

FINAL FANTASY TACTICS

Player's Guide



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Player's Guide

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Chapter 1

Setting



"Name?"
"Arusha"
"Tribe?"
"Rok'Nar"

No sooner had he posed the question than the Kronoss felt a sudden awkwardness, a rare warm feeling of unaccustomed discomfort. In truth, the question about the Tribe was just routine, intended mainly to get confirmation from the candidate himself, which was far more diplomatic than the indelicacy of asking to see his or her Tribe symbol. Such a thing would have never been tolerated in a Ferua village and was inconceivable in the elegant parlors of Sir Ateron.

Although necessary, however, the question was redundant, given the peculiar somatic traits typical of each Tribe. A complexion as dark as a moonless night was unmistakably Oscurian, especially if they were on the short side. Similarly, the races that resembled them physically, such as Lumians, Janahs and Menoosh, could also be identified in most cases by the color of their eyes, hair and clothing. To say nothing of the Rok'Nars, equal only to the Gromsh, perhaps, in terms of being easily recognizable.

Even the most creative being would have needed the wildest imagination to attribute a body made of stone to any other race. In that instance, the effort would have been even greater because the Rok'Nar in question was a female. In fact, the females of that Tribe loved to proudly flaunt the luxuriant vegetation growing in the cracks of their very hard skin, obviously a gift from Mother Earth to her beloved daughters. The vegetation was usually well cared for and arranged so that it would cover what might have been considered embarrassing—by others—such as parts of the body that were usually covered or the symbol of their Tribe.

Ivy covered those and most of the remaining parts of Arusha's body. Female Rok'Nars could exert a level of control over the growth of their flora and accelerate it until they were fully covered by it in a matter of just a few days. They used to do this when they were about to leave for one of those places others viewed as the most 'civilized' villages.

Arusha just averted her eyes, shook her head and waited for the next question, which she knew was going to be as obvious as the previous one.

"Job?"

"None."

"Community village, I suppose."

"Yes, that's correct. Each of us does what the Mother requires, every day. We are fully capable of adapting in order to take care of each other's needs."

"Do you know the conditions with regards to the path you are about to embark upon, Arusha of the Rok'Nar?"

"To tell the truth, I don't, nor do I care about them. You required the presence of a member of our Tribe, and I was chosen by the Mother to fulfill this duty. If called upon, Rok'Nars won't back down, but we will continue to comply with the laws of nature, irrespective of the conditions you impose on the others."

"I suppose this is an acceptable answer. I shall trust your word, Disciple of the Mother. Do you hereby relieve Sir Ateron of all responsibility, then?"

"Without question. He's just a temporary guest of this Earth, after all."

Following procedure was important, of course, but knowing how to adapt it to the person being questioned without altering its form or validity was the specific job of the interviewer. The usual question about how to dispose of Arusha's body in the event of her death was in this instance extremely inappropriate because in death, each member of the Tribe was reunited with the earth. He decided he would make every effort not to look ridiculous in her eyes.

While the Kronoss was putting the documents away, Arusha allowed a few branches of ivy to slide down so smoothly and naturally that it looked incidental and made direct contact with the ground. No matter how thick the walls of a building, if Mother Earth was beyond them, a Rok'Nar could always sense her and establish contact with her. She could already feel it, albeit weakly, beneath her feet, and as the vibrations ran along the branches to the roots of the plant, that feeling grew tenfold.

Contact with the Mother could relax one's nerves like nothing else. At the village, when they decided to send an Elder to represent the Tribe, as the Kami required, all eyes turned to her. As an ambassador who had often traveled among the other races, Arusha knew how to interact with them. Above all, she was better able to endure being forced to live surrounded by walls and artefacts that drove people away from the very essence of their own habitat. This was because she was one of the Mother's beloved ones. Even through thick artificial layers, she could feel her distinctly and hear Her call, Her ever-sweet melody.

Sir Ateron's servant pulled out the Cube and put it down slowly on the table before him. Arusha observed it carefully. It was a lidded wooden box with metal hinges. She knew it definitely was not wooden because nature's voice would have resonated through it, but it was still barely a whisper, reaching her through layers of marble. So why make it look like wood? What did its creator have in mind? She summoned her ivy back around her hands to receive—without being seen—information about the nature of the object before touching it.

Her craggy fingers never managed to reach the mysterious geometric object. The moment the first ivy leaf brushed the Cube, the whole room changed. Furniture, colors, odors...everything was different. Arusha did not notice those details immediately; she did not even look around because she was prey to an unfamiliar anguish, and anxiety was taking her breath away, while her heart throbbed in her chest like the persistent banging of a hammer. Throughout her long life, she had always felt the warmth, the familiar melodious harmony of nature that pervaded her whole being. To learn the meaning of cold and silence at the same time was devastating.

She struggled to breath, panting, as if she had forgotten how to breathe. She let herself fall to the ground on all fours and pressed her hands to the decorated floor. Nothing. She lay down, desperately trying to embrace the ground. Nothing. She extended every branch and leaf of her ivy to find that contact again without success. Her bond with the Mother had been severed; there was no longer any trace of Her anywhere.

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Just imagine a world where men and women are neither born nor grow old, a fantastic place where magic pervades everything and everyone, where life's first experiences are not learnt but are something you have never been taught and yet somehow already know. Welcome to Enascentia.

While conventional natural law here applies to both flora and fauna, people are outside them somehow. They do not reproduce as animals do, nor do their bodies grow old with time. Instead, they are generated in one of the many Gardens of Life, a conventional name to indicate the place where everything begins, no matter to what race the individual belongs or any other factor. In fact, these are not real gardens (some of them are actually devoid of any vegetation), and the origin of their name has long been lost. The only thing they have in common is a wide polished stone about three feet in diameter. It is a finely carved pedestal, engraved around its base with some inscriptions in a never-before-deciphered code. Each Newly Generated appears out of thin air, right on the stone, without an accompanying phenomenon that might signal his coming. There are no sounds, lights or anything: he simply appears, standing on that stone. His clothes and his gear—minimal—are in the style of the Tribe to which he belongs.

