

# **Creatures of Agyris**

From [www.agyris.net](http://www.agyris.net)

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# About This Guide

We've had a great demand for a print version of [www.agyris.net](http://www.agyris.net), the website dedicated to the RPG world setting of Agyris. However, we're just not ready for a primetime, nicely formatted document. You see, the world of Agyris is currently in constant production; new content is added on a weekly, if not daily, basis. Our illustrators are always cranking out new work, new maps are being drawn, and new words are being crafted at a feverish pace.

This document is a barebones attempt to get the core information from the [Agyris.net](http://www.agyris.net) site into your hands, so that you can use it, and print it out, right now. It isn't pretty, but it gets the job done for the time being. (Permission is granted for your personal use only.)

Eventually, we would like to publish a nicely illustrated, formatted, edited, and well-organized book - but not yet. We'd have to re-release the information every few months, which doesn't seem right. So, in the meantime, use this document for your games. Keep in mind that the website ([www.agyris.net](http://www.agyris.net)) has the latest and greatest information, quality illustrations and maps, and many other useful things (like a search engine, world newspapers, online forum, interactive maps, and so on.) I'd highly recommend using the website whenever possible.

Enjoy, and visit [www.agyris.net](http://www.agyris.net) often.

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# Land Creatures

## Adasa

<b>Nicknames</b>	Darian Giants		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Vegetables, faeries, stags, bears, Dar, honey, wood,		
<b>Homeland</b>	Daria Island		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair
<b>Public Description</b>			

"GYANTS! GYANTS!"

- Last words of Twello Gnate, Daria

"The land was amazingly lush and beautiful, with thick primeval forest covering the rolling hills. We had just woken up, and our camp was sunny and quiet. Suddenly, we heard this screaming and then crunching, and our ahnkri was gone. In his place stood a plump gyant, who was chewing thoughtfully. We ran like helgyrit, and got back to Darus in no time at all..."

- Anon

Adasa -

These are the famed giants that are found throughout the land of Daria, ranging in height from 3 to 6 Ling (yards), and weighing several hundred pounds. They are tremendously strong, and fairly intelligent, as far as giants go. A fair number of them live in a town known as Adas, and these constitute the most intelligent and civilized of their race. All of them eat a wide variety of meats, from stag to wolf, and they tend to hunt alone. They are excellent fisherman, using huge nets to gather a bounty of fine river trout. It has been said that the Adasa continue to grow all of their lives, becoming 'as big as Rhugus,' though I have never seen one any larger than Obarus, who stood tall at 11 and one half Ling.

There are two main subtypes of Adasa giant; the Keil, and the Agaam. The Agaam inhabit Adas, and a fair amount has been covered in the above entry. They are generally clean, clothed, and as civilized as any good Cliff Barbarian. The Kiel on the other hand are barbaric monsters, incapable of civilized language, with a hunger for mortal flesh. Rancid Mayhem is the most famous example of a Kiel. He is feared by Dar and Adasa alike.

## GM Description

The Berar of Darus help protect the city from the Keil. Many Berar have made good friends with Agaam giants, and continue the relationship with gifts of candy and occasionally sweet wines.

Mt. Rhugus is the home of Rancid Mayhem, and he wanders quite far and near on the island. Really, he might just be encountered anywhere.

Atmosphere -

The Adasa are used to spice things up on Daria; Perhaps a group of giants chase the party into a faerrie patch, causing mayhem and certainly some "problems" with the wee ones. They shouldn't be a source of constant combat, however. Adasa, and especially the Agaam can be reasoned with. Treats/gifts go a long way in Agaam culture. A Keil might be swayed in the party's direction, and he might not. These are the dangerous ones. In any case, reward role-playing, and creative play. A giant might be swayed by an interesting or colorful story, as long as the vocabulary is simple and the plot is clear.

Secrets -

Most Adasa are immune to the tricks of the Faerrie folk and the land. It is not known whether they are not intelligent to be thwarted by the Fey folk, or if they are actually Fey folk themselves.

## Ahnkri

<b>Nicknames</b>	Scalefoot. [Krig]
<b>Size</b>	Good
<b>Diet</b>	Grass, rodents, small creatures, nuts, shells,
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands

**Danger Class**      Mediocre                      **Frequency**              Legendary

**Public Description**

"Ahnkir for sale. Dependable, with good feet, and excellent confirmation. Eyes and mouth are clear, with no signs of infection or gift-worms. Claws have been maintained, and clipped on a regular basis. Scales are shiny and the tail is in good shape besides having recently lost the tip, which is growing back quickly. Very fast, this creature can leap most fences, so beware. Knows the following commands: "halt," "sprint," and "play dead." Not as dumb as most ahnkri, answers to the name "klek." Price: 800 tokens, or best offer."  
- Poster nailed to apple tree, Sirvat, 4a1580.

"Well, an ahnkri is certainly faster than an ox, and a more comfortable ride, that's for sure. They can pull a plow or wagon just fine, but they're not as smart as an ox, I know that."  
-Gabbon Reely of Ang, Veldune. 4a1573

"The damn ahnkri just ran straight into the city wall at full speed, and knocked itself right out. The rider was not so lucky. Both their heads were buried in the stones. I think the beast was trying to get away from some beez or something. Yeah, he'll be fine when he wakes up. Sometimes I wonder how the Ahnkri ever survived at all in the wild..."  
-Shanno Z. Tartop, city guard, Jathas. 4a1487.

**GM Description**

The ahnkri are the most common pack beast found in Agyris, filling the role that horses typically inhabit. It is not unusual to see farmers pulling plows with teams of ahnkri, and wagons and carriages are also almost exclusively towed by the beasts. In effect, they are simply used everywhere, by just about everyone.

They are very resilient, tough, and fairly dependable as mounts, with the additional benefit of being able and willing to eat just about anything possible. They flourish in most climates, except arctic, which makes them very irritable, sluggish, and even less intelligent.

A well trained ahnkri can travel at great speeds through city streets and flatlands, and only slightly slower in the wilds and wastes. One word of caution, however. The ahnkri are not very bright, and will often run into trees, or even off of cliffs if the rider is not paying much attention. Though ahnkri are valued because of their incredible toughness, their riders are often much less so, and subject to great injury when the great lizard makes mistakes.

Many wonder how the ahnkri became so widespread throughout the lands. While some claim that they are native to Galilee, others point out examples of their use hundreds of years before, in places leagues away.

**The Prakk Breed-**

Wild and rabid Ahnkri can be found throughout the Galilean landscape, especially in the Ahnkri Hills, where the Prakk breed can be found. The Prakk are especially feral ahnkri, very intelligent for their breed, and incredibly fast and durable. They are extremely desirable as mounts, yet they are head strong and sometimes difficult to train, taking twice the normal time to get them saddle ready. Trainers will often go to the hills in search of the Prakk, but few of them return with any young lizards that might be trained. Surprisingly, many trainers return missing fingers, limbs, and self-worth, as these wild ahnkri are extremely dangerous.

Most Prakk can be taught up to 5 "tricks" or skills, while normal ahnkri can learn but one or two. The commands "stay," "flee," "leap," "sit," "bite," "whip," "play dead," are some of the more popular ones that the prakk are often taught.

**Atosi**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Blighters		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Elixirs extracted from the spirits of creatures, combined with animal, plant, and mineral proteins.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Agyris		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

**Public Description**

"In Ages past, long before your grandfather's grandfather was alive, the Gods had left us, and we were enslaved by a new foe, the Atosians. They had come from distant stars, and had honored and impressed the Gods with many Fey gifts. They were the first wizards, and certainly had a mastery of the Fey that demonstrated their race's great age. They were welcomed to the land, and in time, were revered as one of the Eld races. Then the Gods died."

"No one is sure if they had a part in this or not, but I believe that they did. The Atosians somehow made the Fey work against the Gods, tricking them into self extermination. With The Gods now gone, the Atosians set to make themselves Gods. We would be their worshippers."

"For 20 generations, we were forced to served their every whim, worship them, built them their "great" monuments, and die in their all-too-often sacrifices. They had no respect for our lives, and treated us like their cattle. The best of us became their pets."

"Their cruelty and obscene natures destroyed thousands upon thousands of souls. Our spirits were harvested to power their spells, to build their cities, and to reshape the lands themselves. We were lucky that they didn't stay much longer, for they

would have devoured all of the life on Gyr, given a few more generations."

"Then, for some unknown reason, they seemed to have fled the land. A few scholars believe that the Gods were reborn, and had threatened the Atosi with a war they could not win. Others say that they had found new worlds to plunder, and that it was simply time to go. They say that they could come back, but I believe that they never left, and are hibernating deep in the earth, awaiting events that are unknown to us."

-Cyph Shollar, Dranoy, 4a645.

It is common knowledge that the Atosians once dominated all life on Agyris. In fact, some claim that the Atosians themselves brought life to Agyris, in order to have a place to dominate this. However this claim is directly opposed to most creation myths of the world.

All can agree that though Atosian pyramids, statues, and sites litter the landscape, none can say where these foes to life went. None have been seen in several thousand years, and if it were not for their massive works left behind, they themselves would seem like myth.

According to statues, the Atosians appear to have stood about 7-8 spans tall, with roughly humanoid bodies, with very long arms, delicate fingers, and large heads. Oddly, we have no idea what color they might have been.

### GM Description

Description - Strange and alien, the Atosians are clearly from another world. They have incredibly large heads, which are believed to harbor their incredible intelligence.

Activities - The Ato are never really active. Only the janitors are ever seen in an active role, maintaining the mechanisms that keep them in stasis. The majority of the Atosi are in stasis until further notice, and being guarded by terrible etherbeasts.

Battle - If ever encountered, the Atosians would wield great Ato magics. However, they should certainly be less powerful than in the past. With the Ringings, the Symphony (created by the Atosians) has been greatly injured. Their attacks should be destructive in nature and fairly energy-based, and in many cases should be used in weapons. Atosi weapons have been created with uprisings in mind; they require Ato power (provide by the Atosian) which hasn't seen the light of day for thousands of years. Today's Ato practitioner has only a convoluted knowledge of what Ato really is.

Atosians also benefit from a personal stasis field, which provides them with armor equivalent to plate mail, and negates all Ato-based weapons. This stasis armor is built into their head-dresses and clothing.

Atmosphere -

Secrets - (This is a big spoiler)

The Atosi never really left Agyris. They are in stasis, deep below the ground, waiting for some unknown sign to come forth. It is unclear why they left their glorious empire, but they certainly did exit in the waxing of their power. Atosian ruins should be the spine of many dungeon adventures, though the Atosians in stasis should be a very rare, and incredible, find.

Uses - First of all, evidence of the once vast Atosian empire should be everywhere. Mountains were carved into the Atosian likeness, huge stone obelisks were raised, and great gates were constructed, all upon the backs of mortalkin. A good Gyrmaster will remind the players of the Atosian crimes against mortalkin, and the evil of these creatures. They should feel alien and eldritch - they are the oldest of all Gyr races.

Only after the players have had months (maybe years) of Atosian ruins (and they are a wee bit bored), should they ever stumble upon the slumbering Atosi. If you've really told your story well, and done it with a great deal of care, you might be able to scare your players quite a bit. When my group found them, they were not sure what to do at all. One suggested playing around with the Atosi equipment, and the others practically screamed out with disapproval. "You don't know what we're dealing with here! We could wake them all up! Let's get outta here, quick!" They felt like they were over their heads, which is good.

A good introduction of the Atosian should not really have any Atosi encounters at all; Etherbeasts ought to keep them quite busy, and insinuate the power of the Atosians. ("If their pets are this tough, how tough do you think that the Atosians are?!) Just give them a glimpse of the Atosi, floating in their fluid-filled stasis tanks, like some episode of the X-Files.

## Bandgar Gyant

<b>Nicknames</b>	Gratum		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, fear, and Fey.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Bandgara Wastes		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"GYANT! GYANT! Vorbin Gyant!"

- Last words of Satrum Sert, Bandgara explorer.

"They et stem, an shet brick, an d'ell pull yer skin off of ye, an bern ye up! Ayes like moons, an breath like fire, they av."

- Anon

"Un ice blade will kill 'm faster thun anythun y' could see. Goes right to their heart! But it ruins 'em straight away. Yud better git two er three."

- Medlewyn, an ice-blade dealer.

"They can throw boulders fer sagues. We were jest sailin' past Bandaria, when all of a sudden these great rocks were sailing past us, and splashing around the ship. We looked, and there were a pair of these great gyants, hurling them with half of their might. They got laughing in glee. We got the smot outta there, QUICK!"

- Donjer

Picture a beast that stands as tall as a tower, with iron wire fur, gigantic claws, a hunger for meat, and able to breathe fire, and you are visualizing a bandgar gyant. The gyant is probably one of the most physically powerful creatures of the discovered lands, able to throw boulders hundreds of spans and tear ships to pieces with nothing but its bare claws. This is precisely why Maejir create strength potions from the gyant's boiling blood, and why they cost so dearly.

The bandgar gyant is of course, from the vile Bandgar Wastes, one of the most oppressive landscapes known. There, every creature has adapted to the howling winds, rocky landscapes, and erupting mountains, making each beast aggressive and uniquely dangerous. The bandgar gyant is at the top of this beast chain, hunting and eating anything, including the famed traws warhorse. It is of no surprise that the tough Drann originally hail from this land, as well.

Thick iron "fur" covers much of the gyant, with a ruddy brown skin beneath. Their heads have many stubby horns, making the skull very difficult to crack. When one is very near a bandgar gyant, a boiling sound can be heard, which is it's blood bubbling through its veins. It should be added that they put off an immense heat, withering plants and making it quite difficult to be near them.

If the creature has any weakness whatsoever, it would have to be its dull intellect. They are not the most clever creature around; they can often be tricked to chase a warrior into a full ambush, or off of a cliff, or to burrow through a mountain. In any case, be ware not to kill a gyant at close range, since they explode into a terrible fire, incinerating everything in a 20 foot range. The only way to avoid this catastrophe is to kill one underwater, though i have never seen this done. The beasts seem to have an aversion to water, so persuading them into a lake is extremely difficult, though the maejir have some system of accomplishing this. I would avoid the gyants in all cases, however, since they can kill the most gifted Antharr bladesman as easily as smashing a wagon.

The bandgar gyant is a destructive monster that (blessed be the gods) is land locked in the bandgar wastes. If a few were ever to get free and ravage the more civilized cities of the discovered lands, it would be a dark day for all mortalkind. After seeing one in the Irvan exposition of 4a1560, and watching it tear down the old collesium, and then block after block of the city, i am convinced of its power. Only after it accidentally crashed through an outer wall of the city was it dispatched by 50 irvan lions, though it took some time. It was a horrible display to behold, that is for sure, but eventually the lions "won."

- Skyphos of Sirvat

### GM Description

They are huge, with tough red skin, thick bones, and powerful claws. They have a terrible reputation, which is furthered by their ability to breath fire. Extremely difficult to kill, they are known to burst into flames if and when any can succeed in dispatching one.

If one kills a bandgar gyant, and it dies underwater, it will not burst into flames, which usually completely incinerates it. In this case, the blood may be harvested, which is the primary ingredient for bandgar strength potions. If one can survive imbibing such a potion, they can expect an increase in strength that will take them beyond normal racial maximums. Those that have consumed said potions, can be readily identified by their reddish complexion and increase in body temperature. Some have even gained the ability to breath fire once per day, if they consume at least 3 of the potions.

One can usually hear a gyant before they see one. The loud foot crashing is the first giveaway, but also one can here the blood boiling though their veins.

### Bandu Warsteeds

<b>Nicknames</b>	Traws warhorse, bloodsteed		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, salt crystals, minerals		
<b>Homeland</b>	Bandgara Wastes		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"We heard a deep rumble and saw a red cloud of dust, before we saw them. They came over the hill, shiny black silhouettes on fire. If we'd knew better, we'd a run right then and there. But we didn't know better. Surry was sure we'd catch one.

Well, they were on us in a moment kicking and biting, and then helmets, shields, and human skulls wenta flying. Surry was the first to fall. My friends were dying and screaming, so I climbed betwix these two boulders and hid. I felt bad, but it was over before I got that deep.

I ran away as the Bandu ate my friends."

- Alri the Coward

"In many cases, thoroughly "trained" bandu have been known to eat their masters. I should be noted that it takes a special, incredibly strong personality to handle, ride, and command a bandu. They look for weakness, and they are very, very intelligent. In most cases, they find a weakness.

- Gyr Monstrosities

One of the most impressive mounts found in the DL are the Bandu Warsteeds. Sometimes known as "Traws Warhorses," they are huge quadrupeds, with powerful limbs, stout bodies, with thick necks topped with bony heads. Their coat is actually a dark charcoal, heavy hide, which provides protection from the extreme elements of Bandgara.

The Bandu's mouth are full of sharp teeth, and it seems that every element of their bodies are weapons of some sort. The tail has a bony nodule on the end, which is used for striking foes. Their hooves are as large as platters, and as sharp as double-bladed daggers. The head is bone capped, with small horn growths, which assists the creature to ram its foes.

### GM Description

Very intelligent and vicious, the Bandu hunt in packs, often forcing their prey off of cliffs, or into dead-ended salt valleys. When they sense that their prey is panicked or trapped, they are set upon by the ravenous attacks of the beasts. When the Bandu feed, they eat amazing quantities of meat, gorging themselves on 50-150 pounds of flesh before finally stopping. They will continue to eat like this until all the meat is consumed. During this time a Bandu can gain 500 pounds or more, which will allow them to survive for up to a month with no food. The state of a gorged Bandu is called "Soro," which reduces their aggressiveness, speed, and appetite.

Because of their natural qualities, the Bandu are probably the most desired steed in the Discovered Lands. They are strong, intelligent, fast, tough, and require little care besides their dietary needs. However, they are very difficult to acquire. The only documented captures of Bandu have been when they were in the Soro state, which allowed the Bandu Hunters a chance to abduct the young.

It usually takes over 6 years to properly "train" a Bandu, though in no way are their spirits "broken." Even a mount that has had the same owner for several years will still not hesitate in eating their master, given the chance. Only after a great deal of travel and mounted combat, will a Bandu bond to its master. Once the bonding occurs, the Bandu's loyalty will never be in question again. Once bonded, the owner has a good mount for years or even lifetimes, since the Bandu lives up to 400 years.

A well-trained Bandu is able to understand and follow fairly complex verbal instructions, such as: "kick," "bite," "ram," "charge," "halt," "leap," "down," "sit," "sprint," "slow," etc... It should be noted that the rider must speak the same tongue that the Bandu was trained in.

Atmosphere-

Bandu should be portrayed as monsters in all cases, even ones that have been trained as mounts. Every Bandu that is encountered should be dangerous. A rare individual actually bonds with and controls the beast. This should be reserved for exceptional characters.

### Barrow Wodes

<b>Nicknames</b>	Wodes, chatterboxes.		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Souls, mortal flesh, hair, and skin.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Daria Island		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

#### Public Description

"They got faces without skin an' flesh, with yellowed bones and big cracking teeth. Their eye sockets are all charred out, with soot that constantly falls out. They chatter when they git near mortal kind, an they got no fear a fire or Fey. They sleep b'neath hills, and in other dark places; they are the remainder of some lost cult or foul experiment, and they mean to destroy mortality. If ye' ever see one, yul know it, for nobody ever forgits a Wode!"

- Shathy Migeel, Daria

Barrow wodes are said to eat mortal flesh, and have a special liking for Faeyan skin and hair. They love eating Dar fingers, and chewing upon the horns of the Drann. I find them exceptionally frightening. However, I've only really heard of them appearing in Daria and Threepenny.

### GM Description

Barrow Wodes rest beneath barrow downs and hollow hills throughout Daria. Their souls were stolen by the Atosians to fuel their escape from the world of Agyris. Foul spirits inhabit what little is left of their bodies, and they are jealous of the living. They eat flesh, skin and hair of mortal creatures. They never eat the bones.

Appearance -

Barrow Wodes appear as white wrapped skeletons, with yellowed bones, and large teeth. Their eye sockets are charred out, and endless black soot falls out as they move. They chatter when within 30 feet of mortal kind, which should be a warning to any nearby to quickly move on.

**Atmosphere -**

Chattering should be used as a warning, in an attempt to scare the characters and let them know that danger is nearby. It is good too, if they have heard some stories of the Wodes before encountering them for the first time. They have no glowing eyes, like some undead.

**Baylonic Dancer**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Glorykisser		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Feywine and Trebbsalt.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Baylon		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"While the ship was being loaded with Trebbsalt, we went out and found ourselves some companionship; the famous Baylonic Dancers. Let me just say that they are every bit as sweet as any fruit that you would ever taste! They were so beautiful, but nothing that we could say would persuade them to leave with us."

"I went back to the ship after our leave, but after 7 days most of the men never returned. We never found them, not even a trace. We couldn't find the Dancers that they were with, since they all look the same..."

"Eventually, I had to sail the remaining men outta there, 'cause even our reliable captain never came back."

- Anonymous sailor

**GM Description**

Though they are not from Baylon, these Dancing Girls are found nowhere else.

They are said to be the most beautiful and erotic women in all of Agyris, and they seem to appeal to just about every race. They are not Human, Asidri, or even Toth, but they are humanoid and seem very appealing to Discovered Land males. It should be noted that all attempts to remove Baylonic Girls from Baylon always result in the girl's disappearance. Many Irvans have tried to make slaves out of Baylonic Girls, but the Girls have never even made it to the Belt of Urgo. The Baylons have never revealed the source of their girls, but they certainly are not from Baylon.

**Secret -**

In truth, the Baylonic Dancers are fabricated from sophisticated Waik magics... they are summoned from the netherlands by Baylonic Magicians to serve as companions to lonely men. They seem completely real, each with personality, and solid physical being. (However, they all do look very, very similar, and behave in similar ways. Those smitten by a Dancer will hardly notice, however, and will probably not listen to any negative remarks regarding her.)

**Burgan**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Gutterkiller		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, wood, all plantlife, bones, and occasionally dirt		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

**Public Description**

"They look like a strange, black, chitinous ball, while they're hibernating. However, you don't want to wake it up, cause you'll end up fighting a beast that is all teeth and powerful jaws. They'll bite through spears, legs, and even armor, with little problem. Avoid them at all costs. They seem to like to hide underground, in wells, barnlofts, or other small places."

- Tannry Egal, Wandergate, Veldune

"Unlike most of the monsters of Agyris, the Burgan can be found almost anywhere. Unfortunately they were spread across the Discovered Lands some time ago, and they have been breeding ever since. Luckily, they don't breed too fast. Just fast enough."

- Monsters of the Discovered Lands

Small, black, and all teeth, the burgan is a 3 foot tall creature of no little danger. They are able burrow through stone and earth, searching for fleshy meals to eat. They are fast, striking in groups of up to 50, tearing through their foes with an unrestrained gusto.

The gutterkiller, as they are known in the Durgan empire, tend to make their homes in hilly and mountainous areas, preferring to nest in undertunnel ruins, Durgan channels, and even city sewers. They are fond of filth, eating whatever they can in order to sate their ravenous stomachs.

Covered in a chitinous exoskeleton, the burgan is protected from weaker attacks, ignoring most swordblows and knife attacks. The huge mouths of the burgan hide many rows of sharp, flexible teeth, able to tear through shields and spears with ease. The jaws are incredibly strong, with enough power to snap through bone and stone alike. Even their horns are effective weapons, going with surprising power.

When food is scarce the burgan tends to avoid its own kind, ranging far and wide in search of fodder. I have seen them wander up to 5 miles from the main nest, "hunting" in such manner, and not resting until a meal is found. When food is common, such

as the sewers beneath Private, the gutterkiller mates profusely, creating many new young, and expanding into several new nests. The oracles of Sirvat say that only when "the eyecat comes to the city, will it be free of the underslayer."

