentrate, changing reality itself before being released by the earth with a fearful roar. Of course, there are very few certainties in such a place: even the air itself may turn into liquid fire at a moment's notice and then into huge boulders covered with crystals a moment later. And, of course, the Gromsh built their capital in the vicinity of this place, considering it 'a gift from Gromsh himself'. It is a more frequent occurrence than it would be logical to expect for members of that Tribe to die throwing themselves willingly into the 'Breath' because of some crazy vision they had through their third eye. Very seldom, however, a few of them manage to survive the extremely powerful energy of the 'Breath', acquiring decidedly atypical skills.



Cridara

A Whispling city set in a valley at the mouth of a steep canyon that channels the wind, concentrating its power through the narrow, thirtyfoot-wide opening. Thanks to a complex system of gears, built with the help of some Kronoss engineers, the channeled wind is used to activate huge aerophones, which permeate a soft continuous melody through the city that changes every year after a prestigious competition. For a Whispling artist (only Whisplings can compete), it is a great honor to win and hear his music envelope Cridara for a whole year.

Dungsia The Senduar Capital

Many stories are told about the legendary Dunesia, mostly by ignorant, wealthy people in Dejama or Artanty; some say it disappears at night only to appear again the next morning in a different place. Others swear it is not a real city but an army constantly on the march, and there are those who will swear they saw huge beasts in the vicinity of the capital. Funnily enough, these rumors contain a grain of truth.

Dunesia has not been built on normal ground, but inside the shell of an ancient gigantic koopash, so huge some scholars suspect it belongs to a totally different species in spite of the evident physical common traits. The animal walks with a slow but steady gait, and its strangest characteristic is that it does not rock or shake his occupants with every step...another trait it has in common with its extremely smaller lookalike.

The city travels everywhere in the Varnha Desert and has become a destination for any Senduar who has not visited it yet. Inside, its structures are extremely simple and functional: large, square blocks of clay or stone, not always regular in shape but similar to simple parallelepipeds. Finally, there are assorted tents, stalls and temporary accommodations of all kinds, which reflect the nomadic nature of those who stay there for a few days.

Very few people ever live in Dunesia permanently; those who stay longer are those who wait until they have visited every single dune in the desert before leaving. The sight offered by that expanse of sand is not for everyone's eyes. The other Tribes usually do not even go there, stating simply that "the desert is the same all over". Members of the other Tribes are usually welcome in Dunesia, but they seldom feel the urge to go there voluntarily. Accessing the capital is not easy, even for the Senduar, who have to signal their presence beforehand to the personnel charged with maneuvering the ropes that run along the sides of the beast and are used to pull people up or lower them to the ground.



Visiting Dunesia is not something you can do on the spur of the moment due to the difficulty of taking a mount with you, but planning it is not that easy either because of the changeability of its position. Once inside, however, you are able to see the world from a totally different perspective. The almost surreal silence enveloping everything and the almost total absence of any noise, such as shouting or voices, make it possible to hear the sound of the koopash's steps, which give a strange rhythm to the permanence of the desert.

They say the Senduar wait until they reach their capital to experiment and use all the secrets learned during their long journeys and that because of this custom, their alchemists and apothecaries are the most well advanced, thanks, too, to all disparate materials they were able to collect during their many adventures.

Felinea The Ferua Capital

It is not clear where Felinea ends and the Rijia Jungle begins, but whoever tries to visit is heading unwittingly for capture. Felinea is a huge complex of huts and shelters spreading through the huge mangrove vegetation. Its inhabitants are quite territorial, and it is not uncommon for them to fight with each other for better hunting grounds. In time, however, the survival of the fittest, which is the basic rule of the Feruas' Kami, has established a sort of 'internal equality' within the capital's limits, thus giving the duels a more ritualistic and sacred trait that probably saved many lives. Each challenge is evaluated and, if deemed legitimate by the Kami, the duel begins, making the Rijia Jungle even more dangerous than usual. Fights over trivial matters are forbidden in Felinea, and in any case, the inhabitants' fierce sense of honor creates a normally pacific community.

There are no traders in Felinea; they are not needed. There are already far too many merchants who try to find it to barter the Feruas' strong healing salves and their equally strong poisons for some good prey. Foreigners are not welcome. Any visitor entering Felinea wanting to get out of there alive must first be introduced to the Ya Khai, the 'Deadly One', the name given to the strongest Ferua Head Huntress of the Pack. From that moment, the guests become 'property' of the Ferua who introduced them, who will have to answer for their behavior within the capital.

At each full moon, the Ferua gather in Felinea for the Great Hunt. Forget about seeing it: you will never find a sailor to take you there at such a time.

The Forest of Melvor

This large hill forest is famous because of a species of giant spiders living there, the silver aredea. The ground is full of pits and caves dug by both animals and monsters. The



forest stretches south of the Lakes of the Skull, and its pits and caves contribute to create the odd grotesque shape from which the lakes take their names.

They say that because of the aredee's territoriality, not all the plant species of the area have been properly analyzed and catalogued. This forest probably still hides many things any scholar and traveler more curious than wise might discover.

Grol

The Gromsh Capital

It is commonly thought that calling such a place a capital, likening it to shining examples of civilization, is definitely inapt: at most, it could be called a 'cluster of buildings'. Anything can come to life in the noisy and surreal landscape of Grol. Simple Soft-Dunes are quite common heaped -haphazardly mounds of sand the Gromsh use for many different purposes: from a bed for a much needed nap to a chair or a table, or even a simple pastime (more or less dangerous). Should you see a Gromsh standing completely still on a Soft-Dune, frowning and with wideopen eyes, do not ask him what he is doing, as he will answer, "Me Think now". The Gromsh's houses vary from a hole dug in the ground the night before because, "Remember not house, house this now", to the 'House of Koopash', abode of the powerful shaman, Nail Give Shout, made from

a jumble of huge koopash shells. In any case, in the entire capital, the whole population lacks any sense of 'personal property', which is why it is absolutely normal to wake up in the morning in someone else's hut and fall asleep at night somewhere else, probably in the company of another totally drunk Gromsh.

There are no proper inns here; at times, a fine brazier suddenly appears inside one of the largest buildings, and from that moment, many Gromsh start gathering there to roast meat, drink and have noisy fun. Only strictly personal items are seen as 'personal property' in Grol. Actually, a Gromsh will always carry anything that matters to him, never leave it anywhere and keep it safe, at least, until Chance decrees it.

In the center of Grol is the lopsided Sneezing Tower, an unlikely spire made of stone, metal and wood. which seems to collect the residues of energy emanating from the eruption of the nearby Breath of Gromsh at its top, only to recycle them as colored explosions, impromptu melodies and assorted lightning strikes. The Tower is also thought to be responsible for the absolutely random appearance of building materials or even buildings, ready to be demolished at the first festival or troubled vision. This continuous supply of materials and, at times, even food and drink, is seen by the Gromsh as a gift of Chance, and it is one of the few reasons... if not the only one...why the Gromsh tend to gather in Grol, something that goes



against all the Tribe's customs, and lessens the chances of survival in such a chaotic gathering. Their answer, of course is, "Chance wants it be."

irregular intervals, At each inhabitant of Grol has a Day-Eye vision: it is a sort of ritual in which every Gromsh leaves the city and goes to stand by the Chaotic Breath of Gromsh, where he opens his third eye. It goes without saying that it is impossible to give any logical interpretation to what happens next. Even if the city almost totally empties during this event, those fearless thieves who tried to gather some booty while the ceremony was taking place were sorely disappointed: Day-Eye is preceded by several lively feasts, at the end of which it is difficult to distinguish the very earth you walk on from the surrounding buildings.

Of course, there are no laws in Grol, but its inhabitants seem to have some regard for other people's safety, and besides the explosions (voluntary or not), the city is not too dangerous.

Kor'Maresh The Warlords' Capital

Rivalling in enormity even with Jandia, this huge city-fortress overlooks the Yerelb, Si-An's largest river. Although more than half its population is composed of Janahs, unlike their capital, the Warlords' city can count on the different specialties of each Tribe residing within its walls to perfect its military structure. The Rok'Nar take care of strengthening the walls, Whispling, and Ferua scouts man the numerous outposts in the nearby territories. Within the walls, Lumians and Janahs teach the new citizens how to use different kinds of weapons.

More than half the space available within the city is reserved for large training grounds, which include a long section of the river set aside for naval operations and training under adverse conditions. Kor'Maresh is perhaps the only city to have a naval fleet worthy of such a name. Most of this fleet is used only for moving large bodies of troops and for trade, but its sheer presence has often been enough to make more than one potential attacker desist.

Kor'Maresh has five different sets of walls, hosting, respectively, the harbor with the warehouses, the market and the inns, the outer barracks (for the guards), the inner barracks (the apartments for the officers from the rank of Major upward), and the Red Halls, almost inaccessible buildings where the highest echelons of the Warlords plan their tactics for the future. This city is thought to be the core of a dense intelligence network comprising Oscurians, who are very well paid to report any interesting news from the other continents. Of course, the city's military system does not leave much room for thieves and rascals of any kind, since virtually every single citizen is a well-trained guard at least.



Visitors and guests are carefully registered, checked over and settled within the two largest circles of walls. The access to the outer barracks is under strict control, and no foreigner can go beyond that point.

Kor'Maresh is always looking for adventurers mad enough to take part in the frequent expeditions toward Sit-Tabthi: joining the Warlords' men, and in exchange for a lavish reward to be paid only at the end of the mission, such adventurers are able to explore what could result in the perfect outpost for their aims.

Melvor

Melvor is a small seaside village, with a uniform population of Ferua, Menoosh and Rok'Nar; the latter can tolerate the proximity of the dreaded body of water, thanks only to the thick forest spreading for many miles behind the village. And it is this forest which gives the village its only edge when bartering with the external world: it is the famous Melvor web, spun by a particular species of giant spiders, the silver aredee, which can be found only in the Forest of Melvor. This village represents a unique example of the very satisfying results produced by synergy between different Tribes: the Rok'Nars watch over the forest and protect its inhabitants from outside interference. while the Feruas hunt the aredee and other creatures living in the forest or go fishing. As for the Menoosh,

they weave the spiders' web into wonderful iridescent tapestries or extremely fine fabric, as light as it is strong, of a peculiar shade of silver. A few Oscurians tried to settle here permanently, but the nearness of the Feruas, together with their attitude toward them, made them move on rather swiftly.

Mesa Atminas Memories Wood

A small wood covers the hills in Southern Si-An, and two villages, one of Whisplings and one of Rok'Nar, can be found at their feet. At the very center of the wood is Mesa Atminas, the core of the wood, where the Parvati Mina -the memory trees- grow undisturbed. Gnarled and twisted, but with an extremely smooth white bark and small pale-pink leaves, these trees are actually perceptive beings. The influence they exert on the Veil is huge: when an intruder comes into the wood, their thinner branches start to vibrate and the Parvati Mina wake up. They are not called the Memory Trees for nothing: slowly but relentlessly, they connect with the intruder's mind, stimulating it and feeding off the individual raw energy encompassing each person. Anyone entering the wood soon feels a sort of tingling at the back of his head. He then starts to remember trivial things that happened that same day, a process that continues, getting deeper and deeper as it goes back in time





in the subject's memories, until the victim is totally lost in his memories and past life. Present and past mingle in a chaotic tableau made of shards of life and memories, while the victim, now delirious, wanders through the wood without purpose until hunger and exhaustion kill him. Then, a new Parvati Mina grows on the back of the victim's head, feeding off the residual energy of his body. The process of absorbing the memories changes the trees themselves: from the original pale-pink color, the small almondshaped leaves get more and more shiny until they look like small peachcolored sources of light.

According to some legends, at the exact center of Mesa Atminas, there is a Garden of Life, where a First Generated of a forgotten Tribe was born. Since all Newly Generated have no memories of any kind, the Parvati Mina cannot feed off them and allow them to wander at will and leave the wood.

This, however, is not the only reason for Mesa Atminas' notoriety: the Memory Trees are also responsible for what is commonly called the Dero M'ashan, the wind of madness. Each Parvati Mina is connected to the others, with whom it shares the memories on which it fed. But when food becomes scarce and there are no unlucky victims inside the wood, the trees gather all their residual energies in their leaves until all the Mesa shines of a dull pink light. Suddenly, as if a strong wind is blowing, all the leaves detach themselves from the slender branches and leave the wood, vanishing beyond the crests of the hills.

The local Whispling and Rok'Nar Tribes tell fearful stories about the Dero M'ashan, describing it almost as a huge, shining being that envelops any living being and leaves behind an empty shell, an empty body that will soon die.

In fact, the magic energy of the Parvati, which concentrates inside each leaf, allows them to levitate and move together like a single mind, looking for energy and minds on which to feed. It is not known, exactly, how far the Dero M'ashan can travel and whether there is a limit to the quantity of memories it can devour, but there are rumors of a whole camp of Rok'Nars whose occupants were found lifeless and apparently dead from starvation, many miles away from Mesa Atminas. It seems, after this, some local villages started the practice of sacrificing a few of their members, taking them inside the wood to quench the Parvati Mina's hunger.

While the wind of madness is blowing, though, Mesa Atminas actually becomes a safer place than usual: deprived of their leaves, the Memory Trees cannot do any harm, and there are powerful Whisplings and Rok'Nars who take advantage of this to enter the wood and collect some Parvati wood, which is considered sacred and a potential source of huge magic powers. After soaking up enough energy and memories, the leaves return to the wood, as if carried effortlessly by an imperceptible wind. A warm pink light rises from the heights surrounding Mesa Atminas as the cloud of small leaves floods into the wood in a storm of light. A moment later, it is all over: the silence shrouds the wood, and the Parvati Mina, active again, wait for their next victim.

Although it is extremely difficult and rare to accomplish such a feat, it is said that whoever manages to collect a Parvati Mina leaf can access all the shared knowledge of the Memory Trees of Mesa Atminas. Such an immense archive of knowledge and magic power tempts many a reckless adventurer to run the risk of entering the wood, thus becoming food and fertilizer for more Memory Trees.

The Rijia Jungle

This extremely vast, luxuriant jungle occupies the northern part of the continent. It is the undisputed property of the animal kingdom, and it is, of course, perfect hunting territory for the Ferua, whose capital is not far away. Unique flora and fauna specimens can be found here, which too often leads merchants and adventurers to take their chances venturing into it. The only law existing in the Rijia Jungle is the same basic philosophy of the Feruas' Kami: the survival of the fittest is the rule.



The Varnha Desert

This huge desert covers the central part of Si-An. There, you often cross paths with solitary Senduar wandering with his koopash under the scorching sun; just as often, you can be woken up by a ground tremor announcing the slow and solemn arrival of Dunesia, the Senduar wandering capital, in all its dynamic beauty. There are few oases on this wavy, hot expanse of sand, but they provide respite for many people. Some travelers speak of having seen a Garden of Life in the very center of the desert, surrounded by a continuous violent sandstorm. Only a few among the eldest Senduar can walk through it without getting lost forever. In the Senduar language, Varnha means 'that which blows', probably referring to the northern part of the desert, where continuous sandstorms often push its borders further toward the Rijia Jungle. It was in this area that a large Menoosh caravan heading for Dunesia disappeared a few years ago, never to be seen again.

A traveler determined to face this labyrinth of sandy dunes and ready to spend more than one night there, must consider at the outset the eventuality of his rest being interrupted by a bihar. Few fools venture alone into these lands without ensuring they can take it in turns to guard the campsite.

Si-Neb

The Southern Continent

Si-Neb is the most inhospitable continent of Enascentia, where impassable mountains alternate with lands shrouded in thick veils of fog, marshes and mystic places where people get lost, never to be seen again. All this did not prevent the Rok'Nars from building their capital...and other Tribes from having a few mostly single-Tribe villages...there.

In these lands, the Newly Generated have very hard beginnings indeed, facing adverse weather and wild, often hungry, beasts. As if this were not enough, it seems the Faceless Ones' numbers are increasing on Si-Neb; perhaps they intend to take advantage of the harshness of the land and its sparse population to use Si-Neb as the most vulnerable starting point for their expansion.

The Fogfield

Almost always covered by a thick layer of fog, this wide plain once witnessed great battles. According to some Whispling legends, the Kami itself enshrouded it in permanent mists to prevent his sons from killing each other. Of course, each Tribe has a version of this legend, which varies a little according to the Tribe's nature. It is said that sleeping on that



plain induces the mind to wander away from the body, at times never to return.

According to the usual 'wellinformed' gossipers who would regale anyone who bought them a few mugs of watered-down beer with their precious pearls of wisdom, this fog is not a casual, albeit unusual, atmospheric phenomenon, nor would it be the work of one or more Kamis; its roots, instead, would have their origins in what a Lost Tribe did many centuries ago.

Although many exploration expeditions returned empty-handed —and a few never even came back between one beer mug and the other, the informants stubbornly maintain that a group of survivors from that Tribe still lives hidden in the fog covering that plain.

Fourth Dream

"So it happened that, while resting, the wise Sendorja had that vision again, and he saw it clearly; further west... they were almost there. He found himself strolling again on the long tree-lined avenue under the sweet light of the sun. He allowed himself a moment in which to breathe and let his eyes drink in the beauty before him. All around, marble and alabaster buildings seemed to steer him gently toward the large main plaza, where he finally saw it again: the White Obelisk. As he had done before, he approached. He remembered vaguely he had already been there but could not say when. It did not matter now, however. The Obelisk



towered above him, gathering the sunlight and embracing him with its brightness. Everything looked so familiar, so near. Sendorja closed his eyes and shed tears of joy. Everything was clear, now."

From "Lumian Chronicles" –III Period– Visions of the Kami, the building of Fourth Dream

This is most probably the story you will be told once you reach Fourth Dream, a Lumian city surrounded by gentle hills west of the Rocky Marshes. Even now, two and a half centuries after the city was built, no one can tell if the Master Healer's, Sendorja's, visions were sent by the Kami himself. Led by his prophetic dreams, Sendorja himself and about one hundred Lumians left the prosperous Luminia to embark on a journey. They traveled for three months, facing dangers at every stage, until less than fifty of the original group remained. By then, many were wondering if those prophetic dreams had not been the delusions of an insane mind, and there were fights, violence and anger. Sendorja himself experienced the smothering grip of doubt. Then, as if it had always been there waiting for them, as they crested a hill, they saw the Obelisk, a one-hundred-foothigh cylindrical column of the purest alabaster, smooth and bare. As they say, the rest is history. Fourth Dream was built around that recurring symbol dreamed by Sendorja, the mysterious white monolith that still stands in the middle of the city's main

plaza; not a dawn goes by without the Master Healer singing the Kami's praises, surrounded by his young healer apprentices. While looking deceptively bare, the White Obelisk has shown peculiar characteristics over the years --first and foremost the fact that it casts no shadow. As strange as it sounds, if you stand in front of the Obelisk, its mass will block the sunlight, but your shadow will be the only one visible on the ground, a phenomenon which seems to be related to the faint luminescence the Obelisk emanates at night. Moreover, the alabaster column vibrates imperceptibly, it is warm to the touch —even in the coldest winter nights— and as they approach, many Lumians hear some sort of distant melody coming from it. Of course, long months of study and research have been devoted to the attempt to confirm (or reject) the magic nature of the monolith, but it seems to be resistant to any kind of probing. The only discovery, made with the help of a few Rok'Nars, is that the Obelisk extends underground for a hundred and thirty feet, becoming progressively thinner until it ends in a point. Besides this, one of the few certain things about Fourth Dream is that the healers training there soon discover powers in themselves they never dreamed of possessing.



Mehara Mountains

According to recent studies, this volcanic mountain range was once joined to the Rallenok Mountains in the west. Unlike them, however, the Mehara Mountains still have many active volcanoes. In the northern part of the range, it is possible to find the highest number of phoenixes and percikan of all Enascentia and many bajarans as well. Legend has it that it was Janah himself who killed the oldest of those creatures among those peaks. The story of that legendary duel is passed down from one Janah to another, all over Enascentia. Of course, every year, many groups of hotheads belonging to that same Tribe come here to search for the cave where the epic fight is said to have taken place; of late, however, the number of those who never come back from that search is getting a little too high.

As the mountain range extends southward, ice and snow dominate, and local legends change as well, their main character being the notorious guriag, the huge inhabitant of those snowy highlands.

Nu'ROK The Rok'Nar Capital

In the depths of the Mehara Mountains, among steep slopes and inaccessible peaks, a huge opening presents itself in a wide rock face. It is not just a crater or the mouth of some volcano (which in any case would not develop vertically) but the mouth of a majestic cave. And if the entrance is huge, the interior is almost boundless.

Inside this vast natural cave, on the back wall facing the entrance, a huge Rok'Nar face is carved upside down in the rock: the chin is near the ceiling and the forehead against the floor. According to the Elders, nobody knows who made that sculpture, but the Rok'Nars saw it as an omen and built their capital there. What they actually did, however, was take possession of the place rather than build anything there because, being the good preservers they are, they did not alter a thing inside.

An interesting peculiarity of that place is that the cavern floor is made up of fertile soil, where plants and trees are able to grow, thanks to the scant daylight filtering through the crevices in the ceiling. Of course, should you ask any Rok'Nar about it, the only answer will be that it is a gift from the Mother to her favorite children. Due to those same imperfections in the structure of the rocky walls, rainwater filters through, pooling along the walls and then running in rivulets: tears of joy of the Kami that anybody wishing to may enjoy.

Rocky Marshes

This place must have been a rocky desert once, but the frequent rains and constant activity of the nirupas, who seem to have chosen this place to



reproduce there, have turned it into a foul marshland of standing water, scattered with huge slabs of rock covered with musk and mucilage.

Shiren

This majestic, black, stone castle surrounded by the Mehara Range peaks is partially in ruins and deserted; at least, this is the common belief. Some Rok'Nars, however, have reported they saw lightning strike its spires from time to time and gargoyles in full daylight, an event probably due to some flaw in the Veil rather than to the presence of people in the castle. The surrounding area is scattered with abandoned villages, castles and outposts worn down by time, which probably belonged to some forgotten race and have been ignored by the current Tribes, too disheartened by the hostile geographical nature of the area.

The Temple of Sennonga Where the Great Embrace takes place

In the depths of the forest of Kat'Maton, at the eastern end of the Mehara Range, is the Temple of Sennonga, sacred to the Rok'Nar Tribe. By the 'temple', which is actually a small cave lost among the





surrounding luxuriant vegetation, there is a small river whose pure waters run through the whole forest.

Not even the animals of the forest are immune to the feeling of awe and peace that seems to radiate from this place: even the most bloodthirsty wild animals are cautious and circumspect as they drink from the river, side by side with their prey. To the Rok'Nars most of all the local ones— Sennonga is a sacred and dangerous place. Many, once inside, were mesmerized by the mystical peace the place seems to radiate. Whoever established a contact with the Mother there, or even just tried to, ended up frozen in time with an ecstatic expression on his rocky face. It is useless to try to establish a contact with those who meet this peculiar fate or even to try and recover their bodies: the wise ones of the local Tribes call this state the Great Embrace, the extreme form of abandoning oneself to the Mother. This is why only the Rok'Nar are allowed to enter the Temple of Sennonga, and of them, only those who, after a long existence respecting the Mother in all her forms, trying to get a deeper understanding of Her workings, are allowed to try to become one with Her.

Thorny Grand Canyon

A perfect example of how inhospitable some places on Enascentia can be, this deep gorge was probably created by the frequent earthquakes typical of this area. Its sheer sides measure about two hundred and fifty yards high, while the canyon bottom is just sixty-five feet wide. If the frequent storms, landslides and torrential rains were not enough, the Canyon's surface is also covered with bushes of Horned Salimu, an invasive dry shrub (the only plant that can survive such hostile conditions), whose hard branches are covered with long thorns.

Sit-Tabthi

The Inland Continent

A dense cloak of mystery shrouds the Inner Archipelago; many are the ships that sailed toward Sit-Tabthi and its supposed treasures, but very few ever returned. Some of the dangers hiding in the waters of the Inner Archipelago are well known: kesul, ojomba, and wurnug are just three among the dreadful names you will hear should you ask a qualified informant what you can expect to find there. And even the most untrustworthy Oscurian will be telling the truth on this matter.

The reason for all this may probably be the high concentration of Lost Tribes in this area in ages past and the possibility that the few survivors have settled on this continent, from where they perpetuate a sort of resistance against the present inhabitants of Enascentia. According to others, this area is like a container for all the horrors created by the past



races and left there to rot or, worse, to multiply until they escaped any form of control. The truth is still unknown, however. The map itself of the continent, as the Senduar draw it, is just an approximation of how the central island and the surrounding archipelago must look like, based more on rumors than on the real experience of those who actually drew those maps. It is, however, almost totally out of the question that any of the present ten Tribes may have settled and developed a civilization there. The ships leaving for Sit-Tabthi do not carry only mad or greedy adventurers: at times, there are also delegations of the Elders of one Tribe or another, whose Kami called them through visions from other continents to send them there to greet...in this case, we should say protect...a Newly Generated.







Chapter 5 Tools of the Master

The last few days had been extremely profitable at the third barrier in the north on the Sijang Road. The Oscurian Guild representative had just finished distributing part of the day's income among the members of their unit while they were having their evening meal, when he saw the light of three lanterns. It was approaching quite rapidly, heading south.

He turned to his companion and fellow Tribesman, who was responsible for the southern side.

"Ill take care of that!" A somewhat redundant statement since he was in charge of the northern side, from which the travelers were approaching. He just wanted to stress his enthusiasm, even though it was suppertime. "You! Come with me." Grumbling, the Janah got up and grabbed some food from the trays, knowing there would be little left by the time he returned.

"I've reminded you four times this morning...I have a name!"

"And for the fourth time, I'm telling you no one cares. Damn, you never learn, do you?"

They got into position. The burning campsite fire should have been warning enough to any passerby, but to be on the safe side, they also took two lit torches with them.

The three wayfarers were in rather a hurry and halted their horses so suddenly, they reared up, barely managing to avoid trampling the barrier guards.

There was no need to look under the raised cowls of the cloaked travelers to recognize to which Tribe they belonged: the Oscurian was given away by her unmistakable short height, while the second lady of the group — who was stretched out comfortably bareback on her horse— was clearly recognizable by her spotted furry tail, typical of a Ferua. The only male in the group did not stand out so much for his virility as for his stylish silk robes, tailored by some skillful craftsman, one of many Kronoss artisans. The Guild representative could not help but be intrigued by the sight of a Scholar keeping company with a Felid.

"Well, well...good day to you, Masters. Did you have a pleasant journey?"

"We did, kind sirs, we did. Tell me, do you have a price list? We pay in kronlings." The Oscurian wasted no time in opening the negotiation, ignoring Aldwin, her long-limbed, dull, blue-skinned companion.

"It's a real pleasure to meet someone from time to time who still uses currency. Admittedly, it's used by a few Tribes, but..."

"I don't want to sound impolite, but we need to pay as soon as possible because we're late for the Ulien Ruthé festival...you know, in Kartali."

Faylya was running the claws of her right hand through her horse's mane, her legs firmly gripping its sides, while her left arm was leaning on its neck, her fingers spread wide and her claws ready to strike.

She was not as patient as Loctiss, but she was trying to give her the necessary time... which was a great effort for her, as usual.

"Ah, yes...well...of course, it's understandable," replied the Oscurian Guild representative. "It's just five kronlings for your safety and that of your cargo. You know how it is on this road..." A good way to silence an Oscurian was always to hand over double the amount of money they requested, which was already an exorbitant sum because they expected the other party to haggle over it. At that point, it was customary to include some information in the price.

Only if asked for, of course.

"Here. These are ten kronlings. It's always a pleasure to travel the Sijang Road."

The Oscurian knew that mentioning the trade road the Guild was so proud of would further grease the wheels. Then she dismounted; her behavior belied the haste she said they were in, and she drew closer to the other Oscurian. Together, they moved a few steps away from the others, lowering the tone of their voices. "Listen, could you do me a favor? Another group of friends should have passed through here before us, a few days ago. Among them was a Lumian wearing unmistakable red armor. Have you seen them, by any chance?" The Oscurian Guild representative understood immediately to whom she was referring: those detestable food suppliers. "Yes, of course I did. Actually, I saw them three days ago." At last they were getting the first proof they were on the right trail.

Loctiss put more kronlings into the informant's hand. In that moment, both Oscurians would have loved to express their joy, but they held back because they knew it might have compromised the negotiation.

"Do you remember if my friend had any companions?"

"Oh, yes, there was another Lumian with him, a female, and a Menoosh."

The Guild representative described both of them briefly, adding as many details as possible.

"Do you happen to know where they were going?"

"Let's see if I can remember." The only way to buy an Oscurian's memory was with cold, hard cash. Loctiss stared at the representative's hand, full of kronlings until he followed her gaze with his own and understood her silent message: in fact, twenty kronlings for a toll —that usually cost one tenth of that — and a few minor tips was an exorbitant price.

"They were going to Kartali for the Sojor Len'nhi."

"Okay. Anything else you can remember?"

"No, nothing else."

"Nothing at all?" Loctiss's small hand shook her money pouch, making it jingle.

"Well...they had some merchandise with them and were riding koopash, and ..."

"Nothing else of interest, then." Loctiss was not going to pay for such trifles. She mounted her horse and nodded to her companions.

"Thank you. Have a good day."

Setting Up One or More Sessions

The players have their sheets ready, the dice are on the table and the bennies ask to be used. So, where do we start? Enascentia is a big wide world, and there are so many narrative options at the master's disposal that they can cause some confusion at the beginning. The trick is to focus on the points you find more inspiring when applied to your playing style or more well-suited to the tastes of your players and then organize them following an appropriate order and in a suitable context.

Below are some questions that can help you jot down a basic plot, be it a one-evening adventure or a longer campaign.





Tools of the Master

If at this point you still feel confused and prefer to begin from pre-written scripts, there are twenty adventure hooks later in this chapter, divided by continent, suggested Rank and eventual Tribe and Way recommendations too. Another approach is to leaf through the manuals and concentrate on those aspects of the setting that have intrigued you the most. Are you fascinated by Kartali's festivals? Use them as the place in which to meet an unusual character or as the stage for an unusual event. Are you intrigued by the Servants of the Unknown? Have one of their caravans reach the city where the heroes are, or give the adventurers a reason to investigate a new magic substance the researchers are using. Or you can start directly from the Plot Point in chapter 6, developing the most interesting points that will surface from this game experience to use them as a basis for future game sessions.



Enascentia's Flavor

A session can be flavored with any element chosen by the master, but there the same aftertaste is always lingers in any Enascentia story: the choice of an individual path. The Genesis of an individual marks his starting point given by the Tribe to which he belongs and the geographic position of the Garden of Life in which he was generated. When they open their eyes for the first time, all members of the same race have a lot in common: physical characteristics, basic knowledge, character and a welldefined concept of Kami. However, those characteristics that define them as individuals —instead of an infinite succession of clones- are also immediately evident: individual attitudes, a propensity for specific physical activities, an aptitude for using the Veil and many other details (basically, all the choices made when creating the character sheet, besides the race). During his life, each character will come to a crossroads; he has to decide whether to remain in the society built by his Tribe, embracing its Kami in all its aspects or choose a different path. Two Ways in particular are the absolute representation of a choice made consciously, a decision that stresses the importance of full awareness when following a specific personal path: the Defenders of Free Will and the Faceless Ones. However, do not underestimate the results you can get from crosses between the available races and Ways. What

is the concept of justice of a Lumian Warlord? How altruistic can an Oscurian Follower of the Mosaic be?

Recreating the Flavor

The first part, which involves setting up a standard canon, is simplified by each Tribe's interpretative methods, which is quite easy to learn. As usual, the most delicate task is that of the master. It is up to him to build particular situations around the heroes, creating circumstances that call into question the initial plans of the different races and can either reaffirm the values offered by the personal view of the Kami or call them into question. You must explore each Tribe's characteristic, every detail of the Ways, let the heroes see all aspects of the world around them. Let them ask questions and let them play their answers as much as possible. How would the Whispling in your group behave if confronted with the fire set by Whispling himself during the First Elemental War? What would your Kronoss character do on discovering the secrets the Council of Khrone keeps carefully hidden?