When a new person opens his (or hers) eyes for the first time, his brain is already filled with notions seeking

a match in the surrounding reality. He already knows how to walk, run and jump; he knows the grass is soft and the earth hard, but he has never trodden on either. Likewise, he knows how a rose should smell, but he never smelt one; he knows he can grab and throw a stone, but has never felt its weight in his hand.

He has all the knowledge a person between twenty and forty years of age is supposed to have, but he has no memory of past experiences, because he actually never had any. Physically, he looks between twenty and forty, and his looks will never change with time. Concepts such as 'growing old', 'son', 'mother'—just like any other connected to natural conception and birth—are known only because they exist in nature and apply to animals.

On Enascentia, a person could, theoretically, live for years, centuries, even millennia: its inhabitants are potentially immortal, at least until illness, poisons, spells, or even a commonplace blade come into play. Being ageless, he cannot prevent bleeding or choking to death.



Newly Generated Basic Knowledge

They know:

- The weight, shape, colour and smell of common objects and animals, of things that can be found in nature or that can be built —flowers, plants, weapons, tools, etc.—as well as the taste of edible and easily available foods. They will not be able to recognise an extremely rare flower, however, or the taste of some very refined dish made by a famous cook.
- Animal calls and cries, natural sounds and those produced by contact between two or more elements.
- The geography, flora and fauna of the area where they have been generated. A Newly Generated from Dejama, for example, is aware of the presence and general characteristics of the Black Desert, the Rakar and the star videnya. Conversely, he knows nothing about Si-An, the Varnha Desert or the Silver Aredea. He knows, however, that on Enascentia there are dry and ice-covered lands, jungles and swamps, and that the snow falls on the highest mountains. He ignores the names of those places far away from where he was generated, particularly those on other continents, as well as of their cities and specific places, but he is aware there are other lands whose number and nature are unknown to him.
- All normal motor skills, even the most complex ones—such as climbing a mountain or a tree—and sometimes the use of one or more weapons.
- Two languages, the common language spoken by all Races, and the one spoken only by his Tribe. At the time of their Genesis, only the members of two Tribes do not know how to read or write: the Ferua and the Gromsh. All the others have this knowledge.
- Awareness of their character and nature, as well as of their Tribes' fundamental ideology. From the very beginning, the way they see the world will be conditioned by their affiliation to a specific Tribe. As time goes by, however, each individual may follow a markedly different path of his own.
- A general idea of Kami and their own precise vision.
- The presence of nine other Tribes besides theirs; the Newly Generated know little about them other than a brief description of their general aspects and a few notions about their nature.
- The past existence of other Tribes. A Newly Generated knows nothing about them, but he is generated with the awareness that other races trod the earth before the present ones.



THE KAMI

Among the notions a Newly Generated possesses, there is that of 'Kami'. More than an abstract idea, it is a broad term with countless meanings and interpretations, depending on who analyses them. To some, the Kami is the origin of everything: the source of life, whatever decided a specific living being should be in a determined place at a specific moment. To others, it is a creed, a set of righteous precepts to be followed devotedly in blind faith. Others still see it as a figure to be held as a model on which to shape one's lifestyle, or as an ideology, a set of feelings, a hope. There are some who believe in all this and some who maintain the Kami is something else altogether.

It is difficult, and in the end useless, to define it. What really matters is that via its view of the Kami, each Tribe finds its own answers to life's great questions—those questions that immediately require an answer because of how their life began. At times, some Newly Generated decide they are not interested in finding an answer.

MAGIC: THE VEIL

Magic permeates everything and everybody on Enascentia. Its power is everywhere, but it does not alter either the landscape or the natural

laws governing it because it is a sort of raw arcane force: it is a dormant magic potential, a supply of power there for those who can tap into it. Just imagine it as a thin, transparent veil that covers everything, always present, but never studied in detail; only some skilful tailors know how to work it and sew clothing and cloaks for themselves with that precious Veil.

Enchanters never create anything from thin air; they simply alter the magic essence surrounding them, manipulating it in a way that best suits their needs. It will be the Veil itself that will unravel its own knots and flow back down to where it was originally. Those who can emanate heat from their own hands or change their appearances draw from that natural raw power. At times, however, they also make use of their own magic potential, because everybody is, in fact, enveloped by that arcane cloth.

However, the Veil doesn't cover all Enascentia's surface evenly. Through the centuries, tailors equipped with special scissors have cut away small pieces which the original cloth was never able to replace, while others added patches that never completely blended with the whole. If, on the one hand, it is true that natural laws rule everything—from gravity pushing water down a waterfall to the instinct that makes a hare run away from a wolf—on the other hand it is equally true that there are places where water flows up rock faces or the hare hunts the wolf.

THE TEN TRIBES

Each Newly Generated who appears on Enascentia belongs to one of the following ten Tribes (a detailed description of each can be found from page 28 onwards):

Ferua: A Tribe whose members are all female, anthropomorphic, lethal, feline predators. They live according to the laws of nature and specifically the survival of the fittest, and despise any kind of technological progress. They usually fight with fangs and claws, but they aren't above using a good bow or a blowpipe.

Gromsh: The members—all male—of this Tribe can be recognised as such at a glance: they are large in size, with exposed bony protrusions and other possible anomalies such as a scaly tail and a third eye in a randomly chosen part of the body. They follow the precepts of Chaos—which, to them, is a synonym of Chance—and thus turn themselves into real time bombs that are always ready to detonate.

Janah: Typically, they have darker-than-normal skin and usually jet-black eyes and hair. A fighting race, the Janah set themselves a goal and do their utmost to achieve it, even relinquishing themselves to a tireless alter ego. They try to better themselves through direct confrontation and by overcoming ever greater self-imposed obstacles.



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Kronoss: This is the most rational among the Tribes, with a tendency to study and logically analyse any interesting subject. They see the Kami as Time and devote all their efforts to thoroughly research this subject. Not prone to fighting, they are instead very skilled enchanters.

Lumian: Loyalty, uprightness, generosity and honesty are just some of the virtues guiding a Lumian's life. They follow the light in all its—mostly symbolic—manifestations. They are easily recognisable by their extremely fair complexions and blond hair as well as by their heavy armour and their weapons of choice: all known kinds of swords.