Some say that burgans are found in many of the hilly & mountainous regions of Gyr because of one individual, Kalyx the Dwar. Kalyx, a durgan & devote of Ralu, found it interesting (chaotic) to gather up hundreds of the creatures, reportedly with the use of luneflower honey, and place them in the iron-lined hull of his ship, the Doomflower. Then he sailed far and wide, dropping off the creatures four at a time, attempting to spread them to every corner of the discovered lands. Fortunately, the doomflower mysteriously sank just off of the coast of Sirvat, after just 4 years of his quest. Soon after, (4a1499) reports began to surface of terrible-toothed creatures residing in the sewers of that fine town.

- Skyphos of Sirvat

### GM Description

The chitinous armor of the Burgan is as tough as platemail, and the bite is equal to the slash of a greatsword wielded by a very strong warrior. They bite in combat, and lash out with their long tongue, in order to temporarily paralyze their foe. This makes them doubly dangerous, since the front line warriors begin to fall.

The only "weaknesses" that I have ever heard in connection to this hungry creature is its' infrequent fear of crystalline light (1 in 3 fear Galilaen lights) and its taste for luneflower honey, which it will seek beyond any other thing, ignoring perfectly good pigs, until the honey is gone. Some have also said that they will pause for some time eating Vitrae, if it is poured into the earth, devouring the soil until its gullet is completely filled. I have never seen the lights or the Vitrae, but once i did see an enterprising young Toth pull a vial of luneflower honey out of his pack, and immediately he was buried in burgans, each attempting to be the first to eat the delicacy. I will miss that fellow.

### Celestan

<b>Nicknames</b>	Crystan, silver girls, Shimmer Singers		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fey winds		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

"Nah, they ain't worth anything, really. Sure, a couple a strange fellas have paid a fair pile a tokens for em, but that don't mean nothin'. I guess they DO look kinda pretty, with them silvery girls inside, but no one I know has ever gotten one out. Not sure HOW they got like that, but I'm pretty sure I don't wanna know. I hear that its' bad omen to fool with em anyhow, but I just sell one now and then. I just like to go out there to em, and sit in there midst and listen to em sing. It helps me think, somehow..." - Cekran Armoth addressing a disguised Maejiri Component Dealer.

Description:

The Celestans appear as huge white or amber quartz crystals, with beautiful human sized figures suspended within. The figures are slender, silver, slightly transparent, and most often female. Most seem to have been frozen in some form of flight. They are sometimes found among rock outcroppings, far away from civilization. Some think that they are beautiful demons that have been halted by the Lords of Light.

### GM Description

The Real Story -

The Celestans were an ancient race that arrived during Aggran's Age, who were probably attracted to Agyris by the far reaching battlesongs of Thiezza Silvereye. They appeared much as they do today, just without the crystal shell surrounding them. They could fly like the Fey winds, and travel as quickly as a song. They quickly befriended the Gods, and became messengers for many of them.

However, they had a difficult relationship with the Atosians, who were jealous of their close relationship with Fey. Eventually, when the Gods were banished and the Atosians ruled the First Age, the entire race was ensorcelled into their current "crystalized" state.

Culture:

Since their imprisonment, their culture has likewise been suspended. However, a culture has sprung up around them. The Singers have always been strong with Fey, even while in stasis. Because of this, many attempt to extract the power from them. As the Fey is leached out of the Celestran, the figure will slowly turn from transparent silver, to sooty black. As this occurs, the shimmering songs fade until nothing can be heard from it at all. Sorcerors throughout the Ages have attempted to touch this Fey, though few have had much success.

Activities:

Although they seem dead, the Celestans are in a protected stasis, unable to do anything more than simply witness history, and sing to those that will listen. The songs are clear and high, lacking words, but certainly not emotion. Fey born can hear their songs without much effort, but other mortals have a very difficult time hearing them.

**Diet:**

Celestran feed from the Fey winds.

**Battle:**

Celestran are unable to partake in any physical combat, though they are able to defend themselves from spirit and Fey attacks.

**Atmosphere:**

The sorrowful songs of the Celestran can be used to possibly make the Players feel that there is some sort of intellect left within the crystalline shells. They should evoke a feeling of loss, beauty, and calmness. Hermits are often drawn to Celestran outcroppings.

**Uses:**

Many Maejir fill the basements of their towers with Shimmer Singers, in order to attract Fey to their hearths. Others try to steal the Fey essence from the Celestran by using Jar Imps, Leechlings, and tap spells. It is up to the individual Gyrmaster to decide if/how their Fey may be accessed.

**Quick Plot:**

Corrif Eyvodd, a Maejir Shyl, claims to have had a number of his Celestran disappear from his magetower. He is very upset, since he believes that his tower's defenses are quite good. But he needs these Celestran back safely in his tower in 3 days, to perform an important incantation. It will certainly fail without them, and he will lose status among the city's other mages.

Possible explanations:

1. Brebannak Trie, (Corrif's longtime rival) has been plotting his revenge since Corrif destroyed 7 of his finest Jar Imps 3 years ago. He is aware of Corrif's important incantation, and believes that his failure will weaken his position among the city's other mages. (And thereby increasing his own status) He has discovered a weakness the Maejir's defenses, and was able to enter the tower through a Viquist gazing mirror. He has no plans of ever returning the Celestran, and is currently doubling his own defenses.
2. Because of Corrif's extensive preparations for the incantation, he has accidentally come across the "formula" for freeing the Celestran. He is completely unaware of this, though perhaps hints to the party's mage might make this clear. The Celestran could be far away, or they could be in a weak state within the tower, with the players possibly able to capture them through the use of a Fey net, cleverness, etc.
3. Corrif is lying, and has never had a Celestran, but needs one badly to complete his important incantation. In this version, Brebannak is the one who has a basement full of them, and the players must "steal" them back to their "rightful" owner.

In any case, it may be interesting to make the players feel that the Celestran are being exploited. Perhaps they will decide some other fate for the Shimmer Singers.

**Duambray**

<b>Nicknames</b>	crackerthib		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	bone marrow, soil		
<b>Homeland</b>	Krystos Plains		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"Kee-orr!"

"I heard them before I saw them. It was night, and dark as a ringer's soul, when we heard these strange yelling noises. We thought at first that it was from some odd animal that had perhaps injured itself from a fall or something. The first call was answered by many others, all coming from around our camp. We got our weapons, and stoked the campfire."

"Then we saw them. They were savages, all covered in long hair, with extremely large arms and paws for their size. They were manlike, but had big teeth, and they were coming quickly. Towor pulled out his great axe, and swung it in front of him, but the creature snatched the handle right from his hands, and broke it in two. Towor tried to run, but the beast came from behind him, and snapped his back in two. Instantly it began to feed upon his legs, tearing at the flesh, trying to get at the bone. I tried to help, I really did, but there were just too many of them."

"I thought that the creatures might be afraid of fire, and I threw a flaming log at them, but it was no use. They feared nothing. I turned and fled in the darkness, and I could hear their calls following me in the dark."

"Kee-orr! Kee-orr!"

- anonymous

"The Duambray is a humanoid creature, perhaps descended from human stock. They have very powerful upperbodies, and are capable of breaking down doors or bending swords with ease. They are not, however, very fast sprinters or especially good at swimming. Armed with bows, a group might be able to fill their legs with enough arrows to stop them all together."  
- Gyr Monstrosities

#### GM Description

A race of savages, perhaps corrupted from human stock. They eat flesh, and have very powerful arms and claws.

### Galilaen Juggernaut

<b>Nicknames</b>	Steamfist		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Crystallar Energy provided by Clockwork technology, and wondercoal.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Galilae Republic		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

#### Public Description

"Some say that the Emperor of Galilae has a hatred for all things magic, and has found a way to make iron giants, to destroy the Fey Magic in the world. I wouldn't have believed it, if I didn't see one lumbering by, on the way to Dolmen Row. The thing was huge, and sputtered smoke and sparks louder than you can imagine. Then it started pounding on the standing stones with it's huge fists, and it tore down 3 of them before we could get out of there. I'm pretty sure the thing came from Galilae, by the looks of that thing."  
- Chartlan Vodiaus, Irva

#### GM Description

Late in the 4th Age, Lord Magnus XX, High Emperor of Galilae, with the help of his closest advisors instituted a secret plan called the "Juggernaut Program." the plan was simple: since magic is the cause of all corruption on Gyr, it must be stopped at any cost. Therefore, huge magic-crushing juggernauts were built, and sent into the discovered lands to rid the world of magic...

It took many years of work, and several generations of juggernauts, before the Galilaens had a machine of any use at all. Each succession would build upon the strengths of the last generation. The real breakthrough came when Kalibren Lathandros reinvented "clockwork" technology, making a portable source of great power. After his surprise defection, all projects were scrapped in favor of creating the ultimate juggernaut, the Greblock x-13.

The x-13 is a Masterwork of Galilean construction, standing 21 feet tall, with iron skirting, huge pounding fists, and the highest quality Crystallar cells available, allowing the x-13 to wander the Savage Lands for years, without need for recharging. (Occasionally the x-13 will pause in a "safe zone" and will raise a windmill which rewinds all Clockworks, and also recharges Crystallar, when possible. This usually takes a few days.) The crystallar compass, designed by Quinss Malificarus, is the essential guidance system for the machines, able to not only detect magic, but life-forms and individuals, too. It is an impressive piece of machinery, with extremely sensitive crystals able to detect at a 50 foot range, day or night. Also, blocking the sensor array with anything other than lead does little to "fool" it.

Able to sail as fast as a slow vessel, the first Greblock's were sent out in Dromin 1, 4a1585, just 4 months after the Emperor had all previous models sent on suicide missions. 30 of the GX-13s were sent on differing coordinates throughout the Discovered Lands, with 30 more in production...

Many feel that it is unfortunate that the Galilaens see magic as such a threat, and that they have taken such extreme measures to alleviate it. Outside of Galilae, scholars wonder about the wisdom of the Emperor and his advisors, making such an overtly aggressive move. Still, one has to marvel at yet another achievement of the Galilean engineers and wonder what would happen if all that energy was directed towards peace.  
- Skyphos of Sirvat

There is a very large, rotating sprocketlock chain gun in the chest of the Juggernaut. It is also able to "shoot" out large bolts of lightning energy twice per day, though it is very, very draining on the system.

### Jellot

<b>Nicknames</b>	Bone Stealer		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, fur, and bones		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

#### Public Description

"He came out of the woods, scamperin' around on bone legs that looked too much like ribs. I could smell him first, before I could see him, and I gagged a bit with it all. He was clear, but hadda yellowish cast, an you could see the body of a man floatin' in his insides."

"It was real quick like, and trundled to us in no more than a few moments. We ran, an then climbed a tall tree. That stopped him, but we was scared when he tried to "absorb" the base of the tree. He "melded" with it, but then he kinda shook, an moved on. We couldn't come down for 3 days cause he waited there for us, with the patience of an experienced hunter."

- Benja Sko, the Hunter

"Put that DOWN! You don't know where it's been..."  
- Terk, in the wilderness North of Veldune

"I eat NOW! I rumblehungry!"  
- Burth the Ogra, in the wilderness North of Veldun

"Don't ever eat a Jellot, cooked or not."  
- Terk, in the wilderness North of Veldune

\*chewing\* "Mmmm... Goodgood, yup."  
- Berth the Ogra, in the wilderness North of Veldun

"I warned ye. <whispering> Stupid ogra..."  
- Terk, in the wilderness North of Veldune

\*gurgle\* "Burth belly, OWW... Kill Burth. Stup Burth, now-now-NOW..."  
- Burth the Ogra, laying in the wilderness, North of Veldune

"Poor Burth."  
- Terk, smiling in the wilderness, North of Veldune

### GM Description

Found primarily in the northern lands, and higher altitude areas, the Jellot is a scavenger of some danger. They have been spotted in the mountains to the North of Veldun, and are much larger there. Also, vlon hosts an unusual number of them, though they are not typically found underground.

They seem to have some sort of primal intellect, and are capable of using weapons and bones as tools. They do not use fire of any sort, though they are not overly troubled by it. It hurts them, but they've learned that if they engulf the fire (torch) they can put it out. The slime covered torch will not burn again for many weeks.

Creature concept and illustration by Ben Hunter.

### Kor Statue

<b>Nicknames</b>	The Old Ones, the Standers		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Nil		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"Them statues are the petrified remains of the Old Warriors. They has been around fer centuries, so I wouldn't worry much of em. The stone is good, though it is real tough to break. I think they used a bunch of em in the walls of Coppra, if my grand pappy was tellin it like it wuz. They jest filled in the holes, and built upon em..."  
- Jaffry Jas, Three Penny

"Those petrified monsters are a lesson to the Lords of Darkness. They just go to show that the Lords of Light can still destroy evil, when they've got the will... Pull them up out of the ground, and display them proudly, to scare back evil."  
- Dunry, Veldune

"The stone is hard, and strange. I've not seen anything like it from the ground. I'd like to find some, so that I could build a wall that no one could break down."  
- Anon

### GM Description

The Kor statues are spread throughout the far corners of the Discovered Lands. They are constantly dug up in fields, towns, and excavations. They are the left-over army of the BellQueen, who after winning the Second War of the Bell, petrified them to fight another day. It is common folklore that they were petrified by the Lords of Light; however this is just not true.

#### Uses:

I just have them come up everywhere. They would be common enough that some would use them to prop up the side of their building like a pillar, while others might stack them up to build a thick wall. They should be encountered quite often in the wilds as well. I like the idea of them being revealed through natural erosion, heads poking up at the top of a low hill. My inspiration for the Jurrad statues is the terra cotta warriors that have been excavated from China over the last few years. The Jurrad will rise again...

So, after a long time, and the players are confident that these statues are not going to rise up like gargoyles and kill the entire party, have them stumble upon hints that they will rise up again and fight for the BellQueen.

They become the Jurrad.

## Mantikore

<b>Nicknames</b>	Hill lions		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Meat, fey		
<b>Homeland</b>	Threepenny		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Wyte Mantikor Rute Beer, th' drink with claws!"

- Bottle label, the Glass Axe Inn, Threepenny

"Nah, you don't want to hunt the mantikore. They bring this isle luck. Look at the success that we've had here. Yeah, I admit, there are seasons that the mantikore is trouble, but that hasn't been for several years. Back in '75 the hills were crawling with em, an I helped kill one or two, but that was necessity. Once I saw one kill a whole group of folk that were up there, too high in the hills. The mantikore killed all that were armed, but left the children alone. Not a scratch. Even the men who had no weapons at all were left fine. It's like the mantikore knew..."

- Shaef of Coppra, Threepenny

"Mantikore hide makes the best leather armor. It seems to be instilled with qualities that make it better than common vux leather; it is much tougher and resilient, yet it still weighs the same. I've known some that wear cloaks from the stuff, though it is tough to get that much raw hide..."

- anon

### GM Description

A once revered race, the mantikore was the symbol of the Mantire Empire. The mantikore were the guardians of the land, and were very intelligent, capable of speech and cognizant thought. They were believed to be the allies of the Gods, and were treated with great respect. Monuments were raised in their honor, and their likeness was minted upon the Mantire Coinage.

When the empire crumbled and the corruptions swept across the lands, the intellect of these regal creatures suffered, and so did the knowledge that they were ever anything more than monsters.

Today, they are seen as the "lions of the hills". Humanity and the mantikore avoid one another, and the two live in relative peace.

### Secrets-

There is still one, the White Mantikore, that holds the wisdom and intellect of the Mantikore. He is the master of his race, and has not lost any of the gifts that they once held. It is the White Mantikore's duty to oversee and preserve his race. He speaks in Eld, and is not evil, just interested in the safety of his own.

## Muddock

<b>Nicknames</b>	Mud snake		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Clay, roots, old bones, amberstone		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

"Muddock - A strange creature shaped most like a pig in the front end, and a snake in the rear end. They are known to live underground, and are found most often near bogs, swamps and ponds. Though they don't swim, they seem to enjoy land that is damp and moist. Ogra, not known for their eating habits, refuse to eat muddock meat. All other races seem to enjoy the cooked flesh of the muddock, especially Manling and Durga."

- Gyr Monstrosities, volume 13

"Nobody would eat a muddock if they saw what they looked like. But who's lookin? \*URP\*\*

- Jurfrey Reorch

"Snake-pigs produce the sweatest meat. You can grill it, bake it, fry it, or even eat it raw if you're feelin' risky. There's enough meat on a muddock ta feed a whole family of men."

- Anon

"I NO eatin' dat! NO! It stinka. BAD. NO NO NO!"

- Gamma Grod, Ogra Laborer

### GM Description

#### Appearance -

Picture the forquarters and head of a pale pig, ending in a flesh-colored serpent tail. This is what a Muddock looks like when they are clean, which is not often.

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**Use -**

Muddocks are most often "herded" by lowly peasants, who keep them for their meat, or to use them to gather (and sniff-out) emberstones. It takes a great deal of time and effort to train muddocks, so they are primarily raised as food.

Muddock handlers use long sticks or copper rods, to push and guide the beasts where they want them to go. By vibrating the sticks in the ground, the muddock is coaxed to the surface.

**Facts -**

Even though Ogra will eat carcasses and other long-dead things, they will not eat Muddock meat. They can smell it, and they will only say that "it stinks me." Most other races (except the Neo-Asidri) will eat muddock, and the Durga consider it a delicacy.

Muddock meat is filling and largely free of parasites and other pests. It stores well, and is a staple in many communities. One properly prepared muddock will feed 10 average folk.

**Secrets -**

Muddocks are very sensitive to evil. They usually squeal if surprised by an evil soul, and they can also find buried jurrad if they are forced to.

**Nihk**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Tusker		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Herbavore - shimmergrass		
<b>Homeland</b>	Krystos Plains		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

**Public Description**

"I was jus walkin' on the plain, keepin' a sure eye out fer the worch, an all wus fine. Den, I cud feel this rumblin' under me foots... jus a rumble. In da distance, I cud see dem big ole clouds, like der was a storm a makin'. But, da storm come a closer, an de rumblin' gota louder, an I was a scared. De plains got durk, an then I saw the Nihk as fer as I cud see. I ran 'bout fer some time, 'til I found a deep worchhole, dat I crawled inside. I got down deep, reel deep, inside da hole. Dere was a loud a-crunglin', and de Gyr a shook... I thot dat I wasa dead. I et dirt, an it git in me eyes, an I cudn't breath a breath. Da rumble went fer long time, an den it jus quit. I dug meself up, an up, an out, an dere I wus. I wus alive. All de dirt ev'where was a jumble. I found plenty o'squashed meat ta eat fer many days, until I git sick."  
- "Kriggly" Kres, Jathas.

The Nihk are huge natural plains animals that travel in huge herds along the Krystos plains in search of shimmergrass. They are larger than several wagons, and are prone to stampedes if scared or provoked.

**GM Description**

It is interesting here to note that they are largely immune to the poisons of the worch.

**Nyh Lizard**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Drakha Morda		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Gildren ore, ancient tablets, MortalKin souls		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"The hills did rumble with such a sound, that we could not even hear it; it simply shook our bones. We tried to escape, but most of our Ahnkri died on the spot from the fear it induced."

"Suddenly the creature was upon us, a mass as large as a castle wall. It turned it's ship sized head, and let out a gout of fire and smoke that burned most of the men. It was at this point that I decided to hide *inside* of one of the dead ahnkri. I won't go into the details, but it was a most gruesome experience that saved my life. When I exited the corpse, it was smoking, and everyone was either missing or burned to a black cinder. It was not interested in meat, as every ahnkri was left where it fell. I just wanted *us*, the Toth that were on the expedition."  
- Kalor Sola, the Belt of Urgo, 4A1536

"The Nyh Lizard is very much misnamed; it has much more in common with dragons than it does with lizards of any type. The Nyh that have been documented have been described as "quite huge" and as "large as a castle". They are wingless, but are able to blast fire from their gaw which seems to only burn, rather than incinerate foes. They have been encountered in the distant corners of the Discovered Lands, and seem to be drawn to ancient ruins or even villages."  
- Creatures of the Discovered Lands, page 294

"Mordain did look down upon the lands, and was troubled with doubt. He reached down and picked up a drake egg, and held it upon his cold gauntlet. "You will serve me" he said to the egg, and it did shimmer and grow. "Devour souls. Hunger for the ancient knowledge. Eat upon both and grow with power. The knowledge that you ingest will not be of service to the light. You are the Drakha Morda. Be my servant, and crawl between the dark places of the world." With those words, the Iron God pushed the egg into the earth, and it did grow. Much later, seven lizards emerged from the egg, and they spread across the

world and multiplied."

- Exerpt from the Armored Morda Tome

### GM Description

The Mordain creation story is true. These creatures were made by Mordain to devour the ancient knowledge of the Atosians, Asidri, and all of the Eld races, to prevent it from falling into the hands of Heroes of Light.

### Prex

<b>Nicknames</b>	Slepper		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Prism cats, bears, travelers		
<b>Homeland</b>	Orchardport		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Beware of Slepper"

- Rickety sign, just outside of Sirvat

"The Prex is as fast as an ahnkri, agile as a jivot, and as smart as a dolar bird, and more dangerous than an Antharr merchant. Luckily they are only found primarily in the orchards outside of Seer's Port."

- Gyr Monstrosities

"I once saw a prex in an old pub in Irva. It was stuffed, but it wasn't always so. I guess that it had once been chained to the center of the main pub hall, and that they would throw sots in there that would sass the bartender. When I was there, you could still see the incredibly deep toothmarks in the slate flooring."

### GM Description

Prex live in the Ancient Orchard, hunting prism cats and occasionally preying upon mortals from Sirvat and Orchardport. These predators are ruthless hunters, often tracking prey for sagues before actually attacking. They have terrible fangs, and eyesight that extends into the Fey realms, helping them spot the elusive prismcat.

Prex are huge serpents, with dual jaws, spined back, with powerful leaping ability. They are able to jump up to 40 spans to devour their foes.

### Raluut

<b>Nicknames</b>	Stum, stums		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Wine, raw flesh, grapes.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Th' stum came over th' hill, an he was as big as a barn. He was reddish in color, and was covered in markings that could not be natural. He smelled like a bar. He looked over at us, an suddenly Ricktur was turned ta salt. I ran away, before he could git me too, and I could hear the screams of my friends. I just kept running until I got back to our ship. I told the captain that we could leave at his earliest convenience."

- Phelg Shun

"The Raluut always travels in packs. You will rarely find just one. They have the Fey power to corrupt the mind, except if they are in the vicinity of cats. Cats make them angry. They are basically 4 legged giants. They should be avoided at all costs.

Sometimes troupes have been known to sacrifice one of their own explorers, in order to distract the red giants."

- Gyr Monstrosities

### GM Description

Raluuts are corruptions of beasts once known as centaurs. While centaurs had the body of a horse with the torso of a man on top, the raluut has the body of an immense bull, with the torso of a gigantic fat man. The "human" qualities closely resemble the way that Ralu, the lord of chaos, is commonly depicted. Many scholars believe that during one of the corruptions, (ringings) Ralu personally took an interest in twisting the nature of the centaur, and turned them into his own servants.

#### Appearance-

Raluuts are really giant centaurs, with extremely thick bodies, huge legs, and very stout humanoid torsos. Extremely powerful, a raluut is able to throw boulders and stumps great distances. They stand 15-20 spans from the ground to the top of their baldheads. They have strange markings, which twist across their hindquarters like some kind of sepia serpent. The round, human-like heads have the same markings of many Ralu tainted creatures and cultists.

#### Activities-

Tribal in nature, the raluut spend most of their days sleeping in the shadows of ruins or huge trees. (In many cases, they may actually be guarding sites that Ralu deems important, though the creatures themselves know nothing of such details.) At night, they hunt for meat, chant, or sing around bonfires, which they seem to be fond of. Occasionally, the tribe may receive some sort of "vision," and go raid a nearby village, dig in the ruins, or perform some other task. In any case, one can be sure that they are up to no good.