The key of a good Enascentia story lies in applying the principle expressed in the chapter 'Enascentia's Origins': the Symbol a person received at the moment of his Genesis is not what determines who he is. It is his beliefs that will turn him toward one Kami or another, a faith that can be chosen even in a world convinced it is forced to adopt it.



Tools of the Master

Adventure Themes

Enascentia offers the Game Master an extremely wide range of choices when it comes to planning his adventures, be they single episodes or real long campaigns. Playing the Genesis, explaining the deeds of characters set against the background of a village's everyday life, following the adventures of someone who has chosen one of the Ways. These, and many others, are the possible alternatives. Let's examine them one by one, listing both the pros and cons and offering some advice on how to make the best of their possibilities.

Playing the Genesis

Performing one's character's first moments of life always brings about a deep identification with it for the players. It is a delicate phase, in which it is necessary to enlarge upon the details the individual has at his disposal at the moment of his



Genesis, but it is also a moment that, if well-developed, may enrich the game experience hugely.

Another aspect to consider is how hard it is to blend all this with a dynamic and highly interactive part in the first few hours of play. For most Tribes, this is a moment of learning and training, in which the Newly Generated listens to the Elders as they introduce him to the path their Kami has pre-ordained for them. Some players may like the detailed descriptions in which the Game Master has to indulge. Just remember, however, that other players might not like the lack of action, or worse, resent that they are not the protagonists of the described scene.

Let's see now the most common ways to play the Genesis.

Cach Player's Single Genesis

This narrative ploy allows different characters to be the focus of the action in turn, thus giving each player a greater opportunity to describe his character's reactions, thoughts and interactions with the Elders during their first meeting. It also means they can tell a thoroughly plausible story, following the usual routine in which each individual is usually generated by himself and is greeted by at least one Elder and a group of people belonging to his Tribe. It is what we recommend in protracted and longterm campaigns, provided that it is possible and that there is enough time to do it.

Pros: It is a good way to start a campaign. It increases the number of interpretative ideas and allows a more detailed narration. Moreover, among all the Genesis options, this is the one best suited to describe characters created as normal people, not subject to omens of doom or redemption, as is the case with characters sharing a Multiple Genesis.

Cons: Not always easy to organize, single Geneses require more willingness on the parts of the players and, most importantly, of the Game Master.

Suggestions: Adhere as much as possible to the Genesis information in the descriptions of each Tribe.

Multiple Genesis of

Members of the Same Tribe

The arrival of more than one individual to the same Garden of Life is in itself a rare event, although belonging to the same Tribe makes it somewhat less unusual. Similar episodes have already occurred in the past, and the Elders prepare ahead of time to welcome more than one Newly Generated in a single trip, never knowing if there will be just one or more.

The Game Master must adopt the same approach to help the players immerse themselves in the setting, but there are fewer opportunities for a single player to get into character.

Pros: This approach allows the players to enact the exciting moment of the Genesis and their settling in at the village, as well as to experience the



Tools of the Master

growth of their own characters and the development of their interactions with the other members of the group. **Cons:** It forces all the players to choose the same Tribe, leaving no opportunity for variety and carries the risk of weakening the interpretation a little because it will, inevitably, be more or less the same for everyone.

Suggestions: While following the information that describes the relevant Tribe as much as possible, it is advisable for the Game Master to have a pretext for making the players interact —for example, a fight to the first blood to test their personal skills. The possible variations depend largely on the Tribe to which the characters belong.

Multiple Genesis of Members of Different Tribes

The most bizarre and unusual among the Genesis options offered here, it is also the most suitable for recounting the deeds of a group of Heroes. Such a Genesis is a real anomaly. Some see it as an ill omen, and others see the newcomers as heralds of hope. According to legend, when the equilibrium between the existing Tribes was on the verge of becoming unbalanced, in past Eras, mixed Geneses became more frequent.

The Elders have no way of knowing beforehand if the Genesis will be single or multiple —even if they always tend to presume it will be single— and they do not know if a multiple Genesis will involve other Tribes. Such doubts gain substance as

the Elders reach the Garden of Life. If there are other delegations present, the meeting almost always happens before the actual Genesis takes place. In such situations, it is usual to reach an agreement: each delegation will admit only the same number of members as those in the smaller party to witness the event to avoid any confusion for the Newly Generated or gaps in their education. The presence of a Gromsh, who is usually alone and not always inclined to be present at the event, always causes an argument. While the reason for this is unknown, it is certain this kind of event often also attracts the Faceless Ones.

Pros: This approach does not require single sessions, leaves the players free to choose their own characters and allows the Game Master to connect other plots suitable for epic narration to the event. Perfect for *one-shot* sessions, this kind of Genesis is the most suitable for an infiltration or attack by the Faceless Ones.

Cons: The peculiarity of the Genesis gets lost a little because of the need to concentrate on its anomaly. This may confuse players who do not know the setting too well because of the large amount of information, at times even contradictory, given to them at the very beginning of the game.

Suggestions: Exploit as much as possible the game ideas supplied above: the presence of the Faceless Ones, the fear generated by the legends, great hopes for those whose fate is destined, etc.



Post-Genesis Games

character that was Playing a generated some time before and has, therefore, acquired some experience unavoidably clears the way for a feature characteristic to most settings: the development of a background. Lazy players or those who cannot spend as much time as they would like playing usually turn their noses up at this, but developing a background is a wonderful opportunity to elaborate on the personal story and the past of one's hero, giving the player further interpretational ideas and the Game Master possible narrative connections.

This kind of approach could be advisable to help the players familiarize themselves with the setting and the mechanics generated by the interactions of Ways and Tribes. They then later experience the first discoveries associated with a world whose peculiarity has already been experienced, thus partially demolishing those habits to which we have inevitably become accustomed (with regard to family, money, children, etc.)

Let us now have a look at the most common ways to play the Post-Genesis.

Members of the same Tribe

What group could be more close-knit than one in which the members all belong to the same Tribe and better still if they come all from the same village? It is an extremely plausible group from the interpretative point of view and can face a variety of missions, from a routine level to the most unusual adventures generated by circumstance: from a pack of hunting Feruas to a group of Janahs, who return to their village only to find it destroyed, so they swear to seek revenge...just to give a couple of examples.

If you want to play as a close-knit group from the start, to be united by the common devotion to the same Kami is the right step in that direction...provided it is not a group of Oscurians or worse, of Gromsh, of course.

Pros: The group is close-knit from the very beginning, needs few explanations and allows for playing some scenarios typical of life in Enascentia.

Cons: It obviously limits the view of the world available to them because it concentrates on a single view and sharing of the Kami. It also forces all the characters to belong to the same Tribe, with the same consequences as those when dealing with a similar kind of Genesis.

Suggestions: If it is a group that usually plays together, it might be interesting to run short independent campaigns, dealing with a different Tribe each time. Or you can try impersonating characters belonging to the two Tribes mentioned above, in which case the result of collaboration between several elements is anything but predictable.



Tools of the Master

Followers of the same Way Perhaps the most used —and most advisable— approach is for the players to belong to the same Way because this offers advantages similar to those as belonging to the same Tribe: a close-knit group from the very beginning, specific dynamics linked to a certain lifestyle, etc.

While a prolonged campaign leaves the way open for any option, a single session often takes advantage of this alternative. In fact, it dispenses with the need to explain how the characters met, an aspect of the game that is undoubtedly fascinating but not suited to a limited number of playing hours. It also lessens the chances of any conflict between group members who are therefore incentivized to cooperate and make progress in the actual adventure. In short, it is a valuable union between the stability of the previous option and the variety of the one following.

Pros: This is more or less the same offered by the 'same Tribe' option, with the added possibility of varying the interpretative options by introducing several different views of the Kami.

Cons: Each Way is rather specific in its intent and will be interested in more or less the same subjects, with the risk of becoming repetitive over time. Moreover, all the players must agree on the Way they choose or make the best of playing the Way chosen by the Game Master. Suggestions: The Game Master must choose a Way that best suits the Tribes chosen by the players, or conversely, the players should opt for Tribes suited to the Way selected by the Game Master. It is advisable to include anomalous elements that can turn experiences apparently similar to each other —such as searching for enchanted objects or Lost Tribes into a new and interesting experience.

The Random Group

This is actually a double option: it contains the narration of the recruitment of each character for a specific mission and details of how the different characters get to know each other during the first game session. The first case involves the same themes we have already seen when dealing with each player's 'single Genesis'. The difference is that the character now has a background and is therefore personally motivated for an unforeseen alliance with other subjects. In the second case, there is still the question of each character's individual history, but less care is taken with the initial recruitment. There is, therefore, a risk of not being able to find suitable ploys for all the Tribes (and perhaps even all the Ways) involved. Getting to meet one's future companions in an inn, sharing a beer, is a rather common situation in other settings. Here, at least, you can be sure you will not be hired by an old, bearded, apparently harmless man. At most, he will be bearded and apparently harmless.


In both cases, however, the Game Master must study the heroes' features to involve all of them in the same measure in the mission or adventure. Both options are ill-suited for *oneshot* sessions, when introducing each member would use up a good portion of the time available to each player.

Pros: It offers the highest level of variety and freedom in the choice of a Tribe, a Way and assorted specializations.

Cons: It is not always easy to put together convincingly individuals quite different from each other. They must have strong motivation and an extremely accomplished background; ill-suited to *one-shot* sessions.

Suggestions: Choose subjects vast enough to be of interest to a good many Tribes and Ways. Plan the group's composition beforehand, depending on the story or vice versa.



Tools of the Master

Adventure Hooks

This section introduces a series of adventure hooks, for those times in which you need some quick-to-grab inspiration. These hooks are ordered by Tribe, following the Royal Races' lore presented on Enascentia Player's Guide (EPG).

Ferua

Landing on Last Challenge

Place: Last Challenge Island, north of Dejama.

Prequel: The characters' ship is shipwrecked on an unknown shore. This is the beginning of a mad fight for survival between the survivors and the madness of the island.

Rank: Veteran and upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: Feruas of any race, wild beasts belonging to mild/hot habitats, castaways already on the island. Reference: EPG, p. 269.

Among the Ruins of Areida

Place: Areida, on the eastern coast of Si-An.

Prequel: Intrigued by the stories he heard about the cursed ruins of Areida, an Ashen Face goes to live among them to fuel the already existing legends. The heroes are sent there either to recover some object, or to investigate on the escalation of strange phenomena in the cursed city. Rank: From Veteran Upward Tribe/Way: Any

Opponents: Ashen Faces, bihars Reference: EPG, p. 276.

Gromsh

I Say This Kartali

Place: A quiet village on the west coast of Dejama.

Prequel: A large number of Gromsh begins to arrive in the small village occupied by the adventurers. Convinced that they have finally reached Kartali, the Gromsh want to party. The village authorities do not know how to manage the hordes of new arrivals and ask for the adventurers' help, who will have to persuade the Gromsh to leave the village by any means necessary. Rank: From Novice upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: Gromsh of any kind. Reference: EPG, p. 218.

I Odd Fishing Today

Place: Northern reaches of Si-Neb. Prelude: Uh-Oh-But recovers an ancient object from a wreck and the PCs must take it away from him by whatever means they deem appropriate.

Rank: From Novice upward. Tribe/Way: Any. **Opponents:** Uh-Oh-But. Reference: EPG, p. 59.



Janah

Triglav's Army

Place: A mixed village in Artanty. **Prequel:** One night, a group of Janahs arrives at the village inn to recruit any adventurer who wants to join Triglav's army. As the heroes are particularly skilled, the Janahs insist on recruiting them, and after drinking one beer too many, they let slip a small detail: they are there now to recruit people but will return the following day to sack the village in order to finance the recruitment.

Rank: From Novice upward. Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: Recruiters, mercenaries, or people of the village, depending on how the characters decide to play. **Reference:** *EPG*, p. 76.

Toward Sit-Tabthi

Place: Cape of the Eagle, Si-Neb.

Prequel: Dundra discovers that a merchant ship is leaving for Sit-Tabthi, but she has already used up all her daily opportunities to Abandon herself to Determination. She therefore orders the merchants to set sail the next day and, since none of them feels up to her challenge, to find a champion. The 'merchants', who can be anything from poachers to madmen heading to their death, try to hire the PCs as their champions. If they agree, they will have a day to investigate the true nature of those who hired them.

Rank: From Seasoned upward.

Tribe/Way: Any. Opponents: Dundra or the 'merchants'. Reference: *EPG*, p. 78.

Kronoss

Time Prison

Place: A small flying fortress in Artanty

Prequel: The characters dock at the fortress on a flying ship. While at the fortress they discover it is held in the air by a Whispling, a prisoner in its dungeons, forced to repeat the same actions endlessly within a time prison.

Rank: From Veteran upward.

Tribe/Way: Any. It is advisable to have at least one Whispling.

Opponents: The Kronoss in the fortress.

Reference: EPG, p. 97.

A Free Choice

Place: Si-Neb.

Prequel: The characters are hired to take part in an expedition to a nearby Ferua village (Janahs or Lumians would also do), where the Newly Generated are forced to set aside their existential doubts and follow the will of their Kami. Tiresia will escort the heroes there, and their task will be to save the Newly Generated who want to follow them and to prevent others from incurring the same fate in the future, at the cost of a few lives, if necessary.

Rank: From Seasoned upward.



Tools of the Master

Tribe/Way: Defenders of Free Will. **Opponents:** The village Elders and those they have already led hopelessly astray.

Reference: EPG, p. 99.

Lumian

Under Investigation

Place: Dejama.

Prequel: The heroes spend a night with a group of Keepers of the True Light in a way station on the Sijang Road. During the night, there are screams and noises, and the Lumians prevent anyone from leaving. There has been a murder, and they are all under investigation.

Rank: From Novice upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: The real killers or the Keepers of the True Light, depending on the plot.

Reference: EPG, p. 116.

Omens

Place: Varnha Desert, Si-An

Prequel: The adventurers are part of an expedition in the Varnha Desert, headed toward the oasis of Nesuit to consult Priscilla, the Lumian seer. During a sandstorm they are separated from their companions and lose their bearings completely.

Rank: From Novice upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: Bihar, hurit, karisu, lahan.

Reference: EPG, p. 116.

Menoosh

Face to Face with

the Gracious Collectors

Place: Strait between Artanty and Si-An.

Prequel: In Artanty, the adventurers are hired by a group of merchants who want to cross the Lakes of the Skull safely and reach the hinterland of Si-An. While sailing, they are approached by a ship belonging to the Confederation of Free Trade. They seem to be in need of help, but once on board, the Gracious Collectors reveal themselves.

Rank: From Seasoned upward. Tribe/Way: Any. Opponents: Gracious Collectors. Reference: *EPG*, p. 136.

The Oblivion Dagger

Place: Vesoelm, Dejama

Prequel: The heroes hear rumors of which a dagger made of Oblivion will be sold at the auction house in Vesoelm. They must recover it at all costs and investigate a potential buyer. **Rank:** From Veteran upward.

Tribe/Way: Inquisitors of the Blazing Arrow, Faceless Ones.

Opponents: Potential buyers or Red Bands, depending on how the plot develops.

Reference: EPG, p. 135.



Oscurian

The Great Joke

Place: A small mixed village in Dejama.

Prequel: The heroes are in the tavern of the village when a victim of the Scarlet Vengeance bursts in, seeking help. Upon seeing him, everyone runs away, and it is soon discovered he is not the only one affected. It is actually a group of Oscurians, who frighten the inhabitants of small villages to make them run away and then sack the empty houses. If the players run away with the villagers, they hire them to recover their most precious possessions. If they discover the Great Joke, this may be the beginning of a campaign in which the characters are targeted by the Oscurians, determined that the information should remain secret

Rank: From Novice upward. Tribe/Way: Any. Opponents: The Oscurian group. Reference: *EPG*, p. 153.

Tracking the Mysterious Bard Place: Some taverns in Dejama.

Prequel: The adventurers reach an inn where Kishe has recently performed. The patrons look confused, they remember very little, and their belongings have been stolen. One of them remembers tales of other similar events he heard from other innkeepers to the south, who could never find the culprit or remember clearly what happened. As they head north, the heroes meet Kirshe and the Composer of Lies, and they can either capture him or fall prey to his music. **Rank:** From Seasoned upward. **Tribe/Way:** Any. **Opponents:** Kishe. **Reference:** *EPG*, p. 153.

Rok'nar

Among the Ruins of the Flying Fortress

Place: Kronoss flying fortress, between the Lakes of the Skull and the Rijia jungle, in Si-An

Prequel: The Guild has learned that many treasures hoarded by a group of now-vanished bandits is hidden in the bowels of a flying fortress that crashed in the north of Si-An. Sound informants guarantee that the treasures are still there, now watched by the wild beasts who have turned the fortress into their lair. The adventurers are hired to turn that information into actual riches.

Rank: From Veteran upward.

Tribe/Way: In good relationship with/belonging to the Guild of Free Trade.

Opponents: Karisu, meburuusas, qelewar, ravelkan; eventual surviving bandits or treasure hunters.

Reference: EPG, p. 174.

The Missing Tile

Place: Thorny Grand Canyon, Si-Neb. **Prequel:** In Si-Neb, the Followers of the Mosaic learn about the existence of Faybelle and want to gather more



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information about her origins and her Kami. The adventurers end up in the right place at the right moment and are sent to look for her and try to start a conversation with her. Unfortunately, the Thorny Grand Canyon is not easy to cross and Faybelle has no intention of letting them find her.

Rank: From Seasoned upward. Tribe/Way: Followers of the Mosaic.

Opponents: Cutrus, pembur, percikan; if threatened, Faybelle herself.

Reference: EPG, p. 175.

Senduar

The Epitaph

Place: Artanty glaciers.

Prequel: A Menoosh scholar becomes very interested in Inle's studies, most of all in his successes with the leoxam. He decides he wants to see the animal turned into stone in person to better study it, because he is convinced he will find an encrypted epitaph on the statue. He finds a Senduar guide who agrees to take him there and tries to hire the adventurers to escort him during the journey.

Rank: from Novice upward. Tribe/Way: Any. Opponents: Leoxam, electric urat Reference: *EPG*, p. 191.

In the Ravelkan's Web

Place: Rocky Marshes, Si-Neb. Prequel: While crossing the Rocky Marshes, the adventurers hear the desperate cries for help from a

Kronoss. He carries a Mnemonic Gem on his forehead and begs the heroes to help him save Yewa, his Senduar traveling companion, paralyzed by a ravelkan's poison and fated to become his next meal. Panicstricken, the Kronoss tries to explain the importance each of them has for the other's survival: both Mnemonic Gems carriers marked by the Faceless Ones, they take turns at sleeping and are always on the move on the back of a koopash to keep their distance from other gem carriers. If the players manage to save Yewa, the two gem carriers ask to be escorted out of the dangerous Rocky Marshes to carry on their endless flight.

Rank: From Novice upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: 3-5 ravelkans; after saving Yewa, the heroes can meet any of the following: cutrus, nirupas, gray oshos, red oshos, ravelkans. **Reference:** *EPG*, p. 194.

Whispling

Cutrus at the Door

Place: A Whispling village among the Peaks of the Moon, in Artanty

Prequel: The adventurers reach a Whispling village where there has just been a battle against some cutrus coming from the valley. A lookout tells them they just received a request for help from another village on the opposite side of the mountain, half a day from them on foot. Messengers have already been sent to the east in



search of reinforcements, but they will never return in time, and the few men still defending the walls cannot leave their post. The villagers ask the heroes help. If they accept, they are told they can use the gear belonging to the Whisplings who died in the battle. The heroes can thus find two Gelid weapons (LI 1), one Icy Blow (LI 3), and 2d4 parchments with offensive spells (Bolt, Burst, Blast, etc.) with Cold/Ice Trappings, all necessary tools to counteract the cutrus natural regenerative powers (one successful suitable Knowledge roll). On the other side of the mountain, there is a last Whispling garrison waiting for them, entrenched on the highest tower from which it tries to contain the assault of the enemies surrounding their post. Rank: From Novice upward. Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: 5d4 cutru extras, 1d4 cutru Wild Cards. **Reference:** *EPG*, p. 210.

The Unsuccessful Curfew

Place: Cridara, Si-An

Prequel: during the night, the adventurers arrive in the vicinity of the city and hear the dulled sound of the city's huge horns. Caught by the city guards, the heroes are reprimanded for violating the curfew in force in Cridara. After explaining the situation, the guards escort the heroes to an inn, where they can lodge for the night. Each character's shadow now hosts a Joisham (see p. 184), carried there by the magic notes of the horns, and soon as they hear the first interesting tales- those magic creatures try to possess them. The weapon merchant currently in the city could provide the adventurers with some magic weapons should they realize the only way to defeat the joishams is by using the Veil. Rank: from Novice upward.

Tribe/Way: Any.

Opponents: A joisham for each character **Reference:** *EPG*, p. 213.

Rank	Adventure	Place	Tribe-Way	Opponents	Page
From Novice Upward	Cutrus at the Door	Artanty	Any	Cutrus	218
From Novice Upward	The Unsuccessful Curfew	Si-An, Cridara	Any	Joisham	213
From Novice Upward	Under Investigation	Dejama	Any	Killers, Lumians	116
From Novice Upward	I Say This Kartali	Dejama	Any	Gromsh	57
From Novice Upward	I Odd Fishing Today	Si-Neb	Any	Uh-Oh-But	59
From Novice Upward	The Great Joke	Dejama	Any	Oscurians	153



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Rank	Adventure	Place	Tribe-Way	Opponents	Page
From Novice Upward	The Epitaph	Artanty	Any	Leoxams, electric urats	191
From Novice Upward	Triglav's Army	Artanty	Any	Janahs, citizens	76
From Novice Upward	In the Ravelkan's Web	Si-Neb, Rocky Marshes	Any	Cutrus, nirupas, gray oshos, red oshos, ravelkans	194
From Novice Upward	Omens	Si-An, Varnha Desert	Any	Bihars, hurits, karisus, lahans	116
From Seasoned Upward	Face to Face with the Gracious Collectors	Between Artanty and Si-An	Any	Gracious Collectors	136
From Seasoned Upward	The Missing Tile	Si-Neb, Thorny Grand Canyon	Followers of the Mosaic	Cutrus, pemburs, percikans, Faybelle	175
From Seasoned Upward	Tracking the Mysterious Bard	Dejama	Any	Kishe	153
From Seasoned Upward	A Free Choice	Si-Neb	Defenders of Free Will	Feruas, Newly Generated	99
From Seasoned Upward	Toward Sit-Tabthi	Si-Neb, Cape of the Eagle	Any	Dundra, merchants	78
From Veteran Upward	Landing on Last Challenge	Dejama, Last Challenge	Any	Feruas, wild beasts, castaways	40
From Veteran Upward	Among the Ruins of the Flying Fortress	Si-An	Guild of Free Trade	Karisus, mebuurusa, qelewars, ravelkans, bandits	42
From Veteran Upward	Time Prison	Artanty	Whispling	Kronoss	97
From Veteran Upward	The Oblivion Dagger	Dejama, Vesoelm	Inquisitors of the Blazing Arrow, Faceless Ones	Buyers, Red Bands	135
From Veteran Upward	Among the Ruins of Areida	Si-An, Areida	Any	Ashen Faces, bihars	174



Identifying a Magical Object

Upon finding a magical object, the characters may recognize its magical qualities by some evident visual effects or the kind of power it uses, most of all if it is always active. But at other times, however, the enchantments held within the object are activated only when it is used, and the final results are not always evident. An adventurer with the Knowledge (arcane) skill can resort to it to see if his knowledge of magic is up to understanding the object a little better. Besides the initial check, made when the object is found, its study may take up to three days. Each day of study, the hero trying to identify the object can make a Knowledge (arcane) roll, and the total sum of his successes and raises since he began the study will give the results listed on the table in the opposite page.

After three days of analysis, the results obtained are to be considered final, be they positive or negative. Should they be negative, it simply means the enchantment was too complex for the character's knowledge level. In the same way, a critical failure during one of the daily attempts brings them to a halt.

Detect/Conceal Arcana

The description of this enchantment, given in the Savage Worlds core rules, shows that it allows a character to sense supernatural persons, objects or effects within sight. In Enascentia, the nature of magical objects is far from common, and the rules listed above show clearly how difficult it is to ascertain the effective powers of a given artefact. Therefore, we advise that you should give this enchantment only the power to locate magical objects without including a description of their effects. To be able to understand them, it is necessary to identify them according to the previously explained rules.

As usual, it is the master who has the last word on the subject.



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Successes Raises	Result
1	The nature of the object, be it magical or not, is ascertained without doubt.
2	The presence or absence of all LE 1 powers is identified. It is possible to gather some information on the nature of other eventual LE 2 powers.
3	It is possible to identify all LE2 powers, or their absence, and gather some information on the nature of eventual LE 3 powers.
4	It is possible to identify a LE3 power or its absence and gather some information on the nature of eventual LE 4-5 powers.
5	It is possible to identify a LE 4-5 power.



Chapter 6 Adventures

"Up uminia demands to know your name." The rider checked his horse with a sharp pull on the reins. "I gave up my name when I gave up what I was." The two guards exchanged a glance filled with uncertainty. The rider looked like a Lumian, but

it was difficult to tell at that distance. Besides, his armor was so dark —not the usual silver color. "Luminia demands your name. Say it, or let your wanderings take you elsewhere."

"Would you deny shelter to a traveler just because he doesn't feel worthy of the name he carries?" The wayfarer then dismounted his horse with considerable effort, pressing his hand against his abdomen as he hit the ground, his head bowed to hide the pain. "Luminia has changed."

"The capital has its laws, as do its people. Identify yourself at its doors to let people know how to address you when you are among them." Steinar's words were precise and efficient, just like the sword slashes that had earned him his present position at the tournament held on a sun-drenched afternoon a year earlier.

"I'm not demanding just any shelter, nor is it my wish to mingle with your people. Just let me get to a cell on this dark, stormy night, and no one will ever have to address me." The newcomer had raised his free hand as a gesture of surrender, still pressing the other one to his abdomen, clearly wounded. As he spoke, he took a few slow steps toward the guards.

"Do not come any nearer, or we'll have to follow protocol."

"And what is the protocol for a member of your own Tribe, unarmed and wounded, intent on ignoring the warning given to him? Nothing more than a stint behind bars, I suppose, which is exactly what I seek."

"Hang on, Demien! Where do you think you're going? The protocol..." Ignoring his companion's call, fading away in the distance, Demien slipped hurriedly between his two comrades-at-arms on guard duty. Now that he was nearer, he could distinguish the Visitor clearly: white hair and extremely fair skin mostly covered by scarlet armor. The two-handed sword fastened to the stranger's back spoke of a period of duty in Luminia itself.

"We won't stop you by force or cite the laws you already know. Your own honor will prevent you, the very code that binds each inhabitant of Luminia, past or present, to respect the will of those charged with its defense."

At those words, the Visitor slowed down and took some time to study the newcomer until he came to a standstill, as he had been asked to do.

"You're forcing me to resort to an expedient I didn't want to use." The Visitor reached for his sword's hilt, firstly with his right hand to undo the straps and then with the left to hold it firmly. The guards raised their weapons and ordered him to drop his sword. All but Demien.

"You won't attack us. It's not in your nature to do so," he said. Perhaps it was a rather rushed judgement, considering he had just met the stranger, but since the Visitor was a white-haired, fairskinned Lumian — a Pure One, as they were called — there was very little margin for error. "You're right. I'd never make an attempt on your lives, but I will on mine." As he spoke, he reversed his weapon with one fluid motion, its blade now pointing to his own throat.

"You won't do that, either. You know only too well that any life, and above all one's own, is sacred to our Kami and his worshippers."

"I know it well. For the same reason, I also know that whoever makes an attempt on his own or others' wellbeing within the walls of Luminia must be locked up in the city prison for as long as he presents a threat."

As he opened his mouth to reply, the Twenty-sixth among the Numbers Twenty-six instinctively looked down at the ground under the Visitor's feet. He had crossed the threshold of the drawbridge and, although only by a few inches, he was now within the city limits.

"You were right. It is a deplorable ploy."

"I fully agree. On the other hand, it was also the safer one, and my determination is unshakeable." The Visitor let the sword slide back into its scabbard and extended his wrists. Pulling out his manacles, Demien stepped forward.

"Hold on, what are you doing? Are you really going to indulge him?"

"He's right. He quoted our rules accurately. We have to do it."

As his companions stood silently by, Demien did his duty and locked the cold metal manacles around the Pure One's wrists, as he had been instructed.

"I'm in your debt. You made the right choice."

"You owe me nothing. Your debt is with the one who decreed our laws. With him and you because of your perfect knowledge of them."

No more words were spoken that night. They were unnecessary. They walked through Luminia's main street that went from one end of the city to the other, crossing its perpendicular twin midway. Along the way, people gathered at the sides of the street to watch the little procession go from the gates to the military districts, where the prison was located. There, the guards, already alerted by Ragnhild, took the unknown rider into their custody.

In the depths of the dungeons, out of the civilians' view, the foreigner was stripped of his weapon and armor under the astonished gaze of the guards whose shift had just ended. The Visitor's armor was not scarlet red as they had all believed: it was regular chromius armor, but it was lined with sharp metal points that sank into flesh and ripped it to drain the wearer of his blood and drink it.

Luminia's citizens were too tactful to comment about that nighttime incident, a legend that would have been handed down for centuries by any other culture but theirs. The people soon forgot about the event. Only the Twenty-third Division —because of its role as jailers — still took a partial interest in it. They and Demien, who since that night continued to wonder about the identity of the mysterious foreigner, why he wore that odd armor and what he might have done to speak such harsh words about himself.

THE AWAKENING Plot Point Campaign

The following Plot Point has been developed with the intention of helping the master and players to plunge straight into Enascentia's setting. Therefore, it includes as many different elements as possible, and the different acts will lead the characters to take part in key events in the fate of some specific Tribes.

The players can choose to play their favorite character, but they will not belong to any Way. However, they can decide to join one of them during their adventures, since this is, after all, their intention from the start. Speaking of which, we encourage the master to alternate the single acts of this Plot with other adventures —that can be independent from the main story- particularly if focused on the choices made during the previous game sessions. The Plot Point is made for a group of 3 to 5 players, Novice Rank, but carefully adapted, it can be used for other groups too.

The Awakening is about the development of the Kronoss-Whispling alliance, and throws some light on the mysteries hidden in that agreement. If, when reading the Plot Point, you should find that some details are missing, all you need to know is in the paragraph entitled 'Royal Races: Whispling', on *Enascentia Player's Guide* p. 202.

Act I The Journey

Each character comes from his own Tribe's village in Artanty, where he completed his training —begun in the Garden of Life under the guidance of the Elders— and was declared worthy of making his own choices with no need of further help from the Elders. Or, more simply, the character may have been generated as a Gromsh and therefore free from all this. Each of them decides to go to Legis, the renowned meeting point of all five Ways, to evaluate the possibility of joining one of them. Since Legis is a rather unique city, reachable only from the sky, all the characters head for the nearest aerial dock. To enter Legis, it is usually necessary to prove you belong to a Way or have a permit to access the district you wish to visit, but on the sixth month of the year, every district opens its doors to all visitors. So on the fifth day of the sixth month, our heroes reach Noriall, one of the first villages at the foot of the Peaks of the Moon, in the area where the paths are not yet too steep. Noriall is quiet and inhabited by members of all Tribes and is where the geological structure of the surrounding cliffs is used as docks for the flying ships, which are secured below the numerous rocky spurs to facilitate the most difficult maneuver a Whispling captain has to face: take-off. The dock is an assembly of wooden beams, firmly fastened to the rock face, and it can be reached through a series of



suspended walkways along the side of the cliff. It is clear that whoever braves that climb does it with a specific aim, as do our heroes, who find themselves there, together, for the first time.

While waiting for the crew to board -three Whispling busy with the manoeuvers preceding take-off- the players have time to describe their arrival along the wobbly walkway, dwelling on a detailed description of their physical appearance. After the usual introductions, they are joined by three more passengers: a Menoosh with a stylish hairstyle and two Feruas, both wearing light leather corselets. They are introduced as a well-known merchant of spices, Tabaldak, and his two bodyguards. When everything is ready, they are all allowed to board, one at a time and are greeted personally by the captain, Andhaka, who has just come to the bridge.