Menoosh: They are free spirits, aesthetes devoted to any form of artistic expression. Theirs is also a race that more than any other explores and expresses its own sexuality. Their major physical characteristics are their flaming-red hair and an aversion to wearing clothes. Skilled scribes, they are usually chosen as ambassadors because they maintain good relationships with all the other Tribes.

Oscurian: If you need something—any kind of object or service—the odds are that you will end up turning to an Oscurian. For the most part mercenaries and merchants, Obscurians always meet people with a ready smile and a dagger to plunge in their backs as soon as they turn them. They have a very dark—from

purple to black—complexion and are small; their specialty is selling information, be it true or false.

Rok'Nar: These rock-skinned beings are considered the defenders of the earth, which they simply call the Mother. Being in contact with the ground is of utmost importance to them, just as it is to care for and respect normal natural cycles. The women also grow a plant on their bodies—a different one on each—which is a sign of the Mother's favour.

Senduar: Tireless travellers, they believe that life's purpose is to accumulate sensorial experiences, and that to do it, it is necessary to be always on the move and visit as many places as possible. Experiences need to be first-hand and to be assimilated, which is why Senduars are not very open to dialogue; they are good listeners, but hate to speak. Their skin is the same texture as wet sand.

Whispling: Disciples of the Wind, which is what they call their Fathers, they are free creatures who cherish their ability to improvise. Blue-skinned, with hair that blends with the air, they are the only race that can fly. They prefer ranged weapons and prefer closed, restricted places.

The Lost Tribes

The above-listed Tribes are not the first ones ever to appear on Enascentia, and they might not be the last. It is common knowledge that ten Tribes

are always generated at the same time, but little is known about the dynamics of the Genesis.

The only known fact is that other races existed in the past and that their numbers dwindled drastically, also because of the lack of any Newly Generated. The few surviving individuals go under the common name of Lost Tribes. They are quite rare and usually held in very high esteem because they are the keepers of mostly unknown information.

The First Generated

If a Newly Generated does not belong to any existing tribe, he is then considered as the First Generated of his race, which will be named after him. His coming is never an isolated event, but it opens the door to the coming of his people to Enascentia. Such events occurred in the past, but they happened so long ago—and so seldom—that their very memory got buried over time, and they are now unknown to the majority of the people.

Usually, the adventurers impersonated by the players have no detailed knowledge about each existing First Generated, but the members of a specific Tribe might know something about their progenitor, particularly if they have long been on Enascentia and even more if they live around the capital city of their Tribe.

The Capital Cities

It is said that the First Generated of the existing Tribes also founded each tribe's capital city, so called because they were the very first example of their civilisation, which shaped the structure of most mono-Tribe existing villages. There are no proper geographic borders dividing Enascentia's peoples from each other. Instead, the different races mix more or less uniformly on the different continents. Therefore, when we speak of 'capital cities', they must not be thought of in terms of borders or 'nations', because they are just a representative symbol.

Those First Generated still alive are usually busy running the capital city they built or watching over it in the case of more complex political structures.

THE WAYS

Enascentia's peoples are not divided by Tribe or village. They also follow lifestyles or ideologies promoted by wider organisations, whose members belong to different Tribes and villages. These organisations are called the Ways.

Choosing a Way is totally at the character's discretion and will lead him along a very precise path. Some Ways build whole villages where their members lead a communitarian life

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under the same banner, others build real military headquarters, while some wander from place to place and their members, when they gather, always form small groups.

Below, you will find a list of the existing Ways (you can find a detailed description from page 101 onwards):

Guild of Free Trade: These are merchants, united by their hunger for material assets and the benefits derived from joining the Guild. Many who are not interested in other causes, or have their own well-being very much at heart, join this Way.

Defenders of Free Will: They maintain it is wrong to be bound to a vision of the Kami as soon as one is generated. They take time to ponder over which point of view among

those of all the Tribes is best suited to them, and once they make a choice, they start on a new path, devoting themselves to their new Kami.

Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

The members of this Way devote their whole existence to just one goal: erase the threat posed by the Faceless Ones. As it often happens, fear generates violence. A group of Inquisitors can be found in many densely populated mixed villages to watch over their inhabitants.

Followers of the Mosaic: They maintain that the perception of the Kami is, by definition, incomplete, but that it can be part of a bigger view if put together with the other existing points of view. It is only by collecting and harmonising them all that it is



possible to reach the right perspective and understand the meaning of it all. From this perspective, finding the Lost Tribes is of utmost importance.

Warlords: All the tribes and some of the other Ways look for answers about the beginning, the origins of it all and the truths that the past may hide, and in doing so, they lose sight of the real important perspective: a view of the end. If times were always peaceful, people wouldn't die, and overpopulation would quickly consume all available resources, dooming everybody to starve to death. This is why war is necessary and the Warlords are its fierce heralds.

THE SYMBOL

The Newly Generated do not arrive with just the basic knowledge and gear they are generated with when they appear on Enascentia. Each wears a brand on his body: the symbol of the Tribe to which he belongs. It is not just a tattoo but a clear black mark that seems to be embedded in the skin itself. This brand can be anywhere on the body; some wear it on the napes of their necks, some on their torsos or on the palms of their hands.

The true nature of this symbol is unknown. It is not magic, since it does not react if tested for magical properties, but it also has unique characteristics. In fact, it is not possible to remove, alter or disguise it in any way; it can only be covered.

The body area it occupies rejects any kind of ink or pigment, and not even magic can alter it, nor can shape-changing spells; it will remain on the new shape as well, possibly in the same position as before. Should the new shape be quite different, the symbol will appear on an equivalent body part—on a wing, for example, if the person bore his symbol on his arm and has now turned into a bird. Even wounds tend to heal faster than usual on the symbol's specific area. (*This implies no variations from the point of view of the game; the scar will disappear gradually, but the wound will remain the same.*)

All the races share a strong sense of modesty where the symbol is concerned, far stronger than going around naked—a feeling so strong, it might seem irrational to an observer. Showing one's symbol is seen as reprehensible behavior by anybody, even the Gromsh, and nobody would ever ask to see someone else's symbol. Violating this taboo means—at the very least—incurring the wrath of the person involved.