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If raluuts stay in one area for more than a season, vines begin to grow on the outskirts of their settlement. Over time, red, plump grapes fill the vines, ripening in the sun. These grapes are the fruit of Ralu, and actually ferment on the vine. The raluuts feast upon the grapes, getting drunk, which have the side benefit of healing. If a human were to feast upon the grapes or the wine of the grapes, they would be healed of some of their ailments, but they would also fall under the influence of Ralu. It is said that he can read the thoughts of any who partake in his fruits, and even influence folk into joining his cult. Irva seems to be an example of the grape's vast power over mortals. Drunkenness from Ralu's grapes seems to last 3 days before it wears off. During this time, a human would be very difficult to communicate with, since they would gibber, dance, and frolic until completely exhausted.

#### Language-

Raluuts communicate with one another using a language called "gibbertongue." Gibbertongue is a combination of every 4th Age language, which seems to be a mockery of language itself. To the average listener, it sounds like the tongue of the insane, with strange phrases interspersed with cursing, laughter, song, and foreign words. To one familiar with guttertongue, it seems to be a strange, but related, sister language. It only seems to make sense when Ralu's grapes or wine are consumed. Raluuts seem to enjoy chanting in gibbertongue, and they have no problem understanding one another.

#### Combat-

Raluuts love to throw boulders at their foes, or swing huge clubs made from fallen logs. In close combat, they will use their hands to grab a foe, and throw them great distances, or simply break them in half with their powerful hands. Though they rarely use formal weapons, occasionally an enterprising raluut will find a great sword, axe, or maul in the ruins that they are defending, and use it in melee. It is an unfortunate warrior that finds herself facing a raluut with a giant axe or halberd. I would suggest to any facing such a foe, to run.

Raluuts rarely use armor, though one has been seen in the hills outside of Sirvat, wearing a plumed helmet. Shields are rarely utilized, though raluuts are individuals, and sometimes chose strange combinations of arms and armor.

#### Atmosphere-

They are barbaric, strange, and often bizarre, which fits their maker's personality. They are very powerful creatures, and should be presented in a dangerous manner. They are also a bit chaotic in nature... A raluut may stop chasing a sot in the middle of combat, to look at a shiny rock, for example. They are chaotic, so treat them that way. It's even possible that a raluut takes a special liking to one of the "shiny lil' people" and decide that he/she is worth of being a pet or something.

#### Uses-

I use raluuts to guard important ancient ruins, where Ralu might have some interest in the treasures/relics contained within. Also, they are often sent upon simple missions that can be accomplished with a strong arm, but not a strong mind. ("Go to Midtown, and find the cup of Izrik...") Although far from common, many cities have large tribes of raluuts living just outside of the civilized areas, in case they are ever needed for Ralu's tasks.

#### Quick Plot:

Sometime, when the Party is traveling across the "uncivilized lands," they stumble across a tribe of Raluuts that have made their home at the base of a large standing stone. If they have a close look, they can see that the raluuts are in deep slumber, and they can smell wine and see grapes everywhere. The standing stone has the outline of a portal carved into it, an obvious "gate" of some sort.

The players could try to fight and kill all of the raluuts, but it would be very dangerous, since they are such powerful creatures. Better yet, it would be more interesting if they tried to sneak past the beasts, and try to open the standing stone. (A thief or mage, or a combination of thief and mage would have to try to open it.)

Once open, the players would find a passage down to some important dungeon/waygate/? Perhaps Ralu is trying to protect a certain weapon/object/waygate.

## Rava Packbeast

<b>Nicknames</b>	Iriko		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Roots, tubers, vines, and Vu grasses.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"The Rava is good if you've got a long way ta go. An ahnkri will certainly git ye there, but a rava will do it without a constant battle, and probably much faster. They got a much friendlier spirit, the Rava do."

"But, if yer goin' ta war, then I'd suggest the ahnkri. They're not smart enough ta 'void a fight."  
- Anon

Well known in Maejiria, Sirvat, Skorbael, and most of the South, the Rava is a fairly common packbeast. Although not as common as the Ahnkri, the Rava is more intelligent, and easier to train and control.

Though they don't pull plows as well as vux do, the Rava are unsurpassed for carrying large loads for caravans and traders.

The Toth prefer Rava over all other creatures for their ease of use and dependability.

Naturally, the Rava wander the plains found to the south of the Nebula Sea, in very large herds. These herds number in the thousands of individual Rava, and they move at great speed when provoked.

### GM Description

Well known in Maejiria, Sirvat, Skorbael, and most of the South, the Rava is a fairly common packbeast. Although not as common as the Ahnkri, the Rava is more intelligent, and easier to train and control.

The Rava spit and headbut in combat, but most of the time they will simply use their superior speed to sprint away. The only time that Rava are undependable, is during combat, since they seem to avoid conflicts naturally.

### Rij Wolf

<b>Nicknames</b>	Forest hounds		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, especially Galilaens		
<b>Homeland</b>	Angelo		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

### Public Description

The Rij Wolf is a large wolf, with shaggy black fur, and a ragged appearance. Their eyes and teeth are yellow. They are very common in the forests outside of Angelo. In recent years, attacks have become more frequent.

### GM Description

A blight called the "black tooth" effects a small number of rij wolves. If a human is bitten by a tainted wolf, there is a good chance that they will contract the disease. Drann, Dar, Neo-Asidri, Maejir are less likely to contract the disease. (Poor chance)

Black tooth causes a temporary illness, which makes it appear as if the victim has gotten over the sickness.

### Stenchling

<b>Nicknames</b>	Reekling, reekbear		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Leaves, grasses, stinkfruit, roots.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

### Public Description

"A soft and cuddly creature, that when alarmed, exudes the most retching smell. The stenchling seems like a good pet at first..."

- Gylo "stinky" Drist's Guide to Agyrian Pets

"Stenchlings are much more common in the DL then they used to be, thanks to a Toth traveller named "Ormin Pedalgas", who seemed to completely lack any sense of smell. It turns out that Ormin found a small island, rife with stenchlings and vagran birds, and decided that both creatures would make wonderous pets. First, he captured 50 stenchlings and put them into one half of his ship's hold, and then gathered 20 vagran birds, and placed them into small cages. (The birds put up quite a fight, causing Ormin to lose many fingers in the ruckus.) Ormin tried to sell the creatures to village after village, and town after town, but none would have anything to do with either creature. (All it took was for him to pick up a stenchling, and suddenly the crowds surrounding his wagon would begin retching in disgust.)"

"Later, it is said that Ormin released many of the creatures in the wild so that locals could: "get used to them." It is unknown how far Ormin spread these terrible beasts."

- From the book "Beasts of the Land"

### GM Description

Small, furry, and cute, the stenchling is the worst smelling creature in all of the Discovered Lands, at least when they are mad. They stand between 1 and 2 spans in height, and are covered in soft fur, varying from white, grey, brown and even black. The stenchling has very large eyes to see in the dark, which are usually a rich egg yoke golden yellow. It's paws have claws for digging roots and it is supported by two stout legs. It's backside is graced by a small stubby tail, which seems to wiggle only when it eats.

Stenchings have the odd ability to levitate, often when they sleep or are after food. I was quite surprised to see three of them snoring and floating 5 spans off of the ground, huddled together in a cute little circle. Only after many animated warnings from the villagers was I convinced to leave them alone. A very faint scent of rot was the only thing that I noticed before Kaemran threw a stick at them. Instantly, the a horrible stench like no other engulfed us. I was immediately sickened, as were our companions, while the villagers only laughed at us.

Diet -

Stenchlings have a fondness for leaves, grasses, roots, and even smoking tobacco, chewing these things constantly. They also have a hunger for all things sweet. Sugarplums, cakes, and even Darian sweets seem to get them very excited, attracting dozens of them from the surrounding countryside. We fed them a variety of foods, but I was surprised that they did not seem to like Sirvati blue apples, which they promptly spit out, and caused them to flee the area. I used this knowlege to my advantage,

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placing apples about the perimeter of our camp to keep the little beasts out. Unfortunately, this seem to attract the vagran birds who promptly overtook our entire site.

A note about the Vaggran bird. For some reason, vagran birds are always in the company of stenchlings, and in all of my travels, one is never found without the other. It is common knowlege that the vagran preys upon the stenchling, eating the fat little reekers without paus, but none are sure why they don't completely wipe the bears out. Perhaps it is because the stenchling is able to levitate away from the terrible birds, that they survive to this day.

### Swamp Monkey

<b>Nicknames</b>	Gibtail		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Roots, seed pods, bugs		
<b>Homeland</b>	Threepenny		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"Yeah, we've had swamp monkeys longer than humans here. They don't pester much, as long as ye don't feed em. Feed one, an' yul run outta food; they'll come in a pack an raid yer camp."

- Sir Camiron, Threepenny

"Roasted, and stuffed with garlic, a swamp monkey is good eatin. Get a hot fire going, and turn em on a spit, and enjoy. The smell of roasted monkey will drive you crazy. The locals don't seem to like this much, so don't let them catch you while you're cookin. Tell em its a chicken or something."

"They like their monkeys in Threepenny."

- Little Mij, Irva

"I don't trust them monkeys. Their eyes, they seem smart. An their little fingers are quick and fine, like a thief. Sometimes they laugh at me..."

- anon

### GM Description

Swamp monkeys are bright, energetic little creatures that live throughout the isle of Threepenny. They live primarily in the swamps, where they can find plenty of bugs, seed, and roots to eat. They make excellent pets, and if trained at an early age, they can be very loyal.

Secrets -

Swamp monkeys have been captured and trained to act as spies for the Hooded League, for many years. This training is very expensive and time consuming, and is done with the aid of many dark Mages. In the end, they have a spy that has an intellect, and can communicate in darktongue.

Many of the "Wild" monkeys of Threepenny are Hooded League spies, watching the Northland, the cities, and the great Mantikore Sphinx.

### Vaggran Bird

<b>Nicknames</b>	Deathbeak		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Stenchlings, any other fleshy creature.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"OH, it's so cute! Here 'lil vaggran, here li' vaggran! Look there's MORE of them! HERE BIRDY!..." - Last words of Turlo Kemp, Wyr Isle

"The Vaggran bird has keen eyesight, able to pierce absolute darkness with ease. They run quickly, but are unable to fly and they have no documented sense of smell. Oddly enough, they seem to be able to feel vibrations of movement through their large feet." - Gyr Monstrosities, page 674

### GM Description

A flightless bird, the Vaggran is an aggressive predator. At first, they might seem harmless, until you watch one swallow a Stenchling whole. They run in packs, as if they were in flight, with one leading the others, and flapping their useless wings. Individually, a warrior would have little difficulty dispatching a single Vaggran bird; however, the birds travel in flocks of 5-50, and they quickly become deadly. Nothing is quite so haunting as watching a vaggran bird pluck at the innards of a knight's helm.

Vaggran birds have no known sense of smell, which allows them to eat the rotten smelling meat of the stenchling.

### Vux

<b>Nicknames</b>	Vux-cattle
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<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Dual Herbavore		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Superb

**Public Description**

"I've been a Vux farmer for many-a-year. They provide me with milk, which I sell to the village down the road, and I yoke them to my plow and wagon, to get the hard work done. They're as dumb as rocks, but they aren't bad creatures, that's for sure. Generally, the Vux are too valuable for me to slaughter, but occasionally, when we've had a good season, I might sell a Vux calf to the Inn. They roast em up good."  
- Edney Peddlefest, Jurrsek.

"Vux Crème - 1/5 token"

"Vux horn stew - 1/4 token"

"Vux hoof - 1/2 token"

"Vux sausage links - 1 token for 2 links"

"Stuffed Vux stomach - 5 tokens"

"Leg of Vux - feeds 8 - 10 tokens"

"Side of Vux - Ask waiter for availability and price"

- Menu, from the "Whiskey'd Waif," Wandergate

**GM Description**

A very common livestock grown for meat and milk production. The vux is a large, lumbering beast, covered in short shaggy fur, with a long fleshy tail and 2 flat heads. Even with 2 heads, they are incredibly dumb beasts, making ahnkri look like scholars. If you want to insult someone's intelligence, call them a "Vuxhead." A good dairy vux creates 5 gallons of milk per day, and can consume large areas of pasture. Cooked, Vux meat is considered delicious and superior to beef in many cultures.

Occasionally, a herd of wild vux may stampede. Nothing is quite as disturbing as a wall of two-headed, idiotic beasts trampling everything in their path. Drann hate vux meat, and will never willingly eat it.

**Yongil**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Deep walkers		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Minerals, roots, flesh and bones.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Orchardport		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"We were delving down below th' Screaming Stones when we saw the first one. "He" was grey, with angular features, gangly arms, huge hands, and small beady black eyes. He hissed at us from his massive maw, and then whispered "Ohm-ear." He then slunk deeper into the cracks, avoiding our light crystals. We were on the lookout for the rest of our time there, but we saw no more Yongil. However, many of our supplies came up missing, and we had to leave because of lack of food and water."  
- Brath Anclen, Sirvat.

"The Yongil (yawn-gill) is a race of deepwalker found in the dark regions beneath Sirvat. They are fairly well documented as being shy and harmless, unless the "intruder" is carrying feycrystals, at which point they become very aggressive and dangerous. Brath Anclen, a Sirvatan deep explorer, claims that there are thousands of Yongil living beneath the city of Sirvat and a village called Orchardport. He claims that there is a sub-species of Yongil with pale yellow skin, which are disease infested, and extremely dangerous. Many of Brath's men seemed to have contracted tomb-sickness and died after encountering the yellow Yongil."  
- Gyr Monstrosities

**GM Description**

Yongil are grey skinned humanoids, that were probably once men. They are angular and bony, with small black eyes, small ears, and very large jaws. Their hands are extremely large for their size, at least as big as an ogras, and their strength is great.

The Yongil were once a people called the "Ormir," who lived in a complex below the Screaming Stones during the Second Age. They were not particularly evil, though they did participate in annual sacrifices, to please their now forgotten gods. They were rather primitive by modern standards, though they were able to build sophisticated structures underground. They buried their dead in the deepest of their complex, with many feycrystals, which were gathered from the coastline? [ED. Check map of 3rd age to see if this could be true.]

The Omir utilized the feycrystals in many of their tribal rituals and festivals, and were very rich, trading them with other cultures for gold to make burial masks and ceremonial urns.

With the cataclysms that came at the end of the Second Age, the Omir were corrupted themselves, becoming monstrosities that eat bone and flesh, and occasionally hunt mortals.

They live in the ruins called the Screaming Stones, found 5 sagues to the East of Orchardport, and are the most well-known resident there.

There is a sub-species of Yongil with pale yellow skin, which are disease infested, and extremely dangerous. They are the most aggressive of the Yongil, and they carry a virulent strain of tomb-rash. Most that catch this rash, die after a few fevered weeks.

# Mortalkin

## Antharr

<b>Nicknames</b>	Lasher, Blademaster		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Meat, grains, vegetables, blackwine		
<b>Homeland</b>	Antharis		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor
<b>Public Description</b>			

"He was taller than the barbarian, with silver shoulder armor crowning his lanky frame. A black silk cape hung from the pauldrens, insinuating that the Antharr was much larger than he really was. He removed the armor and cape, revealing that he was thin like a willow, with long sinuous muscles.

The Barbarian didn't look intimidated at all. He just swung his great axe over his head, and the crowd cheered so loud it hurt my ears.

An assistant to the Antharr carried forth a long, wide case, that looked as though it had been roughly handled for many years. He opened it, and I saw that it contained a series of long swords, each as long as a man's greatsword, but much more slender. The blades were as straight as an arrow, and were made from some shimmering silver. Obviously, the inside of the case was in much better shape than the outside.

The Antharr looked through the swords, carefully selecting the one which seemed to suit his needs. As he bowed to the barbarian, the case was quickly closed and towed away to safety.

The barbarian came at the Antharr in a flash, swinging his axe with a speed which was very surprising. (I will avoid going to the barbarian lands, myself.) However, the Antharr casually stepped to the side, and gracefully pulled his blade across the barbarians chest. The slash caused the barbarian to grimace in great pain, which surprised me, as a flow of blood began to cover his entire torso. He let loose a warcy of some sort (chilling) and brought the axe down to cleave the Antharr in two.

The axe slid down the entire length of the Antharr's sword, making a "shing!" that made the crowd take a step back. Then, with the quickest of movements, he chopped the handle from the axehead, which was now stuck firmly in the deck, and brought the blade up and cut deep into the barbarians neck. He fell backward, and died in a gurgling mess.

Everyone aboard the ship gave the Antharr, and all of his assistants, wide berth for the rest of the voyage."

- From the journal of Kamthus Marr, Three Penny human, 4a1154.

A descendant of the Asidri, the Antharr are closely related to the Faeyan (Muse) and the Wythir. Like their sister races, they are tall and slender, standing on average of 6.5 to 7 spans tall, with very pale skin. All have slightly pointed ears, like many of the eld races. While the Muse are fair haired, and the Wythir are albino, full blooded Antharians always have jet black hair.

Antharr babies are born live, after a gestation period of 16 months. Thereafter, the child grows quickly, much like a human toddler, gaining size and skills every year. Youth is spent in education with tutors, balanced with many physical activities and even trainers. Since most true blooded Antharr are raised in Noble Houses, they are raised with privilege.

Several rites of passage events occurs at different age intervals. Age 7, 13, and 16 are the most important, since many are groomed for different careers for their life. Maturity is attained at 19, in which the young adult is free to leave the stead of his or her father.

The lifespan of the average full blood Antharr is around 700 years. Some records have indicated individuals living up to 1200 years, though this is very uncommon.

Athletic, Antharr have always excelled at physical activities which utilized their speed and agility. In Antharis, the youth are constantly engaged in events and games which require the child to sprint, leap and tumble. One such race is called "Vire-

spay." (the coming of age blade run) Contestants (youths of 13 years) run an obstacle course in which they balance, tumble, leap, and attack targets, all while they are carrying a full sized, unsheathed straight sword. The entire "track" is just under a mile long, and race itself is part of a month long festival in which all of the 13 year old youth of Antharis are invited to participate. Those that complete the course with the shortest time, and with the least number of cuts, are often invited to train with a gifted Vosir blade master.

#### Blade mastery (Kay-Vose)

The most well known, and one of the most important Antharian traditions is the "Kay-Vose," or Blade mastery. It is the honorable Art of the race, and is a combination of dance, theatre, acrobatics, and of course, dueling. The practitioners of Kay-Vose, are the Vosir, the blademasters. Throughout their 3200 year tradition, the Vosir have been called upon to defend the Nation and Race of Antharis. Rigorous training and endless dedication the blade art, applied over the entire 600 year lifespan of the Vosir, has yielded amazing bladesmen and women. A 9th blade Vosir is able to fight in over 30 styles, each suited and crafted to defeat a different opponent. The Vosir are not only expected to master the wielding of the sword, but also poetry, philosophy, painting, and many intricate ceremonies. They are most often tied to a Noble House, and utilized in house related duels and negotiations. Intimidation is as key as the Vosir's blade handling, and has avoided much bloodshed. Occasionally the Houses are expected to lend their Vosir to the campaigns of the Arisade, the supreme ruler of the Noble Houses.

#### The Selling of Vosir Titles

In recent years, the Antharian Empire has undergone great decadence. Slavery is rampant, with full-blooded (Noble) Antharians outnumbered by slaves three to one. Many of the Vosir have run up incredible debts with gambling dens, and have been forced to sell their titles. A few have even been forced to sell the one thing that any respectable Vosir would never part with; his sword. Many Vosir have given up daily practice routines in favor of wenching, constant drinking, and gambling. Some of the highest ranking Vosir have stated that the Kay-Vose tradition will be dead in one more generation. Although there are still ranks of Vosir that have not forsaken the tradition, much damage has been done to tarnish their reputation.

#### The Aelanith Blade – the call of weeping steel

Aelanith swords have been created the same way for over 2000 years, following an ancient tradition begun. The finest steels are assembled, along with a combination of silver, and mithralis from the Antharr Great Tree. The metals are heated, folded, and quenched in a mixture of rare poisons and venoms. This is repeated over and over, until the blade is finally tempered in a block of venom ice.

This is important, since the finished blade actually "weeps" an oily poison that causes intense pain in those that are cut with it. Though few have ever died from simple exposure to the venom, many warriors wear the clumpy rose colored scars that never seem to heal correctly. Youth who are groomed to become Vosir are exposed to the secret weeping venom on a daily basis, so that they will feel no pain if they are accidentally cut, or are cut in a Vosir duel. It would be undignified of a Vosir to scream in pain in any duel, and would probably hurt the entire sect's reputation.

Next, the blade is sharpened in a 15 step process, creating a true keen edge. Once the blade is completed, a hilt carved from living sorenboi is weaved with finely dyed lisk hide in a process that takes over seven days to bind correctly. If any of the steps in the process is deemed in any way inferior, the sword is scrapped, and the materials are remade into something less important.

Once completed, a finished Aelanith sword is a work of art, rivaling any 2nd age creations. In the past, many of the Aelanith were struck with powerful runes, or scripted with words of power to lend even more skill to the wielder. Today, very few have the mystical skills required to enchant such a blade.

Houses will often award their most prized Vosir a gift of an Aelanith, after completing important quests, or winning very important duels. Sometimes, a particularly gifted and admired Vosir will receive many such gifts over a career, creating a personal collection of dozens of beautiful blades. Often, one Noble House may attempt to woo the Vosir over to their own, since ultimately, a Vosir chooses his or her own master. In all cases, a Vosir never may purchase an Aelanith; they are always received as gifts, whether from a father, a master, a mentor Vosir, or even a Noble house. Even though they are gifts, few such signs of goodwill come without a price. "Aelanith are sometimes too heavy to wield," as the saying goes...

#### GM Description

The Antharr have a fairly dark reputation with most of the mortal races. This reputation is well founded, since the Antharr have sided with the foul Bell in most of the Bellwars. They tend to have a cruel streak, and are not against relying upon torture to find out information.

Viv scarabs are the preferred method of healing for the Antharr. Although they make most Mortalkin races very ill, (including the Durga) they nourish the bones of the Antharr and heal most flesh wound in a matter of moments. They do not inhibit poison, however.

Antharian pin torture - Long slender needles are "put" through flesh and sometimes bone, in a ceremony that lasts upwards to 6 hours. If this in itself were not torture enough, the needles are heated up, causing a pain that is unbearable. Few survive the pin torture with any sanity intact.

Sivis - (Pain Hands) A form of martial arts, Sivis utilizes pressure points and nerve centers to immobilize foes. A very light form of combat, the Sivos (pain hands fighter) usually attempts to dodge all attacks, rather than parrying or blocking them. Attacks

are made with the hands and feet, hitting with all fingers made into a spear-like tip. The reach and dexterity of Antharr make this a very effective form of combat.

## Asidri

<b>Nicknames</b>	High Ones		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fey		
<b>Homeland</b>	Agyris		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

### Public Description

"I seen silver sheps dancing an jibbing 'long da coast, wan I wus much younger. Fawthur sed he'd bring me back the shimmeran flag, an a pile o' Fey tokens for muther, jus a' soon as e cot em. Fawthur was fer shore th' bast sailur in th' Belt; a pie-rut with no peer. Wan e luft, th' sailurs all sed e'd git th "Sidri," th lost Fey folk who mayd th fightin Anthur and majik-weavin T'wyth and th spell singin' Faeyan.

We all watched fer weeks, yut fawthur's shep wuld nev'r git close ta th Sidri shep. Fawthur fired his catapults an 'listas, but culd n'ver catchum. E came bak a browkin man, an th' hole Darkbury laffed at im. Latur, e left even us, an moved far way.

Ta dis day, I look ta find da Sidri, so I cun venge ma fawthur."  
- Krinj Isur, Irva, 4a1567

The mother race of the Neo-Asidri: the Feyan, Antharr, and Te'Wyth. The Asidri left the confines of Agyris centuries ago, for another mystical place called the "Shining Isle." They are not a mortal race, though their children have become so since the Warding Pact.