Each flying ship has two bridges. The upper one is reserved for the crew and confident passengers who disregard safety measures. The lower one is more important because it connects the cabins to the control area -an intersection of narrow metal platforms that work as hypothetical diameters, perpendicular to the round hole under the bow of the ship where the navigation sails are stored. The Whisplings hoist or lower the sails, depending on their route and navigation speed. The ship has three cabins -two for the passengers and one for the four crew members- a hold, a pantry and a latrine.



Playing a Rok'Nar in The Awakening

The Rok'Nars are the only Tribe who could create some difficulties throughout the Plot Point because they would be forced into what would appear to them as a lifetime's worth of aerial journeys — more than they can stand— and in general would be forced to face situations that contrast with the preconceptions infusing their culture. Should a player still insist on choosing this Tribe, we recommend that he and the master should agree on a background in which the character is already inclined toward two of the five Ways —either the Defenders of Free Will or the Followers of the Mosaic— and is traveling to Legis to learn about them only. This would give the character a higher tolerance level toward those the Rok'Nars usually see as enemies of their race and would make the whole situation far more manageable.



The characters will be asked to choose a bunk in one of the two cabins, each of which has two bunk beds and a cot, giving a total of five beds each. If some of the adventurers express the intention to use a different cabin from the rest of the players, Tabaldak will try to convince them to join the others using some gems



-worth five kronlings each- as an incentive because he wants to keep the second cabin for himself and his guards. The ship sets sail in the afternoon, which the characters spend engaging in small talk with the other passengers. The Whisplings tend to be laconic, most of all Andhaka and her first officer, who divide their time between sleeping and helming the ship in shifts almost entirely by themselves. The other two Whisplings complain about their wages or at most indulge in a game of cards after supper, away from prying eyes. The Feruas only talk with fellow Tribeswomen or members of allied races, but even then they have little to say as they have not been traveling with Tabaldak for long: they cannot complain about board and lodging, and from time to time, they even enjoy friendly fisticuffs. The merchant is therefore the only person to whom characters can talk, but in spite of the numerous full bags and pouches he has with him, he does not offer them many bargains. He entertains them with songs and tales of heroic deeds. If pressed by a character possessing an adequate Knowledge skill who makes a successful check to reveal more about his activity or his place of origin, he betrays himself and lets more than a few details slip that throw some doubt on his real skills as a merchant.

Unbeknown to the players, at night, the Feruas steal into each cabin and leave a dark-gray globe as big as an apple in a corner. It releases a gas that cannot be seen easily or smelled. When closing the door of the characters' cabin, however, the Feruas make a bit of a noise by mistake. It can be heard by a character who makes at least one successful Notice roll at -2 (Feruas excluded), which also allows him to locate the globe by sight or smell. A sharp exit means it is possible to see the doors of the other passengers' cabins as they close. Upon inspection of all the cabins, the characters find three globes, one in each. The one found in Tabaldak's cabin, however, does not smell the same as the others. A Knowledge (Arcane) roll at -4 made while the substance is released reveals its partially magical nature and, more importantly, a mind-control enchantment. The globe found in Tabaldak's cabin has no enchanted aura, though; it only contains frankincense, which has the same smell but is totally harmless.

It is a plot hatched by the fake merchant and his two accomplices, sent on the ship by an external buyer to subjugate all the people on board and sell them as slaves when they dock. After the second night, the substance released by the globes while everyone was asleep would have subjugated those who inhaled it, forcing them to obey any order followed by a specific code word chosen by the creator of the magic substance. Once in full control of the whole crew, the fake merchant planned to dock well before Legis to close the deal with the buyer. Of course, the three will never willingly confess to all this.



It is necessary to make either an Intimidation or Taunt roll against them or a Persuasion roll aimed at the crew, which the characters can provoke a compromising reaction with the former or get potential allies, with the latter.

Any attempt to search or chain the three culprits up unleashes an extremely violent reaction. Tabaldak reacts first, throwing a Bolt against whomever is accusing them the most. The three do not survive the fight, having killed themselves to avoid capture. Andhaka does not take part in the struggle, as she is busy helming the ship, but the members of her crew may be forced to fight, depending on how directly involved or threatened they are.

In the unlikely event the adventurers manage to search the three while they are still alive, and if forced to search their bodies instead, they find three more gray globes among their possessions. One of them is wrapped in some colored twine to distinguish it from the others. They also find a written note in the Menoosh's pocket:

Vesìr, tenth day of the sixth month, year 996 P.G. Andhaka 20.000K Whisplings 5.000K each Gromsh & Rok'Nars 1.000K each Others 500K each NO Janahs

If the characters do not realize what is happening during the first night, they still have the next day and second night to do so. After that, they fall victim to the fake merchant's plot and are sold on the slave market.

If the characters manage to expose the three rogues in time, Andhaka offers to analyze the substances they have found because she is well versed in healing herbs and alchemic reactions and also practices the magical arts. After carefully analyzing the substances and the heroes, she concludes that even partial exposure to the substance may have harmful effects on them and that they must find a reagent that can neutralize the toxin as soon as possible. The best place to search for it is also the only lead they have: Vesir, which may be a whole day or just a few hours' flight away, depending on when the discovery has been made, during the first or the second night. In both cases, the heroes will get there at least three days before the date written on the note.

Andhaka Ferua Fighters (2): see p. 219. First Officer (1) Tabaldak Whispling Deckhands (2)

Andhaka

Tribe: Whispling; Rank: Legendary; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Boating d12+2, Fighting d6, Healing d8, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Knowledge (Artanty) d8, Knowledge



(poisons) d4, Knowledge (potions) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 4

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x2), Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, Deflection, Fly, Healing, I Am Wind*; Power Points: 20

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*. **Gear:** Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1).

First Officer

Tribe: Whispling; Rank: Legendary; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Boating d12, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Artanty) d8, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation(air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear:Throwing knife (3/6/12,Str+d4) x3.

Tabaldak

Tribe: Menoosh; Rank: Veteran; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (art) d6, Knowledge (geography) d4, Knowledge (trade) d4, Magical Writing d8*, Notice d6, Perform (oratory) d10*, Perform (singing) d6*, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, Crowd Charmer*, New Power (x2), Power Points, Qualified Magic Writer*, Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, fear, healing, puppet

Power Points: 15

Special Abilities: Aestethe*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Kesul, Koopash, Mountain, Parchment, Pembur, Wurnung.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Whispling Deckhands

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Artanty) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation(air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear:Throwingknife(3/6/12,STr+d4) x3.



Act II The Alchemist

Before reaching Vesir, the captain makes an extraordinary landing by a cliff not far from the city because she does not want anyone there to see her or her ship. Since hers was the only name on the sheet of paper they found, it is highly probable someone is actually looking for her, just as it is highly probable that this person is in Vesir. The most sensible thing to do, therefore, is to split into two groups, so that both can defend themselves from eventual attacks. Having found themselves in this situation by mere

chance, the adventurers are an unknown entity as far as their enemies are concerned and can move around the city more freely. Or they can opt for another choice -especially if there is a predominance of Feruas, Oscurians or Gromsh in the groupwhich is to kidnap Andhaka and sell her on the slave market, thus earning a tidy sum. Of course, doing such a thing would not be a piece of cake. The city is just a few hours' walk away, a journey in which it is possible to incorporate a fairly casual fight, should the master decide to do so. Should he opt for the latter, we would suggest he uses a pack of 3d4 Jeruc (see p. 184).

BONANNO



Joining the Guild of Free Trade

Initially, the characters set on their journey to discover the point of view of each Way and decide whether to join one of them. A good interpretation could lead some of them to contact a representative of the Guild, thus fulfilling -partially, at least - their original intent. Officers of the Guild can be found almost everywhere in Vesir, and they are all ready to explain their Way's point of view. At the end of their explanation, they offer the characters membership of the Guild, an offer that can be taken up freely by some or all adventurers. To be officially accepted, it is necessary to carry out a mission assigned by the officer (the master can choose one he deems more suitable among those presented in this ruleset or create a new one himself). To accomplish that mission means earning the membership emblem of the Guild, namely a pendant carrying its characteristic symbol. Changing one's mind after joining a Way is not looked upon kindly by any of the Ways. At times, joining other groups can cause retaliation against the character. Whatever your adventurers' choice, it is better it is final.

Auseklis belongs to the Guild, so he looks favorably at anyone who joined the Way before meeting him. Of course, belonging to the Guild also means no Guild member will ever let slip any information about him: Guild members never concern themselves with other Guild members' business.

By the gates of the outer walls of the city, there are a number of horses and coaches. A group of Menoosh and Oscurians ask the adventurers if they want to hire a coach to visit the city rather than entering on foot. The cost is twenty kronlings or their equivalent value in trade. Whatever their choice of transport, once the adventurers cross the city gates, they find themselves in an extremely large bazaar-like space; there are colorful stalls everywhere and horses, koopash and parshas coming and going all the time, loaded with all sorts of merchandise. from consumable goods to fabrics, assorted knickknacks and weapons. The buildings overlooking the central streets are by specialized occupied mostly craftsmen, such as cobblers, tailors and blacksmiths. At first glance, it is easy to understand how the quality and the price of the goods offered in the shops differ considerably to that of merchandise one finds on the stalls. Private residences are located mainly by the walls. Not all deals are made openly, however, and the characters may happen to see suspect packages delivered under-the-counter or rather dubious deals concluded just around the corner in some narrow alley. The only emblem, both on shop signs and on inhabitants' clothing is that of the Guild of Free Trade, a rather popular Way in all of Vesir (see box 'Joining the Guild').

The adventurers have many options in their search of an alchemist who can give them a possible cure, but

with the right inquiries or a Streetwise roll at -2, they finally manage to find a shop located in a rather secluded alley, which in spite of being out of the way, has, strangely, a conspicuous number of customers coming and going, most of them slave traders. Auseklis, the pompous Oscurian owner, greets the characters in his humble shop and introduces himself, pretending to be a trader of spices and infusions. Actually, if pressed just a little, he will admit quite openly that if the characters are looking for alchemic potions or poisons -even magical ones— then they have come to the right place. The shop sells all potions and poisons that require a d8 -or lower- corresponding 'Crafting' skill; on commission, it is possible to get d10s too. The price is rather exorbitant and cannot usually be paid in kronlings because Auseklis prefers to barter.

When the characters ask for an antidote for the toxin released by the globe found among Tabaldak's possessions, Oscurian the understands their plight immediately and what it implies. At first he shows great self-confidence, and then he proceeds to blackmail his customers. He explains to the adventurers what is ailing them and pretends he can take advantage of them: if they want his help, they have to meet his requests. It is a bluff, however, because even if he does know their plight, he ignores the code word the creator of the substance pronounced when crafting it and therefore has no power over

the heroes. If the characters call his bluff or force him to help them, the Oscurian tells them how to solve their problem. If the characters agree to do what he asks, the master must give them a mission to accomplish on Auseklis's behalf, preferably killing someone to avenge a wrong he suffered or forcing one of his debtors to pay what is due to him.

Once he decides to help the characters, Auseklis tells them what the key substance they must find is -an enzyme released by a yovok dominatrix— adding that he must go with them, however unwillingly, to extract and process the component personally using specific procedures before it gets contaminated or deteriorates. The Oscurian gathers all he needs and locks up the shop, and then the group leaves the city heading for the caves where the yovoks can be found. As they leave the city, they can try a Notice roll at -4 to feel they are being followed, but they cannot locate their pursuers in the crowded streets of Vesir.

Auseklis

Auseklis

Tribe: Oscurian; Rank: Veteran; Way: Guild of Free Trade Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spiritd6, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Crafting – Poisons d10, Crafting – Potions d10, Fighting d4, Knowledge (poisons) d10, Knowledge (potions), d10, Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d6 (+2)*,



Notice d6 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6 (+2), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d8 (+2), Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Thief.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Act III

The Components

Before heading for the burrows indicated by the alchemist, the characters might want to return to the ship —which is moored in the same area, anyhow— and see Andhaka to update her on the situation. If they do, she appears to be far from happy at meeting Auseklis, who is potentially involved in her kidnap, but the way they both react to each other enables whomever makes a successful Notice roll to exclude any relationship between them. Since there is no real danger of being recognized, it is possible to persuade Andhaka to go with the group; in this case, she will leave her three crew members to watch over the flying ship.

The difficult part of the mission is not so much to find the yovòks —since the nearby mountains are honeycombed with burrows literally infested with them— as to extract and use the substance extracted by the dominatrix before being overcome by those creatures. In total, there

are ten yovok swarms in the area indicated by Auseklis, and they are constantly on the move within the maze of dark burrows, which they seldom leave. Even then, they come out only at night and never wander too far from their lairs. There are only three dominatrices, and they never stray from their swarm. Water trickles down into the caves from the top of the mountain. They form small ponds, like small underground lakes deep enough to hide two crouching medium-sized people. This detail is very important for the success of the mission, since plunging into water is one of the few ways to escape being bitten and stung by the yovoks. It is not enough, however, to stop them from absorbing Power Points. Just like the *puppet* spell often cast by dominatrices, this absorption is still active within a medium burst template. Against this spell, Auseklis gives the adventurers five needles coated with a liquid that can neutralize its effects: to break the temporary control a dominatrix exerts on the mind of its victim, sticking the needle in his flesh will suffice. In game terms, the victim only needs to be Shaken. The success of the mission depends on the group's mobility and speed in killing the dominatrix and extracting the enzyme she produces. Once accomplished, Auseklis has to stop and immediately filter and process the substance with his alchemic equipment until he produces ten doses of antidote from each dominatrix. This way, by killing one dominatrix, the adventurers can



get a dose for all the people on board the ship, plus another couple of doses that will be useful as the plot develops. Of course, the heroes are free to kill all the dominatrices and repeat the process, to sell the surplus doses of antidote in Vesir, but this would not be easy.

All this frantic activity prevents everyone from feeling spied upon as they left Vesir. Once the danger is over, Andhaka -- if present- starts pressing the Oscurian to learn more about the note they found on the body of the fake merchant because she is convinced he knows more than he is saying. If Andhaka is not present, the alchemist simply puts away all his equipment. Suddenly, the adventurers see a figure standing in the tunnel leading to the outside, wrapped in layers of dark-gray fabric, with frayed bandages near the most exposed parts of the body: neck, face —but not the eyes— and upper limbs, especially the hands. A moment later, the figure is running away, and the lifeless body of the alchemist lies at the adventurers' feet. The technique the killer employed is typical of the most expert Time Disciples and is often quite deadly. It consists of sighting the target and casting as many spells as possible to increase one's speed (e.g.: Speed, Quickness) without trying to hide one's presence. Then the Disciple must cast Stopping Time for three rounds, which gives him more than enough time to approach the target, kill him and run away. Should the characters manage

to catch up with the fleeing killer, he just has to use Stopping Time for two more rounds to increase the distance between them again. At that point, reaching him would be a challenge, even for the quickest Ferua. In any case, should they manage this fairly difficult challenge, the characters will have to face an opponent whose abilities go way beyond their own skills. If they try to capture him, he will do his utmost to kill himself.

Once things settle down, everyone is out of danger for the time being —all but Andhaka, who has not yet solved the mystery of how her name ended up on that piece of paper. She promises the adventurers a suitable reward if they help her throw some light on the mystery and insists on accompanying them because she wants to solve the problem personally, especially after what has just happened.

Time Disciple Assassin (1)

Yovòk Swarms (10): see p.210.

Yovòk Dominatrix (3): see p.210.

Time Disciple Assassin

Tribe: Kronoss; Rank: Legendary; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12+1, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (martial arts) d6, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d10.

Charisma: -; Parry: 9; Pace: 6; Toughness: 7



Hindrances: Cautious

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, Assassin, Brawler, Bruiser, Improved Martial Artist, Martial Artist, New Power, Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge, Time Disciple*.

Powers: Armor, boost/lower trait, deflection (free action), quickness (free action), slow, speed (free action), stopping time* (free action), time anomaly* (free action), time jump* **Power Points:** 20.

Special Abilities: Unarmed (Str+d6+2).

Act IV The Client

In spite of the rather chaotic events in which they have been involved, the characters are still on time to take part in a rather unusual transaction which they learned about after their unfortunate encounter on the flying ship. The negotiation is held in one of the farthest buildings in the marketplace, beyond the commercial area and secluded. The locals call it the Palace of Services, and it is not open to everyone: the guards at the door are rather selective with buyers, sellers, and people to turn away. Many a coach ends its tour of the city by that building, which suggests a connection between the strange service offered outside the city walls and the need to transport one's goods while keeping a low profile.

If the players pretend to be buyers, an officer will ask them to show part of the tradable goods they have to offer to show they are really there to buy. With the right social skills, however, the characters may persuade the guards to let them in various ways, such as pretending their goods are too valuable to show them off blatantly or mentioning some influential name they picked up during the day's investigations.

They can also pretend to be sellers, instead, and have a real or fake slave in tow. In the former case, they must try to come to an agreement away from the building, paying some additional charges and overcoming the diffidence people show toward whomever makes such deals outside the Palace of Services. In the latter case, one of them can pretend to be under the effects of some controlling substance as they approach the buyers. In this case, the master must ask the player to make a series of Persuasion or Lying rolls, depending on the situation. It is possible to persuade (roll at -2) Andhaka to act as a bait so that her eventual buyer is revealed.

This choice can be made particularly after discovering through a Streetwise or Knowledge (trade, Guild of Free Trade) roll that all transactions take place in private soundproofed rooms to guarantee the confidentiality of the transactions. Bodyguards are almost always present, however, to prevent unpleasant complications.





Whatever the adventurers' choice, they are led to a communal room where many buyers and sellers are waiting, the latter busy showing their goods to whomever appears to be interested in them. Among the dozen or so slaves for sale, one in particular startles Andhaka as soon as she meets his lusterless eyes: a Whispling fighter carrying two sabers from his belt and wearing a turban. Andhaka briefly tells the characters they must free the Whispling and take him before Whispling himself. The Whispling is Divu, a former member of the First Generated's chosen elite group of fighters, the seven dervishes who disappeared centuries ago. Should they manage to take him safely to Khrone, they would be swamped in kronlings, besides doing an invaluable service to the whole Whispling Tribe.

Luckily for them, Diyu's seller is also the client who wrote the note found on Tabaldak's body, in which Andhaka's name was mentioned. He is a Kronoss called Siros, who is interested in buying only Sons of the Wind. The adventurers can hunt him out by making him make a written offer and checking his writing against that of the note. At the same time they will notice he is the only one willing to pay more for Whisplings than any other race in spite of the alliance existing between Kronoss and Whisplings. Or, if Andhaka agreed to act as bait, by being approached by one of Siros' men who asks them where Tabaldak is.

Whether they get into the palace as buyers or sellers, the characters' aim is to reach Siros' private room, disarm his bodyguards, question him about Andhaka and free Diyu. If put on the spot, Siros might even confess that he sells his slaves for top kronlings to the Kronoss of the Flying Archipelago, which includes the capital, Khrone. He does not name names because he does not know any, but he talks about staggering prices, in the order of fifty thousand kronlings.

Once the adventurers gather the information and manage to break the mind control subjugating the dervish with the help of the remaining doses of Auseklis' antidote, it is time to flee the Palace of Services and Vesir itself. Depending on how discreet the adventurers were, the reaction of the guards may be more or less delayed, but the best way to leave the city still is to get a coach and make a run for the city gates. If there is at least one Whispling among them, the characters can also make use of the flight abilities of the three Sons of the Wind. Should the guards be alerted immediately, it is recommended to use the chase rules on Savage Worlds core rules to manage our heroes' escape.

Diyu: see on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 218.

Janah Fighters, Veteran (2): see p. 226.

Siros





Tribe: Kronoss; Rank: Veteran; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d8, Knowledge (guards) d6, Knowledge (trade) d6, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d8 (+2)*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d8, Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+2), Throwing d8.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5 (6); Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Greedy, Cautious, Wanted.

Edges: Arcane Background, Charismatic, Rapid Recharge, Thief. **Powers:** Deflection, detect/conceal arcane, quickness, slow, speak language, speed

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Act V The Return

As soon as the group manages to shake off its pursuers and reach the flying ship, still moored at the cliffs not far from the city, Diyu thanks the adventurers profusely and gives them any explanations he can. He is still quite confused and can recall very little of what happened to him, probably as a consequence of the toxins to which he was exposed. The only thing he knows for certain is that he has been away from Whispling's side for far too long and wants to return to where he belongs as soon as possible. The First Generated will certainly be so delighted at his safe return that he will reward the adventurers in every possible way. Andhaka presses them all to go to Whispling, if only to get some rest after the frantic events of the last few days. The dervish appears somewhat disoriented upon learning from her that the First Son of the Wind now resides in the Kronoss capital instead of his own, Whisp, and from their dialogue, we learn part of the Tribe's story, including the alliance with the Kronoss.

At least three day's journey is required to reach Khrone, during which the characters can recover fully from their recent ordeal. At the master's discretion, it is possible to insert a random fight against some flying creatures that see the flying ship as intruding upon their territory. In this case, we recommend using 2d4 Eranx (see p. 176) or 1d4 Percikans (see p. 195).

The sight of the Flying Archipelago is quite spectacular: ten flying cities, one next to the other, with the capital that stands out proudly in the middle. These are not just buildings erected on transparent semi-spheres, as are smaller flying fortresses; there are a variety of buildings and architectural complexes built on large mounds of soil. They tend to be quite tall, with an eye for aesthetics at times at the cost of the solidity of the walls.



Once they dock, Andhaka leads the way and establishes all the necessary contacts with the people in charge there. All over the capital, the high number of Kronoss officers and bureaucrats makes it difficult to make even the simplest request, let alone ask for a meeting with the First Generated himself. After much insistence and thanks mostly to Diyu's presence, the characters not only manage to see Whispling, but they even get an invitation to a banquet held in their honor in the palace where both First Generated reside. A Notice roll helps the characters become aware of the wary glances shot covertly at the dervish.

The characters have all the afternoon at their disposal to visit the capital (see box: Joining the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow), then they have to go to the royal palace of the First Generated, the luxurious residence of both Kronoss and Whispling. This elegant nine-story building takes any visitor by surprise, most of all because of its first floor, which is totally unused. Apparently, it is just some sort of pedestal, with no other use other than to elevate the next floor above the surrounding buildings. If the characters make any inquiries about it, they will soon learn its true purpose. It is a place of containment, a sort of prison for a guest who handed himself over to his fellow Tribesmen willingly when he realized he could not control his powers anymore. Known as the Eternal, he is a living warning against what a wrong use of temporal fluxes can cause and also one of the reasons his Tribe studies Time but does not like to dabble too much in it.

The banquet is held in the great hall on the third floor. Kronoss and Whispling are the last to arrive, announced by the footmen as the bards strike the first notes on their instruments. The meeting between the two old friends is icy. Whispling's greeting, in particular, upsets Diyu visibly.

"As you see, we always celebrate when a Son of the Wind returns home. Only, I expected you to apologize a long time ago."

Totally taken aback by those words, Diyu asks for an explanation, and Whispling tells him how he left immediately after the alliance between Kronoss and Whisplings had been announced. As much as he tries, Diyu cannot find any memory of that event, but virtually everybody among his table companions confirms the words of the First Generated. During the banquet, which does not last long, Whispling and Diyu exchange few words and indulge only in small talk, doing their best to avoid discussing the dynamics of their previous parting not to mar their new encounter. The adventurers, however, cannot help but notice how Kronoss' gaze never strays from Whispling and how the latter's face never shows any expression or even a smile. Were it not for the readiness of his answers and his responsive, albeit dull, eyes,



he would vaguely resemble the slaves sold in Vesir. At the end of the banquet, the two First Generated take their leave from the others, while the characters are sent to a well-known inn for lodging and head there with their heads full of doubts rather than answers.

Along the way to the inn, the characters get ambushed. In the ensuing fight, their attackers make some time jumps, and the first attacks carried out thus should aim for the elimination of allies who are by now superfluous, first and foremost Andhaka. Diyu must survive the attack, but the characters must also be impressed with the realization that he is the primary target of the ambush. Their attackers are assassins belonging to the same group as the killer sent to dispatch Auseklis, led by a Kronoss trained as a Time Disciple and sent by a certain Satnio to dispose of them and most of all of the Whisplings. Any inquiry about that name would be in vain because it is a name that has not been pronounced openly for a very long time. It is the true identity of the Kronoss now passing off as the First Generated, information the characters cannot have access at this stage of the Plot Point.

As much as they investigate the instigator of the killing or make a fuss about what happened, they can receive official apologies from the guards and an offer to be escorted within the city. The reason for this is simple: the city government itself wants to see Diyu dead but also wants it to happen quietly, without drawing too much undesirable attention. Meanwhile Diyu, still shaken, suggests they all leave Khrone to investigate his past, starting from the last place he has any memory of: the Inn of the Recumbent Parsha, in Ereldia.

Time Disciple Assassin (1): see p. 129.

Kronoss Assassins, Veteran (2): see p. 227.

Act VI The Informant

The journey lasts five days, in which the characters gather little additional information. At the master's discretion, random encounters can be included, but the recommendations are the same as for the journey in Act V.

It is already dark when the adventurers reach the Recumbent Parsha. They ask for a specific room, the one Diyu remembers. The innkeeper, a rather lively Menoosh female with flashy tattoos, says she is really sorry, but she cannot satisfy their request at the moment because Senduar caravan arrived the а previous evening and the Senduars now occupy all the second-floor rooms. On the first floor, however, she still has a room with three bunk beds which could accommodate them all. The Senduars will leave in the morning and she will not have a problem moving them to the secondfloor room. Since it is quite late, the communal room is almost empty but



for a group of three Oscurians playing cards and on the lookout, as usual, for sitting duck.

As they reach the door of their room, the heroes see an Oscurian hastily climbing down the stairs to the second floor. According to what they have been told by the innkeeper, the whole of the second floor has been booked by Senduars, and since the building is only two stories high, they should realize there is something wrong and stop the unlucky Oscurian. At the master's discretion, it is possible for the characters to make a Smarts roll if they do not realize something is amiss. The Oscurian is much more than a mere burglar; he is actually one of the people running the slave trade, in which the adventurers themselves have been involved. He was just leaving the inn after placing a gray globe in each room occupied by the Senduars, thus completing the night cycle necessary for them to be affected and sold at the Vesir market. It is not by chance that the Recumbent Parsha is the last place Diyu remembers: the slave traders have an agreement with the innkeeper, who allows them





to access the guests' rooms to place the globes, in exchange for a decent reward. The dervish simply ended up in the wrong place. However, there is still something not quite right about the whole thing —a missing detail. Why, unlike all the adventurers, was Diyu's memory not fully restored by the antidote? And, most importantly, why do the missing memories date back to a time long before his enslavement?

The adventurers manage the situation in many different ways, but ultimately, they have to obtain this information from the leader of the gang, Sakima, who is one of the Oscurians sitting at the table in the communal room. If threatened or better still, rewarded for the information, she is more than happy to reveal everything she knows to get out of her predicament.

Deceiving the inn patrons had been going on for quite some time even before Diyu's arrival, albeit rather sporadically to prevent the city guards from noticing the patrons' disappearance. Diyu was not a patron like the others, however, and Sakima knew that only too well because she had already received word from some of her contacts higher up in the Aranxes network about the bounty on his head: somebody wanted his head and was ready to pay handsomely for it. She decided to try and make even more money by extracting his memories and turning him into a slave who would certainly be in high demand, thus earning far more from



Joining the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow

While in Khrone, one comes across many patrols of the Inquisition, present in most main mixed cities and in all the Tribe capitals. Their huge presence in Khrone is a tribute to High Inquisitor Awon and his people. Of all the Ways the characters can chance upon while playing the Plot Point, the Inquisition is perhaps the less pertinent to the story being told. Since the choice of a Way by a player is mostly interpretative, however, joining this Way must be promoted as much as the others. If the adventurers approach a patrol, its members at first pretend they are too busy to pay them any attention but in the end give them a few minutes of their time. Upon seeing the characters are interested in their Way, the patrol members give them detailed explanations of their daily fight against the Faceless Ones and take them to their headquarters in Khrone. Since the Inquisition has a highly militarized hierarchical structure, enlistment does not provide any immediate benefit. These can be obtained only through rank and seniority. Should the characters appear determined to join ranks in their interview with the Senior Inquisitor, they are given the Way's emblem and a signed recommendation allowing them to start training either at Merrinok or Legis —training that has to take place at the end of the Plot Point.





Parvati Mina Leaves, working principle

The following information can be obtained either by grilling Sakima or trying to decipher Wise-Much-Feather's confused words:

- *† When detached from the tree, a Parvati Mina leaf is considered 'empty'.*
- † On first contact with a person's skin memories are ingrained onto the leaf, which disappear from the person's mind to find a new home inside the leaf. From that moment, it is considered 'full'. The longer the contact, the more memories it assimilates.
- *†* If a 'full' leaf is touched a second time by the same person, the memories return to their original owner, and the leaf becomes 'empty' again.
- *†* If a 'full' leaf is touched by someone else, this person can see the memories stored in it. The greater the amount of material contained by the leaf, the vaguer the images will be.
- *†* Some scholars of botany and magic have learned how to channel specific memories into a Parvati Mina leaf: it would seem that if the subject concentrates on specific memories, they will be the first to be forgotten. If the leaf is used without any specific precautions, the memories are transferred randomly.



both those operations than she would have by just cutting his throat. She had a copy of his head made and used it to cash the reward, but she does not tell the heroes this detail, since they did not mention it in their accusations. She finally reveals the name of the person to whom she sold Diyu's memories and how she managed to extract them without his consent. She tells them about Parvati Mina leaves, a botanical rarity with the unique ability to assimilate memories from a living person. It is said that the trees in the enchanted wood known as Mesa Atminas retain the memories of anyone careless enough to wander among them until he becomes part of the wood itself. Individually, however, Parvati Mina pale-pink leaves can contain only part of a person's memories. A leaf that already registered some memories cannot accept any others, but it allows anyone in contact with it to see its content. Inducing a slave to touch a leaf certainly did not require any particular effort, just as it was easy to find a buyer for such a rarity: Wise-Much-Feather. As his name implies, he is a rather eccentric Gromsh who collects all sorts of feathers and is also convinced that leaves are simply the feathers of trees.

If before leaving, the heroes give the unlucky second-floor guests whatever antidote doses they have left from their expedition in the yovòk caves, the Senduars will be extremely grateful to them (at the master's discretion).



Menoosh Face: see p. 236. Oscurian Assassin: see p. 237. Oscurian Explorer: see p. 238. Oscurian Fighter: see p. 239.

Sakima: see on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 159.

Act VII The Collector

Unlikely as it may seem, the Gromsh collector does not live in the suburbs of Ereldia or even outside the city itself. Instead, he owns a huge mansion in the most elegant district of the city. The well-informed say that Erte patron of the well-known discipline called the Earth Hammers- has more than special regard for him and his services. The characters can easily be invited into his mansion. There, a Menoosh carrying the emblem of the Followers of the Mosaic around his neck will let them in. He then leads them through the luxurious abode to its more fascinating room, which is a cross between a greenhouse and an aviary. It is breathtaking, a place where the adventurers can admire the plumage of any flying creature that flew in Enascentia's skies: eranx, yovoks, percikans and even phoenixes. Likewise, the room also contains a variety of leafy trees as well as unusual animal furs. The owner is not yet certain about their nature, which is why he exhibits them, too, on the off chance the fur is instead. As soon as Wise-Much-Feather sees

the Whispling, he runs forward to welcome him back —all the feathers on his odd clothing swaying back and forth— and tells him he has been waiting for him. Once more at the mercy of events unknown to him, the dervish asks for some explanation. As an answer, the Gromsh hands him a Parvati Mina leaf, telling him his memories are in it and that he paid a sizable sum to get them. As soon as Diyu regains his memory, everything starts making more sense.