The impulse to keep one's symbol covered is not just an obsession or a way to hide to which Tribe one belongs since that association is revealed not so much by the symbol as by the different physical traits of each Tribe. A Rok'Nar hiding his symbol in an effort to pose as an Obscurian would be quite naive, to say the least. No, this is mostly a self-preservation instinct because the symbol is what connects an individual to his Kami:

losing it would mean losing one's roots and sense of belonging. It is then a primeval instinct, somewhat tempered by the awareness of the symbol's eternity and rejection of any permanent alteration. Any, but one.

THE FACELESS ONES

A cross between a Tribe and a Way, but being neither, the Faceless Ones are outcasts who fight against the concept of Kami itself and what they believe to be its direct effect on all living beings: subconscious and unavoidable slavery.

They have discovered an infallible method to deface their symbols permanently. This act results in the individual being automatically banned from his own Tribe, a practice the Faceless Ones call 'Liberation'. Its first direct consequence is the loss of any power or peculiarity acquired through the Genesis: the Whisplings will not be able to fly anymore, the Gromsh will lose access to their visions, enchanter will no longer be able to cast spells and so on. Moreover, whoever realizes an individual has disgraced himself by defacing his symbol will persecute him as a Faceless One and an enemy of his people.

As the name itself implies, such a 'Liberation' is not seen as cruelty by those who grant it. On the contrary, they see it as an act of mercy, which generously gives a new beginning

to the enslaved victims of the Kami. Those who suffer this practice are often unable to come to terms with it, however; instead of joining the Faceless Ones, they become wandering outcasts unable to fit in anywhere and often end up making some rash and, at times, ultimate gesture.

Prejudice against such individuals has not always been this deeply rooted in the Tribes. At first, those who openly admitted their misfortune, claiming themselves to be innocent victims of violence at the hands of the Faceless Ones, were allowed back into their Tribe. Most times, however, this was just a technique devised by the Faceless Ones. According to well-informed sources, in fact, the first 'Liberations' were made by the Faceless Ones with the precise intent of infiltrating the villages and inducing the inhabitants to lower their guard. By lying about their situation—which, contrary to what they said, was the result of free choice on their part—they could deface symbols undetected, knocking out their victims before striking. Of course, they counted on their victims never to denounce another Tribesman who had suffered the same fate.

This trick was discovered soon enough, but by then it was already too late. The ranks of the Faceless Ones had been swollen by hundreds of unwilling new recruits, and the situation had become unmanageable. Nobody trusted a Faceless One anymore or lent a sympathetic ear to his heartbreaking story, and fear

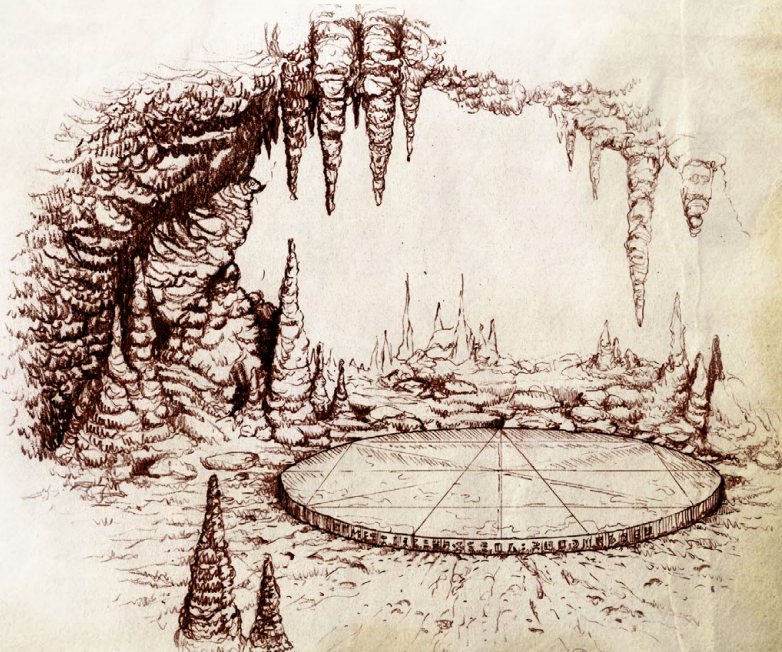
prevailed. So, the Liberated saw their choices dwindle exponentially: they could either embrace the Faceless Ones' cause or surrender themselves to a life of subterfuges as outcasts.

It is not known what the Faceless Ones are planning or why. The only obvious assumption to be drawn from their actions is a total lack of devotion to any Kami; on the contrary, they seem intent on waging war against the concept of Kami itself.

THE GENESIS

Since they do not age and die—like animals do—people on Enascentia can live to be hundreds or even thousands of years old. As years go by, these extremely long-living

individuals become a reference point for their Tribes and their villages, not only because of their vast experience and knowledge, but also because of another specific factor. Each community has its own Elders, that is, not just people who have reached a particular age, but people who—within a group—have lived longer than the others. The reason for this is simple: those individuals whose Genesis took place in the past receive visions from the Kami. Such 'visions' are not clear images, but a sort of trance, a multi-sensory experience that leaves the chosen vessel with a set of sensations, information and instincts that will guide him to a new Genesis. In fact, each vision is bound to the appearance of a Newly Generated in the immediate vicinities.



Player's Guide

It is allowed, according to parameters chosen by the Kami, and never fully understood by Enascentia's peoples, but it will certainly involve the new individual's Elders and the proximity to the place of the event. The Elders are often given many consecutive visions that will gradually guide them to the right place. At times, the chosen vessel may already know that specific Garden of Life, and at other times, he will have to find his way there, guided only by his mystic experience, waiting for another vision to help him. Each Tribe has its own customs and traditions regarding the Genesis and the reception given to the newcomer. Most Tribes—there are a few exceptions—however, usually put together a group that will escort the Elder to that specific Garden of Life, both to protect him when he has a 'vision' during the journey and to ensure he will keep gathering information without which it will be impossible to find the Newly Generated. Of course, there are Elders who prefer to rely on Chance, which is why Gromsh Elders always undertake this journey alone. Upon reaching the designated place, the delegation will instruct the newcomer and escort him back to their village or wherever the members of higher rank within the group will decide to take him.