### GM Description

The Asidri, if ever encountered, are harmed only by weapons that are enchanted, or those made from cold forged iron, and silver. However, the Asidri are so rare that they have never yet been seen in my own Agyrian campaigns. At most, I've hinted at them, or allowed Asidri antiquities to be found, or described a distant ship in terms that might be interpreted as "Asidri."

#### Appearance -

The Asidri are very tall, with bright silver and amber eyes, pale skin, and hair that varies from white to silver, or even gold, deep ruby or copper. Their bones are fine like a bird's, and light, allowing them fleet movement and a grace that is unseen in the "mortal" races. They are not overly strong, instead relying upon their superb dexterity wherever possible.

Although they are largely gone and forgotten from the lands, their fleet ships are sometimes seen in the distance. Their influence can still be seen in the lands, as several of the Asidri Gods are still worshipped to this day, by the Faeyan, Dar and scattered human tribes. Viera, Thiessa Silvereye.

## Dar

<b>Nicknames</b>	Pick		
<b>Size</b>	Terrible		
<b>Diet</b>	Vegetables, roots, berries, fruits, and meat.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Darus		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

### Public Description

The Dar are a diminutive race of folk, not so distantly related to faeries, and the lost asidri. Although they are quite small, they are incredibly quick, agile, and rather durable. According to Dar myth, they are the last of the "regular" sized people of Agyris, as all of the others have been eradicated by giants.

Giants (anyone bigger than a dar is a "giant.")

All giants are not bad, mind you. some are actually good, like the Faeyan, and even some manlings. But, for the most part, all giants have some basic flaws which are dar are more than happy to point out:

1. Giants eat too much. Giants are too loud. Giants take up too much space. Giants are reckless. giants are just too big. giants are too concerned with war & gold. But, they often make good friends.

2. Living in a world of giants has bent their attitudes towards their outlook. giants rule the world, but not the hidden city. Because of this, the Dar place many restrictions upon visiting giants. giants are only welcome in Darus only if they are invited by a dar. giants cannot invite giants. If a giant does not follow all of the rules, he is ejected by the constables. (who are usually even bigger giants: ogres) Giants must usually pay double for anything, since it costs so much more to outfit/feed/clothe a giant. and last but not least, giants must earn the respect of the dar people, before they are ever trusted. This has been known to take years. it took giant Tyrik Lann, a galilaen, 6 years of constant goodwill, and the construction and demonstration of a bombard, before he was finally allowed permanent residence inside the upper cities' walls. But of course, now he is known as the "Cannon of Daria," a new, but respectable title.

#### Titles -

Dar love titles of all sorts, as they help define one's own position in the society. from the darlae to the eld gaffers, everyone has

a descriptive title, of some sort. here are just a few:

Age titles: (male/female)

- Darlinga - baby dar, used until age 4. male & female.

- Darn/Dari- a dar child, from the ages of 5 to 12.

- Dras/Draessian - dar young adults, from 12-15. beginning apprentice.

- Daran/Darae - mature, but young, active adults. 16-40. most apprenticeships end some time in this period, usually around 30. this is the most common agegroup that experiences wanderlust.

- Dann/Daea - mature adults. marriage traditionally happens at the beginning of this agegroup or a bit before. this is the time to settle down, have darlinga, and establish ones-self in the clan. 40-60.

- Dannan/Darlae - Grandfolk. these are the days of working ones way up the clan hierarchy. Often in charge of younger clansfolk. 60-100.

- Gaffer/Granta - Great grand folk. These are the elders of the clans, often in charge of many clan aspects. Very respected. 100-150.

- Grandgaff(er)/Grandgranta - these crusty ancients usually have the experience and longevity to be at the head of thier own Clan. Their word is usually law. 150-death. Grandgaff Rhoo is 312 years old.

### GM Description

Darian Traditions -

Although we (the Dar) are very similar to humans in most respects, we do have some customs and outlooks that are quite different than our taller cousins:

- Anyone taller than yourself, is a giant. don't let them try to tell you otherwise. Sure, some giants are evil, but not all of them, so it is perfectly alright to make friends with them. Manlings, Faeyan, and especially Durga make good friends.
- All giants are cannibals. Many will be hesitant to admit this, but it is the truth, nonetheless. Also, all giants love gold, so watch your pockets.
- Since giants are so much taller than Dar, they are much more attuned to changes in the weather. (Their heads are way up in the atmosphere, after all.) so ask them often about on coming weather conditions.
- Because we love good food, we enjoy eating 6 large meals a day. If you know that there is a journey ahead of you, pack accordingly. Always avoid iron rations, they cause stomach stretching.

Darian Secrets -

- To honor our far journeying hero "Groagin Longfoot," we usually tell most giant strangers that our name is "Groagin," until they have earned our trust. After that, tell 'em your real name. Or don't...
- Heres' a secret: dar are immune to most poisons except darbane, snakebite, and irva lions.
- Challenge a Manling to a drinking contest! You can drink more beer, ale and wine than 3 Manlings put together. If you want to get drunk, drink Faeyan songwine, Dar sweetwine, or Durgan spirits.
- Dar can speak with faeries from Daria; We are closely related to them, and to the Faeyan.
- All Dar have "soulights." We can make a ball of light the size of a plum appear in our hand, and make it fly to and fro. But beware, one's soul is vunerable when it is flying about.
- Since Darus is so far to the North, and most giants are mostly daft, many will not know what/who you are, so be polite. You don't want to give the homeland a bad reputation.
- Although it is wrong to steal, it is perfectly alright to "borrow" things/tokens from giants, as long as you... well, you get the point...
- The homeland of Daria is the last "pure" land of Agyris. Our land is very lush, rich, and magical, untainted by the Cataclysms. Corruption that is commonplace elsewhere is unheard of in Daria. Simply put, Daria is the best place to live. (Though sometimes it does get boring.)
- The Capital city of Darius is known as "Darus." More commonly it is referred to as the "Hidden City," since it is cleverly "not-findable" by univited giants. Never, reveal the location of the Hidden City to outsiders, since they may wish to plunder our ancient home. (Though, you may bring trusted companion giants to Darus, be cautious. You will have to answer to your Grand-Gaffer if your giant causes any problems.)

## Drann

<b>Nicknames</b>	[Hoof, Man-o-taur,]		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Fish, grains, vegetables, grasses. No mammalian meats.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Drano		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Drann – An intelligent diminutive relative of the minotaur, seen most often sailing the Seas of Gyr. Contrary to popular belief, many are not blood thirsty raiders and pirates. Just most of them..."  
the Agyrian Encyclopedia

"Me an Keru were jes sittin' 'round, waitin' fer Ferny to come on back with th' rootbrews, when all-a-sudden, this big ole drann was round th' corner, swingin' 'is lunky trident at Keru's soft head! Now, I jes gotta say, I fell down right there laughin', cause th' man-o-taur had ole Ferny in one arm, and a barrel o' rootbrew in th' other! Thet boy Ferny knows how ta shine! Well, Ferny got tossed cross th' alleyway, brekin' barrels an' th' like, an ole Keru was fainted dead away! The Drann went ta stab me in me belly, but I stepped up an hit 'em in th' skull with my lead club as hard as I could! Well, th' Drann jus shook 'is head, an then he threw me like a bag a flour, breakin' me legs on th' wagon. When I woke up, Ferny was gone with th' barrel. My legs they still hurt. Thet drann had quite a meal thet nite I bet!"

Crazy Gebblin Bergit - Dockhand, Irva

### Drann

The Drann are rather large race that are believed to be somehow related to the terrible monsters called the "minotaur." While the minotaur and drann both tend to be violent, very strong, horned, hoofed, and stubborn, the real similarities end there. Drann stand 6 to 7 spans tall, while minotaurs are typically double that height. Minotaurs seem to lack sense, intellect, and civilized society, while the Drann are somewhat more well rounded than their bestial counterpart. (Though many would argue that they are both lacking wisdom and "true intellect.") The Drann are a society of fantastic mariners, braving caustic seas, merseperents, maelstroms, pirates and similar challenges, while the minotaur live in hand-hewn labyrinths chewing on old bones and gristle. If one were to call a Drann a "Minotaur," they would likely be facing a huge, enraged, trident-wielding foe.

One interesting thing about the Drann is that they consider all of the seas to be their homeland. Though they acknowledge the city-state of Drano as the capitol of their nation, any Drann marine would tell you that the real homeland is without borders, and is everywhere that a warship could go. It's no surprise than, that Drann are most at home on the deck of a warship, riding the churning waves.

### Society

Everyone in Drann society has a place. Rowers, Navigators, Captains, Deckhorns, Sailwards, Dockhooves, Landmasters, are all titles that one carries with them, whether or not they are aboard a vessel. Drann folk are proud of their titles, and often there is friendly debate betwixt a Navigator and a Rower for instance, but all are aware that every crewmember is needed to keep a ship (or city-state) afloat. Officer titles lend an air of a higher class, and are more respected throughout society, because these are the decision makers. Women Drann are as likely as men to be of any title, and there are many Dranna Captains sailing the seas. Here is a list of Drann titles, and a general guide to where they fall:

High Admiral  
Admiral  
Marshal  
Captain  
Navigator  
Sailward  
Marine  
Rower  
Deckhorn  
Landmaster

### GM Description

#### Conquest of the Seas

In some ways, the Drann see life as being under siege. Their homeland is under constant attack from the Bandgar gyants, they are constantly assaulted by the caustic seas in their journeys, and many of the other mortal races fear or hate them. They are sometime even confused with monsters such as the minotaur. Early on, the Drann heard the call of the Sea, and realized that if they could control the Sea, they could have a respected and revered place in the Discovered Lands. The Sea was theirs. Therefore, in the past Ages, Drann leaders have made it their will to raid others that have intruded into Drann territory; the Sea.

### Religion

Though all Drann acknowledge Goth the Stormbull as the father of the race, and pray to him during storms and at the beginning of long trips, they never forget to pay homage to Voya, the Lord of Travel. They see the importance of not angering Voya, and feel that he protects the ships from being destroyed at sea. Vashor (Vashia) is worshipped to protect the marines in battle, and even Worl is honored to sate the Sea Spinner from devouring the ship. In all, the Drann seem to have a more open

outlook towards a variety of Lords, than do others.

## Durga

<b>Nicknames</b>	Deepfoot [Dwar, digger, dwarf]		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Meat, moss, some minerals, some stone, bone.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Durgan Empire		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

### Public Description

The Durga are considered the eldest of all Mortal races, created by the God Bakova, who was impatient with the frivolity of the other Gods. When Bakova was murdered in the "Great Betrayal", the race began a mourning that they have never quite finished.

The Durga are very much like stone. This is not unusual, when one considers that spend most of their lives inside of mountains, and that they rarely venture under the open skies. Most folk don't realize that their bones are actually stone, and that they season their foods with pure powdered minerals. Generally speaking, the Durga are hard, stubborn, very strong, with rigid opinions and a very structured outlook. Proud of their heritage, they will defend their honor til death, and they never forget treachery or a lost battle.

That said, the Durga are not foolhardy, though the reputation of the Doomwalkers has furthered this misconception. In battle situations, they usually spend a great deal of time sizing up the opposition, creating detailed strategies to increase their chances for victory.

It is said that the Durgan race was once able to speak directly to the stone, and convince it to move or shape this way or that. The entire fabled city of Beaconsalt was said to have been created this way, without the need of invasive mining. This talent is believed to have been lost with the death of Bakova.

Late in the 4th Age, 1582, the split Durgaholts were tricked into a civil war, now known as the Durga Conflict. Each of the holts were gathered for Autok, to negotiate a final peace, when they were attacked with a sacred weapon, which made them all think that they were under attack by their brother. Simultaneously, a plague was loosed upon the race, in a certain plot to wipe them out entirely. Though many were killed by plague and hammer, the Durga recognized the treachery with the help of the Muse, and turned to face the assembling armies. Today, the Durgan nation is at an all time low, about half of what it was earlier in the Age.

Racial enemies -

Drakes, Tiban Emberfist and his Burning 13, Antharr, Te Wieth, the now extinct Jurrad.

### GM Description

The Durga are a race that are nearly extinct. There are now fewer than 10000 Durga in all of the lands, after the Durga conflict of 4a1582. It was the aim of the Wonderbell to exterminate them entirely, so that they could not be a force in the inevitable Bellwars which are certainly coming.

How do Durga differ than standard fantasy Dwarves?

Durga were all created by Bakova, a now dead God. They are overseen by Hauver, the first Durga, who will outlive all others of his race. They all come from one region of Agyris, which is centralized upon the holy Korin Valley. Durga are very secretive about their own culture, and will not teach their speech, letters, or tradition to outsiders. They will use a lower Durgan tongue, called "dwarven." Durga eat minerals, bone, moss and meat. Durga used to be able to speak to stone. Durga don't usually like to look into the sky, because they consider it the work of "Ill Gods."

Durga females do not have beards. Durga are not Scottish in behavior. Durga don't hate elves, because there aren't any. Durga don't mind horses, because they are extinct.

## Faeyan

<b>Nicknames</b>	Muse, songelves, far singers, Neo-Asidri		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Vegetarian		
<b>Homeland</b>	Aethos		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

"I was sitting in the darkest, dankest pub in the whole of the Discovered Lands. I won't tell you where, because you wouldn't believe me. Anyhow, I'm there leaning over my plate of damp vux roast, the meat stringy and soured from overcooking, when I hear this incredibly beautiful sound. I think to myself, what on Gyr is that?!"

"Well, I look around, and there is this beautiful, fair haired girl, singing upon the blood-stained stage. She was playing a little gilded harp, and beneath her brown tunic all of her clothes were the purest white. I thought that I was seeing a Celestan! She continued to sing, and everyone, even the Skorr, stopped what they were doing (drinking, gambling, and whoring) just to listen. The music was clear, full, and rich, like a symphony of 1000 faeries. It must have lasted quite a while, but it seemed like mere moments cause my meat was all cold when I put the bite in my mouth. I was in a daze."

"I tried to catch her before she left, but she was out of the door with her payment in no time at all. I was surprised to see how very tall she was, (she stood a head taller than myself) and her speed was amazing."

"I still think of her from time to time, and how lucky I was to see her perform, whether it was in a marble palace or bloodpub. I just wish I could have caught her."

- Belgrey the Wise, bounty hunter, Pem Pelmo

The Faeyan are the sister race to the Wythir and the Antharr. All come from a common ancestor, the Asidri, who are said to have left the lands of Gyr for a finer place. Of the three sister races, the Faeyan are the only ones that are considered to not have fallen into decadence.

Faeyan culture hold the arts and music as the most important things, just below mortalkin life. They are fantastic painters, sculptors, and poets, but their greatest accomplishment is in the realm of music. All Faeyan are trained to sing and play a multitude of instruments from a very young age. Their voices are clean and clear, and they are capable of singing more than one note at a time. If the Faeyan population were not so put-off with the brutality of the Discovered Lands, they certainly would be performing in most kingdoms.

The Faeyan society is closed, for the most part, to protect the fragile goodness and creative atmosphere that is generated there. They have found that just a few malcontents can destroy the beauty that is Aethos. However, recognizing the importance of the outside world, the Faeyans have created a sect to go out into the world and spread goodwill with other Kingdoms, all the while listening, listening, listening. They are called the Harlikain, and are really the only Faeyan ever encountered.

### GM Description

Mithral ring of the bria-tae'al - this fine ring is etched with intricate weaving patterns, and is the honored symbol of your rank. It is graceful and elegant, but not gaudy in the least. Also, it is through this ring that you receive the ability to cast your songspells. (Mithral is intimately connected to the great tree.)

20 songspice fruits - the muse have developed a secret method of preserving fruits and vegetables that maintains fresh flavor, texture, and nutrition, utilizing a substance known as songspice. Songspice gives foods a definite subtle flavor, that most find very much to their liking. In fact, many cultures regard songspice as a delicacy, sprinkled upon pies, cakes, and the like. The most important fact about this mystic spice, is that foods preserved with it have concentrated nutritional value. One songspice cake, or preserved pear, for example, will provide the nutritional needs of one muse, for one day.

20 songspice cakes - (also known as 'farbread') each is but the size of a biscuit, (dense) but contains a day's worth of meals. They are extremely delicious, and there are a variety of flavors ranging from sweet fruits, to hearty vegetables. Again, 1 cake per day is all you need, though even farbread begins to taste dull after a few weeks.

## Galilaen

<b>Nicknames</b>	Boltan		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Grain, vux, vegetables		
<b>Homeland</b>	Galilae Republic		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"Galilaens are a most odd race. They hate Fey of all sorts, yet they utilize tools and weapons that seem to operate in mystical ways. They love order and logic so much that they often persecute their own kind for trying anything new or different. They seem to have an innate need to overcomplicate life..."

- Leir of Sirvat

"Galilae used to be known as Galosia. Before that, Galosia was a dominion of the Old Kingdom. The Old Kingdom combined Fey and technology in a most perplexing way. It seems that the Galilaens only remember a small part of their heritage..."

- Excerpt from Koan's History of the East

"Clockwork technology is the most amazing thing that I have ever seen. I know that I could be hunted down and killed for even talking about it, but it is true. Their ships require no wind. Their trolleys require no anhkri. Their swords require no more than average strength. Their torches require no fire."

"I'm not sure when it will happen, but Galilaens will rule the Discovered Lands because of the wonders that they create will be unstoppable."

- Anon

"It is no wonder that the Maejir and the Galilaens hate one another. Maejir use mystical ways to manipulate Fey and the world around them. Galilaens hate Fey, and seek to rid it from the world. Maejir see the world as operating in subtle and unseen ways that can never be understood, so they rely upon faith to guide them. Galilaens see the outside world as savage and uncouth; it must be redefined with the extraction of witchcraft which taints the world and creates chaos."

"In the end, these two peoples will likely meet in war. What a pity..."

- Drathe Visier

**GM Description**

Galilaens are the most technologically advanced race in the Discovered Lands. Utilizing holy clockwork technology, they are able to achieve great things, often at the cost of simplicity. A Galilaen might make a crystallar clockwork lantern when a simple candle would produce the same amount of light.

Clockwork technology requires the use of Crystallar, a naturally occurring crystal that traps and stores energy. The Galilaens have learned how to tap this energy to make any of their inventions work.

To release the energy stored in crystallar, a clockwork is used to spin and combine different kinds of crystallar at specific rates. This same method is utilized to recharge them at the great dam.

Galilaens consider the crystallar and the clockwork technology holy, and shroud their inventions with much secrecy. If a clockwork falls into the hands of a non-Galilaen they go to extreme lengths to return it.

Secrets -

Crystallar is used throughout the Discovered Lands to store magic. The Galilaens have found a different way of tapping the crystals; instead of spells, they use scientific methods.

**Human**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Manling		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Omnivorous. Plants, animal proteins, grains, nuts.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

**Public Description**

"Da manlings are purty tough fer dere size. Dey ain't no Ogra, dats fur sure, but dey is purty tough fer dere size. Ya."

" Wonse I saw da manling git hit bya big hammur in da chest, an he got up an he hit me in da jaw, real fast loik. I tried ta hit him again, but he wuz real quick, an he started ta hit me wit his own hammer, (or wuz it mine?) until I slept. Wan I got woke up, he wuz dere. He tied me up, an put me inna crate, an now I'm jest here, on display."

"Cud you give me a snack ball?"

- Big Kraver addressing a crowd, in a display cage at Telemon Vex's Traveling Circus.

Humans are a race in decline. At one time, they ruled the greatest Empire that Gyr has ever seen, (besides the Atosians) along the side of the other Mortalkin races. They were proud and strong, and watched as the other races fell into their own decline. But things changed. With the corruptions, the humans were beaten down like everyone else, and they watch their Kingdoms crumble like sand. In a few centuries, human achievements were largely forgotten. Today, human civilization (and mortalkin) has been beaten back by the encroachment of wilderness and chaos.

**GM Description**

Humans of some sort live in Sivat, Galilae, Pem PelmoX, Sanctum, Blazenwood, Kelpwood, Tuumbrik, Threepenny, Veldune, Yaro, and Irva. Most all Mortalkind share the common history of being enslaved by the Atosians and the Wyr, in the First Age.

Humans (not Nitha, Brikka)

Homelands:

All modern human races are descended from Old Kingdom stock. However, a Galilaen looks different than Pelmoxi, and a Sirvation looks different than a Veldunite. For the most part however, males stand just under 6 spans tall, while females are usually just a bit shorter.

Though they don't outnumber the other Mortal races, Humans have the most diverse culture in the Discovered Lands. Presently, humans make up the population majority in Galilae, Veldune, Irva, Sirvat, Kelpwood, Blazenwood, Sanctum, Pem PelmoX, 3-Penny, and Mysia. Each land has developed their own traditions, national holidays, and even religions. Most of the other mortal races lack such diversity. Others would say that humans simply lack homogeny, and have unhealthy tendencies towards self-division.

The human race is certainly willing and able to live in more climates than any other race. While the Durga prefer mountain living, and the Muse prefer mild conditions, humans are able to live in either without much difficulty. Adaptability is certainly more of a human trait than any other mortal race.

Humans have the capacity to be Feyborn, which seems to occur in about 3-10% of the population, excluding Galilaens, who seem to have no such talent. Like all Feyborn mortals, they can be identified by one enlarged pupil, which allows them to see Fey and the Feyworld beyond.

History:

There was a time when humanity was widespread, ruling nations such as the Old Kingdom that controlled more of the known world of today than is even known today. With the onslaught of the Corruptions, mankind was driven back before a scourge of monstrosities and shattering wars. Age after Age, the human population has dwindled from being world dominators to simple survivors. Today, humans still number comparatively with the other Mortals, but all have suffered great losses of population from constant oppression.

## Maejir

<b>Nicknames</b>	[Spark]		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fish, plants, snapping Deldurr Eel, vinegar.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Maejiria		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"It is not your fault, good Drann, that you were blessed with the finely tuned intellect of a fresh turnip. Let's face it, the Gods did not bless me with the stout arms & barrel chest of your kind, either, but they were not fair to you... We Maejir were given the gift of true magic, an attribute far better than intellect or stout arms... now scabbard that blade of yours, Drann, before I turn those pointy horns of yours into whistlewood."

- Joeria of Maejiria

"It is no wonder that the Maejir and the Galilaens hate one another. Maejir use mystical ways to manipulate Fey and the world around them. Galilaens hate Fey, and seek to rid it from the world. Maejir see the world as operating in subtle and unseen ways that can never be understood, so they rely upon faith to guide them. Galilaens see the outside world as savage and uncouth; it must be redefined with the extraction of witchcraft which taints the world and creates chaos."

"In the end, these two peoples will likely meet in war. What a pity..."

- Drathe Visier

### Culture -

The maejir are a race that see themselves as the only true "mages" of Agyris. All others are merely mimicing their wonderous powers. To some degree this is true, as Maejiri talents in the magical sphere tend to outshine most of the other races, though not to the degree that the Maejir would claim.

More information can be found at this "Maejiri Stereotypes article".

The Maejir are most often intellectual beings, thinking things through before acting. Because they tend to believe themselves superior to other races, they tend to keep to their own kind, which explains why most of them never leave the homeland isle of Maejiria.

The Maejir physically stand about 5 feet tall, and have a slightly greyish to blueish complexion. They are slight of build, and have large heads for their size. Males and females are distinguished by ever so subtle variations in skull lobe shape, facial wrinkles, and pupil dialation rates. Needless to say, none but the Maejir seem able to distinguish between the sexes. Also it should be noted that as a race, they are completely hairless.

Physically, the Maejir are weaker than humans. The strongest Maejir can lift less than a very strong human, and they tend to heal slightly slower and become sick more often. This is offset by their higher than average intelligence and magical power.

Maejir are born alive, and achieve full physical maturity at age 20, at which time they undergo the "Rh'mor" ceremony, which marks the journey from childhood to adulthood. At this time they are "tested" for their magical skills/potential, after which they are granted a social class, and may follow their talents into one career or another.

Maejir childhood is full of learning, with games and toys that involve memory, reasoning, history, and problem solving. (The Dar would say that perhaps "a little fun wouldn't hurt, either.") It is the parents' responsibility to raise the child with a well-rounded Maejir education; most take this very seriously, as each female can bear but one infant, so there are no second chances.