When the alliance between Kronoss and Whisplings was announced, the Whispling populace cheered at the news, blinded by the help given them by the Kronoss during the First Elemental War. Being the closest to Whispling, however, the seven dervishes had noticed that from that day on, he had changed. While he had always been suspicious about the Kronoss, he now seemed to prefer their company to that of his own people, particularly his most faithful servants. The dervishes all knew about Whispling's inner turmoil as well as his wish to remove his most hurtful memories, so they concluded he must have finally decided to trust Kronoss...and something had gone badly wrong. Since there were only seven dervishes against two whole Tribes, they had no hope of ever exposing a plot by their supposed allies, but they knew that staying too long in the capital would only endanger their lives. They therefore decided to leave Khrone but did not stop investigating. Meanwhile, not to



openly violate their alliance with the Whisplings, the Kronoss had been forced to delegate the task of finding and silencing the dervishes, resorting to the Oscurians' invaluable help again. Being hunted, the dervishes had been forced to go their separate ways to survive until each of them found himself alone or died.

Divu did not arrive in Ereldia by chance; he was convinced he had just moved a step forward in his investigation. He had learned about Parvati Mina leaves, and believing they were the cause of Whispling's loss of memory, he had gone to see the feather collector in an attempt to recover it. But he failed. Soon after that, he was enslaved by Sakima and deprived of his own memories as well. Careful to avoid touching the leaf, the Oscurian then sold it to Wise-Much-Feather, lying to him about how it had come into her possession and had paid quite a high price for it, waiting for its true owner to return to hand it over to him. Something has changed since then, however: a new 'tree feather' has been added to the Gromsh's collection, a feather that has an important bearing on Diyu's investigation. Before the adventurers leave the mansion, they can make a Notice roll. With a raise, they realize they are being listened to by intruders hidden among the vegetation of the mansion's garden, outside the windows of the greenhouse. If this happens, go directly to the attack described later and postpone all explanations.

The dervish and all the adventurers are invited to touch the new leaf to see the memories it contains. The experience turns out to be different quite from regaining another one's memory because mind does not find it easy to store another person's memories. They see confused images flashing by at high speed. There are unimportant images of the flying city, scenes showing the owner of the memories having little respect for locks and other people's possessions. The sequence hinted at by the collector is easily recognizable among the others: pretending to be a guard, the owner of the memories goes to the first floor of the royal palace of the First Generated and meets the Eternal. What follows is sheer chaos. Already fast-moving, the images gradually lose any chronological order. The subjects of the scenes and where they take place keep changing, and everything is characterized by the repetition of events with a sense of déjà-vu. The characters recognize Kronoss as he introduces Whispling into a room surrounded by magical seals. They see another Scholar of Time pressing his hand against the forehead of the First Son of the Wind, bringing darkness to his eyes. The following images show the owner of the memories fleeing Khrone, then her journey through Artanty and finally her arrival in Ereldia.

At this point, the only sensible thing to ask Wise-Much-Feather is how he acquired the leaf. The truth is that the owner of those memories



-a Kronoss called Euthalia- turned to the Gromsh to have her memories removed. To the astonishment of everyone, the Gromsh adds another detail: since Euthalia did not know where to go or what to do, he invited her to stay with him and help him manage his collection. If questioned about the reasons that made him do that, Wise-Much-Feather starts to explain the point of view of the Followers of the Mosaic, according to which each Tribe and each point of view concur in composing a wider mosaic, as yet impossible to see in its entirety because it is not complete. If Diyu's investigation of the First Generated of his Tribe can somehow be connected to what Euthalia saw, then her life and her point of view may be important to the Mosaic. Besides that, a willing helper is always welcome.

While the Gromsh is speaking, twelve mercenaries burst into the greenhouse from the garden where they were hidden. Four of them run down the corridor to take the thief hostage. The mercenaries' main target is Diyu, but they will try to lay hands on any valuable they find, the Parvati Mina leaf included.

The reason for the attack is quite simple: to collect the reward offered for Diyu's head. This means there are no specific clients or further available information to capture or torture the mercenaries. Once the fight is over, the only thing left to do is talk to Euthalia and convince her to cooperate with the adventurers, retrieve her memories and explain the whole story in detail. Persuading her will not be easy because she is only sure she wanted to forget (a Persuasion roll at -4). The adventurers can use the confused memories they have just seen for Particularly persuasive leverage. reasoning may lower the difficulty of the roll considerably, to the point of nullifying it. As an alternative, the adventurers can try a different approach by force (Intimidation at -2): the result is more or less the same, but in this case, Euthalia is far more reluctant to share details.

As a professional burglar, she was not fooled by the story of the Eternal locked inside the first floor of the royal palace for one second. With so many guards watching its entrances, it certainly had to contain an invaluable treasure. She managed to take the place of one of the guards as they did their rounds. Inside, however, she discovered that the first door led to a corridor and a second room, covered with magical seals the origin of which she ignored. Another guard came up, carrying a tray of food, and Euthalia began to suspect she had made a mistake in going there. She did not give up, however, and knocked the guard out and took his place. As soon as she entered the room, all her dreams of riches vanished, but she experienced all the strange things the adventurers have seen via the leaf. She was face to face with the Eternal. overcome by uncontrolled temporal fluxes and victim of continual déjàvu. He clearly showed her the scene



in which he had touched Whispling's forehead with his hand, thus eradicating all his memories.

He extended his hand, enveloped by a bluish flame, and said:

"Be my hand in a reality forever forbidden to me, put right my mistakes now that I know I made them."

She did not have the courage to do that. Overwhelmed by emotion, she ran away without looking back, her only goal to forget and leave everything behind her.

When she finishes her story, Diyu asks her in which cities she met any Warlords. Perplexed by the question, Euthalia thinks back to her flight to Ereldia and finally indicates Zamalki, to the north, as a credible answer. She then insists to the heroes that they have to go there next, because among the images that made her flee Khrone, she saw clearly a person she knew, wearing the Warlords' tabard. He was one of the seven dervishes, the one known as Black Whirlwind.

Euthalia

Ferua Assassins (2): see p. 216. Janah Fighters (3): see p. 226. Janah Fighter, Veteran (1): see p. 226.

Oscurian Assassins (2): see p. 237. Oscurian Fighters (2): see p. 239. Menoosh Enchanters (2): see p. 234.

Wise-Much-Feather: see on Enascentia Player's Guide, p. 65.

Euthalia

Tribe: Kronoss; Rank: Veteran; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Knowledge (arcane) d6, Knowledge (Artanty) d6, Knowledge (Khrone) d10, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d8 (+2)*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Perform (dance) d6, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d8, Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+2), Throwing d8.

Charisma: +2; **Parry:** 5 (6); **Pace:** 6; **Toughness:** 4 (1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Arcane Background, Block, Charismatic, Rapid Recharge, Thief.

Powers: Detect/conceal arcana, entangle, quickness, slow, speak language, speed

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5, leather armor (1).





Joining the Followers of the Mosaic

The situation in which the characters come to know about this Way is extremely chaotic. But they have the opportunity to learn more about it before taking their leave from Wise-Much-Feather. The Followers of the Mosaic do not have a rigid hierarchical structure and represent a philosophy anyone can embrace without having to undergo any tests or display any recommendation. The Gromsh gives the Adventurers a pendant carrying the emblem of the Way, if they ask for it. All he asks is that they make an honest choice because even the most tolerant organization does not look kindly on turncoats and he has a very good memory. He also warns them that the Way's tolerant approach is not universally liked and they might run into difficulties, such as open hostility by those who cannot forget racial enmities as easily as they do.



Act VIII Black Whirlwind

Zamalki is the first fortress-city the characters visit after the start of their adventure. The proud banners of the Warlords hang from the high stone walls. The whole city is constantly watched over by the Way's armed forces, and while the inhabitants are free to choose their preferred view of life, they are expected to show some respect to the Two-colored Swords. Armed guards patrol the city on a regular basis, and they can show the adventurers where their headquarters are located by the southern wall. The Warlords do not say much or make any show of empathy, but they are ready to help the adventurers if they are not openly carrying any other Way's emblem. In that case, they stress that Zamalki is under the protection of the Warlords and that any proselytism to other factions is not looked upon kindly. The dervish they are looking for is nowhere to be seen within the city, and other soldiers do not seem to know anything about him.

When they get to the headquarters, the heroes are questioned by the guards about the reason for their visit. Mentioning the name Black Whirlwind does not cause any reaction, and since they cannot provide a more compelling reason, the heroes are not allowed inside. After arguing for a few minutes, they are addressed by someone on the ramparts, above them.


"Only the Warlords or people they vouched for can enter!"

The one speaking is Svarog, commander of the division stationed in Zamalki, but he does not reveal his rank immediately. Instead, he amuses himself by following the development of the situation, using the heroes to pass the time. Whether they show an interest in joining the Way or try to play up to him so that he will vouch for them, Svarog just wants to improve the quality of his personal entertainment and asks for a fight in the arena. Inside the building, there is a particular cloister which is actually a proper fighting arena, where members of the Way settle their disputes, grow in rank or simply fight out of boredom. Before they are allowed in the round cloister, the heroes are smeared with animal remains. Refusing to submit to this practice implies not being allowed to fight and therefore not being able to start a conversation.

The following beasts file through the gates opening out into the arena, ready to pounce on the food they can detect from its strong smell: a tok'gor, an ulut, and enough electric



urats to obtain two 'teams' made up of the same number of members (e.g.: 5 players will fight against 1 tok'gor, 1 ulut and 3 electric urats). How the heroes carry themselves in the fight will determine the opinion the Warlords have of them, but a victory is a good start.

Once the adventurers are admitted into the heart of the fortress, Svarog leads them to his private rooms and agrees to talk with them. He knows Black Whirlwind quite well since he personally enlisted him as a Warlord and knows quite a lot about his tormented personal history. He helped him overcome his fears, defeat his pursuers and change his perspective, from prey to predator ... but these are all things he will tell them himself as soon as he returns to Zamalki. He is currently out with his patrol. The characters therefore have a few hours to rest, train or carry out research within the city.

The meeting between the two dervishes immediately brings down the walls of mistrust they had built up over the years, and their embrace is the sincerest display of relief seen up till then. Once they get over the initial wave of emotion, they bring each other up to date about their lives as fugitives. Meeting the Warlords has thoroughly changed Black Whirlwind's attitude, not only making him react more fiercely to his pursuers but also helping him get over Whispling's betrayal of his seven dervishes. His conviction can be heard in his voice, but his recent

reaction also shows his enduring attachment to his origins. Learning about the fate suffered by the First among them is more than enough to persuade him to side with them: he will not back down.

At this point, the characters can come into play and try to take advantage of what they have learned up to now: they need to return to Khrone fit and well. The Warlords need a reason to fight and a cause to die for. If they are persuasive enough, the Warlords start gathering their comrades from all nearby cities to attack so swiftly that they will take the Flying Archipelago by surprise (Persuasion -4). If one or more heroes already joined their Way, the chances of being heard grow considerably (+2 for each character). If they cannot take advantage of this opportunity, the two dervishes suggest a covert mission to try to bring the First Generated back to his senses.

Black Whirlwind: see on Enascentia Player's Guide, p. 220.

Svarog

Tok'gor (1): see p. 203.

Ulut (1): see p. 205.

Electric Urats (1 per Character): see p. 175.



Tribe: Janah; Rank: Heroic; Way: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Strength d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Vigor d12



Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+2 maul), Intimidation d10, Knowledge (military) d10, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8 (7); **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Blunt Weapons Expert*, Counterattack, Disciple of Determination*, Expert Taunter*, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Trademark Weapon.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Maul (Str+d8, AP 2 vs rigid armor, -1 Parry, 2 hands)*, throwing hammer (3/6/12, Str+d4+1) x5, chainmail (2).



Joining the Warlords

After the fight, if the characters really want to join the Way, Svarog explains its point of view to them in depth, highlighting the philosophical aspects as well as the more pragmatic ones. There are no further tests, but the characters will have to recite their vow in the center of the arena, in front of all the other members of the Way. The members will be loyal comrades at arms in future fights or ruthless executioners should they ever see one of their brothers carry a different emblem from their own.



BONANNO



Act IX The Day of Reckoning

When studying the best strategy to sneak into Khrone, Black Whirlwind has an idea. Originally, the city had solid foundations, and Black Whirlwind was there when Whispling lifted it and made it fly, thus marking the point of no return after the First Elemental War. The whole, huge mound of earth on which the city had been built had been uprooted and showed its imperfectly shaped lower half to anyone it flew over. That mass of rubble and uprooted tree roots also offered an unexpected advantage, if one knew where to look: the access to what used to be the city's drainage system had become its back door. They can therefore go through it to reach the Eternal, since any other approach would be easily visible and immediately prevented. This is where Euthalia comes into play: to carry out her previous hit without any problems, she studied the Archipelago's flight plans because she needed to know when she could act without interference from anyone, especially from the two First Generated, the kind of people it was wise not to cross. She has committed to memory the times when Whispling personally pilots the Archipelago and knows where he does it from: the control room on the seventh floor.

The plan is, therefore, to follow the burglar through Khrone's corridors, reach the royal palace of the First Generated, disarm the guards who stand watch on the first floor, get into the Eternal's room, agree to help him and then go to Whispling armed with whatever solution the Eternal may have offered them.

At this point, many scenarios can develop, depending on the choices the character made about the Ways.

Help from the Guild of Free Trade

The Guild of Free trade has no interest in exposing itself without any clear profit. Its high echelons' appreciation is a valuable commodity, though, which is worth an investment of some kind —not the life of any Guild members, of course, but a magical object can be a more-than-reasonable price to pay. Every character who returns to Ereldia to contact the Guild obtains a LE 1 or 2 magical object among the available ones (at the master's discretion).

Help from the Followers of the Mosaic

The Followers of the Mosaic are more than ready to help a whole Tribe regain control over its own destiny, but they do not fully approve the method chosen by the characters, favoring dialogue over some reckless attack. At this point, however, the dervishes will not back up nor will they be amenable to waiting and act independently if the characters allow the Followers to persuade them to be patient. If the characters stand by their original decision, some among



the more enterprising members of the Way join them in their rescue mission. Each character returning to Ereldia to contact the Followers of the Mosaic enlists a Veteran Rank Ally (race and type to the master's discretion).

Help from the Warlords

The Warlords are more than happy to be of help but only if the characters managed to persuade them in the previous Act. If so, they put ten warships at the characters' disposal, to concentrate the Kronoss' attention on their attack while the heroes carry out their plan. Should this happen, it is necessary to halve the number of guards in every encounter described below: when a state of alert is declared, all the garrison posts have to send some of their men to take care of the emergency, whatever it is. Moreover, Satnio —the one pretending to be Kronoss- will not take part to the final showdown because he is busy defending the city. The greater the number of characters choosing to join the Way, the greater the possibility of persuading the Warlords.

No Help from the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow

The Inquisition has no interest whatsoever in any Tribe's internal problems, even less in interfering with one of the races more involved in the fight against the Faceless Ones. It is therefore virtually impossible to enlist their help in this situation.

Final Act

The adventurers land in the sewage area. Euthalia and Black Whirlwind are with them (and Andhaka, if still alive), while Diyu remains on the ship, manning the helm due to the lack of any place to dock and to be able to leave immediately after carrying out the mission. They reach the royal palace without being noticed, but the trouble starts as soon as they enter the ground floor: there are eight guards along the perimeter of the building and four more around the magically sealed room at the first floor. Each of them has the keys to the room.

Kronoss Fighters (8): at the ground floor, see p. 229.

Kronoss Fighters (4): at the first floor, see p. 229.

Once they find themselves in the presence of the Eternal, the scene plays out as it did in Euthalia's memories -the repetition of recent events included- and the déjà-vu scenes grow in number instead of disappearing. The characters are carried by the Eternal to a different time, where they witness Whispling's loss of his memory. This time, however, the Eternal does not stop there and shows them the time when he brought death and destruction to Enascentia, thus revealing his true identity: he is the real Kronoss. He makes them see the moment of his confinement there. his switch of identities with Satnio -a decision made with the agreement of the Elders- and Whispling's re-



Adventures

education by Satnio, who molded his will to his own purposes. Each scene is blurred, they flow intermittently, superimposing each other. Likewise, the Eternal's dialogue —which he tries to reduce to a minimum— and even his position within the room are subject to the same time jumps caused by his uncontrollable power. In any case, he still tries to repeat the message he entrusted to Euthalia in the past. While the characters find themselves in the midst of the slaughter he made after his Genesis, he says: "There are wrongs I cannot put right, neither with my own hands nor with anyone else's."

He speaks again after the scene involving Satnio and Whispling:

"There are others, however, we can still put right. Give me your hand so that it can become a tool for redemption."

Whoever accepts the blue flame emanating from the Eternal's hand will be able to arouse Whispling from his lethargy. Kronoss cannot say much else because his efforts have drained



his energies almost completely, and he urges the heroes to leave the room before his powers overcome him again.

The adventurers must now reach the seventh floor and the control room from which Whispling controls the Archipelago's navigation. On the third floor, they have to face six guards who gathered there to stop them.

Whispling Explorers, Veteran (2): see p. 248.

Whispling Fighters (4): see p. 249.

The rest of the guards are stationed on the seventh floor, right in the control room: it is a large square room (one hundred and fifty feet square) containing ten guards led by Satnio himself. The characters' goal is for whoever received Kronoss' gift to touch Whispling, who is in the center of the room.

Kronoss Enchanters (2): see p. 227.

Kronoss Fighters (4): see p. 229.

Satnio: see on *Enascentia Player's* Guide, p. 106.

Whispling Fighters (4): see p. 249.

Of course, the First Son of the Wind does not simply bide his time. He cannot leave his station, but he keeps those he sees as hostile at bay. He discards any card lower than an 8 and during his round throws the character who is Shaken nearest to him against a wall. Even after being touched, Whispling does not immediately recover his awareness and is still thoroughly confused for three rounds, during which he keeps throwing the people who are Shaken nearest to him against the walls.

finally regains Then he full and —thanks consciousness to the information given to him by Kronoss— he also learns things that happened unbeknown to him, such as the plan concocted by Satnio and the Council Elders. Now fully alert, his eyes are filled with hate, and the situation starts to plummet toward disaster. Literally. Deprived of his support that held them aloft, all ten islands of the Flying Archipelago suddenly start to fall to the ground. Some of the Whisplings who usually take over from their leader when he needs to rest manage to react promptly enough and save seven of the ten cities, Khrone included. The other three crash to the ground, and the impact kills all the inhabitants who cannot take flight to avoid it. It is a devastating tragedy.

Meanwhile, in the control room on the seventh floor, every Kronoss -Satnio included, if still alive- is trapped within a small tornado and cannot react in any way for three rounds, more than enough time for the First Son of the Wind to leave with his new allies to take him to Diyu's ship. Upon reuniting with his surviving dervishes, Whispling tells them they will meet again in Whisp, and then he leaves, heading for the other flying fortresses. If the characters availed themselves of the Warlords' help, they can return to Zamalki after informing the



surviving ships they can do the same. In this case and in spite of the heavy losses suffered, the celebration for the success of the endeavor continues for days at the Warlords' headquarters. The heroes, however, leave for Whisp almost immediately.

If the characters did not have the Warlords' support, they set off for the Whispling capital immediately.

Cpilogue

capital breathtakingly The is beautiful, with its majestic peaks, the magnificence of the upwardflowing waterfall and the uniqueness of its vertical structure, made of openings overlooking sheer void. The characters arrive before the guest of honor, whose return causes quite a stir among the population, and wait for him in the throne room, which he finally enters together with a few fellow Tribesmen. Whispling is still full of anger for the indignity he suffered and vents his hatred for that vile race in a speech that highlights the treacherous and opportunistic side of the Kronoss. At the climax of his invective, he explains the state in which he found the Whisplings he saved, who are now by his side. Some of the visions granted him by the real Kronoss via the heroes' touch showed those Whispling as prisoners, enclosed in spherical containers and forced to repeat the same action -that is, steering the flying fortress to which they were assigned— perpetually.



Taking Stock

Unlike most Plot Points you can find in Savage Worlds core rules, Enascentia's does not take the players on a path which includes all aspects of the setting. There are many reasons for this, first and foremost the fact that this is not a stand-alone volume but part of a wider project with countless narrative threads. The Awakening provides a radical change that influences part of our knowledge of this world. What consequences will all this have? How will the balance among the races alter? To get these and other answers you must wait for the new Enascentia volumes: surprises do not end here!



What the Kronoss had done to him was the first step in putting their plans into action, with the long-term goal of substituting him with those poor wretches if and when he discovered the truth. But now that day has arrived, and in spite of their efforts, he will free his people, as he should have done a long time ago instead of blindly seeking escape from himself. Even greater than his fury is his gratitude for the heroes' actions, his only beacon of hope when his heart is full of hate and resentment. As a reward -however meagre compared to their services- they can take whatever they want from the treasury



(one magic object each, up to LE 4, at the master's discretion) and be certain they can count on his help and that of his people, should they ever need it.

That day marks the end of the Kronoss-Whisplings alliance. It is the same day on which Whispling himself sets the stage for the Third Elemental War. For the first time, however, the Elements will join forces against the oppressor.

SAVAGE TALES

Genesis Single Tribe

The Janah Testing Ground

This is a Single Genesis scenario in which a Janah is immediately put to the test by the Elders of his Tribe.

Heroes: One Janah (or up to five of them in the variation offered at the end)

Other Characters: A group of five Janahs, comprising two fighters, two healers and the Elder who had the vision and leads the group.

The character is welcomed by Thydrek, the Janah Elder who leads the group. Thydrek asks the character's name and then gives him a few details about the Kami and the Janah Tribe.

"We are a Tribe of fighters, (character's name), generated to keep our head held high and to allow no obstacle to dishearten us. You are cut from the same cloth, my boy, and even though you still have to take your first step, I'm sure your blood is already burning in your veins, craving the challenge, and we won't let such a flame burn in vain. Just know this about the Kami, novice. He is the greatest obstacle, and my wish is that you meet him and defeat him. In the meantime, you'll have to continue to fend for yourself, find your own goals, pursue and achieve them, overcoming every obstacle and pushing yourself beyond your limits. Let's start from the beginning now, though. Choose a weapon."

The First Fight: The Defeat

Thydrek then shows the character a rack holding several pairs of weapons: two battle axes, two great axes, two bastard swords, two war hammers, two mauls, two halberds, two long and two short staves. The character has been generated already with a weapon, and now he can choose whether to keep it or exchange it for one on the rack. If missing, the Game Master should add to the rack a pair of weapons that matches the one the character already has.

At this point, the expert warrior Ruhen comes forward and selfassuredly removes the weapon



matching the one chosen by the Newly Generated from the rack. Thydrek speaks again immediately:

"The first lesson you will learn from us will be about humility. It's necessary to admit defeat if you want to live long enough to understand the meaning of victory. Ruhen will be the instrument of your first defeat. Admit it too soon and you'll be branded as a coward. Do it too late and there will be no need to brand a corpse."

As soon as Thydrek stops talking, Ruhen attacks. Ideally, she would try to score a couple of hits and take as many to evaluate her opponent's effective skill. It is the first melee combat for the character, so it is better to describe his moves in detail and interpret his discovery of each new feeling that up to then was just something theoretical he had never physically experienced: the speed of his arm, the heaviness of his weapon, fatigue, pain, etc.

By the round, third Ruhen Abandons herself to Determination. From that moment, the hero may choose whether to continue fighting, surrender or Abandon himself to Determination, too. The hero passes his courage test if he suffers even one strike from Ruhen after she Abandons herself to Determination; surrendering before she does is a show of cowardice. Even after Abandoning herself, Ruhen will try to alternate harmless and lethal blows.

The Second Fight: The Abandoning

At this point the Character may have been branded a coward, have passed the test or have been knocked out for 1d6 hours. In the first case, nobody will ever speak to him again other than to answer, and the rest of the group will allow him grudgingly to tag along until nightfall (go to the next paragraph). In both the other two instances, the group healers —a male and a female— will come forward to heal him with a Healing roll or, if necessary, resort to magic.

While the Newly Generated is being healed or pausing to catch his breath, if the healers' assistance has been inadequate, Thydrek explains to him what he just experienced. If he has Abandoned himself to Determination, too, the Elder will compliment him for his enterprising spirit. At the end of the explanation, the group will set off and will later set up camp elsewhere (go to the next paragraph).

If the hero did not Abandon himself, Thydrek will explain to him what that means and will ask Nemil to challenge the Newly Generated to a second duel, this time with the aim of helping the newcomer develop his skill. Nemil holds back in fighting until the hero Abandons himself, then tries to deliver a few non-lethal blows with the intention of putting him out of commission. If necessary, the Newly Generated surrenders. There should be no deaths in this phase of the game.



At Night: A Chance

After all the explanations and the necessary healing procedures, the group sets off for its village, but they have to set up camp along the way when it is too dark to continue. The Janahs leave the main path for a lessexposed place in which to camp and light a fire, and then Ruhen and Nemil are sent to check if the surrounding area is safe.

They get back to the camp after about an hour to report that they found some ruins a short distance from the camp and that ten malpas have settled there. The malpas appear to wear gear made by the Janahs, which means they have probably stripped it from some bodies or have stolen it. Thydrek decides to wipe out the malpas and give the Newly Generated the chance to see a real fight. He therefore orders the group to head for the ruins and take up position on a rocky cliff in their vicinity, from which they will be able to take stock of the situation. One of the malpas, whose longer horns and black fur make him stand out, must be the pack leader (a Wild Card). If well disposed toward the hero, Thydrek will allow him to choose how many and which malpas will be his targets, otherwise he will order him to attack one or two. at most, members of the pack and will keep the leader for himself.

A successful Survival or appropriate (monsters, woods, unusual beasts) Knowledge roll can alert the hero to the malpas' call (there is a group of four harmless iebals in the vicinity). With a Notice roll at -2 made in the center of the ruins, a pendant bearing the Janah Tribe symbol is visible in the dust, under the partially collapsed altar. It is an object whose symbolical value would make the hero grow in Thydrek's esteem, should he manage to recover it. If the hero selects the Wild Card malpa and defeats it, he will be introduced to the village as a free person who can make his own decisions, or he will be assigned to a training group until he can choose his goals by himself.

Possible Endings: The Game Master can end his narration at this point, linking it to an event that leads the hero to meet the other characters while still in training, or he can pretend many years have gone by since the hero's Genesis when he finally meets the others. Or he can continue to describe the training, with the group often leaving the village to accomplish a great variety of tasks (an eventuality which includes other single sessions.)

Variation: This adventure can be adapted to a Janah Multiple Genesis. The dynamics are essentially still the same, but with the following changes:

† Before facing Ruhen, the Newly Generated have to fight among themselves using the weapons on the rack or those with which they have been generated. They must fight and deliver only debilitating non-lethal blows. (If they do not conform, Thydrek steps in.) The winner then faces Ruhen, while the second best confronts Nemil.





- † The winner of the initial fight is the first to make a decision about which malpa to attack, followed by the others in order of performance. However, Thydrek does not allow any of them to take on more than four targets, and each of them has the right to face at least one malpa.
- † No member of the delegation takes part in the ensuing fight. It is a test for the Newly Generated.
- † To impress Thydrek, it is possible to either defeat the Wild Card or 3+ malpas single-handedly or find the pendant. Should anybody kill a companion's target, Thydrek will exert his authority and step in, knocking him out immediately.

Black Malpa (1)

Janah Healers (2)

Malpa (9): see p. 190. Nemil Ruhen Thydrek

Black Malpa

Just like the other malpas, but his Strength dice is increased by two types (d10), his Fighting dice by one (d10); he also has the Wild dice and additional wounds, as it is usual with Wild Cards. He wields a great axe (Str+d10, AP 1, -1 Parry).

Janah Healers

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d8, Healing d12 (+2), Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6



Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 7 (2)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Heroic, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Arcane Background, Healer, Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge, Trademark Weapon

Powers: Healing, boost/lower trait, succor.

Power Points: 20.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*

Gear: Mace (Str+d6 +1), chain hauberk (2), Medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots)

Nemil

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d4, Survival d8, Swimming d6, Taunt d10, Tracking d8

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Block, Combat Reflexes, Giant Killer, Hard to Kill, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Improved Nerves of Steel, Improved Sweep, Level Headed, Nerves of Steel, Sweep, Trademark Weapon

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Weapon from the rack (variable), Leather armor (1).

Ruhen

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice, d8, Riding d6, Throwing d8

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Dodge, First Strike, Frenzy, Improved Dodge, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Nerves of Steel, Nerves of Steel, Trademark Weapon

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Weapon from the rack (variable), leather armor (1).



Thydrek

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Survival d6, Taunt d12, Throwing d10 Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 10; Toughness: 9 (2).

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Ambidextrous, Axes and Edges: Short Weapons Master*, Block, Combat Reflexes, Counterattack, Expert in Axes and Short Weapons, Extraction, Florentine, Improved Block, Improved Counterattack, Improved Extraction, Killer Instinct, Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon, Warrior*.



Adventures

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*. **Gear:** Axe (3/6/9 Str+d6) x6, chain hauberk (2).

The asterisks (*) indicate all the new game elements in this manual.

Genesis Mixed Tribes

A Troubled Arrival

The characters begin their session at a Garden of Life, which, unlike what its name implies, is set in an underground cave. Behind the group there is a small lake, fed by water filtering through the cave's vault.

Heroes: Three, of any Tribe (but Oscurian)

Other Characters: Welcoming delegation, Faceless Ones.

The Newly Generated find themselves facing a few shapes they can only see vaguely in torchlight. As their eyes get used to the dim light, they see three people, one from each of the races to which they belong. The delegates change considerably depending on the races chosen, and it is up to the Game Master to describe each of them properly.

The delegates introduce themselves, welcome the Newly Generated and explain the situation to them. The three delegations have met on the surface and agreed that only a few of them —the four there— would greet them while the other four were to remain outside and watch over the entrance because it seems there are some Faceless Ones in the area. At that point, one of them looks around and interrupts the speaker, asking where the Oscurian Newly Generated is. A few minutes of confusion follow, until the delegates realize what has happened. Their group originally had a fourth member, an Oscurian maintaining he was there to greet a Newly Generated, too. Before they could realize what was happening, he had disappeared, as members of his race are wont to do.

Presences in the Darkness

From that moment, the players and their three guides will have to turn back or explore the caves in search of an eventual lair of the Faceless Ones or the Oscurian who has disappeared. One of the delegates will deliberately try to sow confusion in the group because he is a Faceless One infiltrator. He will try to make the others fall prey to the gelewar or lead them into an ambush in the eastern part of the caves. Should he not manage to weaken them all by forcing them to fight, he will find all the maneuverable room he needs in the wide central cave and a group of his allies lying in wait for them.

The characters must try to get back to the entrance alive, preventing their opponents' moves, discovering the traitor before he can act, or moving quickly toward the entrance, where the three Elders are actually waiting for them.



Faceless Ones (6)

Group of 3 Elders: see the following example.

Oscurian Faceless One (1)

Qelewar (1): see p. 197.

Faceless Ones

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 6 (1)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Assassin, No Mercy, Quick Draw, Strong Shooter*

Gear: Axe (3/6/9, Str+d6), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1)

Oscurian Faceless One

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Streetwise d8 (+2), Fighting d6, Stealth d8, Gambling d6, Throwing d6, Lying d10 (+2)*, Notice d8, Persuasion d10 (+2)*, Lockpicking d10 Charisma: +2; Pace: 15; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4 Hindrances: Greedy, Curious, Small. Edges: Assassin, Arcane Background, New Power, Power Points (x2), Rapid

Recharge

Powers: Bolt, invisibility, shadow motion*, disguise.

Power Points: 20.

Gear: Knife (3/6/9, Str+d4) x6.





Adventures

Example of a Group of 3 Elders:

Se Gromsh

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d10, Taunt d10, Throwing d8 Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 9 (1) Hindrances: Illiterate Edges: Mighty Blow, Luck, Elan, No Mercy, Sweep, Improved Sweep Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2. Gear: Great Axe (Str+d10, AP 1, -1

Parry, 2 hands), leather armor (1).

Menoosh

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d6, Magic Writing d10*, Notice d8, Perform (flute) d10*, Perform (prose) d6*, Persuasion d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4

Edges: Command, Inspire, Hold the Line!, Master Tattooer*, Natural Leader

Special Abilities: Aestethe*, Instilling Compliance*, Tattoos*: Kesul, Koopash, Mountain, Scroll, Pembur, Wurnug.

Gear: Knife (3/6/9, Str+d4) x3, rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), flute.