A Genesis usually involves a single individual, but it may be that more than one subject is involved. The vessel has no specific information about the nature of the Genesis he is seeking, either the gender or the physical appearance of the newcomer, or the

exact number of Newly Generated or anything else. In fact, in the latter case, the Elder in question cannot even determine for certain if the newcomers will all belong to the same Tribe. Usually, only one Elder in each Tribe receives visions about the forthcoming Genesis, so it is almost certain no other delegations will be sent from the same Tribe. A 'mixed' Genesis—that is, a Genesis involving more than one race—is an extremely rare event which generates all sorts of rumors. Some see it as a message of peace among the Tribes, some as a dangerous anomaly, and there are even those who swear that the coming of new Tribes was always heralded by mixed Geneses and that it is a sign the present Tribes' time is coming to an end.

Whatever the truth, when delegations belonging to different tribes meet in a Garden of Life, they agree on sending a number of people from each Tribe equal to the number of members of the smaller delegation to greet the Newly Generated.

In the past, there have been attempts at different ways of welcoming the Newly Generated. Whole armies have been deployed around the gardens of Life, either to preserve the members of their Tribe and kill all the others or to prevent such a thing from happening. Inexplicably, however, those Gardens of Life thus surrounded always remained empty for days and even months until the different groups surrounding them would give up and leave the area. Then, in a matter of a few days, the Geneses would resume.

An attempt was then made to build villages, inhabited by only one Tribe, either in the immediate vicinity of the Garden or even all around it as if it were the village's main square. The immediate result was the same, but in time, things changed. The first of these villages was Erelidia, a Janah outpost. Its inhabitants finished building it, but then most of them left after months went by without the advent of any Genesis. Semi-abandoned, Erelidia became a sort of waystation for travelers, and eventually, a mixed population resettled there, with people belonging to different Tribes sometimes opting for a prolonged stay there. When that ethnic blending reached its peak, the Garden of Life started working again; at present, Newly Generated belonging to each and all Tribes appear on that stone slab on a regular basis.

Later on, Legis was built on the same principle around another Garden of Life. It serves as headquarters and a meeting point for the five existing and officially recognized Ways.

Although it is now a rare thing to find a village or garrison around a Garden of Life, the number of mixed cities built by a Garden has recently grown. Both this phenomenon and many other measures stem from the same intent: to counteract the increasingly widespread presence of the Faceless Ones.

If possible, they try to strike at the moment of Genesis itself, when their target is overwhelmed by a large amount of muddled input and the

guide who has come to welcome him can rely only on few, fragmented and vague pieces of information. But, it is also far from easy for the Faceless Ones to pinpoint the right moment and place to strike because they have no vision or information to rely on. Their usual technique consists of lying in wait by some village, following a delegation from there and ambushing its members before reaching their destination. The Faceless Ones then welcome the newcomer themselves in their own way. In the past, the Faceless Ones also tried to ambush the delegations in the immediate vicinities of the Gardens of Life, but the only result was that they waited in vain for days until they gave up and went away.

In the past, the Faceless Ones and the more radical Tribes tried to circumvent that problem with an even more drastic solution: by destroying the Gardens of Life. These attempts only taught them a very hard lesson, one that is still handed down orally as a warning to whomever might want to try to do the same. The stone of each Garden of Life is bound to a being made of pure energy: a yak'maat, more commonly known as the Guardian of the Garden. The presence of such Guardians makes the Gardens impregnable and indestructible. Up to now, each attack always awakened the Guardian, who slaughtered most of the assailants. Since a yak'maat is closely bound to a specific place and cannot leave it, some of them could escape its blind fury, but those who

can boast of accomplishing such a feat are few indeed (for a full description of a yak'maat see Chapter 7: Bestiary on *Game Master's Guide*).

FLORA AND FAUNA

It is possible to find the same animal and vegetable species on Enascentia, familiar to us, but there are others as well. The main difference between our world and Enascentia, the Magic Veil, changed, developed and evolved for centuries without any outside interference, thus generating totally new species and surreal landscapes, often as a consequence of its use by the Tribes.

Toward the end of this manual, in the Bestiary, it is possible to find a detailed description of most of the unusual creatures you may encounter wandering through these lands, together with game statistics and notes on their natural habitat.

As far as flora is concerned, you will find listed below a few examples of Enascentia's unusual plants.

Citrweet: A peculiar kind of citrus fruit, divided into two halves: half the peel and pulp are among the sweetest substances existing in nature, while the other is one of the sourest. True connoisseurs eat this fruit two slices at a time, one sweet and one sour.

Elinia Nipadia: This flower looks like a fuchsia and yellow-striped black lily, and it has a unique characteristic: it stays open, showing off all its beauty,

from dawn to sunset, then it closes on itself. This is not just a reaction to heat or sunlight, however, but a real state of deep slumber. In fact, the flower can be seen rocking gently and regularly, just like a breathing mammal. This flower protects itself from the many people—mostly Menoosh—who try to pick it by releasing a cloud of soporific spores whenever a living being gets within a range of ten feet from it: whoever finds himself within a Medium Burst Template must make a roll in Spirits to avoid falling asleep for 1d6 rounds. Upon waking up, the victim of the spores will feel confused and will not remember why he is there, just wanting to get back home and rest.

Artic Strawberry: This strawberry has an unusual blue color. Those who might think the color is the only difference are sorely mistaken, for artic strawberries grow by the sea in an environment where the soil is rich in sulphur. This gives them their peculiar taste, partially similar to that of some kind of fish. Some northern Tribes use artic strawberries to make a sauce used as a dressing to many dishes.

Fool's Lemon: It looks vaguely like a fool's cap in shape. Menoosh like it very much and use it at their parties because its sour, peculiar pulp causes those who eat it to feel giggly. It is just like being a little tipsy, but without any side effects. Unfortunately, this fruit does not blend well with alcohol, which nullifies the fruit's effects, so it cannot be used at banquets.

Snake Apple: This fruit has the same shape and dimensions as an apple, but it has purplish peel and greenish pulp. It is called snake apple because eating it causes a rash similar to that caused by a snake bite.