The typical lifespan of the Maejir is about 200 years, though it is believed that the Unseen Ways provide many secrets in extending the natural lifespan. It is rumoured that King Mesmyr is well over 350 years old, though none can really be sure.

In 3a868 a college of magic was established in Durbahn, called the "Wayfinder School", which united popular mystical practices, techniques, & thought, cumulating into the magical belief system now called the "Unseen Ways."

Those that seriously study the Unseen Ways have access to a secret ritual, which causes them to develop an enlarged pupil of one eye. Although the eye looks much like a glassy and silvery cataract, it is nothing of the sort. It is the "awakened" eye, the one that can peer into the unseen ways and the spiritual world. It is said that with this eye, the Maejir can see ghosts, spirits, magical auras, and enchantments, though no maejir will speak of any such specifics. Only the Phynaer and Schyl can develop the Awakened Eye. (Other races may have one awakened eye, which they refer to the person as being "Magi born.")

### Social Classes -

Since magical knowledge, power and skill are the most important values in the Maejir society, only those that have magical abilities are granted full citizen rights. Because of this, the Maejiri society has three social levels: (If skills can be gained, one may improve their social class.)

Akyl - (the ungifted) the lowest social class, the Akyl are those that can show no magical talents, and have few rights. They are tied to the dominion in which they were born, they can own no more than they can carry, and they are usually tied to a lord and a plot of land. Those that fail the "Rh'mor" ceremony are usually lowered to this status. Foreigners are considered akyl, though they are not tied to any plot of land, they are tied to an overseer. about 60% of the population is Akyl.

Phynaer - (Foresight) This is the Freeman class; those that have exhibited minor magical talent. This is where most craftsmen and laborers find themselves. Phynaer can travel between dominions on certain holidays, own land and property, and the right to duel. About 30% of the population is Phynaer.

Schyl - (Wizard) Since there is no "true" measure of what makes a real mage, the title of Schyl is most often self-granted. Many graduates of the "Wayfinder" spend years as a Phynaer until they find the power and confidence to claim the title of Schyl. There is good reason for this, as any Schyl will test another Schyl that does not seem to exhibit powers that reflect the title. The testing may be a simple question of knowledge, or it may turn into a full duel, the most thorough type of test. It is simple to see why few would illegally use such a title. This is the highest and most respected social caste, with all of the above privileges as well as freedom to travel between the dominions unhindered, access to all publically held libraries, and the privilege of casting votes. The Schyl are considered the "true" Maejir; those that have opened their eyes fully to the Unseen Ways.

The land of Maejiria (may-jir-e-ah) is broken up into 15 dominions, each are separate states, with their own cultural identity. every nine years an election is held to determine the ruling Dominion for the next nine years. Only registered "schyl" have the privilege to vote. The Dominion that wins gets to house the "maejiri throne" which is the seat of power in the land. (Mesmyr dominion has won the throne over the last 9 elections.)

Throughout the dominions, Maejir prefer to dress themselves in multi-layered robes, with many discrete hidden pockets and unseen pouches to hide books, wands, components and the like. They prefer deep rich colors, such as indigo blue, sapphire red, emerald green, often with embroidered details. Black is the only color that they completely avoid, as it is seen as lacking any magical properties, and is seen as showing weakness. Personal glyphs, which the phynaer and schyl have privilege to display, are often shown prominently upon personal effects and clothing. The personal glyph is never "spelled out" in Maejiri characters: one's reputation and accomplishments are all that one can do to make one's glyph recognizable. In all dominions, besides chaor, there are troubadours that make their living by identifying and memorizing local glyphs.

Although not necessarily evil by nature, many of the Maejiri Dominions follow the dark paths, including the 8th dominion of Mesmyr. Because Mesmyr has influenced and led the nation over the last 9 elections, magicus has become a much darker place than it once was. now, few of the Dominions could be called havens of light, though Glorae, the home of the Greylight Maejs, is. The Greylight Maejs follow the Unseen Ways, yet their interpretation is one of balance. Because of the power of Mesmyr, Glorae has little influence outside her borders.

Another area of Maejiria should be mentioned because of its well-known & far reaching product: Vitrae. Vitrae, the healing draught is produced in the high reaches of mount Achelar, in the center of the land. (this is the spiritual center of the land and the universe, and is in Maejir thinking, the well from which magical power in Gyr originates.) Here, Vitu monks, in the worship of Vitus, (lord of creative magic) distill the winds of magic, combine them with the purest ice, and the rare fruit of the Vita tree (which is harvested once ever 3 years) to create Vitrae. The monks have used the vitrae as a bargaining chip to keep their land independent, and dominion free, since many wars have been fought over it in past centuries. The Vitu monks are very skilled mages, and are considered to be the most enlightened in the Unseen Ways. Only those that have proven the knowledge of the highest of the unseen ways are allowed to join the monks in their icy, wind-blown temple.

#### Archetypes-

Maejling - the most common type of maejir encountered outside of the homeland, the maejling is on a personal journey of growth, to learn more of the unseen ways in pursuit of the title of true "schyl." most are phynaer, though some are even akyl, questing for power and social status, and they come from various walks of life. sometimes they form small bands in order to survive in the dangerous "outlands." some seek more power to become members of the hooded eye, while others seek a more "civilized" enlightenment. this spiritual journey is part of the teaching of the unseen ways, though many youth are forgetting such spiritual folly.

Navamage - The navigator-mage is one of the most welcome crew members aboard a sailing vessel. The Navamage not only navigates the ship, he also helps provide wind to fill the sails which tends to make "caustic" captains "pleasant." Since maejican ships lack sails of any kind, navamages also provide "SPIRIT SAILS" to catch the unseen Fey winds that blow about Agyris. Most Navamages started out in one of the Dominion's navys. The Mesmyr navy is the largest in Maejiria, and they require 10 years of service before release. Some start out aboard trade vessels or fishing junks, though this is less common. Often Navamages become explorers. Only a Voyan Priest is more welcomed aboard most ships.

Akyl Troubadour - The Troubadour wander the dominions freely, even though they are almost always Akyl. This tradition goes back to the early Third Age, before the Dominions formed any alliance, and the social structure allowed artists to travel about as they pleased. This has continued with the Troubadour, though the other artists do not have the same freedoms. Often misunderstood, and without full rights, Troubadours journey throughout the Dominions passing news, stories, rumours, and song. They are seen as outsiders, almost like gypsies, but they are usually welcomed in most inns, as people are hungry for

news. The Troubadour have formed a union of sorts, a pact to help one another, and to share information and resources. The unofficial headquarters of the troubadours is found in the underwater city of Nimis. Sometimes Troubadours tire of the same old songs of the dominions, and decide to learn new ones in the Discovered Lands.

Akyl Batta - Yes, even the Maejir have a warrior class. Culled from the Akyl masses, the Batta are trained in the use of blade, shield, and bow, along with methods of killing efficiently. Some are given bandgar red potions to enhance their physical strength, which often surprises the enemy. Though they use no magic, they are often combined with units of "the hooded eye" to form strong battle groups. The Batta are often united under the flag of the dominating dominion, and the doctrine of Vashia, whom they give their prayers and thanks for further battle. Considered fanatical by many factions of Maejir, many Batta find freedom unlike they had ever found as Akyl, and they further their reputation as psychotics whenever possible. Some extreme members become Batta flagellants, whipping themselves into a combat fury, and inbibing bubbling Schyl war potions. Sometimes, a Batta tires of the battle, and seeks to learn more of the Discovered Lands, and travel. Others, wishing to please Vashia, leave Maejiria in order to kill more diverse prey.

The Hooded Eye (Ato Battlemages) - These legendary wizards are much revered throughout the discovered lands, due to their magical warfare abilities. Although their numbers are less than 500, they are understandably powerful. Made up from Phynaer and Schyl from nearly all of the Dominions, the hooded eye bring structure and unification to the diverse Maejiri lands. Hungry to demonstrate Maejiri superiority, the Hooded Eye often seeks to increase conflict between Galilae and Maejiria. they are kept in check by the throne, though it is becoming more difficult to keep them leashed. Though one's membership is lifelong, many hooded eyes travel about the discovered lands looking for components, gildren, or other unspeakable things.

Greylight (mages) - from their homebase in the 3rd dominion of glora, the greylight seek to further their knowledge of the unseen ways, and spread balance through the ravages lands of Gyr. Although they are opposed by most of the other Dominions, the Greylight are among the most powerful of all of the Schyl. Spiritually they believe that they are the true of champions the unseen ways, and that all other (magical paths) are corrupt. They seek to restore Gyr's former magical power, and to end the corruption that is pervading other magical schools. as often as not they can be found all about the lands.

#### Quick Facts -

- The Maejir are completely hairless: they consider hair "dirty."
- Most of the other races consider Maejir to be completely hairless, though they do have a form of sarcasm that could be taken as humorous. They find outsider's humor "odd."
- Maejir prefer tea over wine, wine over ale, ale over whiskey, whiskey over sea brine, sea brine over durgan spirits.
- The Maejir prefer to get their nourishment through Maejir Red Tea, which offers them balanced nutrition.
- The Maejir can enjoy many of the same foods as humans, but tend to use many more spices in their cooking. Some consider the food to be inedible, but "spices enchant it to life."
- The raw innards of the snapping deldurr eel, splashed vigorously with vinegar, is considered a true delicacy.
- Most Maejir consider swordplay to be barbaric and artless.
- The word "Maejir" means "chosen" in Maej tongue; it is the origin for the Galilaen (common) words "mage" and "magic"

#### GM Description

The entire race of the Maejir were summoned to Agyris in the 2nd Age. They are from a distant star much like the Atosians, though the Atosians seem foreign to even them.

Most Maejir are born with some ability to manipulate Fey. However, because they are essentially foreign to Agyris, Celetrin is unavailable to them. They do make excellent wizards in the Fey that they do manipulate.

The male and female Maejir look the same to non-Maejir.

#### Nae Wanderers

<b>Nicknames</b>	Blindars		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fish and seabrine		
<b>Homeland</b>			
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair
<b>Public Description</b>			

If any one race could be found in any corner of the Discovered Lands, it would have to be the Nae Wanderers. These perpetual travelers rarely stay in one place for very long, moving on soon after they have absorbed the local landscape. They seem to live for new sights and experiences, and find that staying in one place for too long stagnates their well being.

Standing on average of 6 spans tall, with sharp features, no visible eyes, and slight body frames, the Nae are hardly intimidating. The Nae skull is long for the body, with a large, flat, bone ridge extending high above the face and splitting into a "V."

The Nae "see" through their sensitive skin, combined with a sonic awareness gathered from the bone ridge in the skull. Their skin is a blue grey, with several vestigial markings in an indigo blue, which begins at the bone ridge, and scrolls down the body in two strips. They have long hands, with very slender fingers and thumbs. They clothe themselves in a single strip of cloth called the "ranth," which is a 14 span long scarf, made from nearly any fine cloth, which is wrapped about their bodies in an intricate fashion. The Nae have but one sex, yet they need others to "mate," which occurs every nine years in a festival of

sorts. As an organism, they are able to sense the time and the place which the festival will occur. Scholars have speculated the intuitive nature of the creatures, but have been unable to deduct whether or not they have further powers.

The Nae are typically friendly, and often offer small gifts when they arrive in new places. They rarely travel alone, instead favoring a social group of at least 3, in which they travel. They are well known for being non-violent, but in times of great trouble, they are able to "triad," a form of mental attack carried out by groups of three Naen. They form a triangle, and with locked hands, begin to concentrate and chant quietly. Soon, a violet lit forms in the center of the group, which rises up and strikes the enemy with a paralyzing light. Some are permanently effected by the paralysis, though this seems to be the exception rather than the norm.

It is said that the Nae lost their homeland many generations ago, though none have been known to speak much of it. All that can be said for sure is that there is a certain amount of sorrow that can be seen in the Nae. They seem to be travelling the world searching for a home that equals the one that they lost.

Most cultures believe that it is bad luck to bother, attack, or kill the Nae. Unfortunately, this has not protected them from occasional clashes with other races. In particular, the Antharr have taken a dislike to the Nae, and many go out of their way to pester them.

### GM Description

About 150 years ago, it became fashionable in Antharis to wear belts and satchels made from Nae hide. Most other races find this rather distasteful.

The Nae

### Ogra

<b>Nicknames</b>	Guth		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Meat, fresh or rotten, it doesn't matter. Inkbrew is the desired alcohol.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Veldune		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

### Public Description

"Oi! Gunch da monruk, b'for ya be stupp'd yer'self, yup."

- Bronos Doorstup, Ogra adventurer and barn cleaner.

The Ogra are one of the giant races, distantly related to the Adasa (Darian giants) and to humankind. They stand over eight feet tall, with their girth matching their height. Ogran skin color varies widely, from a pale coloration from the mountain variety, to a darker, blotchy complexion for the lowlanders. Their wide heads are topped with two pairs of horns, making their skulls very thick and probably tougher than any of the other races.

The Ogra homeland, if their really is such a thing, is located on the Wild Coast, among the hills and mountains to the south and east of Veldune. The country is untamed, with rock outcroppings, huge trees, and many bestial monsters. Here, the Ogra have formed many primitive tribes and clans, fighting among one another for hunting territory and game, and occasionally trading between themselves. They are a very rugged race, able to adapt to almost any clime that any of the other races can endure. Because of this, Ogra can be found in many corners of the Discovered lands. Years ago, Irvan pirates pressed them to their crews, finding that their intimidating hulks were extremely useful for their crimes. Today, Ogra are a common sight in Irva's crowded streets. The clever Toth, always looking for an advantage or profit, found in the Ogra a guardsman of no equal; the Capitol itself is defended by Guild of Ogra who have been fully educated (for an Ogra) and integrated into their society. The Hidden City of Daria is protected by Ogra Constable and mercenaries.

The Ogra diet is an incredible thing: they are able to eat things that no other race could touch. An Ogra can eat decayed flesh, spoiled vegetation, old bones, and even pure vinegar. The most amazing thing is that they enjoy it as much as "good" foods, much to the chagrin to their companions. An Ogra would gladly eat a dead cat as much as a steaming hot roast. The only exception to this is Inkbrew, a fermented ink bottled exclusively for Ogra, which they seem to favor beyond all other things. (Many Ogra mercenaries make Inkbrew a requirement of any of their contracts.) It has a terrible flavor, bitter and sour at the same time, and it stains the teeth and mouth of all who drink it. (Non-ogra sav vs. con on d100 or retch! OGRAN JUST GET REALLY DRUNK!)

The language of the Ogra is called "Ogranth," and it is a coarse tongue, full of guttural sounds and vowels, but very simple to learn. There is no written version of the language, so all history and stories of the Ogra are passed down through an oral tradition. Many "Civilized" Ogra will learn a language or two, based on their dealings with "skinnies," but they usually make the language sound as guttural and basic as possible.

Being simple of mind, Ogra often see things in basic, yet odd, ways. For example, Ogra often wear necklaces studded with holy symbols of every faith, so that they might be ready for any situation (or possible resurrection.) This seeming lack of faith in Lognar, the Ogra God of Strength, is of no bother to the giants, since Lognar rarely favors them anyway.

One aspect of the Ogra that has not been much written upon, and certainly the most interesting, is the 'Kir-ot.' This is the Ogra ability to yell at deafening volume. Once per day, the Ogra may take in a great breath of air, and expell it at amazing velocity and volume. It is believed that tribes would communicate with each other over sagues of distance utilizing the Kir-ot, shouting

simple one-word messages or concepts. Although it can knock birds from the sky and deafen or kill small animals, the Kir-ot causes no damage to Ogra.

For some reason, the Kir-ot has been lost to most of the "civilized" Ogra. There are only about a dozen Ogra in Irva that can Kir-ot, and it seems that they cannot be taught this skill in adolescence or adulthood. They seem to only learn this tradition by age 2, in a tribal ritual called the "Kir-suffar-ot." Then entire tribe surrounds the youth in a great circle, chanting and passing around a huge bowl of inkbrew. After each of the elders has drunk from the holy bowl, it is broken into small pieces, and eaten. The child is given a small piece of the ink soaked wood, and it is eaten. A dance is begun, spinning around the babe in a rapid, churning ring. Then, the entire tribe yells out a grand Kir-ot which echoes for miles across the vast plains and valleys. They are answered by the first Kir-ot of the baby.

"Kir-ot" translates as "far-boulder-holler."

Ogranth - The Ogra mother tongue.  
 Atton - The lost Ogran homeland. Paradise.  
 Basha - A big club, bat, or hammer. Usually heavy.  
 Blath - (lit: shit) Elves. Faeyan, Te'wyth, Antharr.  
 Brodd - A ship. Brodda - ships.  
 Da - "the" "a" Skogg da skogg an vij da monruk.  
 Dafa - Dumb. "Dafa skinny stepped in blath."  
 Figa - Funny. "Da wep skinny figa skogged!"  
 Gratta - Tribute, pay, payoff, salary, & gift.  
 Grok - Good, fine, pleasing, safe.  
 Gunch - See stup. Gunch implies ripping & breaking.  
 Inkskogg - Grok inkbrew or grok skogg.  
 Jull - Jail, prison. "Dis metrop is da mog jull."  
 Kabrak - Charge, rush, or hurry.  
 Kir - A mighty yell or hollar.  
 Kriv - Armor.  
 Lognar One-Eye - The only Ogra god. (Thokgod)  
 Luft - To lift something heavy.  
 Mathag - Bad, foul, evil, dangerous.  
 Metrob - A city. "Irva da mog metrob."  
 Mog - Big, large, huge, strong.  
 Monruk - Monsters, of all sorts.  
 Na - And. Basha na kriv.  
 Oi! - Hey!, Help!, Halt!, yes!, no!, etc.  
 Ot - Rock or stone.  
 Paff! - No!, Not, or nay.  
 Pugg - To eat. (Usually raw, usually meat.)  
 Shigged - Get shigged. Stick it, stuff it, go to hell.  
 Skinny/Skinnies - Any non-ogra.  
 Skuppa - A gambling contest utilizing dice & skogg.  
 Skogg/Skogged - To drink, drunk. also alcohol.  
 Snuf - Smell. "Ya snuf dat? Snufs like da blath."  
 Stup - To smash, crush, & destroy. "Skogg then stup."  
 Tamm - Any food is tamm, but usually meat is.  
 Thok - A fight, war, contest, or battle.  
 Vadd - Gold, gems, coins, riches. Inskogg is even vadd.  
 Vij - Dead, or killed.  
 Wech - A sword, knife, or other bladed weapon.  
 Wep - Small, tiny, wimpy. Dar.  
 Yup - Yes, or "sure."

### GM Description

Ogra originate from the Wild Coast, primarily in the hills and mountains of this raw region. There are still hundreds of tribes living there, which often give trouble to the nation of Veldune, though there are more "civilized" Ogra found throughout the Discovered Lands

### Skorr

<b>Nicknames</b>	Ironpigs		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Rice, squid, fish, seaweed.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Skorbael		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

### Public Description

"Hillman don't make soldiers. I keep hearing about how these hillman from Julore defeated all of these Durga, but I don't believe it for a second. Durga against hillmen? Not even fair. The Durga would be wiping up the floor with them, before they could say "Ugh!"

- Anon

"Well, in my opinion, I believe that the Skorr are the perfect military race. They don't ask questions, they aren't too smart, and they don't complain. I've seen them marching for days in that pigiron platemail without slowing for bad weather, and they seem to like their iron-soled boots. They are very tough, and seem to have a very high pain threshold. I've killed many of them, by necessity of course, and they have always been a challenge. I often wonder how they've become so organized..."

- Titus Trollspike, Kelpwood

"Nobody can wear that Skorr pigiron armor. It is just too thick and heavy. I wonder why they use the stuff, there is plenty of normal iron around. I guess it is just cheaper that way, to outfit them. Yep, their boots have iron soles too. I tried to wear em, but I was exhausted after just an hour or two. Those Skorr are sure strong."

- Lumus, Irva

"Why they hate us, I will never know. We have never offered them any harm, yet our very existance seems to anger them so. I am afraid our clashes will only continue to grow over time, and eventually they will evolve into full scale war..."

- Kameran Bolt, Galilae

"Those hillmen are up to something. They seem to be in the company of Antharr quite a bit, which I find odd. The two races just don't seem to fit. The Antharr are very intelligent, but the Skorr have little intellect. The Skorr are brutal and coarse in melee, yet the Antharr are grace and quickness. I just can't see them respecting each other or ever becoming equals or allies. Maybe the Skorr are much more intelligent than we think, but they have lacked the culture for us to recognize it."

- Scribe Nalo, New Arbor, Blazenwood

**GM Description**

Until 70 years ago, this hilly region was the home to many tribes of wild Julore hillmen. They fought among themselves, and each tribe had a small village made up of 5-15 family hut-pits. They were extremely primitive, and did not even have fire.

But in 70 years, this all changed...

Under the leadership of Vaie Skorr Rithis, an Antharr Vosir and desciple of Vashia, the hilltribes were united with religion and war, educated, and assigned a military culture that best suited them. This took many years, but the hilltribes respected their new leader, and listened closely to his religious teachings.

Everyone in Skorrbael (bael = nation) was given a task, a tool, and a rank. Farming practices were begun, and trades were taught to the most clear Skorr minds. It was difficult, and occasionally there were setbacks, such as the "Uprising of 1532", but in all the Skorr were making remarkable advancements.

Within years, the Nation of Skorbael was organized, and functioning like the army that it was. Breeding scedules were created and maintained, for if the Skorr were to take over the world, there must be many, many more of them.

Over the years the population doubled, and then doubled again, and then there were enough to begin the great plan: to build an immense Citadel for the upcoming wars. The Skorr would certainly need a place to live that was easily defendible, and would provide them with a headquarters to strike out over the Discovered Lands.

By 4A1585 the citadel was finished, and Skorbael is now a nation to be feared.

Skorr always travel in military units of eight, with one carrying a tin battle horn at all times.

Secrets -

After the Vashon were wiped out, Vashia needed to find another race to fight his wars for him. He looked everywhere, until his desciples discovered the hillmen of Julore. Many tried to communicate with the hillmen, and all were slain until Vaie Skorr Rithis, a gifted Vosir, earned their respect. He destroyed the champions of the hillmen, and he began teaching, instruction, and training his clan. Soon, his clan defeated and absorbed one clan after another, until they were all united.

Today, Vaie is the respected father of the Skorr, and he is seen as nothing short of a national hero, and religious icon.

Notes -

Think of the Skorr as the main reoccurring villains in your games. They are organized and plotting like the Nazis of Raiders of the Lost Ark, and also pestering and disgusting like the orks of standard fantasy. They should be constant trouble, meddling in the affairs of the world and your Explorers, and working on secret projects. In short, it is their aim to "cleanse Agyris" of the "weaker races"; unfortunately, they see all others are inferior to themselves.

**Toth**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Merchanteer [Inker]		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Vegetables, grains, fish, and meats		
<b>Homeland</b>	Tothane		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

### Public Description

"The Toth never make a bad deal. It is rare that they will overcharge you, or undercharge themselves. I guess that they realize that good trade relationships can last for generations, and that it pays to have a "partner tomorrow."

- Zote Pennet, Baylon

"Will slay Toth for grain."

- sign carried by a down-an-out Drann Marine, Sirvat

"I have quite a bargain here... Would you like to try one, my liege?"

- Akin Deir of Tothane, selling Sirvatian apples

### Appearance -

The most remarkable trait that one first notices about Tothians are their curved horns. Most are born with tiny dark nubbs, though some grow in later, usually by the first year. They don't really grow much again until adolescence, at which time they rapidly twist into adult-sized horns. Horn coloration is usually dark brown to black, though it is not at all uncommon to find individuals with tan or even grey-white ones. Horns are always polished, and the right one is often decorated with engraving, inlay, or even gilding. The left is always left natural. It is very impolite to touch the horns of another, unless the two are mates, but it is proper to compliment one on the quality of their hornrack.