Whispling

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Lying d10, Notice d6*, Shooting d10 Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 5 (1)

Edges: Celestial Archer*, Arcane Background, Qualified in Scimitar*, New Power, Power Points, Rapid Recharge, Strong Shooter*

Powers: *Entangle, bolt, havoc, fear.* **Power Points:** 15.

Special Abilities: Slim*, Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Thrown to the Ground*, Fly (1/hour).

Gear: Short bow (12/24/48, 2d6), scimitar (Agi+d6-2), leather armor (1).

Post-Genesis Chance Group

The Heart of Sennonga

A common acquaintance of all the characters —a Whispling called Baltus— gathers the members of the group resorting to different motivations depending on the Tribe to which they belong, but with one single aim: to help him recover an object.

Heroes: From three to five characters (not Whispling) sharing no apparent ties. It is also possible to play with three to five characters belonging to the same Tribe, as suggested in the variation at the end of the Conclusion. Other characters: the Janah, Jureg.

Baltus was waiting for the return of an expedition sent by his village to the temple of Sennonga to investigate



some mysterious disappearances that had occurred in the area. The group of four Whisplings carried a gem, a magic ruby that would emanate a dull reddish light as a reaction to the magic energy present in its surroundings and could also register its nature, making it possible to analyze it from a distance. The four Whisplings have been away for too many days. Someone has to go and see what has happened to them.

Baltus is worried because the temple is sacred to the Rok'Nars and therefore a dangerous place for the Children of the Wind. For this reason, he has been forced to turn to members of other Tribes for help. There is also a Janah —Jureg— in the group, hired because of his good knowledge of the Forest of Kat'Maton, where the temple is located.

The purpose of the mission is to:

- † Discover what happened to the Whisplings of the previous expedition
- † Recover the magic ruby
- If possible, solve the initial mystery —that is, discover what is so odd in that place.

The Forest

The journey lasts twenty hours...on foot because at some point the path becomes impassable for the mounts. The characters can choose whether to camp for the night or keep going without taking any break to reach their goal by the next dawn. If they choose the latter, they must make a Vigor roll at -2, or suffer one Fatigue level when they arrive.

In the forest, there are three hulakan; these creatures, usually very peaceful, are prey to a strange frenzy that drives them into attacking the group on sight. If the group decides to camp, it is attacked during the night by all three of them. If it keeps going, it may meet (and, if this is the case, face) them one at a time.

The reason for this strange frenzy is the water of the river running through the forest, the one that waters the trees and has been polluted by Ku'Rak's constant activity within the inner halls of the Temple of Sennonga.

The Temple

Once they have defeated the hulakan, the heroes reach Sennonga, where there is a cave in a glade surrounded by trees, and a river runs by the cave mouth. It is not a very wide cave, and the rocky formation grows, develops and ends right there, in the middle of nowhere, which is rather unusual. Between the forest and the glade, some Rok'Nars stand guard over the temple, one for each cardinal point. If the heroes manage to persuade one of them (Persuasion roll at +2 if there is a Rok'Nar in the group), he will escort them to the mouth of the cave and wait for them there.

There are three more Rok'Nars, apparently motionless —two of them flanking the entrance, their backs turned to it, and the third kneeling before the large central tree with a





very thick trunk, from which spreads a tangled mass of gnarled branches. Four of these branches are extremely strong and turn into stone as they extend toward the rocky vault of the cave, thus becoming part of the structure itself, like a fountain made of stone instead of water. Behind the tree, there are five earth mounds on which lie a few items of clothing and some objects, apparently abandoned there. A Notice roll may reveal some fissures in the slightly swollen and rounded central part of the tree trunk and a reddish light filtering through them.

In fact, the gem is still by the mounds of earth, hidden amidst the gear spread on the ground; the gear is all that is left of the bodies of the Whisplings who have disappeared and of at least one other person, since there are five mounds. The Rok'Nars inside the temple are communing with the Mother and do not react to any external stimuli.

At this point, Jureg tries to dig into the tree bark to extract the source of the light and Abandons himself to Determination, which causes the Rok'Nar guard by the entrance to raise the alarm. As Jureg attacks the tree, the other motionless Rok'Nars gradually wake up and try to place themselves between the heroes and their sacred place.

If the characters or the Janah manage to reach the core of the tree and grab the axe hidden inside, which is the real source of the reddish light, they fall prey to Ku'Rak (see its description on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 40).



Conclusion

The characters can recover the ruby and leave, try to take the axe as well or try to understand how it interacts with the surrounding area. The whole place is constantly under the influence of a distorted form of retaliation law. The weapon and he who wields it is as ferocious as the stabilizing effect of the calmness of those entering the cave with the result that the Rok'Nars become one with the Mother. The river running by Sennonga is polluted by the wrath of the artefact and spreads it among the creatures that drink from it or eat the fruits of the nearby trees, as was the case with the Hulakans.

Variation: the characters may belong to various Tribes or to the same one. In the first case, however, it is advisable to choose a Tribe allied with the Whisplings. Of course, it is not advisable to choose the Whisplings themselves.

Jureg

Rok'Nar, Ascetics (3)

Rok'Nar, Guards (4)

Jureg

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8. Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Shooting d8. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 7 (1) Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy). **Edges:** Counterattack, Dodge, First Strike, Frenzy, Improved First Strike, Improved Nerves of Steel, Nerves of Steel, Trademark Weapon

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*

Gear: Halberd (Str+d8, reach 1, 2 hands), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1).

Rok'Nar, Ascetics

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12 **Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 3 (d4 when running); **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 12 (2) **Edges:** Bruiser, Brawler, Protector of the Mother*, Martial Artist

Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+d4+5), Size +2.

Rok'Nar, Guards

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10 **Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 6; Toughness: 11 (2) Edges: Bruiser, Brawler

Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+4), Size +2.



Post-Genesis Same Way

At the Tavern of the Reborn Phoenix

In this Post-Genesis scenario the heroes come from Dejama and specifically from Durandia, capital of the Followers of the Mosaic and the city where they all live. They met there and got to know each other and to work together, carrying out previous missions. For these reasons, they are considered a well-experienced group, capable of handling a delicate assignment.

Heroes: A group of adventurers, ranging in number from four to six.

Other characters: Braska, the cook, four Senduars, four Faceless Ones, four others afflicted with the Crystal Plague.

The council of Durandia has been tipped off by a secret informer about the regular presence of a Lost Tribe at the tavern of the Reborn Phoenix, at the foot of the Braska volcano, beyond the Back Desert. Via a local contact, the council has managed to book a table at the tavern, which is always fully booked, and has also learned another important detail: that there might be some Faceless Ones in the area. The purpose of the mission is to: † Locate the Lost Tribe

† Avoid being noticed by the Faceless Ones, eliminate them if necessary † If possible, persuade the Lost Tribe to join the Mosaic.

At the Tavern

The group sets off on its journey and crosses the Black Desert (see p. 65) on foot, finally reaching the foot of the Braska volcano during the afternoon after a tiring march. They camp in the vicinity of the tavern and after resting for a short while (recovering all the Fatigue levels), they head for the meeting place ahead of time as the sun begins to set.

The tavern is still closed, but there is light within, and the waiter can be heard laying the tables. After half an hour's wait, the waiter opens the door and lets them in. He is a Janah whose body, naked to the waist, sports many burns. A rag is thrown over one shoulder, and he wears the spontaneous smile of a born fighter with a friendly nature. He will proudly give his name, Braska, only if asked.

In the tavern there are three tables, each with six seats, an unlit fireplace, a flight of stairs in the back of the room and under it, the door leading to the kitchen. Since they are the first customers, the Janah lets the group choose their seats.

If they ask questions about regular customers, the heroes are told there is a group of four people, usually wrapped from head to foot in long cloaks with the hoods pulled down, who never bare their faces, even to eat and never say a single word.





It is probably a group of Senduars who have chosen the tavern as their stopping point during their travels and return on a regular basis. Every week, they book a whole table for the following one, always on a Sunday. (The action takes place on a Sunday). If the group asks under what name the table is booked, Braska shows them the booking, which simply says 'Ours'. If they are paying attention, the players will notice other bookings, in particular the one by the 'Four Dames'.

The waiter brings some bread and mulled wine to the table and then a beige-colored soup with a thicker reddish substance in the middle, which looks a little like an egg yolk. Braska insists the patrons drink the soup in one go, if possible, because it is an integral part of the combined flavor of the following courses. He does not leave the table until all the patrons have drunk it. Any question about the menu will receive just one answer: there is no menu, only one main course...people come from all over Dejama to taste it, but if they do not know what it is, he is not going to spoil the surprise for them. If any of the patrons picks up any bread or his glass of wine after drinking the soup, and in doing so carelessly brushes the candle on the table with his hand, he can make a Notice roll to realize he is not feeling any heat or pain.

Half an hour later, the group of hooded strangers, which the Janah described, arrives. They sit in silence at their table, and the waiter brings them bread, wine and the soup. They really are four Senduars. A short while later, the main course arrives at the characters' table: a phoenix.

Meanwhile, another, noisy group enters: four females, a Menoosh, an Oscurian, a Janah and a Whispling. They act in a friendly manner, invite everybody to play cards with



them, share some wine after supper and make a few passes at the other customers, still chatting quite noisily. They are the Faceless Ones.

The Arrival of the Crystal Plague

The supper is brusquely interrupted by the arrival of a group from the western side of the volcano, visible through the windows on the shorter side of the building. Four people approach at a slow rhythmic pace. Braska asks the heroes to intervene in his place because he swore never to raise his hand against a member of any Tribe, even one in that state. One of the infected people has a rakar in his rucksack, its sharp sting protruding from it.

The Senduars remain seated. without talking or doing anything; if pressed, rather than helping, they get up and leave the tavern. The infected people have been ill for more than three days and by now are not conscious of their actions and cannot be saved (Healing roll at -2 to realize it at a distance, without a -2 if examined within a short distance). When they get to some fifteen yards from the tavern, the light from within shines on the purple crystals disfiguring them.

If the characters help Braska, he will tell them his story. He swore he was never going to raise his weapons against any Tribe after accidentally killing someone. Afterwards, his companions told him they heard the victim surrender, but he did not hear and killed him anyway. Since then, he has taken to traveling to look for all sorts of beasts to face to increase his power, meet new challenges and at the same time avoid breaking his vow. One day, he chanced upon the phoenix nesting on the volcano now called the 'Braska volcano', and made it his goal to defeat it. He did not know it was going to rise again at every new dawn. He accepted that fact as a test sent to him by his Kami, and since that day, he goes and kills the phoenix every day.

Conclusions

What Braska did not tell the characters is that one day the monotony of his routine was broken by the arrival of an odd fellow, a Firajh who had come to study the phoenix since it was considered the herald of his Tribe. Upon meeting him, Braska took his story to heart and decided to help him in his mission. So he suggested they build a tavern and use the soup to make its guests immune to the heat emanating from phoenix meat. Moreover, the Firajh can cook without any need for real burners -just using his powers, which is why there are no fires in the kitchen, no windows or anything else. In any case, the Firajh was never going to leave the kitchen unless the tavern was exposed to a threat nobody wanted or could oppose. Should he be forced to come out, he would be so enraged, he would not be able to control his powers and would burn the whole building down before leaving with Braska to climb to the top of the volcano. A clash with



the cook would mean certain death for the adventurers, and the Game Master should do everything he can to prevent it.

The supper can end in one of the following ways:

- † If the players cause a brawl in the tavern, the cook will be unwilling to follow them.
- † If the players help Braska solve the problem posed by the infected people, the cook will be more willing to listen to them.
- If the players managed to get on Braska's good side and at the end of the meal get to talk with the cook, it is possible to make a Persuasion roll at -4 to book the whole tavern for an evening, just for the Followers of the Mosaic.

† If the players unmask and eliminate the Faceless Ones, Braska will be very impressed and will help them persuade the cook (+4 to a Persuasion roll).

† If the players find a way to free the Firajh from his agreement with Braska, he will be willing to follow them.

Faceless Ones (3)

Menoosh Faceless One (1)

People Infected with the Crystal Plague (3)

Rakar (1): see p. 198.

Rok'Nar Infected with the Crystal Plague (1)

Senduar (4)

Faceless Ones

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Taunt d8 Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 6 (1) Hindrances: -Edges: Assassin, Quick Draw, No Mercy, Strong Shooter* Gear: Axe (3/6/12, Str+d6), light

crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1).

Menoosh Faceless One

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Perform (dance) d10*, Perform (singing) d8*, Persuasion d10, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: -; Parry: 5; Pace: 6; Toughness: 5

Hindrances: -

Edges: Arcane Background, Command, Command Presence, Hold the Line!, New Power, Power Points

Powers: Armor, bolt, confusion, puppet.

Power Points: 15.

Gear: Knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x4.

People Infected with the Crystal Plague

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d6.



Adventures

Charisma: -; Parry: 5; Pace: 4; Toughness: 7 Gear: War Mace (Str+d6+1).

Rok'Nar Infected with the Crystal Plague

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12 Skills: Fighting d10, Throwing d10. Charisma: -; Pace: 3; Parry: 7; Toughness: 12 Special Abilities: Unarmed (Str+2)

Senduar

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Riding d6, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 8 (2)

Edges: Block, Dodge, Extraction, Steady Hands, Sweep

Gear: Reinforced staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), Knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5, leather armor (1).





Chapter 7 Bestiary

((T like play of this!"

Ishnet suddenly felt his blood run cold. It was not just a sentence —it was a red-flag alert to the bystanders. Such an utterance could have only come from a Gromsh, and to find oneself in the vicinity of a Gromsh meant trouble. Praying he was wrong, he turned, and what he saw confirmed what he had heard; unfortunately, he was anything but wrong. On the opposite side of the room, by the back wall, he saw a large man. He was almost hairless but for a few tufts of hair on the back of his head. He was sitting on a log, and even then, he was about seven feet tall. Ishnet did not even try to imagine how imposing he would look if he stood up. The unusual choice of seat was because of his large size and the bony protuberances down his back. They appeared to be extensions of his spinal vertebrae, poking through his thick muddy-colored skin wherever they could. On closer inspection, it was possible to see others on his body —on the shins and on the chin. The most conspicuous of all, however, was the big horn, broken at the tip, in the middle of his forehead.

These protuberances, however, were not his only bizarre feature: there was also a scaly tail that kept twitching nervously behind him and a disquieting vertical eye — in the center of his torso— at that moment, covered by thick membranous lids. Ishnet could have sworn he saw something move beneath them.

"Now we have fun even more than this!"

The Gromsh opened his eye. That third, gigantic eyeball was the window to insanity. The pupil, situated where the breastbone usually is, kept moving nervously from right to left, bumping into the red-veined sclera. It was wide open, but the other more-normal eyes were tightly closed. Finally, the Gromsh closed his third eye and emerged from his trance.

"I see I win this hand!" A simple statement that sent everyone seated nearby scrambling to escape from there, using any excuse.

The first to try was a Menoosh. "I'm afraid I must take my leave. My companions are indicating that I must hurry because it's time to resume our journey." As he spoke, he turned to gesture toward the opposite side of the room, to the onlookers' great puzzlement. "Yes, I understand, I'm coming! Can you believe they're calling me right now, right in the middle of a game?"

"Where you think you go?"

"I'm really sorry, but if they leave me stranded here, I don't know how to get back." **"Mmm, problem.**"

"Er, yes, it's a real nuisance. I would have liked to stay, but I really have..."

"I see you play this hand with Eye of Chaos. We have problem. Big problem."

"Are you really sure it was me? After all, I have a rather ordinary face."

"I ALWAYS SURE!"

The argument ended abruptly with the Menoosh still sitting silently on his chair, his head hung low. A Whispling tried to seize the moment to slip away unnoticed, but he did not make it. "You!"

The Whispling tried not to show his fear. He replied as nonchalantly as he could. "Yes?"

"I see you go away from table. Gromsh hit you and say goodbye!"

The Whispling instinctively raised his fists to cover his averted face and deflect the imminent blow, since the Gromsh clearly always had fighting in mind —physical or verbal. He could not believe he had got out of the situation so easily, much to the envy of the others still glued to their seats.

"So you make me think. He gets up and goes away, who comes in his place?" When the Gromsh turned to look toward the center of the room, all those who had heard him tried to hide —rather obviously— behind a plate or under a table. Panic got the better of one Whispling, and he ran toward the door, screaming.

"Ah, there you are. Hey, you, shiny metal!"

No. Please, no. He could not be looking at him. Let it be anyone but him. But the claw on the large index finger was pointing straight at Demien in his scarlet armor. By now, both curious and afraid, almost all the patrons at the inn were following the drama involving that member of the exuberant chaotic Tribe.

Meanwhile, the knight had reached the counter together with Isella and was just about to start haggling over the price of the koopash meat they carried.

He heard the Gromsh, but ignored him.

"You hear with ears? I WANT RED METAL PLAY THIS HAND!" The Gromsh grabbed the nearby, now-empty chair with his massive hands and with the minimum of exertion or effort shattered it with his clenched fingers.

Ishnet had been keeping his distance in the central area and was quickly evaluating their options. He finally found a solution agreeable to him.

"Let's just hope it works."

He started to chant, moving his hands at the same time, trying to imitate exactly what he had seen Menoosh do and later learned from Lebelia.

"Here, I'm coming."

The other patrons thought Ishnet was simply tired of life when they saw him advance toward the Gromsh, who was obviously taken aback. Before him, there was another blond knight in red armor, the same he had seen in his vision. He turned his eyes toward the counter and saw another blond knight wearing red armor. No —it was exactly the same person who was now in two different places at the same time! While Ishnet prayed silently that his illusion would not unleash the Gromsh's wrath, the Child of Chaos allowed himself a few more moments of confusion and then started to roar with laughter.

"I don't know how you do, but if chance wants, chance does. I see one like you sit here and play. Me don't care if another is in other place."

"I have to agree with that. Let's play then, shall we?"

Not all the animals and monsters in the Bestiary of *Savage Worlds* core rules are suited to Enascentia's particular 'fauna', especially those clearly created for different settings, such as the science-fictional Mechs.

Here is a list of those animals and monsters that fit in this setting: Alligator/Crocodile, Bear, Bull, Cat, Dire Wolf, Dog/Wolf, Giant Spider, Giant Worm, Horses (both kinds), Lion, Minotaur, Mule, Shark (both kinds), Snake (both kinds), Swarm.

For convenience's sake, these are also the entries excluded from the previous list:

Drake, Dragon, Elementals (all), Ghost, Goblin, Lich, Mech, Orc (both), Ogre, Skeleton, Troll, Vampire (both), Werewolf, Zombie.

Variations of the Bestiary

As we have excluded some categories typical of traditional fantasy, we will explain briefly the reasons for this choice.

Artefacts: As described in *Savage Worlds* core rules, the Mech is totally unsuited for this setting. However, it might be possible to find some rare golem specimens on some islands of the Inner Archipelago.

Dragons: There are many ballads describing ancient legendary creatures in Enascentia, but dragons are not mentioned in any of them. Is it mere inaccuracy on the part of the bards? Or perhaps dragons really do not exist there?

Elementals: Controlling the elements and their physical embodiment has serious consequences in Enascentia. It is only necessary to think of the relationship the Rok'Nars have with the Earth, or the Whisplings with Air. Water and Fire are not represented by any of the present Royal Races.

Undead: No Royal Race can control necromantic arts. In Sit-Tabthi, however, there are legends about foul creatures made of parts of corpses.

Humanoids: The only anthropomorphic humanoid races on Enascentia are those listed in the *Eneascentia Player's Guide* and represent the ten Tribes belonging to a specific generation. Some of them will be revealed later, but we can say now that there have never been and never will be any greenskinned creatures (orcs, goblins, etc.), humans, dwarves, or elves.

As usual, however, the Game Master has the last word when it comes to choosing which creatures to exclude. If Nicolas wants dragons in his campaign, then his friends will have to get ready to face legendary fire-breathing beasts. Should he decide to have the Mechs too, Nicolas will have to find an extremely creative and persuasive explanation for his friends.



Bestiary

New Bestiary

Bajaran

These beings are also known as giant furnaces. They are huge creatures made of a shiny pearl-like mineral which constantly reflects firelight. The bajarans live in the vicinity of volcanoes or other areas where lava flows on the surface of the earth, and the high temperature is ill-suited to other species. They have a cavity which constantly emits tongues of flame where their abdomen should be, and it is fed by the creature's unique metabolism and by what it throws into that cavity. This seems to be the only way bajarans get their nourishment, as they lack mouths or normal digestive systems. They seldom attack any sentient creature because anything that catches fire can also satisfy their appetite. Just once a year they become dangerous to themselves and everyone else namely, during the 'mating season', when they become extremely violent and voracious. After feeding adequately, they extract something resembling a fiery opal about two feet in diameter from their stomachs and submerge it into a lava flow. From that stone, new bajarans are born a year later. Bajarans fight by taking advantage of their size and using part of the energy produced by their constant inner combustion to emit tongues of flame.

Habitat: Any continent, mountains and volcanoes, most of all in the Rallenok and Mehara mountain ranges.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8. Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 10ù Special Abilities:

- Fist: Strength.
- Size +3: They are slightly taller than a Gromsh.
- Tongues of Fire: When a bajaran releases the flames trapped inside its abdomen, anyone within a cone Template must make a successful Agility roll with a -2 penalty or suffer 2d10 fire damage. The roll also determines whether or not the character catches fire (see 'fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules). The bajarans cannot attack in any other way during the round in which they release their tongues of fire and must wait three rounds before they have the necessary energy to release more fire.

Bihar

There are strange shapes in the desert that the Senduar call bihar, which means, literally, 'Presences in the Sands' and believe them to be the souls of those members of their Tribe who died among the dunes without a proper burial. The bihars move around only at night. They are elongated, human-like shapes made of white light and wrapped in mist;



instead of faces, they have silver masks with closed mouths. Their origin is unknown, as are their motivations. The only known thing about them is that their targets become the victims of their own desires: choked by the precious water in their throats. It seems that the smoke produced by the star videnya flowers can keep bihars away.

Habitat: Dejama, Si-An. They can be found only in the Black and Varnha Deserts.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d10, Stealth 1d12+2, Taunt d10

Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 Special Abilities:

- **Confusion:** A bihar can cast *confusion*, just like the spell of the same name. It has at its disposal 10 Power Points to cast this spell.
- Distorted Wish: A bihar can make a Test of Will to penetrate the mind of any target within a Smarts x 5 range and steal his most hidden wishes and distort them. At each successful roll and raise, the victim has one of his Traits decreased by one dice type (up to a minimum of a d4, duration 1 hour). It is a Fear effect (valid only to apply eventual bonuses).
- Empty Shell: If a victim of a bihar has all his Traits decreased to a d4 and suffers another decrease by one dice type, he dies. The kind of death depends on what the victim was

wishing for the most at the moment of death. If it was water, for example, his death will be by drowning.

- Fear: Anyone who sees a bihar must immediately make a Fear check.
- Fearless: The bihars are immune to Fear and Tests of Will.
- **Immunity (ethereal):** Since they are incorporeal beings, the bihar can be hit only by magic or enchanted weapons.
- **Infravision:** In absence of light, the bihars register any source of heat, halving the penalties for localizing living creatures.
- Touch: Every time a bihar manages to touch a living creature, its victim has one of his Traits (randomly chosen among those above d4) decreased by one dice type (up to a minimum of a d4, duration 1 hour).
- Weakness (star videnya's smoke): This particular substance repels the bihars that will always veer away from it. It does not harm them in any way, it just repels them.

Crested Jellyfish

Crested jellyfishes are about ten feet tall and can be up to forty feet long, including their six tentacles. They can fly, thanks to the light gases contained in the main part of their body, and their nerve endings are located in the scarlet crest on their backs. They can register their enemies' presence through variations in air pressure, and therefore, invisibility is of no use against them. They eat anything organic they can find. When they



Bestiary

strike a victim, their tentacles release a debilitating poison. They are extremely silent creatures, which makes them very dangerous.

Habitat: All the continents, everywhere, but mostly along the coasts.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d8, Stealth d12 (only to move noiselessly)

Pace: 6 (Flying Pace 12); Parry: 6; Toughness: 12

Special Abilities:

- Crested Jellyfish Poison: Anyone hit by a tentacle must make a successful Vigor roll. If the roll fails, the target suffers a non-addable -2 Toughness penalty for ten minutes.
- **Grappling:** When striking with a tentacle, if a crested jellyfish hits with a raise, it automatically grapples the victim.
- Immunity (crested jellyfish poison): In order to produce this poison, the organism of the crested jellyfish has adapted to its effects.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Crested jellyfishes can strike with three of their six tentacles in the same round without any multiple-actions penalties.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a crested jellyfish due to its large size.
- Size +5: Ten feet tall and twenty feet long including the tentacles.
- Tentacle: Reach 15, Strength+d8.
- Weakness (electricity): Every source of electrical damage inflicts an additional 1d6 damage to crested jellyfishes.

Cutru

As large as they are stupid, cutrus wander in the mountains solely to find something to eat and spend the rest of their time enjoying their favorite pastime: throwing boulders down the mountains, hitting each other for no reason and getting their hands on any tool they find merely to break them. Any adventurers unlucky enough to chance upon them are used as boulders or broken like the tools, depending on the circumstances. Cutrus have a typical greenish coat made of musk, lichen and mushrooms that covers their backs. Another typical feature is their disproportionate arms. One of their hands is huge and usually dragged along the ground, while the other smaller hand is used for everyday tasks. Their legs are somewhat disproportionate too -short and thin— but they are at least the same size. Because of the vegetation they host on their backs, cutrus never travel to the highest peaks or to excessively cold areas: they are very sensitive to low temperatures.

They reproduce by sporulation, and lay specific spores in appropriate areas. They have not developed any kind of language but can somehow communicate with each other, mostly through gestures made with their smaller hands. Cutrus and Gromsh also seem to understand each other well, perhaps because of their many similarities.



Habitat: Artanty, Si-Neb, mountains and marshes.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12. Skills: Fighting d10, Taunt d10, Throwing d8

Pace: 4; Parry: 7; Toughness: 13 (+1) **Gear:** Rudimentary armor (+1) and makeshift clubs, often whole uprooted tree trunks (Str+d12 damage).

Special Abilities:

- Armor +1: Rudimentary armor.
- Crash: Strength+d6.
- **Grabbing:** Upon getting a raise during a crash, a cutru makes a grappling attempt against the victim as a free action; the victim is considered grappled.
- Large: attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a cutru due to its large size.

- Rapid Regeneration: The cutru can make a natural Healing roll per round, unless they have been wounded by ice or suffered any other damage due to extreme cold. This happens both to Wild Card and Extra cutrus. If an Extra, a cutru returns to the fray as soon as it heals itself (and is not Shaken, even if he was before being Incapacitated).
- Size +4: A cutru is thirteen feet tall and weighs several hundred pounds.
- **Spores:** When struck (being Shaken is enough), a cutru releases a cloud of poisonous spores from its back to the air; anyone within a Small Burst Template must make a successful Agility roll or have his Strength dice decreased by one dice type (can be summed up to a minimum of a d4, duration 1 hour).



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- Throwing: A cutru can throw his victim in the round following the one in which it managed to grapple his opponent. In this case, it makes a Strength roll to determine at what distance it throws his victim (the result of the roll gives the Pace of the flying subject); if there is an obstacle, the cutru always throws its victim against it, inflicting a strength+d6 damage, otherwise the victim lands on the ground and only suffers a Strength damage.
- Trunk: Strength+d12.

Delak

Delaks are carnivores that live and hunt in packs and are extremely plan hunting they can clever: strategies such as attacks or traps. A delak has an extremely developed sense of hearing and smell. It looks very much like a wolf, but for the very thick, merely decorative tail and its two-toned fur, the appearance of which is influenced by the delak's nutritional habits and its natural habitat. Delaks live in nomadic packs consisting of at least ten specimens (half of them males and half females), are led by an alpha male and have a rigid hierarchic structure, which also dictates the order in which they feed. They mate for life, have a litter every two years, and the cubs are raised by the whole pack. After the first year of life, they are given a place in the pack hierarchy unless they decide to leave and form a pack of their own. A delak's most insidious feature is its

sharp fangs, which can pierce many kinds of armor. If raised as a pet from a very young age, a delak will form a bond with his master and become a very good companion.

Habitat: All the continents. They live mostly in forests.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d12

Pace: 8; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 Special Abilities:

- Bite: Strength+d4, AP 2.
- Fleet-Footed: Delaks roll a d10 instead of a d6 when running.
- Go for the Throat: Delaks instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on their attack roll, they hit the target's most weakly armored location.

Electric Urat

A urat is a hulking blue-skinned ape with thick, dull, yellow fur and lives in the mountains among the snowy peaks of Enascentia. About eight feet tall, it often hides among the rocky cliffs to ambush wild animals or imprudent adventurers. It has three small horns distributed around the skull, which generate small electric discharges. With them and the use of air humidity, this creature can create electric fields of variable power. Its huge body and powerful arms would already make it a fearsome opponent, but an electric urat is extremely dangerous also because when feeling threatened, it uses its horns to amplify



its electric field, creating an extremely conductive area around itself. Moreover, before a melee attack, a urat tries to frighten and disorient its opponents with a loud roar. Its fur is quite sought after because it can absorb any kind of electric damage.

Habitat: Artanty, Si-Neb, only on and around glaciers.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Parry: 6; Pace: 6; Toughness: 9 Special Abilities:

- **Destructive Aura:** As a free action, a urat can activate an aura of electric energy that works like the *destructive aura* spell. This ability has no duration or number of daily uses limits.
- Gore: Urats charge maneuver to gore their opponents with their long horns. If they can move at least six inches before attacking, they add +4 to their damage total.
- Horns: Strength+d4
- Immunity (electricity): Always in contact with electricity, these animals have become immune to it.
- Size +2: A urat is the same size as a gorilla.
- Paw: Strength.

Cranx

This bizarre cross between a feline and an owl is considered a good omen by the few whenever they manage to see one. The Eranx are nocturnal predators with very keen eyesight. They hunt small mammals and other creatures no bigger in size than a parsha. They tear them apart with their claws and devour their flesh easily, thanks to their extremely hard beaks. They do not live in flocks, and a male usually has a harem of five or six females, which become quite dangerous when they are brooding, and defend their nests, which are hidden in the mountains in rather inaccessible areas. The males tend to avoid fighting in any situation unless they have to fight for their lives. If trained from the first months of life, an eranx can be ridden, but the number of those trained this way can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Habitat: Artanty, mountains.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6 (Flying Pace 18); Parry: 5; Toughness: 8

Special Abilities:

- Beak: Strength+d6.
- Claws: Strength+d4.
- Low Light Vision: Eranx ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- Size +2: Somewhat smaller than a horse and weighing much less.

Fiery Hearts

These large wolf-like creatures are easily recognizable because of the bony protuberances they develop along their spines, legs and jaws. These protuberances not only have an intimidating effect on their prey



but also act as catalysts for a magical energy that builds inside them, making them white-hot. Their coat is mostly dull grey but has an unusual orange-reddish hue on the chest. They do not need to hunt or look for food, because the combustion produced by their magic power produces the energy they need for their sustenance. In spite of this, their savage nature drives them to attack any living creature. They often leave behind their victims' corpses still intact and do not feed off them.

Habitat: Dejama, only in the Black Desert.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6 Parry: 6; Pace: 8; Toughness: 7 (1) Special Abilities:

- Armor +1: Bony protuberances.
- **Bite:** Strength+d6+2, fire damage (see the 'Fire' section on *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- **Claw:** Strength+d4+2, fire damage (see the 'Fire' section on *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- Fleet-Footed: Fiery Hearts roll a d10 instead of a d6 when running.
- Go for the Throat: Fiery Hearts instinctively go for the soft parts of an opponent's body. With a raise on their attack roll, they hit the target's most weakly armored area.

Golem - Escutcheon

These giant beings are made of stone and covered with symbols eroded by time, so much so that Kronoss scholars

call them Escutcheons, since it is their belief these creatures were more like a standard or banner, able to move by itself, rather than creatures made for battle. On this creature's back, there are columns and other architectural elements, which might suggest it was once part of a much bigger structure. The face, which is two thirds of the way down the torso, is set on such a short 'neck', it is not even worthy of the term; it has humanoid traits and a hollow eye that lights up from time to time. The stone slabs the creature is made of are larger on its forearms and shins, almost like a sort of shield and bear a few carvings. Some maintain, after analysis, that it is possible to identify the symbols as belonging to some of the Lost Tribes. The slabs covering the forearms are the only ones whose shape is not that of a perfect parallelepiped because they present an anomaly in the form of a semicircular recess. If joined together in front of the torso, those two recesses form a central hole, perfectly aligned with a large opening in the Golem's abdomen.