Spout Eggplant: It is a kind of eggplant which has a sort of sealed side spout and a peculiar liquid pulp which contains the seeds. The texture of the peel allows it to be heated on the fire; at that point, it is possible to cut the spout and taste the liquid inside: an eggplant-flavored drink. This is one of the Senduars' favorite plants because of its practicality.

Mutorange: This fruit, whose peel is very similar to that of an orange, is seen by the Gromsh as a blessing of the Kami because while the peel is still the same, the pulp inside may be that of any kind of fruit, such as a kiwi or an apple. Because of this peculiarity, mutoranges are not used in recipes but are considered an amusing way to finish a meal.

Cidered Pear: This fruit bears a vague resemblance to a pear, but its peel is as hard and rough as that of a walnut. Its pulp tends to ferment because the seeds germinate in alcohol, which produces a taste similar to pear cider.

Plenulia: It is a long-stemmed flower with intertwined, very thin, ice-blue petals which smell like morning breeze.

Purplepome: These fruits look exactly like a tomato, but they are a vivid purple color and taste quite sour. They often make an unusual side dish or are distilled to make powerful digestive liquors.



Masters, the World is yours!

In these pages you'll find ideas and suggestions about recurring common elements in the ruleset and the novels based on this setting. On the other hand, this world is so wide and the effects of the Veil and its alterations are so unpredictable, they leave ample room for your creativity. Therefore, Masters, feel free to see Enascentia as the ideal container for your more bizarre creations.



Screaming Tomato: This big tomato has folds that look a little like a humanoid face, complete with eyes, even. It is extremely tasty and nourishing, but it has a singular defense mechanism: it has some gas-filled internal pouches. If touched, the tomato releases the gas through the folds, generating a piercing whistle that frightens most herbivores.

Victis: This fruit has a thick, yellow-striped red peel and grainy pulp. It helps blood production and coagulation, so it has some medical uses. If a patient ingests the juice of a whole fruit, he can add +1 to a Healing roll made within ten minutes of drinking it.

Player's Guide

Videnya: This is a small white-flowered plant that flourishes in mild climates, mostly in Dejama and Artanty. It is used to make a sweetish cream used for cooking. Its rarest specimen is the “star” videnya, so called because of its large, blue, five-pointed flowers. Star videnyas grow in places with harsher climates, such as the highlands of Artanty or the Rellenok Mountains. If dried and then burned, their flowers release a thin purple hallucinogenic smoke. Any character within a Medium Burst Template from it must make a roll in Spirits with a -4 penalty to avoid suffering from hallucinations for 10 minutes, then he has to make another roll. The effect will not last more than an hour. Some say that, at

times, videnya’s smoke mixes with the Veil and that the visions it gives are just past, present or future events.

Airborne Pumpkin: This is an elongated, snow-white kind of pumpkin. Its name comes from the plant on which it grows, a parasitical creeper that grows only on the highest treetops. This fruit is poisonous and, if ingested, will cause nausea and headache for twenty-four hours.

COOKING AND NUTRITION

Both nutritional habits and cooking traditions, as well as the recipes themselves, differ a lot from Tribe to Tribe. There are, however, some elements common to every



inhabitant of Enascentia and some peculiarities that must at least be mentioned to understand some key aspects of everyday life.

Breakfast, lunch and supper—the three main meals—are seen as an important part of the day. This is reasonable in a world where life, supposedly eternal, can end due to starvation or any illness caused by poor eating habits, and food therefore acquires a sort of symbolic value. Furthermore, such a prolonged lifespan tends to generate two different schools of thought: on the one hand, the Newly Generated—but for the Menoosh—tend to be frugal in their habits and to eat in the healthiest and most balanced way, while on the other hand, longer-living subjects are always in search of new tastes and recipes with which to break the dullness of their long lives. The most typical dish, which can be found at any inn, is made of an abundant portion of rice and spiced meat—usually fowl—and some sugarless tea or a low-alcohol drink, usually beer. Everyday meals do not have a first or second course; banquets are a different matter and are dealt with according to the customs of each Tribe as far as the arrangement of plates, cutlery, and careful choice of dishes is concerned. Most renowned are Menoosh banquets, in which the sequence of courses begins with the lightest (raw vegetables, soups, fowl or fish), followed by richer dishes such as red

meat or fried food, ending with an abundance of desserts and, finally, some fruits.

There are different kinds of culinary art, from the typically scientific one of the Kronoss, who mix the different flavors carefully so that they blend properly with each other to the Senduars' practical one, ruled by their need for non-perishable food that can be eaten while traveling, and the decadent customs of the Menoosh, who love to take the concept of flavor—whether sweet, sour or spicy—to the extreme. Something that is always present on a Menoosh or Kronoss table is tea, unsweetened and hot, of which there are scores of blends, enough to satisfy everyone's tastes. There are schools of thought even with regard to drinks: the midday meal is usually accompanied by low-grade alcoholic drinks such as beer, brewed from any kind of cereals, from millet to corn. At supper, however, people favor higher-grade alcoholic drinks such as wine, pulque brewed from agave or different kinds of cider: apple, pear, medlar or quince cider. The latter is quite rare and much appreciated. The evening may then end with a nightcap that varies according to the kind of spirit more common to the area, such as brandy or grappa in areas rich in vineyards or cider spirit where apples and pears abound.

An interesting fact that may shock a Newly Generated is the origin of spirits and brewing, which is typically a Kronoss art. Drinks are, after all,

one of the few culinary components that grow better with time, which validates their in-depth analysis of the subject and their enjoyment of a good drink at the same time. The Kronoss' approach to the production of alcoholic beverages reached its peak with the learned Antonius, who created the so-called blending technique, the scientific art of mixing different kinds of spirits with other substances to create palatable drinks. In some circles there are those who say there is also an "arcane" version of this science, which can create potions powerful beyond compare.

Of course, more nuances must be added to all this, depending on the Tribe one chooses to study in detail, which holds true for all Tribes but the Gromsh, who by nature answer any questions about their eating habits with a simple: "Is it edible? Then I'll eat it!"