Males average about five feet in height, with females standing perhaps a head shorter. The bodyframe of the Toth is very similar to humans, though usually not quite as thick or broad. Since Tothians take great pride in their appearance, they are perhaps the most clean of all the races, bathing at least a few times a week. Perfumes are routinely employed by both sexes, with the oil of snowpetal being the most popular scent.

The hair of males is usually worn short, females long, and coloration varies from auburns, browns, blonds and grays. Facial hair is usually found on males in beards or goatees, and great pride is taken in their maintenance. It is very uncommon to find a male Toth with a shaggy or unruly beard.

Males are called "Thar" while females are referred to as "Thet."

### Culture -

The Toth are without a doubt, the most social and far reaching race in the Discovered Lands. This is no accident, as the Toth are also the most aggressive traders in the Discovered Lands. They are masters of their trade, and have been known to sell dirt to farmers, and still leave them happy to trade again next year.

They have formed official "Trade Houses" which sell specific licensed wares to any who would buy. Extremely competitive, these Houses vie for new products and markets, with such aggressiveness that sometimes verges on war. Although the Houses follow distinct laws and rules, they still attempt any means to undermine their trading enemies.

### Language -

The language of the Toth is a tongue called "Tothite," which is a very simple language to master. Because of the Toth's extensive trade throughout the Discovered Lands, Tothite has become a common trade tongue, and is the nearest thing to a common language in existence. It is also known as "Toth Trade Tongue."

### The Toth View of Trade -

The Toth view trade as a way to win the blessings of Tothar, the Lord of Commerce and Civilization. It is believed that those that accumulate the most wealth in life, retain the most in the afterlife. Since "those whom one trades with today, will be the opportunity of tomorrow," the Toth strive to leave every trade partner fully satisfied.

It is the ultimate taboo to present wares as something that they are not, or to rip-off anyone. It would destroy the entire reputation of the race if the traders were anything but completely fair, professional, and courteous. This outlook has of course, been difficult, since many traders of the other races do not retain the Toth's high standards, yet over time, the Toth have become the most respected and desired trade partners.

### GM Description

The Toth are one of the most far-reaching races of the Discovered Lands. They are excellent merchants, but most of all, they are fantastic diplomats. They study their markets, and learn everything that they can about the culture that they are dealing with. They are most interested in creating long-lasting, far-reaching relationships. This approach has payed off for the Toth, as they are one of the richest cultures in the DL.

This is not to say that there are not "crooked" Toth; there are, but they are certainly less common than the normal, law abiding, Toth. Dishonest Toth are stripped of their official merchanting rights, and are banned from practicing their trade. So, rogue merchants are found in a few backwater towns, or on the edge of civilization.

### Tuumbrik

<b>Nicknames</b>	Desert Ones
<b>Size</b>	Fair
<b>Diet</b>	Shellfish, vegetables.

<b>Homeland</b>	Brikka		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"We went deep into that hot desert. Our skin was peeling like barrow wodes, and our mouths were parched. I could hardly breathe because my tongue was so swollen. But, the Maejir told us that our map would be found in that forsaken desert."

"Just when I believed that we could go no further, we saw him. A large figure, confidently striding through the desert, as if he were walking down "Seer's Lane" in Sirvat. We couldn't believe our eyes, and Khormat started to weep, though no tears could be seen."

"The figure was tall, with dark skin, and great muscles. His clothes were primitive, and he started talking quickly in a throaty language that none of us understood. We put down our weapons, and he just smiled. We smiled, and he handed us a very long bone, somewhat like that of an ahnkri leg. It was filled with crystal clear water! We all drank from it, and there was enough for all of us. The dark foreigner just smiled."

"He lead us a half day to the east, where we saw the amazing. Sitting in the mid of this desert is a huge mud-brick circle. "Brikka!" he said. "Brikka, huh..."

"It was like a huge, open top, stout tower. Inside, we were treated very graciously. There were gardens in every possible place, and hanging in layers from the open top. The folk were not primitive at all, but very cultured for as well as I could discern. We traded them all of our metal goods, in exchange for bones to store our water. What they wanted our iron weapons for, I couldn't tell, because all of their's were made from stone, and were certainly sharper and better then our own."

"We left on good terms, after we found what we were looking for, and I have returned many times since. The Brikka are a good people, as long as one is kind and honors thier traditions"  
- Saim Wrethell, Sirvat

**GM Description**

The Tuumbrik hate music. They believe that music is the sound of ones soul slipping away. It is not something that they take kindly to.

They carry their water in long bones, at the bottom which holds a "water crystal." Water crystals hold many more gallons of water inside, as long as they are properly cared for.

**Vashon**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Vash, Warlings		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

**Public Description**

"They marched onto the battlefield like ants... There were just too many. I couldn't even begin to count the columns of soldiers. They filled the horizon, and the sound of their armor was deafening. I wanted to run once I saw that they had horns on their skulls, not just their helmets. They were armed and armored to the teeth, with great glaives, crossbows, and swords."

"We were wiped out that day. I was lucky. I only lost a leg, and the Vash left me for dead. They were brutal, and took true pleasure in the fighting. I heard that after they destroyed us, they marched for six more hours, and took on another army... all without rest. They crushed them too. I fear that if the Vashon are not stopped, they will take over the entire world."  
- Journal of an anonymous soldier of the Second Age.

Now extinct, the Vashon were the core race of the God Vashia. He created them in his own image with one thing in mind; war. They were involved in just about every conflict of early history, marching into battle with thousands of battle-hungry warriors. They were excellent fighters, and every facet of their culture reflected this martial outlook.

The trouble was, Vashia was so blood-thirsty that he squandered the entire race. Centuries of constant wars had weakened the Vashon's population, plus younger and younger males and females were sent into battle... A few important campaigns were lost, and soon the Vashon were no more.

Today, Vash-made weapons and ill-fitting armor is very common in old dusty battlesites, and littering the corners of pawnshops.

**GM Description**

Once the Vashon were nearly wiped out, Vashia began seeking another race to take their place. He found the Skorr hillman, a hardy, fast breeding race that was fond of clan fighting. Vashia sent Diciples to the hills, converting clan after clan to his teachings. Soon, the clan fighting stopped, and the Skorr people were united as a small, wild nation. This was only the beginning...

Secret -

The Vashon are not actually extinct. There is a small population found far to the East of the Discovered Lands, though their

numbers are growing. Quellis would like nothing more than to offer Vashia a chance to shine on the battlefield once more with his "war children."

## Wythir

<b>Nicknames</b>	Wieth, the White Ones		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, chemicals, ground crystals		
<b>Homeland</b>			
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor
<b>Public Description</b>			

"He was like a ghost. He just floated into the room, silent and white, almost peaceful, really. Only his eyes moved with aggressive speed, flickering from one corner of the room to the other, evaluating everyone. Looking for weakness. But he just glided about, smooth and quiet. I felt uncomfortable when he looked about me with those sapphire eyes of his. I looked away as his face twisted into a slow grin."

"I didn't feel comfortable at all at the Ball that night, with him around, and I left as soon as the stable boy could saddle up my ahnkri. Glad I did, cause there were awful things that happened up there. I'm sure that you heard about them. I don't need to go into it, but when the white fire began shooting outta all the slits and windows of that place, I could hear the screams from way down on the lower road."

"The only one to walk out, was that white ghost."  
- Jervan Urlumn, Sirvat

The a decendent of the Asidri, the Wythir is the sister race to the Faeyan and the Antharr. Like thier relatives, the Wythir are gifted artists, except that they focus upon eldrich Feycraft arts, rather than beautiful music or swordplay.

Wythir look very much like the Anthar and Faeyan, standing 7 spans tall on average, with extremely fine features and slim bones. The most obvious difference is that unlike their sister races, Wythir are albino. Some believe that this is a result of the Ato Fey that the Wythir practice, though there is no conclusive proof.

### GM Description

The White Ones, as they are called throughout the Discovered Lands, are the most successful practitioners of Ato Fey. It's cruel and painful results suit the decadent Wythir, who revel in the destruction it causes.

A decadent race, the Wythir are in certain decline. Inbreeding, declining births, and certainly the use of Ato have lead to fewer and fewer live Wythir infants born. This has lead into more and more inbreeding between Wythir ruling Houses, who believe that the pure bloodlines must be maintained and distilled.

# Sea Creatures

## Dolevus

<b>Nicknames</b>	Longserpent		
<b>Size</b>	Legendary		
<b>Diet</b>	Whales, fish, ships		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

### Public Description

"I dunno what thet wus?! It was sure big though... It was blue, an had all these scales, an had neither a head nor a tail. It wus jest big, it wus. An it stunk. Like meat."

- Lersh "the Wick" Gefreld, somewhere in the Sea of Knaves

"The Dolevus is the largest, or at least *longest*, creature in the Discovered Lands. They reach up to 15 sagues in length, even *longer* than the Khorwul Leviathan. They are rarely seen, and the head or tail is seen rarely still. I believe that there is no head or tail of the creature, and it simply swims around the world in a long ring."

- Doramor Sling, Sirvat

### GM Description

The Dolevus is an extremely long sea serpent, reaching on average more than 30 sagues in length. It is the longest creature in Agyris, if one ignores certain colonies of insects. The Dolevus is rarely seen, however, if it is encountered, one will probably just get a glimpse of the massive body sailing by.

If one does encounter the head aboard a ship, there is a good chance that the creature will attempt to swallow the vessel. They will not bother with anything smaller than a ship, however, so it's really safer to get away from the boat if they are encountered. Dolevus have 114 stomachs, spread throughout the length of their bodies. Non-digested materials such as metals and tokens are usually found in the last 5 stomachs.

## Heshop

<b>Nicknames</b>	Fog-breakers, Wandering Isles		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fey		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Th' Heshop wus cursin' us, an followin rite through our path. When we dropped anchor in port, the Heshop just smashed plum through th' mid of our Barrelhouse, makin' it nothin' more than flotsam. Once it did that, I guessed it wus happy... It just kept a floatin' rite there...."

- Ole Griggly Natch, Sirvat

"Heshops destroy about 500 vessels per year. It's a pity, yes, but they do not pay proper homage to Voya. You will never see a TempleShip have problems with Heshops. *We pay them respect.*"

- Kisirn Vovayth, CaptainPriest, Mysia

### GM Description

Heshops are identical to normal Lithics in every way, except that they drift on or below sea level. These are especially difficult for sailors, since they are ever-wandering and massive. These to can bond with a Mortal-Kin, though it is especially dangerous for the host to sail, since the Heshop might crush through the hull to be closer with it's "bonded one."

It is unknown why the Heshop is unable to alter its altitude; some theorize that there are different strains of lithics, each with their own powers and limitations. Normal Lithics have the power to modify their altitude; Heshops do not.

See Lithic, for more information.

## Korwhul Leviathan

<b>Nicknames</b>	Sea Spinner		
<b>Size</b>	Legendary		
<b>Diet</b>	Earth, whales, souls.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

"The largest creature known, the Korwhul Leviathan is the greatest blight of the deep seas. Some scholars believe that the Korwhul is responsible for tidal waves and sea surges, though it has been difficult to discern these reports. Only two different ones have ever been documented in the history of Agyris... "Chell-fey" and "Lurrot. " We are very lucky that there are only two."

- Gyr Monstrosities

"The storm blew, an I thought that we were gonna sink. I kept prayin' ta Goth ta move along, an ta Voya ta git us through the storm unharmed."

"Niether happend."

"If th storm were'nt enough, the sea started churnin, an I saw an island rise outta the sea. It stank worse than the Jodder Bogs, an then it sank again outta site."

"Next thin I knew, it swallowed up the whole of th' fleet, 7 ships in all. Ev'ry thin was a churnin, with screamin and all, an it was real caustic. We were in th belly of a monster! Our ship wus on fire by now, an all thet taon was explodin, and by Helgyrit, I thought I wus gonna die. Next thin I knew, I wus sucked outta there an in with bubbly water, fast as wind."

"Would ya know it? I got blowed outta th' Korwhul's blowhole with half a ship!? I grabbed on ta some flotsam, and saw th' thing arch up, an make a huge splash an wave. Smoke was still comin' outta his blow hole. I didn't mind da storm so much then... Once I got on th' land, I never sailed again, an I nevr will..."

- Pox Lummy, Liquid Damage Pub, Sirvat

### GM Description

Secrets:

A most destructive creature, the Korwhul is able to destroy vast stretches of land, by simply devouring it. They do this in Worl's attempt to make Agyris a sea world. She has been promised this by Mordain, in exchange for her services in the corruption of Gyr.

A popular misconception is that there are only two Korwhul Leviathans in existance, which is not true. There are hundreds found throughout the depths of the seas, most of which are found at the Maelstrom. (Korwhul maintain the energy and motion of the spinning sea.)

## Kybo Fish

<b>Nicknames</b>	Eatum Fish (Ogra)		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Meat, blood		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

### Public Description

"Kybo fish? You dunno whata *kybo fish* is?! You never sail much, huh? You funny so. Kybo fish is a deadly, deadly thing, small an quick, but with more teeth than the whole crew put together. If they even jest smell the blood, an they'll be all a flyin' through the air, takin' bites outa you an me. Very bad fish."

"Cooked though, the kybo meat is like the candy... sweet an white, it is the most delicious fish in the seas. I'd letta kybo suck my leg if I could jest eat him later."

- Tej Murruth, Drann Sailor, aboard the WaveRake

### GM Description

The kybo is much like the piranna, except that they can leap up out of the water, to attack their prey. They are able to survive up to 20 hours outside of the water, feeding upon creatures of all sorts. They've evolved this way since most land creatures are actually much easier to kill than most sea creatures.

## Luumbur Sea Demon

<b>Nicknames</b>	Sea Gyant
<b>Size</b>	Superb

<b>Diet</b>	Seahulks, whales, and giant squid		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"The Luumbur are the most terrible creatures of the sea. They eat islands, and they are able to cause great spouts of water and steam to shoot high into the sky. They love making massive waves that crash down upon the land, and sweep everything away. They love the poisons of the sea, and exude several varieties themselves. (They cause the red mists) It is Vashia that made the Luumbur, with the help of Ralu. The result is a great trial of the sea..."

- Yett Summ, Ryl

**GM Description**

In past Ages, the Luumbur Sea Demon was once a very, very small creature, that would fit into the palm of a Mortal-Kin's hand. They filled the seas, and were nothing more than a distraction to fisherman's sons, who would play with them in jars.

But, with the Third Ringing, most of them were killed by the massive tolling and the shock to their systems. However those that survived, grew and grew, until they became massive monstrosities of the oceans. Luckily, they have never returned to their once great numbers, and only a few hundred fill the seas today.

Luumbur indeed do cause massive tidal waves, which is one of their greatest joys in life. Several of them join together every few hundred years, and spin around and lash with their tails, trying to create massive waves of destruction. They seldom fail.

**Merrath**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Banna Scourge, Merrak, Mossweb		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Sailors, fish		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

**Public Description**

"In Banna, the Merrath crawl from the seas, and feed upon the foolish..."

- Drann proverb

"They are big, an green, an you can find 'em in any sea, as long as yer sailin' in Banna. Th' rest of the time is alright. But in Banna, I'd veer far away from the coast, an' I wouldn't step near a ship, or a boat, or any salty, caustic water."

- Pano Rhoo, sailor, Daria

"Only fools sail in Banna. You seem ta be in some kinda hurry, old man... You must have some valuable cargo..."

"Yeah, I'll take you to Irva, but it'll cost ya double. And keep that kid offa my deck... It'll be crowded with Merrath pretty soon, if we don't getta move on."

- Dravol Noth, smuggler, Galilae.

The Merrath is the most common scourge of the seas, attacking ships & sailors in great numbers; they have no fear. They are especially common during the summer month of Banna, when they crawl up on beaches and rise to the surface of the sea in great numbers, effectively ruling the seas. Wise sailors avoid sailing at all in Banna, and any old one will tell you a hundred stories of the Merrath.

**GM Description**

The Merrath are rarely seen but at one common time, each an every year; Banna, the beginning of summer. In Banna, most sailing comes to a complete halt for the entire month, since the seas and oceans are filled with aggressive, spawning Merrath.

They easily crawl on the beaches and decks of sea vessels, looking for meat and defending their mating territories. If it weren't for the Merrath fighting each other, mortalkin would be completely over run by these powerful amphibians.

**Sirey Girl**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Sea Singer, Siren		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Lust, desire		
<b>Homeland</b>	Song Sea		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

**Public Description**

"They are the most beautiful creatures that I have ever witnessed. I'm not just talking about looks either. (You are so charmed that you don't even notice that they have fins...) Their voices are haunting, yet enchanting. They seem to just beacon you with every subtle look, with every sweet verse of their song. You want nothing more than to caress them, comfort them, and hold them. I don't think that there is a more powerful emotion in the universe."

"If it weren't for the women in our group, I'm sure that the lot of us would have died trying to steal a kiss..."

- Vangol, Navigator, Dranoy.

### GM Description

The Sirey Girls are found primarily in the Song Sea. On rare occasions they have been found as far away as the Sea of Angromis and the Sea of Dranoy.

The Sirey Girls have little hatred for Mortalkin, they just want to feed off of the lust and desire that they create. In doing so, it charms the Mortal into experiencing the most rich pleasure that they have ever dreamed of. Most of the time, this leads to his death, as he drowns in the grasp of the Sirey.

### Taog Shark

<b>Nicknames</b>	swin killer, poisoner		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Smaller sea creatures		
<b>Homeland</b>	Oceans and Seas of Gyr		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Fair

#### Public Description

"Th' Taog shark sleeps fer many years after it hus fed. But, when dey wake, th'll eatta whole barrel in 'bout three gulps, they will. Some years they're not real bad, an it seems like they urn't seen a bit. This year, I won't sail, 'cause they're so many of 'em."

- Surby Ost, fisherman of the Belt of Urgo

"The Taog is a giant form of shark, related to whales and sea monsters. They seem to thrive in the caustic sea waters, and they are attracted to the scent of blood, or ships, from miles away. They are very fast, and have destroyed countless vessels. Sailors beware!"

- Gyr Monstrosities

"If ye fall overboard, cover yourself in the thickest of the foul waters, and you ye jest might not be eaten by a Taog."

- Captain Blem Shadowstroke, to his newest cabinboy.

### GM Description

The Toag shark is one of the most viscious hunters of the ocean. When the seas became tainted and poisoned, most of the underwater creatures were unable to adapt to the caustic waters, and died. It is said that the Taog shark embraced the foul waters, and became much more powerful and aggressive than ever before. They were tainted and corrupted, becoming an enemy of all living things.

The foul black water now seeps from their pores, and they spread it to distant depths and dark waters. A mortal covered in the black caustic sludge has a much better chance of not being detected by the Taog. Unfortunately, the causticity of this sludge is quite high, causing wounds very quickly to bare flesh.

If one manages to slay a Taog, they can be "processed" to provide a fine quality black oil, that is very flammable. However, this oil is caustic, and must be kept in glass or crystalline vials. Tin, copper and bronze vials are of little long-term use when trying to carry Toag oil. Even steel vials lose their structural strength if exposed to the oil for long periods of time.

### Toranade Eel

<b>Nicknames</b>	Spinerope		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Other fish		
<b>Homeland</b>	Belt of Urgo		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

#### Public Description

"For Sale or Trade: One half Toranade Eel Spine. Used only once, still in excellent, if not bent, condition. Will trade for suit of exceptional dent, a dag Euphoria Slave (no Drann), or a barrelhouse or pub."

- Advertisement in the Gazette Grottesque, Irva

"Th' Toranade Eel is probably one of the most poisonous creatures in the world. Sure there are others out there, like the grimespider, and they billowbird, but they don't effect all creatures. Heck, the Durga and the Dar are all but immune to most things that Galilaens see as poisonous. But Toranade Eel spines are different; they hurt most everything. I said *most*. There are some that have no blood, and they don't fear *the spine*..."

- Rigly

### GM Description

The toranade is a long spined eel, growing anywhere from 3 to 9 spans in length. They are an oily white in coloration, with yellow or rust spots found on the underbelly. Nine 1-span long spines are found along the spinal ridge of the creature, which are exceptionally poisonous and are what makes the toranade eel famous.

Assassins throughout the Discovered Lands covet the toranade eel spine, because its' poison effects most Mortal-Kin. Hardy races such as the Drann, Durga, and even Dar succumb to the paralytic venom. The spines are usually sold in Irva for exorbitant prices, though they are illegal in most other places.

The toranade eel is only found in the warm, shallow waters of the Northeastern Belt of Urgo. Exceptionally rare, they are attracted to stenchling meat which they find tasty. There are fishermen that make their entire living off of finding and capturing toranade eels, and harvesting the spines.

Blood reacts with the spines, causing them to release a terrible toxin. First the victim gets a greenish tint to everything that they see, and then their fingers and toes begin to tingle. After just a few moments, they become fully paralyzed, losing all motor functions. The heart stops very quickly after the paralysis. There are no known cures to the spines, though Vitrae will slow down the effects.

If an important character were to be so poisoned, I'd encourage creating some exceptionally difficult antidote that the Explorers could quest after. If they succeeded, the character might always have numbness in their hands...

# Sky Creatures

## Brom-Brom

<b>Nicknames</b>	Goyal		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"We'd been fer sailin fer several days, jest past Ato ruins, before we saw dis dark, dark cloud. Th' day wuz all blue, so dis wuz quite unexpect'd. Koely grabbed his crossbow, and da rest a th' crew put on dere armor, but I jest stood dere lookin'. Before I knew it, dere were all dese creatures, "brom-broms" dey screamed, and dey had all but covered our barrel. Th sails were all torn off, an dey were grabbin' folk an flyin' off."

"One grabbed me about da neck, and went up a flyin'! "Whoop, whoop" went his wings, an he was strong. I fainted fer a bit, an den I awoke in a pile o' my broken crew. Dey wuz all dead, but I crawled off. We were in some dark caves. I don't know how I got out, but Bless Voya, I found my way. Now, I nevr leave da city again."

- Poely Samkrid, Darkbury Port.

### GM Description

Brom-Brom are common throughout the underground ruins of the Discovered Lands, and are occasionally found in the 9 skies. Because they are very common in Atosian ruins, they are thought to have been brought to Gyr by the Atosians, though this is not really true. The Atosians simply enslaved the Brom-Brom, just like most every creature they encountered, and made them their servants. The Brom-Brom (or "Goyal" as there known in the East) were used as guardians of Atosian sites, since they are able to petrify themselves for years at a time with no need of food or water.

When the Atosians fled this world, they left the Brom-Brom behind, eternally guarding their sacred sites and mystic halls. Today, they are one of the more common creatures in Atosian ruins, though they are occasionally found elsewhere. They are most often found in groups of 3-5, though there have been instances where thousands have been found "slumbering" like dusty statues. In these rare cases waking just one can have catastrophic repercussions; each one will wake up three more, causing the entire lot of them to awaken in mere moments. Agitated, confused, and very hungry, these "flocks" will attempt to fly out to the surface world and gain sustenance from anywhere possible.

### Brom-Brom Facts:

- Brom-Brom are able to "petrify" themselves for centuries at a time, conserving energy in an amazing fashion.
- They love flesh of all sorts, except for Vux cattle. Brom-Brom are unable to consume Vux for some unknown reason.
- They are much less daring and dangerous in the daylight. Their sight is much less reliable and detailed.
- If smoked and salted Brom-Brom flesh is very, very nutritious. A pound of Brommeat can sustain a manling for three weeks, though it tastes "earthy."
- Their bones are extremely strong and light for their size, and are very useful in the construction of boat understructure.
- The intellect of the Brom-Brom is poor compared to a manling, though much greater than most creatures.
- Brom-Brom are a very ancient race, and most understand commands given in the Eld tongue or Atosian. (However, they will not necessarily follow the orders.)