Golems wander aimlessly around the islands of the Inner Archipelago and walk on the seabed to move from one to another. They are seldom aggressive unless for some odd reason they identify the target as an enemy. When defeated, an Escutcheon does not shatter: it rolls up into a tight ball like a porcupine, joining the two long slabs of stone on its forearms in front of it. The symbols carved on them light up, and a magical object



(chosen by the Game Master at his discretion) takes shape in the central hole, which floats toward whomever dealt the killing blow as if to bestow a prize on whomever defeated him. The Escutcheon then gets up and goes away. If defeated again by his previous target, it will not provide any other gift. The items given by the Escutcheon are very ancient, and no one knows where they come from, but they all show signs of wear and tear (roll a 1d8, with 6+ the item will no longer work).

Habitat: Sit-Tabthi. The golem travels from one island to the next by walking on the seabed, but it never leaves the Inner Archipelago.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+9, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d8, Throwing d8 Pace: 4; Parry: 6; Toughness: 29 (8) Special Abilities:

- Armor +8: Made of and covered with stone.
- Fearless: Escutcheons are immune to Fear and Tests of Will.
- Fist: Strength.
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- Huge: Attackers add +4 to their fighting rolls when attacking an Escutcheon due to its massive size.
- Size +9: They look like moving, several floors high buildings.

😽 Grey Osho

This creature looks like a gigantic, two-legged vegetable with a stocky ash-colored cylindrical body. A few osho specimens can be up to twenty feet tall. The mouth, huge and full of gastric juices, is at the upper end of the body and surrounded by a large corolla of fleshy purple petals. They are used to prepare an extremely spicy sauce essential for some recipes, which makes oshos a very wellknown ingredient in culinary circles. On both sides of its swollen body, an osho has two fibrous, ten-foot tentacles, which it uses to grab and stun its prey. The tips of these tentacles are made of fibers that are as hard as wood and covered with many holes. Since this rudimentary claw is hollow, at the moment of impact, it generates a small shockwave that stuns its prey. This creature moves slowly, using three thick, rudimentary, foot-like protuberances. An osho's diet includes anything that will fit into its mouth and is 'alive' enough to be dissolved by its potent gastric juices. However, these juices are not the most dangerous weapon an osho has at its disposal: hidden under the purple petals, there are pollen-filled bags, which, if stimulated by the osho's movements, release a suffocating yellowish cloud. The pollen then spreads around the huge vegetable and acts like a potent sleeping draught.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly in forests and swamps.



Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+5, Vigor d12 Skills: Fighting d10

Pace: 2; Parry: 7; Toughness: 13 Special Abilities:

- Gastric Juices: If a grey osho grapples its prey, it tries to dissolve it in its gastric juices. At each round, the grappled victim must make a successful Vigor roll to prevent being Shaken (this can cause a wound).
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a grey osho due to its large size.
- Size +5: A grey osho is up to twenty feet tall and weighs several hundred pounds.
- **Soporific Spores:** Anyone beginning his round within a Large Burst Template range from a grey osho must make a successful Spirit roll or fall asleep for one minute (as in the *sleep* spell).
- Tentacle: Strength+d8, Reach 2.
- Weakness (fire): Any fire damage is doubled.

😽 Guriag

The mountain people often tell stories about guriags: huge clattering armors as high as centuries-old oaks and twice as sturdy. The war gauntlets of these armors wield huge two-handed weapons, which is indisputable proof of the blacksmiths' skills and their perfect handiwork. According to these tales, however, there are no actual hands inside the gauntlets, nor does a single breath come from the enclosed helm. These living armors seem to

wander among the mountains and are the cause of most of the landslides from the highest peaks. Chancing upon a guriag is an uncommon event, but it is also an omen of doom, so much so that in order to wish someone luck and protection, it is customary to say, "May a guriag never cross your path." The guriags are desperate for battle as much as a drowning man is desperate for air and act only by instinct. Among the Elders who tell such stories, however, there are also those who claim they saw a guriag die: a crack developed down its armor from the helmet to below the waist, and then the creature turned into ash. The same people then say they felt cold, an uncomfortable icy feeling and since the event, have never been able to savor the warmth of a welcoming hearth again, like the one around which such tales are told. Habitat: Si-Neb: Mehara Mountains. Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Throwing d8

Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 24 (6) Special Abilities:

- Armor +6: Layers and layers of full plate armor.
- Fast Regeneration: Guriags may attempt a natural Healing roll every round unless their wounds were caused by acids.
- Fear -2: Anyone who sees a guriag must make a Fear check at -2.
- Fearless: Guriags are immune to Fear and Tests of Will.






- Gargantuan: The guriags are Huge, and thus suffer +4 to ranged attacks against them. Their attacks count as Heavy Weapons, and they add their Size to Strength rolls.
- Glacial Aura: Anyone starting his round within a Large Burst Template from the guriag must make a successful vigor roll at -2 or suffer one level of Fatigue.
- Great Axe: Strength+d10, AP 1.
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice
- Immunity (ice): A guriag is immune to any drop in temperature and ice damage.

• Size +10: A guriag is probably the largest being you have ever seen (provided you have never seen a kesul).

Hamerk and Kemerhan

They are small predatory varmint that travel and attack in swarms. They have four legs and two visible bony blades where their forearms should be. Each swarm is made up of one leading kemerhan for every ten hamerks. A kemerhan is the female, slightly larger version of a hamerk, and her large tail ends with a poisonous sting in place



of the lower limbs, made superfluous by its ability to fly. The hamerks kill their prey, and the kemerhans lay their eggs in the corpse so that the larvae will be able to feed upon it once they hatch. Although hamerks and kemerhans belong to the same species, the differences between the sexes is so great that for a long time scholars deemed males and females to be independent species. Both look like insects and are protected by solid carapaces. They communicate with each other using shrill calls, and the kemerhans give their orders with even more piercing calls.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly on the plains.

Hamerk

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6. Skills: Fighting d6 Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 (2) Special Abilities:

- Armor +2: Carapace.
- Bone Blades: Strength+d6.
- Size -1: Hamerks are relatively small, so much so they are not tall enough to look into an Oscurian's eyes.
- Swarm: At the Game Master's discretion, Vast groups of hamerks can be replaced with the Swarm proposed in *Savage Worlds* core rules.

Kemerhan

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6. Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6 Flying Pace: 16; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 (2)

Special Abilities:

- Armor +2: Carapace.
- Poisonous Sting: Strength +d4; when hit (being Shaken is enough), a victim must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or suffer 2d10 poison damage. It is not possible to extract this poison from a kemerhan, not even after killing it, because it dries up as soon as it is secreted.
- Size -1: Kemerhans are relatively small, so much so they are not tall enough to look into an Oscurian's eyes.

Hulakan

A hulakan is an anthropomorphic giant with elk-like horns and a monkey-like tail, which at first sight frighten an inexperienced may traveler. However, hulakans are gentle creatures that eat fruits mainly, with a preference for poisonous plants such as airborne pumpkins or snake apples, to which they are immune. Such a diet by itself would never be enough to feed them adequately, which is why hulakans have developed a symbiotic relationship with a particular kind of musk that grows on their bodies and feed off air and sunlight. These creatures spend about half the day sleeping in the sunlight and are very active at night. They reproduce by mitosis: every five years, at the beginning of spring, a snout begins to protrude from the males' backs and within a year, grows into a whole



hulakan, about half the size of the original. Hulakans almost never attack travelers, but they are hunted for scholars —mostly Kronoss who want to learn more about their reproductive method and their immunity to poisons. It seems their horns are a powerful aphrodisiac.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly in the forests, where the fruits they prefer can be found.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12 Skills: Fighting d8

Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 12 Special Abilities:

- Gore: Hulakans use this manoeuver to gore their opponents with their horns. If they can charge at least 6" before attacking, they add +4 to their damage total.
- Horns: Strength+d6.
- Immunity (poisons): Immune to any kind of natural or artificial poison.
- Kick: Strength.
- Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a hulakan due to its large size.
- Low Light Vision: Hulakans ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- Size +4: Hulakans are among the largest existing land animals.

Hurit

A hurit or 'armored mole' is a small, white, furry mammal that lives on dry plains in desert areas. Except for the limbs and neck, the whole body is covered by a darker very coarse fur much sought after by merchants and leather workers. Loners by nature, hurits spend most of their time in a complex system of underground tunnels, where they can find their main source of nourishment: the roots of succulent plants that are rich in water. If attacked, they react by releasing a foul stench and quickly dug a hole to escape the danger.

Habitat: All the continents; mostly in the Varnha Desert.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d12. **Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 9 (3) Special Abilities:

- Armor +3: A hurit is protected by its very coarse, tough fur.
- Claws: Strength+d6.
- Stench: In its first fighting round, a hurit immediately releases a strong, foul stench. Anyone within a Small Burst Template must make a successful Agility roll or suffer being Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds).
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit.
- Size -2: A hurit is slightly larger than a regular mole.

lebal

The lower part of the body of these unusual animals resembles an anthropomorphic reptile, complete with tail and scales, while from the abdomen up, it looks very much like a hairless mountain ram. A iebal has a third pair of limbs ending with claws,



which are not long enough to reach the ground unless it is lying down. Iebals are omnivores and wander through Enascentia's forests, breaking down whatever trunks and vines get in their way with their massive strong forepaws. They eat fruit mainly, picked using their central paws and are neither predator nor prey in the food chain. Their highly developed sense of territoriality makes them very dangerous for those unlucky enough to wander into their territory and risk being struck by the equivalent of two steel mauls, that is, the creature's very strong, hooved, upper limbs. There is a specific period of the year, with the coming of spring, when iebals add meat to their diet and is when they become dangerous predators, able to chase their prey giving it no respite. Another feature typical of iebals is two air sacs either side of their skulls. which can inflate very quickly to amplify a powerful battle cry that deafens the opponent.

Habitat: Dejama, Artanty, mostly in the forests.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10. Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8 Parry: 6; Pace: 6; Toughness: 11 Special Abilities:

- Battle Cry: Iebals resort to their battle cry only when faced with a threatening opponent or when hunting during their carnivorous spell. Anyone within a Large burst Template must make a successful Vigor roll or be Shaken (this doesn't cause any wounds).
- Claws: Strength+d4, AP 1. When attacking with its claws, a iebal cannot make other attacks in the same round.
- Gore: Iebals use this maneuver to gore their opponents with their long horns. If they can charge at least 6" before attacking, they add +4 to their damage total.
- Hooves: Strength+d8.
- Horns: Strength+d6.



- Improved Grappling: A iebal that manages to grapple a victim with its lower or central limbs can strike with either without incurring in the usual multiple-actions penalties while it maintains its hold.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a iebal due to its large size.
- Size +4: Iebals are quite large, a little shorter but at least three feet taller than a rhino.

Jeruc

A jeruc is a cat-sized creature, whose bones and muscles are clearly visible through its almost-transparent skin. It has six limbs: four lower limbs which it uses to walk like any regular four-footed animal, and two much shorter upper limbs. It eats only fruit, which it detaches from trees with a tiny electric blast from its mouth. It then picks it up with its shorter upper limbs and uses its toothless mouth to suck the sugary juice from the flesh of the fruit, through the skin. Although not dangerous, when in a pack, jerucs can be a problem for farmers. They also like any kind of fermented drink, which is why it is common for them to infest wine cellars and are, therefore, hated by innkeepers, too.

Habitat: Artanty. They are everywhere, most of all in the vicinity of any village.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6 Pace: 8; Parry: 2; Toughness: 3 Special Abilities:

- Electric blast: 2d8.
- Fleet-Footed: Jerucs roll d8 instead of d6 when running.
- Quick: Jerucs are fast creatures. They may discard an Action Card of 5 or lower and draw another. They must keep the replacement card, however.
- Size -2: A jeruc is about the same size as a cat.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit.

Joisham

These creatures are often invisible and literally hide in the shadows, silently following whatever Tribe members happen to be nearby and treasuring every word they overhear. If someone notices their presence, maybe from hearing them repeat a sentence they have just heard, he insists they show themselves, and joishams appear as simple black outlines on the ground, often reproducing the same traits as the person who called out to them as a sign of courtesy.

Joishams feed off tales, be they poems or vulgar jokes, and share them with each other; however, they have a clear idea of the value of what they are offering and of what they are receiving in return. They communicate using a silent language suited to their reserved nature. If they are forced to communicate with other races, they make use, mostly, of sentences, poems or titles taken from books. They do it primarily to answer



questions, and as a result, they are rather cryptic. They are not generally dangerous. In fact, if well fed, they can provide useful and interesting information. It seems, however, that when a joisham develops an attachment to the stories told by one person, it tends to become greedy and steals the tale itself from the memory of the narrator.

Habitat: All the continents, only in the cities or large villages.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+2, Strength d4, Vigor d4. Skills: Notice d12, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d12+2

Pace: 8; Parry: 2; Toughness: 4 Special Abilities:

- Immunity (ethereal): Joisham can only be placed under spells and struck by enchanted weapons and only after having been seen (Stealth opposed Notice roll).
- **Spells:** A joisham can repeat any spell it heard just a moment before, including those exclusive to a specific Tribe, without using up any Power Points (it must make a Spellcasting roll, however).
- Stealing Tales: If motivated by interesting tales and undiscovered for four hours (Stealth opposed Notice roll every hour), a joisham bonds to the target. Every time the target utters a sentence, he makes a Spirit roll. If the roll fails, he forgets the concept he has just expressed and any memory linked to it. After five stolen memories, the target is Incapacitated and cannot recover until he retrieves at least one of his

stolen memories. It is possible either to persuade the Joisham to give them back or kill it, in which case the memories will revert to the original owner, provided they have not been already used as exchange goods in the meantime.

Karisu

This unusual creature has insectlike legs and a reptilian body, but it is also crossed with a few vegetable elements. A karisu has what is usually called a 'sail' on its back -a sort of dorsal protuberance made of extensions of the vertebrae, joined by a thin, leaf-like membrane that has the same shape and texture of a sail. This 'sail' collects and metabolizes sunlight. During the day, karisus travel in a pack, but at dusk, they withdraw into a filamentous cocoon which they start to weave as soon as the sun sets on the horizon and the dorsal sail can no longer collect light. They live in tropical, very sunny areas and can survive much longer without food than without sunlight: they suffer 1 Fatigue level for every whole day of bad weather. They are sexless and reproduce by sporulation. Greencolored pumpkins, which are the final growth stage of the spores from which the newborns will emerge, are a common sight on tropical sunny plains.

Habitat: Si-An, anywhere, most of all in the Varnha Desert.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6



Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8

Pace: 8; Parry: 6; Toughness: 6 (1) Special Abilities:

- Armor: +1, scales.
- Fangs: Strength+d8.
- Tail: Strength.
- Weakness (darkness): If deprived of sunlight, even temporarily, a Karisu immediately suffers a -2 penalty to all Traits rolls. If hit when in this condition, it suffers an additional 1d6 damage.

Kesul

The few sailors lucky enough to have seen a kesul and survived to tell the tale usually say that the sea bottom itself attacked them, surfacing in the shape of a shark. Known as the 'shoal shark, the kesul is a predator whose skin is covered with a substance that is rock-like in consistency and color but as light as air itself. Kesuls have the same limitation as regular sharks -that is, they can never stay still, and one of their most used hunting strategies is to get near a reef and conceal themselves among the rocks near the surface. They can lie in wait for many hours until some unaware prey —usually seals or sea lions inadvertently get too near them.

Habitat: Inner Archipelago, Archipelago of Wenma.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+12, Vigor d12 **Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d8, Stealth d12 (only in the reefs)

Pace: -; Parry: 7; Toughness: 22 (4) Special Abilities:

- Aquatic: Pace 8
- Armor +4: Rocky skin
- Bite: Strength+d12
- Fear -2: Anyone who sees a kesul must make a Fear check at -2.
- Gargantuan: The kesuls are Huge and thus suffer +4 to ranged attacks against them. Their attacks count as Heavy Weapons, and they add their Size to Strength rolls.
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- Low Light Vision: Kesuls ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting
- Size +10: A kesul is probably the largest being you have ever seen (provided you have never seen a guriag).

Koopash

Very similar to a tortoise, the koopash stand out because of their size: the upper part of the shell, which is some ten feet long, is usually three feet above ground. The legs are attached to the sides of the torso and bend with a ninety-degree angle so that it is perfectly parallel to the ground. A koopash's best quality is its stability which, together with its flat, perfectly level shell, makes it the ideal pack animal. A koopash can travel for a few days —three, usually— without eating or sleeping or even resting. The only downside one must accept



when traveling on a koopash is its gait, which is like a leisurely stroll. The koopash have a horn on their heads and strong scales to protect their limbs.

Habitat: All the continents, everywhere.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12. Skills: -

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 13 (2)/15 (4)

Special Abilities:

- Armor +2/+4: A koopash natural armor is harder where it is covered by its shell (+4) while the scales covering the rest of the body are less resistant (+2). Head and neck lack any protection (Toughness 11 against called shots).
- Bite: Strength+d4
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- Size +3: A koopash is about ten feet long and three feet tall.





Lahan

These sand-colored arthropods live in the Varnha Desert, in the heart of Si-An, but unlike the common scorpions found in the area, they grow as big as large pack animals. Besides their dreadful pincers, lahans are feared also because of their stings. If not killed on the spot from being pierced, the victim is infected by a lahan's poison, much sought after on the black markets in large cities.

Habitat: Si-An, Varnha Desert and nearby areas.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Strength d12+1, Spirit d10, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d8

Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 12 (2) Special Abilities:

- Armor +2: Carapace
- Immunity (lahan poison): In order to generate it, the lahan's body has adapted to it.
- **Infravision:** In the darkness, lahans can perceive heat sources. They halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.
- Lahan poison: Anyone struck by a lahan's tail (being Shaken is enough) must make a Vigor roll. If the roll fails, the target is Shaken (this can cause a wound) and suffer 1 wound; if the roll is successful, he is just Shaken (this can cause 1 wound, and with a raise there is no ill effect.
- Pincer: Strength+d10
- Size +3: A lahan is as large as an ox.
- Tail: Strength+d6

Leoxam

Also called 'icy claws', the leoxams are the most-feared animals to be found on the glaciers in the northernmost reaches of Artanty. They are perhaps the only ones that can withstand the artic temperatures. Their bodies are very similar to that of a lion, but their fur is not the same color as that of their savannah cousins. It is blue-toned from light to electric blue- and the mane is usually purple with golden streaks. Their snout is slightly flatter and the head is large. Another obvious difference between these two loosely related species is their diets; leoxams' staple is water, and they can survive a couple of weeks without eating any meat, which is difficult to find in these lands. The few adventurers reckless enough to venture there offer more than enough meat to satisfy these carnivores' needs. When they have to search for food on their own, driven by hunger, the leoxams may roam as far as the snowy plains. In the nearby villages, the inhabitants soon learn the leoxams' feeding patterns and shut themselves up in their houses during that time, counting on the leoxams to be forced to return to their glaciers as soon as possible because their unusual icy skin cannot tolerate even slightly higher temperatures for long.

There is a legend some Elders tell about these animals. It seems, in the past, a Senduar was so foolish or so brave (at times the difference is so small it is non-existent), that he



wanted to try and tame a leoxam. According to the legend, he succeeded after many attempts and as many wounds, and the leoxam followed him wherever he went, fighting at his side until the Senduar died. The leoxam stayed by the body, keeping vigil for twenty-four long hours. Afterwards, there was no longer a live Leoxam by the body, but a huge gravestone carved in the shape of a leoxam, in memory of that traveler.

Habitat: Artanty, glaciers.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12,Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6 Parry: 7; Pace: 8; Toughness: 9 Special Abilities:

- Claws: Strength+d6
- Fangs: Strength+d8
- Glacial Aura: Not only do the leoxams draw energy from the extremely cold climate of their habitat, but they also contribute to making it so cold by emanating a glacial aura. Anyone beginning his round at a Small Burst Template distance from them must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken (this can cause a wound). This roll is made before the round actually begins. Therefore, if it fails the target must also to make a regular Spirit roll to recover from being Shaken.
- Immunity (ice): Any ice or cold energy source damage has no ill effect on a leoxam.
- Low Light Vision: Leoxams ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.

- **Pounce:** Leoxams often pounce on their prey to best bring their mass and claws to bear. A leoxam can leap 1d6 to gain +4 to its attack and damage. Its parry is reduced by 2 until its next action when performing this maneuver.
- Size +2: A leoxam is as big as a lion.
- Weakness (fire): Any fire attack deals double damage to leoxams.

Mallaresh

The mallaresh, or 'hand of fate', is a creature as unique in its shape, as it is upsetting. Legends connect it loosely to the Gromsh Kami, Chaos. It appears as a sixteen-foot-tall hand which stays upright and moves. The palm is turned forward, the fingers pointed upward, while the 'wrist' rests on a strong fleshy tail that allows the creature to slither forward. In the center of the palm is a huge mouth with extremely sharp fangs, usually extended horizontally so that they can clamp easily to eat. Each of the five finger-like protuberances ends with the head of a snake, which are equipped with jaws but lack any sensory organs.

A mallaresh does not fight to eat because its mouth allows it to pulverize and assimilate literally anything. If it fights, it is merely to test an opponent, and it never faces more than one individual at a time. In a fight, the snake heads act randomly, in no particular order, literally biting into the magic Veil that envelopes everything, and generate strange



effects depending on the head biting into it. The murder head poisons, the anger head clouds the mind, the deceit head causes euphoric hallucinations, the complex head causes mutations, and the destiny head gives the target a valuable object. The mallaresh may cease attack before killing its victim: it can suddenly decide to leave, in which case, it rolls up into a ball, vanishing into thin air only to re-appear in a new place determined by Chaos.

Habitat: Unknown. It is said it spends most of its time in the Sit-Tabthi area. Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d12 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: -

Parry: 2; Pace: 6; Toughness: 13 Special Abilities:

- Biting the Veil: At each round, a mallaresh tries to bite the Veil with one of its five heads, randomly chosen, and any opponent within a Large Burst Template must roll 1d6
 - 1) Murder Head: The target makes a Vigor roll. If the roll fails, he is Shaken (this can cause a wound) and suffers 2 wounds. If it is successful, he is Shaken (this can cause a wound) and suffers 1 wound. With a raise, he is just Shaken (this can cause a wound).
 - 2) Anger Head: The target must make a successful Spirit roll at -4 or be seized by a furious rage. Anyone in such a state cannot stop fighting against the mallaresh until it disappears. The target gains +2 to attack rolls and +4 to damage with any weapon or

enchantment. During his round he must make at least one attack against the mallaresh.

- 3) Deceit Head: The target must make a successful Spirit roll at -4 or fall prey of hallucinations. If the roll fails, the target is Incapacitated for 1d6 round and is automatically Shaken (this can cause a wound) when he returns to his senses.
- 4) **Complex Head:** The Target must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or make a roll on the Mutations Table (see Gromsh Exclusive Spells on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 269).
- 5) **Destiny Head:** The target is given a valuable object (possibly magic), chosen at the total discretion of the Game Master.

The Mallaresh rolls into a ball, rips the Veil and leaves for a place chosen by Chaos.

- Fear -4: Anyone who sees a mallaresh must make a Fear check at -4.
- Fearless: The mallaresh are immune to Fear and Tests of Will.
- Invulnerability: A mallaresh is immune to all known attacks (it cannot even be Shaken). The only thing to do if chancing upon it is to fight until it chooses to disappear.
- Size +5: A mallaresh is sixteen feet tall.

Malpa

An observer might be misled by a malpa's humanoid shape and upright posture and mistake it for a member



of a Lost Tribe. These creatures cause such misunderstandings because they have the habit of wearing or brandishing any kind of clothes, armor or weapons they happen to find in their habitat, usually taking them from dead bodies. Their odd physical features, however, leave no room for doubt, most of all about the face. This resembles that of a baboon, with an elongated snout and four prominent lower fangs. One should, therefore, not be surprised by the sight of the four horns protruding through the grey fur on the back of a malpa's head. The upper limbs are much more developed than the lower ones. The upper limbs end in very sharp black claws, the lower with strong dark hooves. Malpas can reproduce any animal call but do so more because they like to, rather than as a strategy for attack because they are not endowed with enough intelligence. It is also why they steal objects instead of trying to make them.

Habitat: All the continents, everywhere. Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d8, Notice d6

Parry: 6; **Pace:** 15; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Gear: Game statistics presume the malpa wears a chain hauberk and brandishes a long sword. Depending on the chosen gear, both can vary considerably.

Special Abilities:

• Animal Call: By imitating the call of an animal in distress, 1d4 animals belonging to a species quite common in the area can come to a malpa's aid. Similarly, it can imitate a predator's roar to frighten and disperse smaller animals.

- Armor +2: Chain hauberk.
- Claws: Strength+d4
- Horns: Strength+d6
- Long sword: Strength+d8
- Fangs: Strength+d6

Meburuusa

Meburuusas look like large armored insects with four very strong legs. From the abdomen down, they resemble a horse in appearance and size. From the shoulders up, their shells, head and pincers are similar to those of a stag beetle. They are mostly carrion eaters. Even when food is scarce, they will hunt other animals and leave their carcasses to decompose for a couple of days. Meburuusas are not particularly aggressive —some Senduars have managed to tame them and use them as mounts.



Habitat: All the continents, caves and plains at the foot of the mountains. Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d12 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d4 Parry: 5; Pace: 8; Toughness: 13 (3) Special Abilities:

- Armor +3: Carapace.
- Fleet-Footed: Meburuusas roll d8 instead of d6 when running.
- Kick: Strength.
- Low Light Vision: Meburuusas ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- Pincers: Strength+d8.
- Size +2: A meburuusa is about as large as a horse.

Nereba

A nereba is an odd mixture of feline, reptile and bat. It lives in deep caves, and because of its ability to see in the dark, it emerges only at night to hunt. The wing-like membranes on its forelegs prevent it from flying, but it glides silently. It soars stealthily over its prey and then swoops suddenly onto it; the force of the impact can prove fatal for the victim. If unsuccessful, a nereba runs away because its bite is not very powerful and is lethal only when combined with the momentum of the glide.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly in the forests.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d6, Stealth d12, Notice d8 Pace: 6 (12 when gliding); Parry: 6; Toughness: 2

Special Abilities:

- Acrobat: +2 to Agility rolls to perform acrobatic maneuvers; +1 to Parry if unencumbered.
- Bite: Strength+d4
- Claws: Strength
- **Infravision:** In the darkness, nerebas can perceive heat sources. They halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.
- Size -2: A nereba is the same size as a cat.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit.
- Surprise Attack: A nereba's entire hunting strategy is based on the initial blow. When catching an opponent by surprise, nerebas add +2 to their Fighting rolls and damage. With a raise on their Fighting roll, nerebas hit the target's most weakly armored location.

Nirupa

Nirupas look like huge semitransparent slugs with flat backs and can be up to seven feet long. They use the straight line of bioluminescent pigments along their backs to communicate. They also secrete an acid that can melt rocks. They soften them until they are the same consistency as mud and then eat them. Of course, the Rok'Nars consider nirupas extremely dangerous and do not hesitate to exterminate them if they endanger the Mother. Nirupas seek suitable territory where they



stay until they have consumed all available food. According to some, these creatures are responsible for the existence of the Rocky Marshes.

Habitat: Si-Neb, swamps and mountains.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6. Skills: Climbing d12+2, Shooting d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 2; Parry: 2; Toughness: 7 (1) Special Abilities:

- Acid Jet: 2d8, range 3/6/12. If the jet hits the target (successful attack roll) but does not damage him, it has been blocked by a piece of gear to be determined using the Acid Application Table (see table on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 276).
- Armor +1: Semi-transparent shell.
- Immune to Acid: The nirupas are immune to any kind of acid, including their own.
- Size +1: Nirupas are seven feet long.
- Wall Walker: Can walk on vertical surfaces at Pace 2

Ojomba

Nicknamed by fishermen 'the good sea giant', the ojomba is a tame creature endowed with keen sight, which is unusual in a sea creature. Ojombas are not fish. They are more like a cross between a whale and an octopus —the anterior resembles the former and the posterior resembles the latter. They sift the sea bottom searching for mollusks (which they like very much) using their two prehensile hands. The main staple of their diet, however, are small fish they hunt down by means of an unusual tactic; an ojomba can produce a powerful sonic shockwave, which stuns its prey. This creature is seldom dangerous. If attacked, it tries to stun its attackers and run away. It is dangerous only when defending its young, which is often, since the meat of these 'small' creatures —unlike that of adult specimens— is really tasty. In such cases, an ojomba uses the full strength of its powerful jaws and claws to rip apart the hunter's body, leaving the remains to be devoured by sea predators.

Habitat: All seas.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+5, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10 Pace: Parry: 6; Toughness: 14 Special Abilities:

- Aquatic: Pace 10
- Bite: Strength+d10
- Claws: Strength+d6
- Fear: Anyone who sees an ojomba must make a Fear check.
- Improved Frenzy: During a round, an ojomba can carry two attacks with its tentacles and one with its claws with no multiple-actions penalty. Further attacks suffer the usual penalties.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking an ojomba due to its large size.
- Size +7: An ojomba is a little larger than a killer whale.



- Sonic Shockwave: Anyone within a Cone Template must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken (this does not cause any wounds).
- **Tentacle:** Strength+d4. When hitting an enemy (Size 4 or less) with a tentacle, an ojomba can grapple him as a free action.

Parsha

These herbivores are quite common in Enascentia, mostly in hill country. They have the same body structure as a dromedary, with just a few distinctive differences: their ears are erect like those of a rabbit, and they have elongated vertical eyes and eyelids. However, their most distinctive characteristic —which makes a parsha's name well known to all skin dealers— is their fur, because it is one of the warmest and softest available. In fact, adventurers heading for cold regions or mountain heights always carry parsha fur blankets with them. Why these inhabitants of hilly, temperate areas should have such a warm coat of fur is still a mystery to scholars.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly in hill country.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Notice d4 Pace: 4; Parry: 2; Toughness: 8 Special Abilities:

- Kick: Strength+d4
- Size +2: A parsha is approximatively the same size as a horse.

* Pembur

Pemburs have the same body build and coloring as panthers, but there are some significant differences. Instead of fur, they are covered with a scaly obsidian-like -but much tougher- mineral. A viscous, luminescent, emerald-green substance filters through the scales, especially at the shoulder joints: it is the famous pembur poison, perhaps better known than the animal itself. These 'poisonous shadows' -a fitting nickname for these creatures- are among the most dangerous animals in Enascentia, not just because of the poison: they also have very sharp fangs and claws, are unusually fast and can conceal the sheen from the substance they produce to become one with the darkness of night. They are said to be one of the greatest challenges a Ferua can face, and that



in more than one of their villages, the pack leader is chosen after a pembur hunt.

Habitat: Si-An, Si-Neb, jungle, savannah, marshy areas.

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d12+2, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Parry: 10; **Pace:** 10; **Toughness:** 10 (4)

Special Abilities:

- Armor +4: Mineral scales
- Bite: Strength+d6.
- Claws: Strength+d4.
- Fleet-Footed: Pemburs roll d10 instead of d6 when running.
- **Immunity (pembur poison):** The body has adapted to this poison so that it can produce it.
- Level headed: A pembur acts on the best of two cards.
- Low Light Vision: Pemburs ignore penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting
- **Pembur Poison:** A pembur's fangs and claws are always coated with the poison filtering through its skin. Every time he is hit (being Shaken is enough), a pembur's opponent must make a successful Vigor roll. If the roll fails, he is Incapacitated for 2d6 rounds. If successful, the Vigor dice is reduced by one dice type and the victim suffers -1 to his Agility rolls and to Trait rolls linked to Agility (cumulative, duration 1 hour). With a raise there is no ill effect.
- **Poisonous Shadow:** The pembur withholds the poison beneath its scales, increasing its Stealth dice by three types. While using this Ability,

pemburs make any other action at -2. It entails the usual multiple action penalties.