TECHNOLOGICAL PROGRESS

The term "technology" immediately evokes images of machinery, mechanisms and firearms, objects we tend to associate with progress. In doing so, however, we simply think back to our past and to the steps we took to become what we are today. From this point of view, Enascentia's technological progress is just dawning. The Kronoss are undoubtedly the most advanced Tribe.

They build small mechanical devices to measure the flow of time and have created special lenses that compensate sight problems that surface after decades and centuries of life, most of all within their Tribes and in those among them who spent most of those decades in a library. Discoveries in the Archipelago also seem to prove that one of the Lost Tribes once built complex contraptions. Some even describe creatures made of iron and lead that could move and walk by themselves without creating any distortion in the Veil. As far as the other Tribes are concerned, the most complex tools they can handle are, at most, musical instruments and ranged weapons such as bows, crossbows, and perhaps catapults.

If we include magic—and the use the Tribes make of it daily—in the picture, however, we obtain dramatically different results: traveling on flying ships that can cover long distances and living in airborne fortresses are just some of the feats of which those who use the Veil and the Elders of each Tribe are capable. Magic is used in everyday life, both in the most common and most delicate situations. It can be used to treat wounds, to move across otherwise unthinkable distances and, of course, as heavy artillery in those warlike situations a mere cannon could never deal with.

INTIMACY

Sexual lives and relationships are totally different in a world where sexual reproduction does not exist. As often happens, each Tribe has its own customs and traditions, but most of them—with a few exceptions—have some common habits.

In the Tribes whose members belong to both genders, males and females are physically attracted to each other just as in species which develop such attraction as a natural drive toward reproduction. On the other hand, here, the sexual act is an end in itself, seen by some as the climax of a relationship, while for others it is just a pleasant pastime. Couples usually come into being within the same Tribe, most times because of alliances, enmities and very detailed, not always compatible, customs.

Homosexuality is not a cause of surprise or even less of scandal within most Tribes, with the exception of the Lumians, who see the man-woman couple and relationship as something sacred, established by the Kami.

This is in fact the most conservative and traditional among the Tribes as far as sexual relationships are concerned. The celebration of a union is of the utmost importance to them, and they see the sexual act as the most important expression of love between two people, but at the same time they consider it taboo

in conversations and in its physical expression. The Menoosh, however, have a diametrically opposed view and advocate the utmost freedom and sexual exuberance toward anyone in whom they happen to be interested. Always forthright, they never harass anyone, however; on the contrary, they always ensure that by expressing their own freedom, they do not end up denying someone else's, and they always know very well when to stop, thanks to their innate ability to act as ambassadors and mediators between Tribes.

On the other hand, there are other Tribes which show no interest whatsoever in all this, considering the whole matter inconsequential or even a fruitless waste of time. First among these are, of course, the Senduars: sexless and taking no interest in the matter. Then there are the Rok'Nars: much more interested in spiritual than physical matters. A sex life is not a matter of great importance to the Gromsh and Feruas. The first are, of course, at the mercy of what Chance tells them to do in any given situation, which means they are quite fickle in their tastes. The feline hunters, though, do not really care about a sex life, and in any case, they always prefer the company of one of their own to mingling with some furless alternative choice.

Chapter 2

Characters

Just look how many recruits we have to assign positions to today.” The First among the Four of Luminia was walking back and forth in front of the orderly row of Newly Generated who had reached the capital the week before.

He was a sturdy Lumian, his angular strong face framed by an unusually unkempt beard; his bushy blond eyebrows almost hid his small blue eyes, and his ruffled hair was too short to soften that strange bristly face.

“This time, the Kami surpassed himself with his generosity, didn’t he?”

Demien, who had arrived in Luminia the previous day, had never seen anyone behave in a more informal way than Vegard (the Genesis name of the city’s official). In spite of the merciless summer sun beating down on them, everyone wore regulation full-plate armor, and the choice of the city’s main central square wasn’t making things any easier, as the first shadow was at least fifty yards away. The recruits’ foreheads had been beading with sweat from the very beginning of the official’s trivial chatter, while neither Vegard nor the other high city officials seemed to mind the heat—perhaps because they were accustomed to it.

“The light is beautiful, just like everything else, but right now, I’m envying the Oscurians.”

Eskil whispered those words to the man standing to his right, but the official’s hearing was clearly better than he thought. His steps ominously slow and his face grim, Vegard walked toward the slender Newly Generated, who, by now, was feeling a growing impulse to change Kami and become invisible, as he had heard the enemy Tribe’s members could do.

As he came face to face with the slender recruit, the official let his eyes linger on his neat long hair and his pronounced aquiline nose; he then took two breaths before speaking again...just a few syllables entrusted to the wind with obvious effort.

“Name, recruit.”

“Eskil, sir.” The young man replied in the same whispering voice, realizing belatedly how low it was.

“Louder, recruit.”

“ESKIL, SIR!” This time he yelled the two words so loudly everyone in the square turned to stare.

“Say it again, recruit.”

“Sir, I didn’t mean—”

"Say. It. Again. Recruit." The order came out in a distinct, extremely slow whisper, each word a dagger piercing the naïve youngster's chest.

"Right now, I'm envying the Oscurians."

"Louder, recruit."

"Sir, please, it was—"

"LOUDER, I SAID!" Sweat was not the only thing beading Eskil's face now; it had been sprayed by the official's spittle.

"I ENVY THE OSCURIANS!" Such a sentence, shouted in front of everyone in the middle of Luminia's main square, was going to be the cause of unforgettable shame for the Newly Generated as well as an exemplary punishment, but Vegard didn't deem it to be enough.

"Very well, recruits. It would seem we have someone among us who feels out of place. We don't like secrets and deception, do we? Of course we don't! So, this is what you'll do, Eskil. You will walk slowly around the headquarters' perimeter, continually repeating your brilliant remark. How's that for you?"

The young Lumian's face was now a frightened mask. His wide, unbelieving eyes couldn't hold his superior's gaze, and his hopes seemed to be escaping through his half-parted lips.

"The Kami of Light and Compassion doesn't tolerate those who humiliate their fellow beings, sir!"