## Grifflock

<b>Nicknames</b>	Skain, Dragonette, Griff		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Vux flesh, iron		
<b>Homeland</b>	Mt Vestian		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Though Thebnis has corrupted most of the creatures of the sky, some are certainly less tainted than others. One prime example is the Grifflock, a huge draconian creature found in many mountain peaks throughout Galilae, and likely beyond.

Though they definitely lack "goodwill" so to speak, they are able to be trained as a reliable mount. Caution must be exercised, as most Grifflocks are ravenous eaters and could easily eat their mount. Each must consume about 100 pounds of meat per day to remain content, and rideable. Oddly, iron may be substituted for many feedings, as the creatures have an unusual taste for the mineral."

- *Monstrosities of the Discovered Lands*, by Shi-Phoon.

"Although the Grifflock is similar in many respects to the legendary Dragons of *history*, they do seem to be different on several accounts. Grifflocks don't breath fire of any kind, though they are known to spit acid if provoked. Grifflocks have but 2 legs and 2 wings; Dragons have 4 legs and 2 wings, usually. Grifflocks are tiny compared to the references of dragons that we have in sketches and paintings. Dragons are said to be cunning, while we all know that Grifflocks have bestial brain capacity."

"Also it must be stated, Dragons are myth; *Grifflocks are real.*"

- Reval Sooks, Lathandria University lecture, Galilae

### GM Description

#### Additional information based upon the individual's Creature or Monster Lore:

Fair: The main description is true; Grifflocks make good flying mounts... if one can control them.

Good: Grifflocks will also devour Copprine, if given the chance.

Great: Grifflocks would rather eat metal than meat.

Superb: The stomach acid of the Grifflocks makes a very fine metallic acid... it won't effect most substances besides metal and flesh.

Grifflock mounts are used by Galilae to patrol the vast nation. They are commonly found in many mountain peaks of the Discovered Lands.

## Jenin

<b>Nicknames</b>	Birva Bird		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Salt, small creatures, serpents, and ahnkri		
<b>Homeland</b>	Belt of Uργο		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

### Public Description

"Jenin are a semi-domesticated creature, that is likely some strange cross between a serpent and a bird. They are capable of short, lumbering flights up to 30-50 sagues, though it is very tiring on them. The Jenin is, however, one of the fastest runners in the lands. They flap their wings as if they are flying as their long legs propel them at great speeds. Jenin hunt small mammals and fish with their quick, lashing tongue. It traps creatures like a whip. Jenin have been known to be loyal to some riders, though Drann and Jenin never mix successfully."

- *Creatures of the Discovered Lands*

"Five Tips for Training Jennin:

- Never take any guff off of the Jenin. They respect control. Either that, or they eat ya an yer friends.
- Use the reigns and the bit to your advantage. Make them hate the bit, not you.
- Fly yer Jenin often, if you mean to fly at all. Otherwise, they'll be too fat and slow to fly.
- Don't let yer Jenin nip at yer saddle or stirrups. If you don't get that in check, you'll find all yer tack all et up.
- Don't worry if yer Jennin loses a feather here or there. Worry if yer Jennin starts losin' scales. That's a sick Jennin.
- If ya fly yer Jenin fer a day, let em rest for two more. Otherwise, he'll start losin' scales an feathers.
- Jennin an Ahnkri don't mix; Ahnkri are fast, but even the slowest Jennin can catch an eat one.
- Never, ever crop a Jennin's tongue. Sure, it makes life easier, but you'll ruin the darned bird faster than a burgan on meat."

- *A Guide to Properly Training Jenin*, by Varh Slunn

### GM Description

Jenin molt both their skin and feathers twice per year; at spring and late fall.

The Jenin is less effective during the winter and in very cold climates. In such conditions, they require twice the amount of nutrients.

Jenin love hunting and eating 2 things; ahnkri and fish. Unfortunately, they like the former more than the latter.

#### Additional information based upon the individual's Creature Lore:

Fair: The main description is true.

Good: Jennin's tongue lashing can reach out as far as 10 spans. (feet)

Great: Jennin love eating Ahnkri meat the most.

Superb: Turly Somm, of Wandergate, is a master Jennin trainer.

## Kaerwing

<b>Nicknames</b>	stenchwing
<b>Size</b>	Good

<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, Fey, and pain.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Kaerthusa Temple		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"We were on our way to becoming the first to scale Mt. Kaerthusa. We had the weather and season on our side, and our stocks were quite full. The Durga had helped us choose the best path up the mountain, and it would be quite a chore, but we were young and strong."

"We were freeclimbing up and up, and things were going well for the first three days. It was the hardest, most difficult thing that I had ever done in my whole life, but I would'nt have done anything else. Our spirits were higher than Kaerthusa."

On the fourth day, we were encountering much more difficult conditions. It had become windy, and much colder. However, there were thousands of footholds, little holes really, which really helped. After making some progress for the day, we decided to settle down and get some serious rest for our sore muscles. We had only covered maybe a fifth of the mountain's height. We tied ourselves off in our sleep slings."

"We were heating some food with the firecrystals that we had, when suddenly this black wing, like a blade, flew across Corda's ropes. Corda didn't have a chance and fell like a stone. We yelled as he fell, but he was completely silent. We could see the creature diving in the distance, and then it flew up and caught Corda in his mouth, like a fish."

"It was horrible. More of the creatures came, and attacked us for the rest of the day and night. I had enough finally, and didn't really care whether I was eaten by a Kaerwing, or if I fell to my death. I began climbing up like mad, until I found a little nook in the side of the mountain. I climbed in, just as more Kaerwings tried to get me. Their beaks were long and sharp, like swords, so I had to cram deep in the back of the nook. Eventually, I was so exhausted that I slipped and fell down a shaft of some sort. I was found three days later at the base of Kaerthusa, with two broken legs, and a crippled arm."

"I would advise none to ever travel to Kaerthusa."

**GM Description**

Kaerwing, terrible flying creatures native to Kaerthusa mountain. Some are believed to live in Kaerthusa Temple, the legendary lost "Court" of the Gods. Are they the protectors of the place?

**Lithic**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Sky Stone		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fey		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

**Public Description**

"Sometimes the Fey stones that guide the symphony get restless. They are awakened by the rich magics that stream through them, and they long for new experiences and sights. They've grown wisdom and intellect from centuries of Fey flows, and they are a regal sight.

These rare dolmens float up, and take on a life of their own, drifting wherever their whim takes them. Some of them simply ride the Feylines, silently drifting in a huge arc that may take years for them to cycle through. When they return after many seasons, it is like seeing an old friend come over the hill. Others bond to a Mortalkin, and follow them like a loyal dog for the rest of the mortal's life."

- Seely, of Burvoss, Veldune.

**GM Description**

Floating stones with souls, Lithics are a slow moving, peaceful race.

Lithic sometimes choose a mortal to "bond" with. Despite any actions of the Mortalkin, the lithic will attempt to follow them where ever they go; including pubs, underground, and even mountain tops. This bonding usually lasts for the entire lifespan of the mortalkin, since time moves extremely slow for one made of stone. It is considered lucky to have a lithic for a friend, though they are sometimes inconvenient.

It should be noted that lithics have bonded with rare individuals throughout history, regardless of race or culture. (There are even stories of an ahnkri which had a huge lithic bonded to it. It ran for years, but could never outrun the lumbering stone.) Therefore, lithic-bonded individuals are rarely persecuted for having a sometimes huge stone follow them about.

**Lithic Facts:**

The larger a lithic, the younger they are. Erosion slowly renders lithics no larger than a pebble, before they finally expire. Small lithics that would fit into your hand, are thousands of years old.

It is considered bad luck to harm a lithic in any way, in most cultures.

Sometimes young lithics have settlements built upon them. Lake Bluegem in Daria, has one such lithic. (It has simply bonded to the surrounding landscape.)

A sea-faring version of the Lithic is called the Heshop.

### Lithlode

<b>Nicknames</b>	skymine		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Fey		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Poor	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

#### Public Description

"In the olden times, it is said that the men of the Great Kingdom were able to traverse the skies, and explore the world above. What they found is mostly lost, but what we do know is that they found their way to the great lithics, and found a great wealth there. These lithics were different than the ones that you and I see floating through the sky; they were packed with minerals and wealth, enough to found a kingdom upon. Later, when the kingdom fell, and the knowledge of flight was lost, the few remaining Lithics were let free. Some say that this story is untrue, but I believe."

- Cachor of Dranoy

"Lithlodes are a bunch of rubbish. If they were full of wealth and minerals, don't you think that the Durga would have found them by now?"

- Anon

"Treasures in the sky? I've heard it all by now. Sure, there's treasures under the seas, below the mountains, and stashed behind some of the elden ruins. But in the sky? You must think that I'm daft!"

- Gadsby Rail, Galilaen Treasure Hunter

#### GM Description

A rare relative of the Lithic, the Lithlode is completely similar in all respects to the lithic, but with one important difference; the Lithlode is rich with rare minerals including Feystone, crystallar, and gildren. (Most lithlodes have but one kind of these minerals, though there are a few that have 2 or three kinds of wealth.)

During the Second Age, the mighty kingdom of Escalon (the Old Kingdom) built a great deal of wealth mining the largely untapped lithlodes. Utilizing spellgliders, dirigibles, and the mighty Sky Citadels, miners were able to find and tap the vast resources of these silent giants.

Today, some of these "skymines" can still be seen, with gaping holes and the floating jetsam of rubble floating around them.

### Saerkotta

<b>Nicknames</b>	drake		
<b>Size</b>	Legendary		
<b>Diet</b>	Dragons		
<b>Homeland</b>	Rainbow Plains		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Legendary	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

#### Public Description

"The beast filled the sky, and its huge body was surrounded by hundreds of tiny dragons. In one swallow, it devoured 30 drakes, and it seemed to sneer in joy at their weakness."

- Exerpt from the Book of Aer

Believed to be now extinct, the Saerkotta are thought to be incredible beasts that once hunted dragons. They are responsible for the near extinction of the great Drakes, and their few numbers today.

Legends say that they live in the skies because the land is not large enough for them. Helgyrit is said to have been a Saerkotta.

#### GM Description

There are still 2 Saerkotta left in Agyris, and both are found far from the Discovered Lands... At least for now, they are creatures of legend.

The Rainbow Plains is the ancestral graveyard of the Saerkotta.

### Temblot Snake

<b>Nicknames</b>	Flying snakes		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Hare, mice, and ewer		
<b>Homeland</b>	Hattire Valley		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

#### Public Description

"We stepped into the valley and first noticed all of the floating stone heads chained there. We tried to stay as far away from them as possible, since this is a cursed place. However, the trail lead right under a great many of them, and there seemed to be no other way through the pass. Most of the men were uncomfortable to say the least, and the swaying of the square chainlinks did us no good."

"Some of the stone heads shivvyed and shook when we walked under them, and soon we were jogging along at a brisk pace."

"Suddenly, there was a great movement up ahead, and we were overtaken by cursed flying snakes. They were beaked like a hawk, though they flew with much less grace. They leapt upon some of my men, and began knotting and twisting them to the ground. Screams and cracking bones filled the air, but we chopped at them with our blades. It took time, but we managed to get some fire to drive them back, though this did not stop them entirely."

"We finally got away with all but 6 of our men, but the poison got just about most everyone else, after a few hours. Regretably, we couldn't bury them because there were more of the snakes attacking again. I came to find out, sometime later, that some antidotes could have been made, and all of these deaths could have been avoided."

- Surmon Chife, Maejiria.

### GM Description

The temblot is a large serpent bird common to the Hattire Valley. They nest among the lithics that are chained there, and they hunt the small creatures such as hare, mice and ewer that are found there.

They have a poisonous peck, and they often rise up in large swarms when they are troubled. They are also known to constrict their foes in large groups, which makes them very capable of taking down creatures larger than Ogra without much trouble.

Antidotes for the temblot are not especially difficult to create, as long as the antidote maker has 5 snakes for every dose of antidote that she wishes to make. Unfortunately, the temblot is not encountered enough to have antidotes made and for sale. The educated will go there just to capture enough temblot to make antidotes for future trips to the Hattire valley.

### Thridisim

<b>Nicknames</b>	Mist-Hiss, Serpent Sky		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Unknown		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

### Public Description

"...The clouds churned towards us, and we could see the skies darken. Old Murley, the "senior" officer on the vessel said that it "looks ta be a Serpent Sky." We had no idea what he was talking about, but it didn't comfort us. (Nothing that he said was ever comforting.)"

"We sailed on, putting on as much speed as we could, but the deep cloud got lower and nearer, and in just a little bit, it was upon us."

"Serpents rained down on the deck like slithering hail. They nicked at our clothes and tore at us... There really wasn't much that we could do. A number of the new hands just jumped overboard, but there were snakes down there, too. We burned back as many as we could, but we could hardly keep our torches lit through all of the wet mist and wind."

"I think I killed about 50 of them, and was covered from head to toe with little bites, when a strong gust blew, and all of the snakes were swept up in it. There were none left anywhere that I could see. We all let out a cheer and pulled out any crew that we could find overboard."

"Then somebody suggested that just how snakes are poisonous, these sky serpents might be too..."

Quarly Smig, The Blue Goose, somewhere in the Sea of Angromis

### GM Description

Huge dark misty clouds, filled with small serpents. They are only ever seen in Drine, but can be encountered anywhere on the surface world, during this month.

No one is quite sure why they come. Some believe that it is the way that the sky draws nourishment, with the snakes taking the blood of the creatures of the land. Others dismiss that theory, and say that it is an ancient cursed cloud, forever wandering the land. Folk are just lucky that the serpents are not venomous, and that they don't come by very often.

### Worch

<b>Nicknames</b>	Wenchwings, venomclaw		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Flesh, especially mortal flesh.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Krystos Plains		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

"We were two days outta Jathas, out in the expansive Krystos plains. Miles of sparkling flatlands were as far as the eye could see, with only some unknown distant mountains far in the west. We were travelling on this junk Landark, but there was little wind, and the anhkri were sick."

"Theb and I decided to look around a bit, and see if any crystals could be found close to where we stalled. We were tired of being cooped up inside that stuffy Ark. Nobody else wanted to go, so we were just out there talking and stirring up a bit of dust."

"Suddenly, I hear this screech, and we were being attacked by these terrible winged wenches. They reeked terribly, and they lashed at us with their huge talons. It happened so fast, I can't really remember everything that happened, but feathers were flying, and I knew that we had a fight on our hands. I pulled out my sword, and struck down a few of them, but there were too many off them, and I had enough. I fought my way back to the Ark, and lucky for me, none of their attacks got through my plate."

"I looked about, to see if Theb had made it too, but he wasn't there. I looked back, and I saw him being carried off by a pack of three of them. Chory had been shooting at them with her bow, and finally she pinned one through the wing. Theb fell to the ground with a THUD in a puff of dust, and then popped up, and ran for the ark. I'll never forget the look of him, all covered in dust and feathers, with his helmet visor bent half way off! We got inside and laughed until we turned blue. He said that he killed four of them, and reprimanded Chory for keeping him from the other three."

"Theb got sick that night. Turns out, with all of his fighting, he got clawed once on the thigh. The Arkan clansmen tried some of their field healing, but it was of no use.

"Theb, the durga that I had seen half of the Discovered Lands with, died two days later. The Arkans said that he lasted two days longer than anyone else that they'd ever seen..."

- Vanch Kel'Rho, speaking with a pair of Toth merchants inside the Fountain, Jathas.

#### **GM Description**

Worch, winged hags with poisoned claws. They have been drinking from the springs for centuries, and are very hostile. Stay within the walls of the city, and try to keep out of the larger city squares.

# Other

## Fortune Tree

<b>Nicknames</b>	Scroll Tree, Tree of Fate		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Unknown		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

### Public Description

"I saw it on th' hill, an it wus big as any buildin' in Tevet, if not biggur. It's leaves whispered in unfelt wynds, maykin' me feel kinda tingly. If I squinted mah eyes jest so, I swore I could see a river o' Fey flowin' outa it lyk a stream. As I wus standin' there like a hick farmer, one leafe floated down to me, swirlin' and swankin', ta land gently into my palm. Wan I looked at it, it had swirly writin' all about it. Now, I don't know mah letters so well, but I could read the gilded fortune: "You will live a long, twisted lief." I din't believe it, so I jest kept on farmin'; Now, I've lived over 140 years, an I feel healthy as the day I wus born."

- Kelfrey Peldie, Tevet

"There is said to be but one Fortune Tree in all of the Discovered Lands. Some have claimed that it is as tall as a tower, while others have sworn that it is no larger than a dapper Dar. All agree that it is a wonderous thing, with parchment scroll-like leaves, not found twice in the same place. The tree is best known for it's ability to cast a single, true fortune, to each MortalKin to touch it's somber trunk.

No reports have surfaced about it's findings for some time now."

- Lurdran Surth, Maejirica

### GM Description

#### Overview:

The Fortune Tree is a unique tree of Agyris, a distant relative to the great Mithralis Trees of the Wythir, Faeyan, and Antharr. It was first mentioned in Asidri legend in the "Lay of Vielenthi Soloth" as the "Fate Tree" and it's roots go deep into the world. Indeed, it is as old as the world, and was once tended by the God Aggran himself.

#### Appearance:

The Fortune Tree should be the most ancient tree ever encountered. It's surface is much like old bone; hard, white, and yellowed in places. Old iron arrows should pierce it's limbs in places, and an old axe head is stuck into one side of the trunk. The leaves of the tree are an autumnal brown, like old parchment, and thousands of leaves can be seen overhead, but out of reach. Small wooden nuts are scattered throughout the upper limbs, dangerously tempting the unwise.

#### Rules of the Tree:

- It is rare, and should only be found once (at most) by any individual character.
- Each MortalKin to touch the trunk of the tree will recieve a single, parchment leaf, which will include a fairly vague, but ultimately true, fortune.
- If the leaf of the tree is planted upon a grave, the spirit of the person will speak and answer several questions truthfully, but in their native tongue. (One question for every word scribed upon the leaf.) The leaf is destroyed upon planting.

#### Uses:

The Fortune Tree can be encountered anytime that the GM needs the players to recieve an accurate fortune, however common gypsies can fill such a role just fine. It might be more interesting for the players to need a much more powerful, unique fortune, and they must find the Fortune Tree to get it. Perhaps they do a great deal of research to find out that if they carry out a specific, perhaps expensive ritual, the Fortune Tree will appear there within the next 7 full moons. They should also learn that the ritual will work but once for any of them, and they will never find or be able to summon the tree again.

However, it is vital that the information given by the Fortune Tree be unique and very useful to the party.

**Atmosphere:**

Ancient, but not evil or good. Clearly, it should look like someone had tried to cut it down in the past. The rustling of the leaves should sound like whispers, just out of reach of understanding.

**Imis**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Rustmaker		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	rust and patination		
<b>Homeland</b>	Belt of Urgo		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Mediocre	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

**Public Description**

"Yeah, th' Imis touched my blade with his long skinny fingers, and it wuz all over. I wuz jest holdin' a crusty old hilt, where I once had a shining sword. Damned Imis!"

- Glassin of Darkbury

"This creature known locally as the Imis, or Rustmaker, is able to fold back and forth to the mythical region known as "Riddle." They have an appetite for iron and copper, and are capable of turning it to rust by touch. Durga seem to have a hatred for the Imis that goes straight to their core."

- Creatures of Agyris, page 446

**GM Description**

The Imis is a creature of Riddle (Faerrie) that is able to corrupt iron and steel, and make them rust. They are able to jump back and forth from Riddle, unlike most Fey creatures. Also, since they are able to destroy iron (which is the bane of most Fey creatures) the Imis is often accompanied by other faerrie types.

Interestingly, if one puts out a bowl of fresh and honeyed vux milk next to arms and armor, the Imis will not hurt the person's iron things for 77 years. Though the Imis will not drink the milk, they will give it as gifts to faerrie girls that they like very much.

Imis appear as lanky folk, with long, thin limbs, large noses and ears, and bony feet. They are often goaded into action by bossy Neek, who ride them like steeds. Imis stand no more than 2 spans in height.

**Inklings**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Blot Imps		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Parchment and tome covers, seeds, shells, and leaves.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Maejiria		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre

**Public Description**

"The Inking is a fairly peaceful little imp, found primarily in the Southern region of Maejiria. They are grown for their ink production, which is valued by Mages across the DL. They can be pests (especially if teased) though they seem to migrate towards non-violent personalities. Inklings eat parchment, so one must watch them lest they devour the entire library."

-Gyr Monstrosities, volume 19

"You'd better keep an eye on that Inking, scribe! Take yer eye off of him for jest a second, and he'll eat this library down to stick an' stone! Feed him a few grains or seeds, shells or leaves, and he won't get hungry enough to eat my books."

- Schyl Cambrath to his new scribe Luddy Hushfaw

**GM Description****Appearance -**

Small imps with fat bellies and long forked tails, Inklings are most often dark blue or black in color. In actuality, their skin and flesh is transparent, with the coloration coming from the fluid icor which fills them. Maejir found long ago that this icor makes a most wonderful ink, and they use it exclusively to produce the calligraphy in their books and tomes.

**Harvesting the Ink -**

Inklings are actually squeezed for their ink, which is a rather horrible fate which is too terrible to list here. It begins with snipping off the very end of their forked tails, and then the squeezing begins... Ink harvest is usually left to library assistants or acolyte mages. "Proper" folk would never harvest the ink; it's just too gruesome.

**Training -**

Many Inklings can be trained to perform minor tasks, such as fetching quills, dusting shelves, or scaring cats. Wise masters never involve Inklings in tasks which involve parchment, as the creatures have little willpower to prevent them from snacking upon the paper.

(However, it would take an Inking many years to devour a single large book. It is a common misconception that an Inking could eat an entire library in just three days.)

It is very difficult to create an inking that is not blue or black, though red or green varieties are seen from time to time.

**Secrets -**

Inklings are actually produced using minor Maejiri enchantments. Also, Fey can be stored inside of the very rare green varieties which makes them even more valuable. (You'll very seldom see a book written in green inking ink.)

## Jar Imp

<b>Nicknames</b>	Breggshur [bottlebit]		
<b>Size</b>	Poor		
<b>Diet</b>	Vitrae, sweetwine, salt,		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

The Jar Imp is a summoned creature, brought to Agyris through a portal opened by an Ato Fey rift. Employed most often by the Maejir and the Te'Wyth, these small creatures are utilized for their creation of Ato Fey.

#### Appearance-

For successful summoning, Magi have determined that the imp must be summoned into a crystal bottle, decanter, or jar. Without such a vessel to contain the essences of the creature, the newly summoned jar imp will evaporate in just a few moments. If the bottle contains any imperfections or flaws, the summoned imp will likely explode, sending shards of crystal hurling towards the mage.

Jarimps appear as small, humanoids, with large ears and nose, stubby limbs, and blue to gray green colored skin. They have a long tails, which they are constantly toying with. The jars themselves are usually half filled with iridescent liquids, which are a byproduct of the summoning process, and necessary for the imp's survival in the physical world. From time to time, the owner of the imp must add vitrae and other expensive substances to keep the liquid vital.

#### Personality-

Jarimps are nasty, impatient creatures, not at all happy with finding themselves in Agyris. They may spend hour upon hour sitting in their summoning fluids, without doing anything else, and then for no reason at all, become very active. They will chatter, hiss, and splash inside their jar home when they are angry or bored, yet they do very similar things when they are happy. However, they seem to be very fond of their jars, and though they seem quite lazy, they will spend a great deal of time keeping the inside of their home pristine.

Some enterprising mages will learn the language of the jar imp, an obscure dialect of Darkspeak called "P'rim Uth." If a good repertoire develops between an imp and its master, and many gifts of vitrae and Darian sweetwine are added to the jar, the imp may depart with secrets and advice that may be of use to the mage. Unfortunately, many of these chatters are taken as fact, and have spelled the doom of many a young wizard who followed the advice of the imp, without stringent research. The Maejir are fond of this little rhyme: "A jar imp makes Fey, and such help makes haste. But a mage who listens twice, can weave such a waste."