- **Poisonous Vapours:** When a pembur is hit (being Shaken is enough), a poisonous vapor emanates from the wound as a free action. Anyone within a Small Burst Template must make a successful Agility roll or suffer -1 to Vigor rolls (cumulative, duration an hour)
- **Pounce:** Pembur often pounce on their prey to best bring their mass and claws to bear. A pembur can leap 1d6 to gain +4 to its attack and damage. Its parry is reduced by -2 until its next action when performing this maneuver.
- Size +1: Lying down, a pembur is about seven feet long.

Percikan

Percikans are large winged creatures with a distinctive plumage of vibrant colors ranging from ivory to a reddish hue on their long tails. This is one of the reasons they are also known as 'Sparklers'. Rubbing their feathers together produces the same effect as rubbing together two pieces of flint and they leave a trail of light behind them. Percikans are solitary creatures who prefer to spend their time flying and hunting, but they never retreat from a fight if someone dares to steal their prey or endanger their young. Well aware of the weapons nature has provided, percikans fight by rubbing their feathers together with their tails, as they have full control



of their caudal muscles. More than one hapless victim has been burned to death after witnessing such a sight. Percikans live in mountainous areas, often at the top of the highest peaks. They seldom wander into woodlands, but when they do, it is highly likely they will leave dying embers behind them.

Habitat: Dejama, Si-Neb, Rallenok and Mehara Mountains.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12.

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8

Parry: 7; Pace: 4 (Flying Pace 24); Toughness: 14

Special Abilities:

- Beak: Strength+d6.
- **Burning Blow:** The percikan rubs its tail against its plumage, generating a flame. For 3 rounds after this action, the tail inflicts Strength+d8+2 'fire' damage (see the 'Fire' section on *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- Burning Flare: When feeling really threatened, usually after suffering 2 or 3 wounds, a percikan resorts to its last form of defense: flapping its wings and tail until it generates a wave of flames. Anyone within a cone Template must make a successful Agility roll at -2 or suffer 3d6 fire damage (see the 'Fire' section on *Savage Worlds* core rules). When using the Burning Flare, a percikan cannot do anything else in that round but move.

- **Immunity (fire):** By nature in contact with fire and heat, these creatures have a natural resistance to them.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a percikan due to its large size.
- Level Headed: A percikan acts on the best of two cards.
- Size +6: A percikan weighs four hundred pounds and is about twenty feet tall.
- Tail: Strength+d4.
- Wings: Strength.

Y Phoenix

Featured in the ballads sung by any Menoosh singer, phoenixes are magic animals well known all over Enascentia for their unique quality: immortality. Each phoenix is bonded to a volcano, be it active or not, and with each sunrise, emits a strong glare. The intensity of the light can even tell the most expert observers whether the phoenix is simply waking from its sleep or whether what they see are flames released by its coming back to life. There is a lot of misinformation about this being, as admired as it is mysterious. In fact, few people know it is not a creature made entirely of fire: a phoenix is a winged creature that weighs about four hundred pounds and is covered with feathers constantly generate which heat but at the same time protect the phoenix's body from it. The most knowledgeable sources maintain it could be an ancestor of the percikan



or even its new evolutionary form. Nobody knows the true nature of its plumage or why a phoenix is bound for eternity to a specific volcano, but both things are certainly connected to some Veil-related event dating back to Enascentia's antiquity. A phoenix is not hostile toward humanoids, but it is very protective toward the volcano upon which it nests and mercilessly defends it against all invaders, even those who do not realize they are trespassing into its domain.

Habitat: All the continents, any volcano, even those by now extinct.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+5,Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d8

Pace: 4 (Flying Pace 24); Parry: 8; Toughness: 14

Special Abilities:

- **Beak:** Strength+d4+2, fire damage (see the 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- Flame Burst: Instead of carrying its normal round attacks, a phoenix can extend its fiery aura. Anyone within a Large Burst Template must make a successful Agility roll at -2 or suffer 3d6 fire damage (see the 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- Immortal: Even if defeated, a phoenix always comes back to life with the following sunrise, emerging from the volcano to which it is bonded. At the moment of death, a phoenix stops generating heat and

lies on the ground like a corpse. At dawn, just before it comes back to life, if still whole, its body turns to ash and dissolves. A moment later the phoenix re-emerges from the volcano, enveloped in flames. Its body is actually a new one, but the phoenix is still the same being, with the same memories it had in its previous life.

- Immunity (fire): By nature, these creatures live in constant contact with fire and heat, and they have a natural resistance to this element.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a phoenix due to its large size.
- Level Headed: A phoenix acts on the best of two cards.
- Surrounded by Fire: Anyone coming into close combat with a phoenix or hitting it unarmed must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken (this can cause a wound). See the 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules.
- **Tail:** Strength+2, fire damage (see the 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules).
- Size +6: Four hundred pounds of weight distributed over a body about twenty feet tall.
- Wing: Strength+2, fire damage (see the 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules).

Qelewar

These creatures live in the most unwelcoming caves and darkest places and are totally blind. To get



their bearings, they use their very keen sense of hearing, which makes them sensitive to loud noises. They also feel ground vibrations and react accordingly: they do not usually hesitate to feed on anything that gets too near to them. They are carnivores, and their appetite is insatiable, to the point they resort to cannibalism when there is no available prey. Because of this, they tend to be solitary creatures that seldom travel in packs. Qelewars are easy to identify by their eyeless faces and expansive ears, which are extensions of the fleshy masses either side of the skull and of their long hooked forelegs. They also have long tails with extraneous muscles, which they use to fight with.

Habitat: All the continents, only inside caves.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice (hearing only) d12 Parry: 7; Pace: 6; Toughness: 8 Special Abilities:

- Barbs: Strength+d6, AP 1.
- Fangs: Strength+d4.
- Fear: Anyone who sees a qelewar must make a Fear check.
- Size +2: A qelewar is more or less as tall as a Gromsh.
- Tail: Strength.
- Weakness (sound): When they hear a very loud noise (a fanfare, metal clashing against metal, etc.) qelewars must make a successful Vigor roll to avoid being Shaken (this does not cause a wound).

Rakar

Rakars are treacherous scorpions that infest the Black Desert in Dejama. They are as black as the sands in which they hide, and their shells are covered with purple crystals that thicken at the end of the tail, where the sting should be. Since they are the same crystals as those found all over the desert, they provide the rakars with perfect camouflage. Anyone stung by them is not poisoned but can contract a unique disease: the Crystal Plague. If the victim is not attended to immediately, many crystals grow all over his body. He gradually loses self-control and turns into a vague, expressionless being whose only purpose is to wander aimlessly through the desert searching for someone to strike with its crystals that are now covering his body completely. The presence of the rakars and their habit of hiding in the sand with only the tip of their tail exposed has made the price of Black Desert crystals go through the roof on Oscurian markets because there are very few who are brave or desperate enough to risk their lives collecting them.

Habitat: Dejama, only in the Black Desert.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8 (d12+2 in his habitat)

Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (2) Special Abilities:

• Armor +2: Shell.





· Crystal Plague: Anyone who hits a rakar unarmed or is stung has a fifty-percent chance of catching the Crystal Plague. This disease lasts a maximum of three days, but it can claim its victim sooner than that. Every day after contracting the disease, the character must make a successful Vigor roll at a penalty that increases with every passing day (0 the next day, -2 the second day, -4 the third, etc.). If the roll fails, the victim becomes expressionless and slowly attacks any target within sight. To heal the victim, a success on a Healing roll or a raise on a Survival roll suffices before reaching the final stage (each person can make a try on a single subject every day). Even if the disease does not produce any violent symptoms within three days, it can be diagnosed via a successful Healing roll. After three days, the victim becomes a vessel for the crystals,

totally devoid of any willpower but with the urge to attack other living beings to spread the Plague.

- **Infravision:** In the absence of light, rakars register any source of heat. They halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.
- Pincers: Strength+d8.
- Size -2: A rakar is the same size as a cat.
- Small: Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit.
- Tail: Strength+d4.

Ravelkan

The bodies of these huge arachnids are covered with a viscous, gelatinous coating, opaque green in color that blends into a bright yellow. Ravelkans are a real repository of poisonous substances, so much so that they are also called 'a melting pot of poisons': their rear sacs contain all kinds of



toxins, from the most common spider poison —which is what one would logically expect in an arachnid- to the extremely rare pembur poison. It is not known how ravelkans can secrete such substances, and the effectively knowledge needed to extract one dose of poison from them is not widespread. (Two raises on a Survival roll are required, followed by a Poison Crucible roll to determine the kind of poison extracted.) Those who know how to, however, often go on a proper ravelkan hunt to sell the poisons under the counter to disreputable merchants. Ravelkans are the same size as a dog and they feed mainly on smaller animals, such as mice or cats, but some odd impulse drives them to attack humanoids as well, only to run away after inflicting a few bites.

Habitat: Si-An, Si-Neb, humid places, mostly in the jungle, woods and swamps.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d12+2, Fighting d10, Notice d6, Stealth d8 Pace: 8; Parry: 7; Toughness: 5 Special Abilities:

- Bite: Strength+d6.
- Immunity (poisons): The bizarre physiology of this arachnid is by now immune to any kind of poison even before starting to host it.
- Infravision: In the absence of light, ravelkans register any source of heat. They halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.

- **Poisons Crucible:** Anyone bitten by a ravelkan must roll d6 to determine which poison he has to fight:
 - 1) Crested Jellifish: Vigor roll. -2 to Toughness for ten minutes if it fails (cannot be summed up).
 - 2) Tok'Gor: Vigor roll. 4 to Pace and Running impossible if the roll fails, -2 to Pace and Running dice reduced by one dice type if it is successful. With a raise there is no effect. Duration ten minutes.
 - **3) Ferua:** Vigor roll. If it fails, the victim is paralyzed for 1d6 rounds.
 - 4) Lahan: Vigor roll. If it fails, the victim is Shaken (this can cause a wound) and suffers 1 wound. If successful, the victim is just Shaken (this can cause a wound). With a raise, there is no ill effect.
 - 5) **Pembur:** Vigor roll. If it fails, the victim is incapacitated for 2d6 rounds. If successful, the Vigor dice is reduced by one dice type, and the victim suffers -1 to his Agility rolls and to Trait rolls linked to Agility (cumulative, duration an hour). With a raise there is no ill effect.
 - 6) Two Poisons are Secreted: Roll twice. Should the character get this result more than once, the maximum number of secreted poisons is still two.
- Size -1: A ravelkan is never larger than a dog.
- Wall Walker: Can walk on vertical surfaces at Pace 8.



• Web: Ravelkans can cast webs from their thoraces the size of Small Burst Templates. They must make a Shooting roll with range 3/6/12. Anyone caught in the web must cut or break their way free (Toughness 7). Webbed characters can still fight, but all physical actions are at -4.

Red Osho

This subspecies of osho is much smaller than the grey osho —it barely reaches five feet in length- but that does not mean it is less dangerous. Leaner in shape, the red osho is characterized by its vivid scarlet color and its long keratinous legs, which allow it to move quite fast and earned it the nickname of 'spider rose'. Their tentacles are short ---no more than six feet in length- and compact and end in large, stiff, fibrous hooks. The petals are smaller but more numerous and envelop most of the spider rose's body. They are the same vivid scarlet as the body but lighten toward the tips. In this species, the pollen bags are near the mouth. Instead of continuously releasing pollen, they can be contracted at will by the red osho, producing a cloud of very fine dust that irritates its opponent's eyes and blinds him. Being smaller in size, the red osho's mouth is too small to devour a human-sized prey, but its strong territoriality, coupled with its well-known aggressiveness, often drives it to attack opponents much larger than itself. Red oshos have been often sighted moving in packs

of three to ten; less frequently, they have been seen following a single grey osho.

Habitat: Anywhere, mostly in the woods and swamps

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8. Skills: Fighting d10 Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 6

Special Abilities:

- Hooked Tentacle: Strength+d6, Reach 1.
- Irritant Spores: During its round, instead of attacking, a red osho can release irritant spores. Anyone within a Medium Burst template must make a successful Agility roll at -2 or be blinded for a minute (see description of the *blind* spell).
- Weakness (ice): Unlike the grey subspecies, red oshos are not as susceptible to flames but are extremely sensitive to low temperatures; Any ice damage is doubled.

Silver Aredea

This species of huge spiders can be found only in the Forest of Melvor and can be up to thirty-three feet long. Their stocky bodies are covered with fine silver-colored down, from which they get their name.

In spite of its size, the silver aredea is quite nimble and uses an odd tactic when hunting its prey: it spins a web directly above one of the exits from its underground lair and then covers it with leaves and pieces of wood and waits for some unfortunate animal (or careless Tribe member) to fall into



it. The aredea is quite skilled in taking the best possible advantage of the Forest of Melvor's hilly ground to site its deadly webs, and it often builds a 'back-up' nest on the large centuriesold trees. Each spider web is always connected to the nest so that the huge spider can perceive the vibrations created by a new prey even if it is not in the immediate vicinity.

Habitat: Si-An, only in the Forest of Melvor.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+6, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12+2, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6

Parry: 7; Pace: 8; Toughness: 15 (2) Special Abilities:

- Armor +2: Silver coat.
- Bite: Strength+d6
- Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a silver aredea due to its large size.
- Size +6: Thirty-three feet in length.
- Wall Walker: Can walk on vertical surfaces at Pace 8.
- Webbing: Aredeas can cast webs from their thoraces the size of Small Burst Templates. They must make a Shooting roll with range of 3/6/12. Anything in the web must cut or break their way free (Toughness 7). Webbed characters can still fight, but all physical actions are at -4

Suruune

This giant snake —which can be up to twenty feet long- lives almost exclusively in the stifling Rijia Jungle. It is also known as the 'armored snake' because of its bony hood, similar to that of a cobra. A second pair of ribs extends from the creature's first vertebrae and forms a sort of pointed hood that is quite hard and sturdy. This protuberance gradually gets narrower, ending in a thirty-inchlong horn above the suruune's head. Bony plates run all along the beast's back, covering the upper half of its body and those at the end of the tail are shaped like a bat, which the suruune uses to fight with. Unlike most existing snakes, this species secretes acid rather than poison and emits it in the form of a spray. Of course, suruunes are far from easy prey for anyone, which is why they are hunted almost exclusively by the Feruas who live in Felinea, given they have few other natural enemies.

Habitat: Si-An, Rijia Jungle.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12 Skills: Fighting d10, Stealth d8

Parry: 7; Pace: 4; Toughness: 15 (4) Special Abilities:

• Acid Jet: At each round, instead of a regular attack, a suruune can spray its acid. Anyone within a Cone Model must make a successful Agility roll or be Shaken (this can cause a wound) and also roll on the Acid Application



table. If the roll is successful, the character makes only the table roll. With a raise there is no ill effect.

- Armor +4: Bony plates.
- **Bite:** Strength+d4. Anyone bitten by a suruune (being Shaken is enough) must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or suffer 1 additional wound.
- Horn: Strength+d8.
- Immunity (acid): Suruunes are immune both to their own and any other kind of acid (see table on *Enascentia Player's Guide*, p. 276).
- **Infravision:** In the absence of light, suruunes register any source of heat; they halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.
- Level Headed: A suruune acts on the best of two cards.
- Size +3: A suruune is up to seven feet long.
- Tail: Strength+d6.
- Tail Lash: A suruune can sweep all opponents in its rear facing in a three-inch-long by six-inch-wide square. This is a standard Fighting attack, and damage is equal to the suruune's Strength -2.

Tinbankol

These rodent-like, light-haired, small creatures eat any kind of vegetable and fruit they can find in their habitat, usually on low altitude hillsides. These little creatures' peculiarity is their coat of precious stones, which differ from family to family. These gems have an unusual characteristic: if a tinbankol is threatened, they produce a reverberating sound, vibrate and quickly generate heat to surround it. Although their flesh is apparently delicious, it is considered improper to eat it, and the mere thought of it disgusts those Tribes more perceptive to natural balances.

Habitat: All the continents, mostly hill country.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (2) Special Abilities:

- Acrobat: +2 to Agility rolls to perform acrobatic maneuvers; +1 to Parry if unencumbered.
- Armor +2: Bejeweled coat.
- Bite: Strength+d4.
- Heat Aura: When fighting, a tinbankol generates a Medium Burst Template heat aura all around, to which all tinbankols are immune. Any character beginning his round within the heat aura must make a successful vigor roll or be Shaken (this can cause 1 wound). See 'Fire' section in *Savage Worlds* core rules. A cumulative -1 to roll is applied at each new round of heat radiation.
- Size -2: A tinbankol is a little larger than a common rodent.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit.

Tok'Gor

These imposing anthropomorphic creatures have long ivory tusks, like those of an elephant. Tok'gors are strictly carnivores and wander





in the forests, jungles and caves of Enascentia in search of their next meal. Starting from the skull and all along their backs, more ivory tusks protrude from their bodies, which makes them look quite threatening. Tok'gors are not just large creatures, they are also dangerous hunters that secrete poison through the skin near their tusks and claws. They are the Ferua's favorite challenge: agility against strength, debilitating poison poison...to against decelerating them, fighting a tok'gor is almost like looking at themselves in a distorted mirror. Many a Ferua pack elects its leader after a tok'gor hunt. It is not by chance that most of their knives, bows and armors are made of these animals' remains —usually the tusks. Habitat: All the continents, mostly in the forests, jungles and caves.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+5, Vigor d10 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Taunt d10

Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 12 Special Abilities:

- Claws: Strength+d6
- Immunity (tok'gor poison): To produce this poison, the tok'gor has adapted to it.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a tok'gor due to its large size
- **Rapid Regeneration:** Tok'gors can make a Healing roll per round, unless wounded by acid or under the effect of some poison (any but theirs, to which they are immune).
- Size +5: A tok'gor is sixteen feet tall and weighs several hundred pounds.



- Tok'gor Poison: Anyone hit (being Shaken is enough) by a tok'gor claw or tusk must make a successful Vigor roll. - 4 to Pace and Running impossible if the roll fails, -2 to Pace and Running dice decreased by 1 dice type if it is successful. With a raise there is no ill effect. Duration ten minutes.
- Tusks: Strength+d8

- Ulut

An Ulut is a giant arachnid with six arched legs and a head at each end of its body. There is a medium-sized head on the front of the body, equipped with numerous small sharp teeth and set on a neck-like protuberance where the shell curves down. The other 'head' is just a huge mouth full of serrated fangs. The whole body has an elongated horizontal shape, and its scaled shell makes it quite flexible. In fact, to attack, an ulut bends itself in half, thus bringing forward its huge fanged mouth, ready to pounce onto its unfortunate victim from above. The jaws are not connected to the animal's digestive system. Their only function is to tear the flesh from its prey and kill it. The front mouth will then eat, spewing gastric juices on the remains to pulp them. If forced to run away, an ulut will use its gastric juices on its attackers to clear the way, but only if in real imminent danger because it will then have to wait eight hours before it can secrete the juices again to feed.

Habitat: All the continents, plains and marshes.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10 Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 15 (2) Special Abilities:

- Armor +2: Shell.
- Bite (large): Strength+d10. An ulut cannot make other actions in a round if it bites with its larger mouth.
- Bite (small): Strength+d4.
- Claws: Strength.
- Fear: Anyone who sees an ulut must make a Fear check.
- Gastric Juices: When an ulut spews its gastric juices, the target must make an Agility roll not to be corroded by them. If the roll fails, he is hit and suffers 2d6+2 damage.
- **Infravision:** In the absence of light, uluts register any source of heat. They halve penalties for dark lighting against living targets.
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking an ulut due to its large size
- Size +6: An ulut is larger than an elephant and weighs correspondingly.
- Webbing: Uluts can cast webs from their thoraces the size of a Small Burst Template. This is a Shooting roll with range 3/6/12. Anyone in the web must cut or break their way free (Toughness 7). Webbed characters can still fight, but all physical actions are at -4.



Weaver

The Weavers, or Keepers of the Veil, have always been shrouded in mystery and, apparently, have always been present in Enascentia. Yet, very little is known about them. The only certain thing is their deep bond with the Veil. Actually, it seems that the Weavers were born of the most reckless interactions people had with it in the past and that, at the end of their lives, they simply merge with it again. They are completely sexless, are enveloped by long capes and cover their faces with masks. The few decorations covering their heads, shoulders and torsos are partly bronze and partly copper. They often carry a staff, the point of which is reinforced with copper, and with their free hands are constantly shaping and checking the Veil for any tears.

A Weaver does not reason like any normal living being, nor is it in his nature to give any explanations to those he meets along his way. Anything besides other weavers or part of the Veil itself is just a useless part of the landscape to these creatures and therefore expendable. A Weaver's main task is to repair the damage caused to the Veil by those enchanters who, with their work, altered the surrounding reality, breaking or modifying the flow of raw magic energy. Apart from appearing and using their gifts to seal tears or unravel any knots in the Veil, the Weavers seem to act quite illogically: they can appear in the middle of a

wood and set fire to it or suddenly erect huge monoliths in the heart of a city or in the middle of nowhere —all this, of course, with no explanation whatsoever and with no regard for the safety of any bystander.

Habitat: Anywhere their intervention is needed.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d12+2, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Spellcasting d12+2, Notice d10 Pace: 6; Parry: 2; Toughness: 5 Special Abilities:

- Fearless: Weavers are immune to Fear and tests of Will.
- **Immunity:** Weavers can only be harmed by what shapes magic energy, even temporarily (spells, enchanted weapons).
- Improved Rapid Recharge: A Weaver recovers 1 Power Point every fifteen minutes.
- Quick Regeneration: A Weaver can make a Healing roll once per round. If he suffers four wounds, however, he merges with the Veil and disappears.
- Restore the Veil: If a Weaver manages to exert his magic power on an altered part of the Veil for as many hours as the ELs of the magic object which caused the anomaly in the first place, the damage will disappear. The restoration —which is an infusion of new raw power— does not affect the object that caused the anomaly. Each additional Weaver present halves the restoration time; however, it is very uncommon to see two Weavers in the same place. To have three or more together is a unique occurrence.



- Size +1: A weaver is slightly larger than an individual of medium build.
- **Spells:** Weavers have 50 Power Points and know all the existing spells but those exclusive to each Tribe.

Wurnug

The wurnugs are better suited as the subject of drunkards' stories or legends told by bards than as that of meticulous and respected Senduar bestiaries. According to these tales, they are huge anthropomorphic reptiles, about forty feet tall. Their bodies are covered with extremely sharp bony protuberances that act both as weapons and armor. Their skulls are like those of alligators, but the similarity ends there, as they have ivory protuberances and prominent frontal and lateral fangs. The most reliable sources place the wurnugs in the Inner Archipelago, even though there are those who keep insisting usually after draining a whole bottle of wine- they saw some wurnugs along the inner coast of Si-An as well. A wurnug's main characteristic is that it hunts using two senses: touch and smell. Its sense of touch is so developed that it can feel the smallest vibrations in the air and ground, and its sense of smell is so keen, it can detect smells from several hundred yards away. A wurnug hunts mostly to feed and can devour several hundred pounds of meat every day: if their existence was to be proved, wurnugs could be held responsible for the huge damage sustained by the inner lands'

ecosystem. It would also seem that wurnugs are amphibious creatures, even swifter in water than they are on dry land, which is one of the reasons it is not so easy to find a ship heading for the central islands of the Inner Archipelago.

These creatures fight with their upper limbs which are far more developed than the lower ones. The paws on these limbs have three long fingers and opposable thumbs. Their two long trident-like tails are often used to pierce their prey before tearing it apart with its claws. It is not known how wurnugs reproduce, how many specimens there are or if there are any differences between sexes. The only certain thing is that no one has ever seen the young of this species, which originated the famous saying, "Go to where the wurnugs mate!"

Habitat: Sit-Tabthi and nearby seas. **Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12+2, Swimming d12+2, Notice d8 (+4 if smell and vibrations can be applied)

Parry: 8; Pace: 8; Toughness: 20 (4) Special Abilities:

- Aquatic: Pace 8.
- Armor +4: Protruding bones.
- Bite: Strength+d8.
- Claws: Strength+d6.
- Fear -2: Anyone who sees a wurnug must make a Fear check at -2.



- Gore: Each time a wurnug gets a raise on a tail damage roll, the victim is gored (the target is grappled, and a Strength or Agility roll is required to break free).
- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice
- Huge: Attackers add +4 to their Fighting or Shooting rolls when attacking a wurnug due to its massive size.
- Improved Frenzy: A wurnug can bite and attack with claws at no penalty for multiple actions in the same round. Resorting to the tails entails the usual penalties instead.
- **Rapid Regeneration:** Wurnugs can make a Healing roll at each round unless wounded by electricity.
- Size +8: A wurnug is forty feet tall and weighs several hundred pounds.
- Tail: Strength+d4.
- Tail Lash: A wurnug can sweep all opponents at its rear facing in a threeinch-long by six-inch-wide square. This is a standard Fighting attack, and damage is equal to the wurnug's Strength -2.

Xerrotan

This land reptile has a huge fleshy membrane that looks like a mushroom and is the same color as a rock. A xerrotan remotely resembles a tortoise, but where the shell should be there are supports for the membrane that envelopes the xerrotan's body from head to tail, effectively camouflaging and protecting it from attacks by flying predators; the membrane is also full of glands that secrete an extremely foul-smelling oil. A xerrotan eats berries and plants mainly. Although being a reptile, its blood is warm, so it does not need to spend too much time in the sunlight. Habitat: All the continents, mostly

savannahs and hill country.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d4, Stealth d4 (d12+2 if seen from above, in its habitat), Notice d4

Parry: 4; Pace: 4; Toughness: 6 Special Abilities:

- Bite: Strength+d6.
- Foul-Smelling Oil: At its first combat round, instead of attacking, a xerrotan releases the oil produced by its membrane. Anyone within a Small Burst Template must make a successful Agility roll to prevent being Shaken (this does not cause any wounds).
- Size -1: A xerrotan is about large three times a normal tortoise.

Yak'Maat

Yak'Maats are better known as the Guardians of the Gardens: they are made of pure energy and manifest themselves in the shape of winged entities wearing a plate corselet, with their war gauntlet always gripping their shiny sword firmly. As suggested by the name itself, they are bound to the Gardens of Life and appear only if they are threatened directly. Their protective aura is always active, enveloping each slab of stone in a





layer of magic, impenetrable even by the sharpest blade or the most powerful enchantment. Attacking a Garden only succeeds in awakening its yak'maat, and this spells doom for the attacker. Whatever the tide of the battle, a Guardian will never leave its Garden unprotected; if forced to, it will let the attacker escape.

The origin of these beings is lost among legends and rumors. Some think they are connected to the Veil because of their great magic powers, others consider them the real Kamis or at least the nearest thing to a Kami, and there are also those who see them as the highest form of purity a Lumian can aspire to. The only certain thing is that —be they the Kamis or not the kind of power they have can be compared only to that of a Kami. Habitat: One yak'maat per each existing Garden of Life.

Attributes: Agility d12+4, Smarts d12+4, Spirit d12+4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d12+4, Intimidation 1d12+4, Notice d12+4

Parry: 12; Pace: 4; Toughness: 23 (3) Special Abilities:

- Armor +3: Plate corselet.
- Bastard Sword: Strength+d8.
- Energy Blow/Cut: When delivering a blow with its sword, a yak'maat releases a wave of pure energy. The sword's ranged attack requires a Fighting roll even if it has a reach of 15/30/60.
- Fear -2: Anyone who sees a yak'maat must make a Fear check at -2.
- Fearless: Weavers are immune to Fear and Tests of Will.



- Hardy: This creature does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- Huge: Attackers add +4 to their Fighting or Shooting rolls when attacking a yak'maat due to its massive size.
- Improved Frenzy: A yak'maat can make three Fighting attacks per round with its sword at no penalty for multiple actions in the same round.
- Invulnerability: A yak'maat is immune to any kind of damage. It is said that only a Kami —or some more powerful being— can hurt it.
- Size +8: A yak'maat is almost as wide as the stone pedestal in the Garden and is twenty-five to twenty-seven feet tall.
- **Spells:** A yak'maat knows any spell but those specific to each Tribe. It has 100 Power Points and recovers 1 Point per minute.

Yovŏk

These four-inch-long insects look like large dragonflies with iridescent stripes on their dark-colored bodies. The loud buzzing sound they produce is the first sign a swarm is in the vicinity. Their four extremely fragile wings are the same length as the yovok's body and have a characteristic herringbone pattern. This makes them in very high demand on the market as clothing accessories. Their swarms are especially feared by enchanters because of the ability of these insects to feed off pure magic energy; as they absorb power, the pattern on their wings starts to

glow feebly. Even though far from aggressive or dangerous, because of their peculiar feeding habits, these insects are despised by the majority of Enascentia's inhabitants, so much so that this inspired the saying, 'as beautiful as yovòk wings' to refer to something extremely valuable in spite of its despicable origin. They nest in caves on mountainsides sheltered from direct sunlight; they are known to migrate toward milder climates with the advent of the cold season.

Habitat: Artanty, Dejama, mostly in the vicinity of caves

Special Abilities:

- Magic Absorption: Anyone beginning his round within a Medium Burst Template centered on the Swarm loses 1d4Power Points.
- **Swarms:** They have the same characteristics as the Swarms described in *Savage Worlds* core rules.

Yovok-Dominatrix

Distinctly larger and more dangerous than the smaller members of its species, this creature is the equivalent of a 'queen'. Each nest has a Dominatrix that lays eggs and is continuously fed by the energy absorbed by the swarm. A Dominatrix is about twenty inches long and stockier than its subjects. Its dark metallic body is divided into two segments, each with four pairs of wings, elongated and bearing the typical herringbone pattern. When attacking, a 'queen' has many weapons at its disposal: first and foremost



its forelimbs, which resemble small claws and have been underestimated by many an imprudent adventurer. However, a Dominatrix seldom attacks physically, because it has other and better ways to take care of such 'dirty work'. Since yovok swarms are as annoying as they are harmless, in a fight, a Dominatrix uses the special power that earns it its name: it dominates the others. When fighting against these creatures, it is not uncommon to have to fend off blows from one's own companions suddenly.

A Dominatrix's most feared weapon, however, is its lethal poison: in fact, the second half of its body is almost totally covered by its venom sac and large sting. It is extremely difficult to kill a Dominatrix and leave the sting whole. In any case, the collected poison is always useless. Dominatrices are thought to produce an enzyme that protects them from the effects of their own poison.

Habitat: Artanty, Dejama, mostly in the proximity of caves

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d12, Spellcasting d12 (only *puppet*)

Parry: 8; **Pace:** 12 (in flight only); **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- Forelimbs: Strength+d6.
- Improved Frenzy: A yovòk Dominatrix can make 2 Fighting attacks per round with her forelimbs at no penalty for multiple actions in the same round.

- Magic Transfer: If surrounded by its swarm, a yovok Dominatrix gains as many Power Points as those subtracted by its swarm from anyone in the affected area.
- **Puppet:** A yovòk Dominatrix can cast the *puppet* spell and has 10 Power Points to be used only for this Ability.
- Size -2: A Dominatrix is about twenty inches long.
- Small: Attackers subtract 2 from their attacks to hit
- Sting: If hit by a Dominatrix's sting (being Shaken is enough), a target suffers no damage but must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or be Incapacitated.

Zamisha

These large herbivores, also known as 'desert-makers' because of their insatiable hunger, have a unique characteristic: their long tongue, although as hard as stone, is extremely flexible with a rasp-like surface and is used as a grinder to sharpen blades. A zamish uses it to tear bark from trees and roots from the ground, which means it does not feed only on leaves or shoots. A herd of zamisha leaves only desolation in its wake, devouring all forms of vegetation. This is why these tame herbivores are seen as a danger and are exterminated. The zamisha are ovoviviparous: the female lays its eggs -from three to eight - in a sac in the male's body, where they are fertilized and incubated, and hatch four months later. The heads of these herbivores



have unusual features: their small eyes are set inside two vertical fissures in the skull, above which there are two semicircular horns shaped like an axe, the geometrical perfection of which appears almost unnatural.

Habitat: Dejama, Si-Neb, mostly on plains and savannahs.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6 Parry: 6; Pace: 8; Toughness: 8 Special Abilities:

- Fleet-Footed: Zamisha roll d8 instead of d6 when running.
- Gore: Zamisha charge maneuver to gore their opponents with their long horns. If they can move at least six inches before attacking, they add +4 to their damage total.
- Horns: Strength+d8.
- Size +2: As large as a horse.
- Tongue: Strength +d6, AP 1.

Zegrelby

This mammal has a scaled tail and a fish-like elongated snout, so long it can graze without bending. This plains-inhabiting ruminant is renowned for its stubbornness and lack of discernment, so much so that, 'Don't be a zegrelby' is usually said to someone stubbornly fixating on something foolish. Janah usually challenge anyone daring to insult them in that way. Zegrelbies travel in herds of ten to forty heads —half males and half females— and each herd is led by the largest female. Stubbornness is the zegrelbies' undoing because they will not relinquish a territory they decided was theirs, no matter how many predators are there. Zegrelby meat is considered a delicacy because of its honey flavor. Since they cannot be bred in captivity, zegrelbies are often the object of organized hunting expeditions.

Habitat: All the continents, but mostly Dejama, prairies.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d10 Skills: Fighting d4 Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 11

Special Abilities:

- Kick: Strength+d4
- Large: Attackers add + 2 to their attack rolls when attacking a zegrelby, due to its large size.
- Size +4: A zegrelby is a considerably large animal.

Pregenerated Characters

In this section masters can find all the tools they need to create quickly a character for their game session professions through races and archetypes. It also offers many already-made characters to be used as opponents, allies, or just to give stature, for example, to the city blacksmith the heroes spent quite some time with. What follows is just a set of guidelines that the master must feel free to alter to his discretion to adapt them to the kind of game he's devising



All the game features marked with an asterisk (*), from Attributes to Gear, can be found on *Enascentia Player's Guide*; all the others can be found on *Savage Worlds* core rules.

Archetypes of Pregenerated Characters Race

Ferua

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Agility

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Climbing, +1 to die type in Stealth.

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate.

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*, Pace +2 in (d10 when running).

Gromsh

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Strength.

Bonus Skill: +1 to die type in a random skill.

Hindrances: Illiterate, Ugly.

Edges: Dead Shot/Mighty Blow/ Powersurge.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Janah

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Strength.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Fighting, and to a die type chosen between Intimidation and Taunt. Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy). Edges: Trademark Weapon. Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Kronoss

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Smarts.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in 2 Knowledge (any).

Hindrances: Cautious.

Edges: Arcane Background.

Special Abilities: 1 new power at each rank level (Quickness, Slow, Speed, Stopping Time*, Time Jump*), -1 to Parry and Toughness.

Lumian

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Spirit.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Healing and Persuasion.

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Sword Expert*/Qualified in Flamberge*/Qualified in Gauntlet Sword*/, Healer.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks.

Menoosh

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Spirit.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Magical Writing*, and 2 to Perform (any)*.

Edges: Attractive.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*, -1 Parry.



Oscurian

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Smarts.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Gambling, Lying^{*}, Lockpicking, Stealth, and Streetwise.

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small. Special Abilities: +2 Charisma.

Rok'Nar

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Vigor.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Pace 3 (d4 when running), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Size +2, +2 damage when fighting unarmed.

Senduar

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Vigor.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Notice, Riding, Survival, and Tracking.

Special Abilities: Magic Appearance, +1 to Toughness.

Whispling

Bonus Attribute: +1 to die type in Agility.

Bonus Skill: +2 to die type in Shooting and Throwing.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/ hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.



Archetypes of Pregenerated Characters Profession

Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Assassin, Extraction.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Crafting (his profession)

d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -; Parry: 4; Pace: 6; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: -

Edges: -

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (any) d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk

Edges: Arcane Background, Power Points

Powers: *Bolt, deflection, healing* **Power Points:** 15

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Survival d8, Tracking d8. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 (1) Hindrances: Curious, Vow Edges: Woodsman Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4


Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d4 (+2 traps), Persuasion d4, Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d4, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Thief.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Parry: 7; Pace: 6; Toughness: 8 (2)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Axes and Short Weapons Expert*.

Gear: Long axe (Str+d8), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Ferua Pregenerated Characters

Ferua Assassin

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 8 (d10 when running); **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1) **Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty, Illiterate, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Qualified in Blowpipe*.

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis).

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), Blowpipe (4/8/16, 2d6, Ferua Poison applied through saliva)*, leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Ferua Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d8, Shooting d12, Stealth d12, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 7; Toughness: 5 (1) Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Level headed, Marksman, Qualified in Blowpipe*, Stealthy Predator.



Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis). **Gear:** Knife (Str+d4), blowpipe (4/8/16, 2d6, Ferua poison applied through saliva)*, leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Ferua Citizen

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Crafting (her profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (her profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Stealth d4, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -; **Parry:** 4; **Pace:** 8 (d10 when running); **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate. Edges: -

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*.

Gear: Objects and tools connected to her trade, if she has to fight, she usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Ferua Enchantress

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (animals) d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d4.

Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

Hindrances:

Delusional, Illiterate, Phobia, Quirk. Edges: Arcane Background, New Power.

Bloodthirsty,

Powers: Animal friendship*, bolt, deflection, healing

Power Points: 10

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, Poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*. Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Ferua Enchantress Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Knowledge (animals) d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Stealth d6, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 7 (6); Toughness: 4 Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Delusional, Illiterate, Phobia, Quirk. Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x3), Power Points, Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Abandon oneself to the beast*, animal friendship*, animal kinship*, bolt, deflection, healing

Power Points: 15

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*. **Gear:** Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).



Ferua Explorer

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 (1) Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Curious, Illiterate, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Woodsman.

Special Abilities:Bite (Str+d6,poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison(Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*.Gear:Composite short bow(12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Ferua Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Riding d4, Stealth d6 (+2), Shooting d10 (+1 bow), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; **Parry:** 6; **Pace:** 8 (d10 when running); **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Curious, Illiterate, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Bow Expert*, Marksman, Unerring Predator*, Unerring Shooter*, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*.
Gear: Composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Ferua Face

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d8 (+2 traps), Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d4, Throwing d8. Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1) Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Greedy, Illiterate, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Thief.

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, Poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*.
Gear: Throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10, leather armor (1).

Ferua Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d10 (+2 traps), Stealth d12 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6, Throwing d8.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 8 (d10 when running); **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1) **Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty, Greedy, Illiterate, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Connections, Expert Taunter*, Thief.

Special Abilities:Bite (Str+d6,poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison(Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*.Gear:Throwingknife(3/6/12,Str+d4) x10, leather armor (1).



Ferua Fighter

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting

d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d6 (+1 javelin). **Charisma:** -; **Pace:** 8 (d10 when running); **Parry:** 6 (7); **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate. Edges: Throwing Weapons Expert*. Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*. Gear: Javelin (Str+d6, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands) x5*, leather armor (1).

Ferua Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 8 (d10 when running); Parry: 7 (8); Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate.

Edges: Ambidextrous, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Two-fisted.

Special Abilities: Bite (Str+d6, poison), Claws (Str+d6), Ferua Poison (Vigor roll or 1d6 rounds paralysis)*. **Gear:** Javelin (Str+d6, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands) x5*, leather armor (1).

Gromsh Pregenerated Characters

Gromsh Assassin

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Taunt d6,

Throwing d8.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 8 (1)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Dead Shot, Qualified in Chakram^{*}.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Sickle (Str+d4), chakram (3/6/12, Str d8, with a raise returns to the owner) x3*, leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Gromsh Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Taunt d6, Throwing d10.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 9 (1)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Dead Shot, Level headed, Improved Level headed, Qualified in Chakram^{*}, Quick Draw, Strong Shooter^{*}.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.



Gear: Sickle (Str+d4), chakram (3/6/12, Str+d8, with a raise returns to the owner) x3*, leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Gromsh Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d6, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Illiterate

Edges: Dead Shot

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str).

Gromsh Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (plants) d6, Notice d6, Spellcasting d8.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Delusional, Illiterate, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, Powersurge, New Power.

Powers: Burst, deflection, gromsh blacksmith!*, healing **Power Points:** 10 **Special Abilities:** Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Reinforced Staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), leather armor (1).

Gromsh Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (plants) d6, Notice d6, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 8 (1)

Hindrances: Delusional, Illiterate, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x3), Power Points (x2), Powersurge, Sorcerer of Chaos*.

Powers: Burst, deflection, gromsh explodes!*, growth/shrink, healing, warrior's gift

Power Points: 20

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Reinforced staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), leather armor (1).

Gromsh Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2). Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 8 (1)



Hindrances: Curious, Illiterate, Vow (explorer). Edges: Mighty Blow, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Battle Axe (Str+d8), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Gromsh Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10 (+1 improvised weapon), Notice d8, Riding d4, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Throwing d10 (+1 improvised weapon), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 9 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Illiterate, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Champion of Chaos*, Improvisational Fighter, Liquid Courage, Mighty Blow, Woodsman. Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.



Gear: Small improvised weapon (3/6/12, Str+d4+1), medium improvised weapon (3/6/12, Str+d6+1), large improvised weapon (2/4/8, Str+d8+1), leather armor (1).

Gromsh Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Lockpicking d6 (+2), Notice d6 (+2 traps), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (-2), Throwing d8.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Greedy, Illiterate, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Mighty Blow, Thief.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: War mace (Str+d6+1), throwing hammer (3/6/12, Str+d4+1, AP 1 vs rigid armor) x5*.

Gromsh Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6 (+2 Traps), Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d6*, Perform (fakir) d6*, Persuasion d6, Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Throwing d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 8

Hindrances: Greedy, Illiterate, Wanted, Yellow. **Edges:** Charismatic, Mighty Blow, Thief.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: War mace (Str+d6+1), throwing hammer (3/6/12, Str+d4+1, AP 1 vs rigid armor) x5*.

Gromsh Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8 (+1 axe), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6 (5); **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Ugly.

Edges: Axes and Short Weapons Expert*, Dead Shot.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Great Axe (Str +d10, AP 1, -1 Parry, 2 hands), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2).

Gromsh Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+1 axe), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -2; Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8 (7); **Toughness:** 11 (2)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Ugly.

Edges: Axes and Short Weapons Expert*, Block, Counterattack, Dead Shot, Improved Sweep, Sweep.



Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/ day)*, Size +2. Gear: Great Axe (Str +d10, AP 1, -1 Parry, 2 hands), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2).

Janah Pregenerated Characters

Janah Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+1 dagger), Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy), Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Extraction, Trademark Weapon (dagger).

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Dagger $(Str+d4+1)^*$, light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Janah Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+2 dagger), Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy), Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Dodge, Extraction, First Strike, Improved Extraction, Improved Trademark Weapon (dagger), Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon (dagger).

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Dagger $(Str+d4+1)^*$, light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Janah Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d6 (+1 cleaver), Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d4. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4;

Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Trademark Weapon (cleaver) Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*. Gear: Cleaver (Str+d4)*.

Janah Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d6 (+1staff), Intimidation d8, Healing d6, Knowledge (alchemy) d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8.





Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Delusional, Phobia, Quirk, Vow (granting mercy). Edges: Arcane Background, New Power, Trademark Weapon (staff).

Powers: Bolt, deflection, boost/lower trait, healing

Power Points: 10

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Reinforced staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), leather armor (1).

Janah Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6 (+1 staff), Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (alchemy) d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Delusional, Phobia, Quirk, Vow (granting mercy).



Edges: Arcane Background), Overwhelming Enchanter*, New Power (x3), Power Points, Rapid Recharge, Trademark Weapon (staff). Powers: Bolt, boost/lower trait, deflection, healing, keeping control*, stubbornness*

Power Points: 15

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Reinforced Staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), leather armor (1).

Janah Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8 (+1 bow), Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Curious, Vow (explorer), Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Trademark Weapon (bow) Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Janah Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d12 (+1 bow), Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Curious, Vow (explorer), Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon (bow), Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Janah Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6 (+1 Rapier), Gambling d6, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Taunt d8, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Arrogant, Greedy, Vow (granting mercy), Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Thief, Trademark Weapon (Rapier).

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10.

Janah Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4



Skills: Climbing d8 (+2), Fighting d6 (+1 Rapier), Gambling d6 (+2), Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d8 (+2)*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Perform (juggling) d6*, Persuasion d6 (+2), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+2), Taunt d8 (+2), Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Arrogant, Greedy, Vow (granting mercy), Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Charismatic, Orator, Thief,

Trademark Weapon (Rapier).

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10.

Janah Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+2 partisan), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7 (6); Toughness: 8 (2)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Trademark Weapon, Polearms Expert*.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Partisan (Str+d8+1, reach 2, -1 Parry, 2 hands)*, throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2).

Janah Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12

(+2 partisan), Intimidation d10, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8 (7); **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Counterattack, Disciple of Determination*, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Polearms Expert*, Trademark Weapon.

Special Abilities: Abandon oneself to Determination (3/day)*.

Gear: Partisan (Str+d8+1, reach 2, -1 Parry, 2 hands)*, throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2).

Kronoss

Pregenerated Characters

Kronoss Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Guild of Free Trade) d6, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Wanted. Edges: Arcane Background, Assassin, Extraction.



Powers: Blind, deflection, speed, wall walker

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Kronoss Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Knowledge (Guild of Free Trade) d6, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Wanted.

Edges: Arcane Background, Assassin, Dodge, Extraction, Improved Dodge, Improved Extraction, Level headed, Power Points.

Powers: Blind, deflection, quickness, slow, speed, wall walker

Power Points: 15.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Kronoss Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d10, Knowledge (local) d8, Spellcasting d4.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 3; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Cautious.

Edges: Arcane Background.

Powers: *Entangle, light/obscure, speed, wall walker*

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str).

Kronoss Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Knowledge (geography) d6, Knowledge (history) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Cautious, Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power, Power Points.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, healing, mind reading, speed

Power Points: 15

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Kronoss Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d8, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Knowledge (history) d6, Knowledge (time) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d10.



Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 3 Hindrances: Cautious, Delusional,

Phobia, Quirk.Edges:ArcaneBackground,Concentration,Chronomancer*,Deep Concentration, New Power (x2),Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, healing, mind reading, quickness, slow, speed, time anomaly^{*}, window on the past^{*}

Power Points: 20

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Kronoss Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (animals) d6, Knowledge (plants) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d6, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Arcane Background, Woodsman.

Powers: Darksight, entangle, succor, *speed*

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Short Sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Kronoss Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 **Skills:** Fighting d8, Knowledge (animals) d6, Knowledge (plants) d6, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power, Power Points, Strong Shooter*, Woodsman.

Powers: Darksight, entangle, healing, quickness, slow, speed, succor

Power Points: 15.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Kronoss Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Spirit d8, Smarts d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Knowledge (guards) d6, Knowledge (trade) d6, Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d6, Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Throwing d4.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 3 (4); Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Arcane Background, Thief. Powers: Detect/conceal arcana, mind reading, speak language, speed

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.





Kronoss Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Knowledge (guards) d6, Knowledge (trade) d6, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d8 (+2)*,Notice d6 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d8, Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+2), Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 3 (4); Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Arcane Background, Charismatic, Rapid Recharge, Thief. Powers: Detect/conceal arcana, mind reading, slow, speak languages, quickness, speed

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Kronoss Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8



Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8 (+1 halberd), Intimidation d6, Knowledge (martial arts) d6, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Spellcasting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 7 (2)

Hindrances: Cautious.

Edges: Arcane Background, Polearms Expert*.

Powers: Boost/lower trait, deflection, fear, speed

Power Points: 10.

Gear: Halberd (Str+d8, reach 1, 2 hands), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2).

Kronoss Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (martial arts) d6, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 5

Hindrances: Cautious

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, Brawler, Improved Martial Artist, Martial Artist, New Power, Rapid Recharge, Time Disciple*.

Powers: Armor, boost/lower trait, deflection (free action), quickness (free action), slow, speed, time anomaly (free action)*

Power Points: 10.

Special Abilities: Unarmed (Str+d6+2).

Lumian Pergenerated Characters

Lumian Assassin

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+1 swords), Healing d6 (+2), Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 8 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. **Edges:** Ambidextrous, Healer, Swords Expert*.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Short sword (Str+d6) x2, light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), chainmail (2).

Lumian Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+2 swords), Healing d6 (+2), Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 8 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Ambidextrous, Block, Dodge, Florentine, Healer, Improved Dodge, Two-fisted, Swords Expert*, Swords Master*.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Short sword (Str+d6) x2, light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), chainmail (2).



Lumian Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Healing d6 (+2), Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Persuasion d6, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Healer, Swords Expert*.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Lumian Diplomat

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6 (+2), Investigation d4, Knowledge (geography) d6, Knowledge (Tribes) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d10 (+2), Riding d4, Shooting d6.

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6 (7); **Toughness:** 8 (3)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Charismatic, Healer.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), full plate armor (3), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Lumian Diplomat Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d8 (+2), Investigation d6, Knowledge (geography) d8, Knowledge (Tribes) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10 (+2), Riding d6, Shooting d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6 (7); Toughness: 8 (3)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Charismatic, Command, Connections, Fervor, Healer.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), full plate armor (3), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Lumian Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d4 (+1 Rapier), Healing d8 (+2), Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (Tribes) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Spellcasting d10. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Delusional, Heroic, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, Healer, Power Points, Swords Expert*.

Powers: Armor, deflection, healing **Power Points:** 15

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry).



Lumian Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d4 (+1 Rapier), Healing d8 (+2), Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (Tribes) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Spellcasting d10. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 Hindrances: Code of Honor.

Delusional, Heroic, Phobia, Quirk. Edges: Arcane Background, Healer, Light Bringer*, New Power (x3), Power Points (x2), Swords Expert*. **Powers:** *Armor, deflection, dispel, greater healing, healing, luminescence** **Power Points:** 20

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry).

Lumian Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6 (+1 sword), Healing d6 (+2), Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).



Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5 (6); Toughness: 7 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Curious, Heroic, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Healer, Swords Expert*, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Short sword (Str+d6), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), chainmail armor (2), small shield (+1 Parry).

Lumian Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d8 (+1 sword),

Healing d6 (+2), Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5 (6); **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Curious, Heroic, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Dodge, Healer, Improved Dodge, Steady Hands, Swords Expert*, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Short sword (Str+d6), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), chainmail armor (2), small shield (+1 Parry).

Lumian Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8 (+2 sword), Healing d6 (+2), Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 9 (3)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Healer, Swords Expert*, Trademark Weapon (sword).

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks. **Gear:** Long sword (Str+d8), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), full plate armor (3), large shield (+2 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Lumian Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+3 sword), Healing d6 (+2), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d6, Shooting d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 9; Toughness: 10 (3)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic. Edges: Bulwark of the Light*, Combat Reflexes, Frenzy, Healer, Improved Trademark Weapon (sword), Swords Expert*, Trademark Weapon (sword). Special Abilities: +4 to Fear Checks (and Tests of Will).

Gear: Long Sword (Str+d8), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), full plate armor (3), large shield (+2 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).



Menoosh Pregenerated Characters

Menoosh Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d6, Perform (dance) d6*, Perform (juggling) d6*, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Assassin, Extraction.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Menoosh Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Magical Writing d10*, Notice d6, Perform (dance) d6*, Perform (juggling) d6*, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 5 (1) Hindrances: Wanted **Edges:** Assassin, Dodge, Extraction, Improved Dodge, Master Tattooer*, One's Own Body Map*.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*:Book, Kesul, Koopash,Malpa,Mountain,Pembur, Plenulia, Wurnug.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Menoosh Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Magical Writing d6*, Perform (playing) d6*, Perform (singing) d6*, Throwing d4.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 3; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: -

Edges: -

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str).

Menoosh Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Strength d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Vigor d4



Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (art) d6, Notice d6, Magical Writing d6*, Perform (oratory) d6*, Perform (singing) d6*, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d8.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power.

Powers: Bolt, charm*, deflection, healing

Power Points: 10

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Menoosh Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (art) d6, Magical Writing d8*, Notice d6, Perform (oratory) d10*, Perform (singing) d6*, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, Crowd Charmer*, New Power (x2), Power Points, Qualified Magic Writer*, Rapid Recharge. Powers: Bolt, deflection, healing, mind reading, puppet Power Points: 15 Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*. Tattoos*: Kesul, Koopash, Mountain, Parchment, Pembur, Wurnug.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Menoosh Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d6, Perform (playing) d6*, Perform (singing) d6*, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 6 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Menoosh Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d10, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d6, Perform (playing) d6*, Perform (singing) d6*, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).



Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Florentine, Two-fisted, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Short sword (Str+d6) x2, composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Menoosh Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d6 (+2)*, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d4 (+2 traps), Perform (dance) d6*, Perform (juggling) d6*, Persuasion d8 (+2), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d4 (+2), Throwing d6. Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 3 (4);

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 3 (4); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Thief.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Menoosh Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4 **Skills:** Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Lying d6 (+4)*, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Magical Writing d6*, Notice d8 (+2 Traps), Perform (dance) d6*, Perform (juggling) d8*, Persuasion d10 (+4), Streetwise d6 (+4), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Throwing d8.

Charisma: +4; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Charismatic, Connections, Thief.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Rapier (For+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Menoosh Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8 (+1

flail), Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d6, Perform (epic) d6*, Perform (playing) d6*, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6;**Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Chain Weapons Expert*.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.



Gear: Flail (Str+d6, ignores shield Parry and Cover bonus), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, leather armor (1), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Menoosh Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+1 scimitar), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (military) d4, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d6, Perform (epic) d6*, Perform (playing) d6*, Riding d6, Throwing d8.

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Ambidextrous, Two-fisted, Qualified in Scimitar^{*}, Scimitar Expert^{*}, Scimitar Master^{*}.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Scimitar (Agi+d6-2) x2*, throwing knives (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5, leather armor (1).



Oscurian Pregenerated Characters

Oscurian Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Knowledge (poisons) d8, Lockpicking d6, Lying d8 (+2)*, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Extraction.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Oscurian Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Crafting (poisons) d8, Fighting d10, Gambling d6, Knowledge (poisons) d8, Lockpicking d8, Lying d8 (+2)*, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Wanted.

Edges: Assassin, Expert Apothecary*, Expert Poisoner*, Master Apothecary*, Qualified Poisoner*, Qualified Apothecary*.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1).

Poisons: Kiss of the Kami (contact) x3, Peacemaker (contact) x2, Lost Blood (inoculation) x5.

Oscurian Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Lockpicking d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6 (+2), Throwing d4.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small. Edges: -

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Oscurian Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (nobility) d6, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Notice d6, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Curious, Delusional, Greedy, Phobia, Quirk, Small.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, disguise, healing

Power Points: 10

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1. 2 hands).

Oscurian Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Knowledge (nobility) d6, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 $(+2)^*$, Notice d6, Persuasion d6 (+2), Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Curious, Delusional, Greedy, Phobia, Quirk, Small.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power, Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, disguise, healing, invisibility, mind link*, shadow motion*, telekinesis

Power Points: 20

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Oscurian Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 $(+2)^*$, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6 (+2), Streetwise d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5 (1)



Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Vow (explorer). Edges: Woodsman. Gear: Short sword (Str+d6),

composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Oscurian Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Knowledge (Arcane) d10, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10 (+2), Streetwise d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Marksman, Night Shadow*, Woodsman.

Powers: Invisibility; Power Points: 20 **Gear:** Short sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Oscurian Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Gambling d8, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d10 (+2)*, Notice d8 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6 (+2), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d8 (+2), Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 3 Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Thief. Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Oscurian Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Investigation d6, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Lying d10 (+2)*, Notice d10 (+2 traps), Persuasion d6 (+2), Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d8 (+2), Taunt d8, Throwing d8.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 5 (6); Toughness: 3

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small, Wanted, Yellow.

Edges: Connections, Thief.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Oscurian Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8 (+1hammer), Gambling d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Notice d6, Riding d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6 (+2), Taunt d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 7 (2)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small. Edges: Blunt Weapons Expert*.



Gear: War hammer (Str+d6, AP 1 vs. rigid armor), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10, chainmail (2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Oscurian Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+2 hammer), Gambling d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Lockpicking d6, Lying d6 (+2)*, Notice d6, Riding d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6 (+2), Taunt d6, Throwing d8.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 7 (2)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Small. Edges: Block, Blunt Weapons Expert*, Blunt Weapons Master*, Combat Reflexes, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy.

Gear: War hammer (Str+d6, AP 1 vs. rigid armor), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10, chainmail (2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Rok'Nar Pregenerated Characters

Rok'Nar Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lying d6*, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 3 (d4 when running); **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (2) **Hindrances:** Wanted

Edges: Assassin, Martial Artist.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Unarmed (Str+d4+2), Size +2.

Gear: Composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1).

Rok'Nar Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 8; Toughness: 10 (2) Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Ambidextrous, Assassin, Brawler, Improved Martial Artist, Martial Artist, Protector of the Mother*, Two-fisted.



Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-Sufficient*, Unarmed (Str+d6+5), Size +2. **Gear:** composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1).

Rok'Nar Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 3 (d4 when running); **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 9 (2) **Hindrances:** -

Edges: -

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Rok'Nar Diplomat

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (nature) d6, Knowledge (Tribes) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8 (+2), Survival d4.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 9 (2) Hindrances: -

Edges: Charismatic

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation (earth, 3/day), Rootedto the Ground*, Self-sufficient*,Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Rok'Nar Diplomat Veteran

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d8, Knowledge (nature) d8, Knowledge (Tribes) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10 (+2), Survival d6.

Charisma: +2; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 10 (2) Hindrances: -

Edges: Charismatic, Command, Connections, Fervor.

Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Rok'Nar Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (nature) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 9 (2) Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power.

Powers: Burrow, deflection, healing, succor

Power Points: 10



Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2. **Gear:** Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Rok'Nar Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d8, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (nature) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 5; Toughness: 9 (2) Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x3), Power Points (x2), Servant of the Mother*.

Powers: Burrow, caress of the mother*, deflection, healing, succor, stability*

Power Points: 20

Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+d4+2), Size +2.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Rok'Nar Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2). Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 5 (6); Toughness: 10 (2)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1).

Rok'Nar Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (geography) d6, Knowledge (nature) d6, Notice d8, Riding d4, Shooting d10, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 6 (7); Toughness: 11 (2)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1).

Rok'Nar Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10



Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 6; Toughness: 11 (2) Hindrances: -

Edges: Qualified in Biliong*.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-Sufficient*, Unarmed (For+d4+2). Size +2.

Gear: Biliong (Str+d10, AP 1, 2 hands)*, sling (4/8/16, Str+d4).

Rok'Nar Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 3 (d4 when running); Parry: 10; Toughness: 13 (2)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Block, Brawny, Improved Block, Qualified in Biliong*, Sweep.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Unarmed (Str+d4+2). Size +2.

Gear: Biliong (Str+d10, AP 1, 2 hands)*, sling (4/8/16, Str+d4).

Senduar Pregenerated Characters

Senduar Assassin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d8, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Assassin, Extraction.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Senduar Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+1 swords), Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d8, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 7 (1)

Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Ambidextrous, Assassin, Improved Level headed, Level headed, Swords Expert*, Two-fisted.



Gear: Short sword (Str+d6) x2, light crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Senduar Citizen

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Survival d6, Throwing d4, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 6

Hindrances: -

Edges: -

Gear: Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Senduar Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d8, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (geography) d6, Notice d8, Riding d6, Spellcasting d10, Survival d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, healing, oasis **Power Points:** 10

Special Abilities: Magic Appearance

Gear: Long staff (St+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Senduar Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d8, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (geography) d6, Notice d8, Riding d6, Spellcasting d10, Survival d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x5), Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, dispel, healing, mind reading, oasis*, omen*, teleport*

Power Points: 20

Special Abilities: Magic Appearance **Gear:** Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands).

Senduar Explorer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Tracking d10 (+2). Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 8 (1) Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer).

Edges: Woodsman.

Gear:Shortsword(Str+d6),compositeshortbow(12/24/48,2d6+1), leather armor (1).



Senduar Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Notice d8, Riding d8, Shooting d12, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Swimming d6, Tracking d10 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 8 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Centaur*, Woodsman, Wayfarer*. **Gear:** Short Sword (Str+d6), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Senduar Face

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Notice d10 (+2 traps), Riding d6, Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Survival d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow.



Edges: Thief.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4).

Senduar Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Notice d10 (+2 raps), Riding d8, Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5 (6); Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Connections, Extraction, Improved Extraction, Thief.

Gear: Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4).

Senduar Fighter

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8 (+1 axe), Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d8, Riding d8, Survival d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 7; Toughness: 10 (2)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Axes and Short Weapons Expert*.

Gear: Battle axe (str+d8), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranges shots).

Senduar Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10 (+1 axe), Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d8, Riding d8, Survival d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 9; Toughness: 10 (2)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Axes and Short Weapons Expert*, Axes and Short Weapons Master*, Block, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy.

Gear: Battle axe (Str+d8), throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x5, chainmail (2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor to successful ranged shots).

Whispling

Pregenerated Characters

Whispling Assassin

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d6, Throwing d6. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 5 (1) Hindrances: Wanted Edges: Assassin, Extraction.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.



Gear: Knife (Str+d4), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Whispling Assassin Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (poisons) d6, Lying d6*, Notice d6, Shooting d12, Stealth d12, Streetwise d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Hindrances: Wanted

Edges: Assassin, Bow Expert*, Bow Master*, Extraction, Marksman, Steady Hands, Strong Shooter*, Unerring Shooter*.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/ hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*. **Gear:** Knife (Str+d4), composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), leather armor (1), Kiss of the Kami (2 doses), mantle (1 dose), Tok'Gor poison (3 doses)*.

Whispling Citizen

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Crafting (his profession) d8*, Fighting d4, Knowledge (his profession) d8, Knowledge (local) d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4; Toughness: 4 Hindrances: -Edges: - **Special Abilities:** Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/ hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*. **Gear:** Objects and tools connected to his trade, if he has to fight, he usually resorts to improvised weapons (3/6/12, Str)

Whispling Enchanter

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (sounds) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk. Edges: Arcane Background, New Power. Powers: Bolt, deflection, healing, whispers in the air*

Power Points: 10

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/ hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*. Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, 2 hands), sling (4/8/16, Str+d4).

Whispling Enchanter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d6, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Knowledge (sounds) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 4



Hindrances: Delusional, Phobia, Quirk. **Edges:** Arcane Background, New Power (x3), Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: Bolt, deflection, fly, healing, I am wind*, whispers in the air*

Power Points: 20

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear: Long staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, 2hands), sling (4/8/16, Str+d4).

Whispling Explorer

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d10, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Throwing d6, Tracking d8 (+2).

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Woodsman

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear:Short sword (Str+d6),compositeshort bow (12/24/48,2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Whispling Explorer Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d12, Stealth d6 (+2), Survival d8 (+2), Throwing d6, Tracking d8 (+2). Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 5; Toughness: 5 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (explorer). Edges: Celestial Archer*, Dodge, Extraction, Marksman, Strong Shooter*, Unerring Shooter*, Woodsman.

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear:Short sword (Str+d6),compositeshort bow (12/24/48,2d6+1), leather armor (1).

Whispling Face

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Lockpicking d8 (+2), Lying d6*, Notice d6 (+2 traps), Persuasion d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d4, Throwing d8.

Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 4 (5); Toughness: 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Thief.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/ hour), Slim^{*}, Thrown to the Ground^{*}. **Gear:** Rapier (Str+d4, +1 Parry), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Whispling Face Veteran

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Lying d6 (+2)*, Notice d8 (+2 traps),



Perform (playing) d6*, Persuasion d8 (+2), Shooting d6, Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+2), Throwing d8. **Charisma:** +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5 (6); **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Wanted, Yellow. Edges: Charismatic, Thief.

SpecialAbilities:ElementalManipulation(air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.Gear:Rapier(Str+d4, +1 Parry),throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.

Whispling Fighter

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6 (5); **Toughness:** 6 (2)

Hindrances: -

Edges: Qualified in Two-handed Scimitar*.

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*. **Gear:** Two-handed scimitar (Agi+d8-2, -1 Parry, 2 hands)*, composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), chainmail (2).

Whispling Fighter Veteran

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Throwing d6. Charisma: -; Pace: 6; Parry: 8; Toughness: 6 (2) Hindrances: -

Edges: Ambidextrous, Two-fisted, Qualified in Scimitar*, Scimitar Expert*, Florentine, Whirlwind*.

Special Abilities: Slim*, Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Thrown to the Ground*, Fly (1/hour).

Gear: Scimitar (Agi+d6-2) x2*, Composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1), chainmail (2).







GGSW0252

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