Research has indicated that some jarimps are capable of learning, and many have been taught to perform simple tasks and tricks. This is not an indication of imp intelligence, (for they are consistently very bright) but one rather of the imp's individual desire to please its master. Koer Keas, a renowned mage of the Third Age, is said to have had many jarimps that "Could perform any number of eld canticles and stories, and count and add large sums of numberettes, measure tyme, and read from the mage's owne bookes rite through the jar." Though Koer is an extreme example, many such stories have surfaced from ancient texts and tablets, leading this author to believe that the imp's may be very trainable.

### GM Description

#### Secrets of the Jar Imps-

If the jar of the imp is ever cracked, or in some other way broken, the imp instantly explodes when in contact with normal air. Even if the jar is unstopped for several days at a time, the vitality of the imp begins to leave, until eventually, it withers away. Even after death, the imp's corpse still creates a little Fey. Though the Fey created is very weak, the bones are fairly valuable to wizards and summoners for various spells, and is one of the primary ingredients for the "summon jar imp" incantation.

Jarimps will never speak of their age, real name, or homeland.

#### Quick Plot-

Green Fire,

The party is hired by Torbyn Galyks, a maejiri Schyl (wizard) who is intent upon destroying the works of his nemesis, Rew S'di. Rew is also a mage, and Torbyn has heard through some contacts of his own, (Rew's maid) that he is planning on summoning a dozen new jarimps in three days. If successful, Rew will finally have the power to cast great spells, and destroy Torbyn's career. He will offer several tokens, 2 Fey crystals, 1 vitrae, and the "reading" of one item. (Gymasters should feel free to adjust the reward according to her own group.)

Torbyn suggests that the party could sneak into Rew's stead, and etch some flaws into the bottoms of the jars. When Rew summons the imp's, the bottles will be destroyed. (In fact, the entire building will go up in green flames, though Torbyn will not mention this fact.)

Rew's stead is a large stone vault of a building, with tall thin windows, and a domed copper roof. The yard is covered in lush ivy, and is surrounded by a huge iron fence, topped with many sharp blades. (Torbyn is unaware that several leaf lurkers are

hiding in the ivy at all hours, waiting for intruders.)

Torbyn has a duplicate of the gate key, and has arranged for the garbage chute to remain ajar next eve.

Possible Complications:

#1 (Powerful Party) Perhaps Rew is aware of Torbyn's plot, but has no idea that he will hire a group to do his dirty work. He readies his 4 viquists to keep watch, and sets up a number of minor traps in his home to "distract" any intruders from his real defence: Sabira, his Mordette.

## Jurrad Vo Doth

<b>Nicknames</b>	BellPawn		
<b>Size</b>	Mediocre		
<b>Diet</b>	Souls		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Mediocre
<b>Public Description</b>			

"The Jurrad er extinct. They was all wiped out in the BellWars til none were left. (Jarriks light petrified them.) Nobody was quite sure what side they was fightin' for..."

- Geif Lebb, Tevet

"...The Jurrad never really existed. They were formulated in the over-active imagination of some impotent Bard several centuries ago. They have been elevated to legend when they don't even deserve to be remembered in folklore."

- The Book of 9 Bells

"To date few Jurrad have been seen in the discovered lands, since the end of the third age. After the Bronn battles were fought, the jurad were thought to have been destroyed, or some even speculated that they retreated back to their distant homeland. It is only certain that the terrible beasts have been largely forgotten, & and that they are considered a creature of another dusty age."

- Skyphos of Sirvat

## GM Description

The Jurrad were created to serve Mordain's cause in war. They were created by Quellis with great help from Mordain, from the souls of those lost in the Bell's ringing.

Though few remember the Jurrad, most believe that they were all destroyed in the last BellWar, by the forces of Light. This is untrue. Instead, as the Bell was rung, the Jurrad were instructed to dig and burrow themselves deep into the land, to await the next war. The Jurrad returned to their petrified form, and now simply rest, waiting.

Farmers occasionally dig up a stone Jurrad when they're plowing their fields. They are sometimes used as fenceposts, in roads, or even stacked in town walls. Jurrad are everywhere.

All Jurrad can be awakened from their petrified state by the ringing of a Bell. They will rise to investigate, and then return to the earth if the time is not right for war. They are waiting for the call of Quellis, their Queen.

Jurrad hate the sun, and are petrified (until dark) by it.

Quick and diminutive, the bellpaw is the smallest of the Jurad, and they make up the masses of the BellQueen's armies. They are as mean as all jurad, with huge jaws, long loping arms, and powerful upper bodies.

The coloration of the bellpawns' skin is a ruddy gray, sometimes with darker spots mottling down the back to its muscled tail. They eyes are a bestial yellow, set deep in the skull to protect it from bright lights and attack.

Like all jurad, the bellpaw avoids the light of day, preferring instead to move about in the shadows of darkness. In daylight the jurad is practically blind(-15%), and after a short time in direct sun blisters will appear on the exposed skin.

The bellpaw has very limited eyesight, instead relying upon its acute sense of smell to locate its enemy. This allows it to track its enemies with remarkable accuracy. (Wildtrack 65% citytrack 50% desert track 65% mountain track 45%)

The jurad all come from the far east, in the ruins of the old kingdom, which they decimated in the Bellwars of the 1st age. It is said that they originally hail from the mountains to the east of that ancient kingdom, and that they tunneled for 400 years until they reached the old capitol. In any case, it is certain that they have been under the sway of the foul bell, since its inception. (It is rumored that the jurad were created by Mordain the reaper, from a wingbone of Vitran the dragon, combined with the essence of his hatred and the bile of a Worl, the sea spinner.)

The diet of the jurad is a simple one: raw meat. They require a great amount of food every day, typically devouring everything in an ecosystem, if left unchecked. For some reason, the jurad are immune to most known poisons, besides toranade eel spines, which cause them the same painful death as any race. The only weakness of the bellpaw is the nectar of the shaleflower, which grows only upon the isle of Aetheos. This nectar repulses the bellpaw, causing a -30% penalty to all

skills. This is largely forgotten, since the Jurad have not been seen in the discovered lands for 2 ages...

There are 3 types of Jurrad:

Jurrad Vo Doth - The "small ones" or "BellPawns." These are the most numerous of the Jurrad, and are somewhat smaller than a manling. They are very strong for their size, and quite tough, able to rip apart an unarmored man with their strong claws. They rarely use weapons or armor, instead just using their natural weapons. They follow the orders of the Vo Kith, which are given in Eld.

Jurrad Vo Kith - The "mighty ones." Almost as large as an Ogra, the Vo Kith are very powerful warriors. Usually equipped with armor and picks, they tear through units of manlings with little difficulty. Prior to war they go about the land finding and digging up Vo Doth, to ready them for war.

Jurrad Vo Leth - The "thunder ones." As large as a Raluut, the Vo Leth thunder across the battlefield, commanding the lesser Jurrad, and spreading the howling Waik Fey. The Vo Leth are fewest in numbers, but are the most powerful.

## Jurrad Vo Kith

<b>Nicknames</b>	Bell Knights		
<b>Size</b>	Good		
<b>Diet</b>	Mortalkin Souls		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

### Public Description

"I can feel it in my bones that we've not heard the last of the Jurrad-spawn. By my beard I know that they are again about, gathering at night, and burying themselves in the fields of Man. Let us hope that it is not too late for our taller cousins... for if they fall, so shall We."

- Hauver, Hauverhold.

"Heh... \*spit\* I dug 3 up this month. I'm buildin' a barn for Mama, an I'm usin' them things as posts. I wonder who made em, an why? \*spit\*\*"

- Angly Corsmuth, Ang

"To date few Jurrad have been seen in the discovered lands, since the end of the third age. After the Bronn battles were fought, the jurad were thought to have been destroyed, or some even speculated that they retreated back to their distant homeland. It is only certain that the terrible beasts have been largely forgotten, & and that they are considered a creature of another dusty age."

- Skyphos of Sirvat

### GM Description

The Jurrad were created to serve Mordain's cause in war. They were created by Quellis with great help from Mordain, from the souls of those lost in the Bell's ringing.

Though few remember the Jurrad, most believe that they were all destroyed in the last BellWar, by the forces of Light. This is untrue. Instead, as the Bell was rung, the Jurrad were instructed to dig and burrow themselves deep into the land, to await the next war. The Jurrad returned to their petrified form, and now simply rest, waiting.

Farmers occasionally dig up a stone Jurrad when they're plowing their fields. They are sometimes used as fenceposts, in roads, or even stacked in town walls. Jurrad are everywhere.

All Jurrad can be awakened from their petrified state by the ringing of a Bell. They will rise to investigate, and then return to the earth if the time is not right for war. They are waiting for the call of Quellis, their Queen.

Jurrad hate the sun, and are petrified (until dark) by it.

Huge and destructive, the Bellknight is amongst the largest of the jurad, and they make up the elite forces of the bellqueen's armies. They are as vicious as any jurad, with huge jaws, monstrous clawed paws, and powerful limbs.

The coloration of the bellknight' skin is a ruddy gray, sometimes with darker spots mottling down the back to its muscled tail. They eyes are a bestial yellow, set deep in the skull to protect it from bright lights and attack.

Like all jurad, the bellknight avoids the light of day, preferring instead to move about in the shadows of darkness. In daylight the jurad is practically blind(-15%), and after a short time in direct sun blisters will appear on the exposed skin.

The bellknight has very limited eyesight, instead relying upon its sensitive sense of smell to locate its enemy. This allows it to track its enemies with remarkable accuracy. (Wildtrack 45% citytrack 40% desert track 55% mountain track 35%)

There are 3 types of Jurrad:

Jurrad Vo Doth - The "small ones" or "BellPawns." These are the most numerous of the Jurrad, and are somewhat smaller than a manling. They are very strong for their size, and quite tough, able to rip apart an unarmored man with their strong claws. They rarely use weapons or armor, instead just using their natural weapons. They follow the orders of the Vo Kith, which are

given in Eld.

Jurrad Vo Kith - The "mighty ones." Almost as large as an Ogra, the Vo Kith are very powerful warriors. Usually equipped with armor and picks, they tear through units of manlings with little difficulty. Prior to war they go about the land finding and digging up Vo Doth, to ready them for war.

Jurrad Vo Leth - The "thunder ones." As large as a Raluut, the Vo Leth thunder across the battlefield, commanding the lesser Jurrad, and spreading the howling Waik Fey. The Vo Leth are fewest in numbers, but are the most powerful.

### **Jurrad Vo Leth**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Hounds of Mordain		
<b>Size</b>	Superb		
<b>Diet</b>	Souls of the Mortalkin		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Superb	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

#### **Public Description**

"Cut in darkness, forged in rage, the Jurrad shall turn the land, into a cage."  
- A stanza of a forgotten poem of the Faeyan.

"To date few Jurrad have been seen in the discovered lands, since the end of the third age. After the Bronn battles were fought, the jurad were thought to have been destroyed, or some even speculated that they retreated back to their distant homeland. It is only certain that the terrible beasts have been largely forgotten, & and that they are considered a creature of another dusty age."  
- Skyphos of Sirvat

#### **GM Description**

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Though few remember the Jurrad, most believe that they were all destroyed in the last BellWar, by the forces of Light. This is untrue. Instead, as the Bell was rung, the Jurrad were instructed to dig and burrow themselves deep into the land, to await the next war. The Jurrad returned to their petrified form, and now simply rest, waiting.

Farmers occasionally dig up a stone Jurrad when they're plowing their fields. They are sometimes used as fenceposts, in roads, or even stacked in town walls. Jurrad are everywhere.

All Jurrad can be awakened from their petrified state by the ringing of a Bell. They will rise to investigate, and then return to the earth if the time is not right for war. They are waiting for the call of Quellis, their Queen.

Jurrad hate the sun, and are petrified (until dark) by it.

Huge and destructive, the Bellhound is the largest and most feared of the jurad, and they make up the special forces of the bellqueen's armies. They are as vicious as any jurad, with huge jaws, monstrous clawed paws, and powerful limbs.

The coloration of the bellknight' skin is a ruddy gray, sometimes with darker spots mottling down the back to its muscled tail. Their eyes are a bestial yellow, set deep in the skull to protect it from bright lights and attack.

Like all jurad, the bellhound avoids the light of day, preferring instead to move about in the shadows of darkness. In daylight the jurad is practically blind(-15%), and after a short time in direct sun blisters will appear on the exposed skin.

The bellknight has very limited eyesight, instead relying upon its sensitive sense of smell to locate its enemy. This allows it to track its enemies with remarkable accuracy. (wildtrack 45% citytrack 40% desert track 55% mountain track 35%)

There are 3 types of Jurrad:

Jurrad Vo Doth - The "small ones" or "BellPawns." These are the most numerous of the Jurrad, and are somewhat smaller than a manling. They are very strong for their size, and quite tough, able to rip apart an unarmored man with their strong claws. They rarely use weapons or armor, instead just using their natural weapons. They follow the orders of the Vo Kith, which are given in Eld.

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### **Mordette**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Shadowmaid, [dark-kisser]
<b>Size</b>	Fair

<b>Diet</b>	Souls, spirits, and pain.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Agyris		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor
<b>Public Description</b>			

"The apparition arose before me, and I saw the lovely form of a young woman, all dark and somewhat hazy, but certainly beautiful. She had long flowing locks, reaching past her feet, and she seemed to float just off of the ground."

"She smiled at me, and her hair began to flow all about her delicious body, though there was no wind that I could feel. In no time at all, I was in her embrace, and I could barely feel her hair entwining my body. I felt no alarm at the turn of events, and was pleased to have her attentions. It had been some time since I had made any time for a woman."

"Suddenly, I hear Taesh's cry, and the warrior maiden was brandishing her shining blade at the apparition. Coming to my senses, I saw that I was fully tangled in the spirit's locks, and I was unable to move my body. The ghost began to kiss me, as I tried to chant a spell of breaking. But I was very weak indeed..."

"Luckily, Taesh shashed at the spirit, and it cried out a frightful scream, yet I could feel the grip on my body tighten. I couldn't continue my evocation, as my voice had faded away. I felt very light, and I could feel my own soul begin to dissipate..."

"I saw many flashes of light, and that is all that I can remember of that night. Some time later, I awoke to Taesh's voice, who was praying to Jarrik to ward my soul, and fortify my spirit with light. I am fortunate to this day to have her friendship and the defence of her powerful blade. As it turns out, her blade cut through the tendrils of the spirit's hair, releasing me from its attack."

"It took me six weeks before I could walk again, unaided. Taesh teases me about my "spirit-wife" whenever she gets the chance."

"We never did figure out what attacked our camp that night..."  
-Elemic Shoon, from a diary found on the Thraeton Plains, dated 4a1467

### GM Description

Mordettes are evil spirits, once created to serve Mordain on Gyr. In fact, they are simply corruptions of sprites, twisted to serve as the Dark One's messengers. With the Warding Pact, Mordain was swept from the land, leaving the beautiful creatures behind. They have thrived in the Ages since, devouring countless souls and living with no real master. Over the ages they have become less civilized, and now are little more than feral spirits.

The Mordette appear as dark, transparent silhouettes of beautiful women, with extremely long, wavy flowing hair. They only appear in dark, shrouded areas, or at night. They seem to float just off of the ground, and their hair moves with unseen winds. They are vicious, and take joy in attacking anything with a good heart, though they will readily attack anything when they are hungry.

It is believed that the kiss of a mordette is sure death, though this is not true. The kiss is simply the way that they take in nourishment. They can often be seen on battlefields, "kissing" the recently departed.

Mordette are able to pass through wood, shallow earth, or even thin stone, but never iron, steel or copper. Fresh herbs placed on every wall of a room will prevent them from entering most of the time.

If one is able to lasso a Mordette with a band of faerie wings, it will render her powerless towards the caster. If threatened with exposure of sunlight, she will reveal her true name. A mordette may be commanded by any that know her real name, and be kept in a silver box to serve her master as needed. Take heed, for if she is ever let out of her box on knellnight, she will no longer be bound to her master, and will probably take revenge on those that enslaved her.

#### Combat-

The hair spiritually entangles their enemies, rendering limb and mind numb, in just a few combat rounds. They also will attack with a sensual touch, that will kill a mortal in three strikes, even through armor. Mordettes will attack men before women, Eld races before humans.

#### Known Weakness-

Holy water will cause them great pain, and will sometimes drive them off. They are only hurt with blessed or enchanted weapons, though silver or iron weapons will cause them 1/2 damage.

#### Unknown Weakness-

A Mordette is instantly struck dead if it is splashed with one entire Vitrae potion. They of course cannot enter holy shrines of any type, even of dead gods.

#### Secrets-

The Bell Queen has a harem of Mordettes at her disposal. They most often serve as her spies, following her enemies in the dark. During the day, they will sleep in the ground. After feedings, a mordette may not appear for several years.

### Neek

<b>Nicknames</b>	Goadettes
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<b>Size</b>	Terrible		
<b>Diet</b>	Lust		
<b>Homeland</b>	Riddle		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Fair	<b>Frequency</b>	Poor

**Public Description**

"She wuz so prutty. So soft. An light. She took muh eyes. I followed her all over Rid', an until mah friends helped me, I wuz lost..."

-Gatchrun Suth, Sirvat. Ogra.

**GM Description**

The Neek appear as soft little fey folk, with butterfly wings, and the bodies of tiny women. They give off a hazy yellow aura, and they love the nether light of Riddle. In the rare times that they appear in the Discovered Lands, they appear only at dusk and dawn. Pure, unfiltered sunlight kills Neek, instantly.

Neek take pleasure in riding Imis, as they are able to easily fool the larger fey creatures to do their bidding. They will often charm Mortal-Kin males who have just recently arrived in Riddle, and trick them into carrying the Neek about - often trying to get them to frequent brothels so that they may take some fresh sustenance from the lust that is generated. In any case, they can be dangerous, forcing the Mortal-Kin to do things that they might otherwise not. If thwarted by a particularly willful "slave", the Neek will try to get other of her kind to charm the Mortal, and attempt to force them to attack their friends and companions.

**Pyt**

<b>Nicknames</b>	low Walkers, Spirit Thieves, Blue Watchers.		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Fear, curiosity, pain; emotion.		
<b>Homeland</b>	Abos		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Terrible	<b>Frequency</b>	Good

**Public Description**

"Yup knave, them there is Pytes, which 'as been followin' you through the alleys an the streets. Pay 'em no mind, fer they can't hurt ye. Well, not unless ya listen to the constant whisperin' thet their always makin'. That'll drive yer top watery, it will. Ya won't find em in the Gyrlands, but I guess that I don't need to tell ye that..."

Appearance:

The Pyt appear as angular shadows, of the deepest blue. They are slightly transparent, and not easily seen in the sunless realm of Riddle. If one looks closely, they will notice that the sideview of a Pyt is as thin as a sheaf of parchment. Bright light sources will shimmer if seen through the body of a Pyt.

"Some say that they're ghosts, an others that they are spirit thieves, jus lookin' fer a new body to shore up in."

**GM Description**

Real Story:

Any who die in Riddle become a Pyt. Since Riddle is partitioned off from the spirit world of Gyr, souls of the departed are unable to return to their rightful places. Instead, they are trapped in Riddle for eternity. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they quickly forget who they once were, why they came here, or even the faces of their loved ones. In all cases, Pytes have only ever been recorded in the realm of Riddle.

Culture:

Pytes tend to congregate in small groups, numbering anywhere from three, to over fifty in some cases. They follow folk about, whispering and cackling together, but never making any sense, or even recognizable sounds. Occasionally however, they repeat parts of conversations that they overhear, often to the chagrin of those "echoed." They certainly don't understand what they repeat.

Pytes rarely cause any harm to those that they follow. They simply give folk the creeps, that's all.

Diet:

Pytes require no "normal" nutrients. Because of their empty nature, Pytes are attracted to the spiritual essence that makes up most folk. They "feed" off of strong emotions, such as happiness, fear, pain, curiosity, etc. This explains why they are drawn to so many newcomers to Riddle; these new folk have little experience that will prepare them for the oddities of the spiral land, which constantly awakens forgotten emotions.

Battle:

Pytes will rarely fight. If challenged they will either drift away, or fold themselves sideways and disappear. If attacked with Fey weapons or spells and cornered, they will shriek and perhaps strike back with paper thin claws, which cut as well as any good blade. They will attempt to flee whenever possible, however. Pyts never fight to the death, since they have nothing to gain or lose.

**Atmosphere:**

I use Pytes to make Explorers uncomfortable. It gives them the sense that things are "different" here, and that they had better be cautious.

**Uses:**

Pytes should be lurking in every corner of Akryptica; behind every stall, and under every pub table. This said, they should also be relatively harmless. There are far more dangerous things in Riddle, and everything need not be deadly. They really have no intellect left, so they won't spill any secrets, or call upon any Vash to come to their aid if they are attacked. They are for setting the stage and making it feel strange and creepy.

**Quick Plot: (Sort of)**

I think that it would be interesting that if an NPC or PC were killed, they would become a Pyt and follow the other players around for a little bit.

After combat settles down, describe the body laying there, and then have this blueish shadow start to rise up and kind of float there for a while. (As if it is surveying the situation.)

At first the Pyt would have a sliver of her former personality, but after a short time she would start to fade until she was no different than all of the other ones. She might follow her lost friends for a long time, without the knowledge of why she is following them. Perhaps every time the Explorers return to Riddle, they are met by a single Pyt who follows them around the whole time they are there. Never speaking. Just watching.

**Shrine-Dead**

<b>Nicknames</b>	Hollow Ones		
<b>Size</b>	Fair		
<b>Diet</b>	Nightmares, fear, tears		
<b>Homeland</b>	Discovered Lands		
<b>Danger Class</b>	Good	<b>Frequency</b>	Terrible

**Public Description**

"We were jest (COUGH) diggin' lookin' fer some stray tokens, that's all. We weren't (COUGH) meanin' no trouble a'tall. But then we (COUGH) broke through inta (COUGH) another chamber, an that was it! (COUGH) There was grey people comin' out! They'd grab at us, an they drug Voby an' Kern right in. We could hear em cough, like me now, an' then jest cry in pain. (COUGH)(COUGH)"

"We got our picks an we (COUGH) struck at 'em, but yeller poison jest (COUGH) came out. I only jest gotta whif (COUGH) of it, 'fore I ran right out. Th' (COUGH) others were all but dead, yeller froth comin outta their mouths. They was dead AN alive. (COUGH) Now mah lungs er all spoiled, an I cun only walk a poor bit, fore I (COUGH). Before I cough..."  
- Langly Serth, Veldune, 1 week before he died of yellow cough.

**GM Description**

The Shrine-Dead were once the followers of Nerumis, the Lord of the Endless Slumber. (Death.)

When Mordain the Reaper attacked his old friend, Nerumis, Nerumis had no choice but to call upon the souls of his worshippers for power. Unfortunately, this power was not enough, and the souls Nerumis and his followers were forged into the Ebon Bell. Mordain continued his quest for God souls, and attacked many of the Old Lords.

These hollow ones were left behind, at once mourning and hating their dead god. They returned to their shrines, in hope that Nerumis had not betrayed them. They had been promised an eternal life of quite slumber and dark peace. Nerumis never returned. Centuries passed, and they have never left their posts. They have grown darker over time, and are as evil as he who has stolen their souls.

The anger and resentment of these Shrine-dead has left them old, dried, and withered. Their hatred has turned into poison, filling thier hollow bodies and bones with acrid yellow gas. If they are hit with powerful blows, this acrid yellow poison pours forth, staining iron, etching glass, and burning flesh and lungs.

They hate the living, because they themselves had their lives stolen from them and because they are jealous of life. They lash out in their hate.

**Appearance -**

The Hollow Ones appear as withered corpses, covered in dried brown skin, with wisps of yellow gasses escpacing from their mouths, nose holes, and empty eyes. They are unarmed and armored, and they usually wear charcoal robes with simple silver clasps. (The silver holy symbols of Nerumis.)

They always appear angry, with their faces contorted in hate.