As he spoke those words, a tall, handsome recruit, who was frowning constantly, stepped forward so that the official could identify him easily; in spite of his determined, ringing voice, his uncertain step belied the self-confidence of his brave gesture.

Vegard swung around, his expression changing as he asked in an amused tone, "And what would be the name behind such a brave statement?"

"TRYM, SIR."

"Well, at least you aren't lacking a voice." The official moved back a few steps so that he could see all the recruits and give Eskil some breathing space.

"Eskil. One step forward," he ordered. Eskil hastened to obey, not wanting to exacerbate an already critical situation.

Player's Guide

In this chapter, we will equip you with all the necessary instruments to bring your characters to life in Enascentia, along with the necessary devices and new ways of personalizing them, making them unique.

The way a character is created is still the same as in *Savage World's* core rules, but in each specific section, you will find solutions to help you take the most advantage of that material, adding new game options and discarding those that agree less with the setting of your choice.

In the Races section, we describe Enascentia's different Tribes; that is, all the races you can use in the game. The concept of 'human' does not exist here, just as the other, well-known fantasy races are all non-existent. In their places, you will find Feruas, Gromsh, Janahs and all the other races described in the following pages.

In the 'Game Features' paragraph for each Tribe, you could find the term, 'bonus' Edge/Hindrance. It simply means an Edge gained without spending any power points or a Hindrance that will not matter in the usual count (one Major and up to two Minor Hindrances) and will not give you any additional power points. Of course, already having the bonus Hindrance Illiterate, a Ferua cannot pick Illiterate as her Minor Hindrance to get a power point. Similarly, a Menoosh with the bonus Edge Attractive cannot choose it again to cumulate its effects.

The Ways section is about your hero entering a certain organization and thus choosing a specific lifestyle or ideology. There are no supplementary game rules for this option, the aim of which is to provide personal information and contribute to the personalization of your Character and make it look more 'real'.

Skills, Edges, Hindrances, Gear and Powers follow the traditional *Savage World's* pattern; the eventual changes from the core rules are listed at the beginning of each new subject, followed by their new characteristics. Some of them are described in detail, such as the introduction and use of magic objects.



FERUA

Felids - Predators

View of the Kami

In nature, the survival of the fittest is the rule. The Kami is merely the strongest among us, who can make decisions on behalf of the others, but only until they get the upper hand.

"I remember well the moment of her Genesis: it was the beginning of terror. A dread that was unfounded when you consider I always keep a safe distance when I observe. And yet, the maelstrom of fangs and claws that destroyed the perennial quiet of the Rijia jungle that day still haunts and upsets me, yet with curiosity and fear, pulls my mind into a distasteful threesome. I beheld it all, because I wasn't allowed to do otherwise. I saw every truncated limb, each body torn to shreds, each lifeless face disfigured by the violence with which it had met its end. I pitied them, helped them in hating the injustice of their fate. I did it for them because they had no time to do so, as everything happened at an unnatural speed. I lost her image and then found it again so many times that I wouldn't have known if she had remained in the same place for longer. The speed of what I glimpsed was such that I couldn't even be sure of her shape. What I knew for sure was that the luxuriant jungle landscape had soon turned into a far more barren place and that she had moved to the inhospitable desert. There, she experienced her first moments of rest. But it took much longer for my limbs to stop shaking"

From the journals of Oricros, the Beholder

Player's Guide

The Genesis of Ferua in the northernmost Garden of Life in Si-An marked the end of all the Tribes in the northern part of the continent, swept away by her merciless killing spree. A rampant predator, she hunted as if her very life depended on it, as if what actually nourished her was killing her prey, not devouring it. Her unnatural 'hunger' targeted any living person in the vicinity, but she never attacked an animal. Just like the Tribesmen could not save themselves from her lightning-quick claws, so the whole fauna had to obey her. Charmed by her dominating presence, each beast in the Rijia jungle followed her in her fast march toward the south, becoming part of her personal Pack that gathered without any order from her. They traveled at different speeds because she was faster than any specimen in her Pack, but each of them followed her relentlessly, destroying any life form that was not part of their Pack.

There was only one place where they did not follow her: the desert. When the Pack reached the dividing line between vegetation and the desert, she was already far away, and the bond between her and her Pack weakened until it was broken by the instinct to survive. After days of unusual silence as its inhabitants disappeared, the jungle gradually came back to life. The destruction the Pack had left in its wake had swept away any form of civilization, buildings included, which had been literally trampled beneath the paws

of wild beasts under the control of their temporary pack leader. This was not the case with those civilizations settled near the Varnha Desert, however, whose members were killed only until the insatiable trance of the First Generated ended and whose buildings were spared from her hunger only for sentient beings.

Upon regaining consciousness, Ferua found herself surrounded by vast expanses of sand as far as she could see. She started wandering through the desert, exhausted by her previous frenzy and from lack of proper food, and she soon had her first vision of a new Genesis. She did not know if it was induced by her present state or something else. She only knew it finally gave her direction and she did not care where it might lead her. Mustering whatever strength she had left, she tried to follow her instincts, but the more she walked, the less her body seemed to comply. Unusually, it was the Newly Generated who found her Elder. Although barely holding onto life, she did not beg for help: she required it and was obeyed. For three days and three nights, Maylea—the name of the lynx newly emerged from the Garden of Life—looked after her First Generated with great dedication, nursing her wounds and seeing to her every need. Once she recovered her strength, Ferua did not thank her Tribeswoman but forced her to her knees and, looking down on her, scolded Mayela for not overpowering her when she was too weak to react. As her punishment for serving her,

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she would have made her continue as the healer of her Pack, since she had at least proved her talent as a shaman and enchantress. But she was never going to leave her side, nor have a Pack of her own until she proved to be stronger than her. Maylea did not take exception to the decision because it had been made by the strongest among them, and by her side, she was would be ruling over everyone else.

Together, they gathered the first group of their kin, following the visions that led them to the Gardens of Life of Si-An. Then they moved north, where the geneses were becoming more frequent. The first real Ferua Pack settled in the Rijia jungle where everything had begun. They were bubbling with excitement in anticipation of new conquests, and their nature made them restless and eager to assert their superiority. However, first, they had to live with those feelings while the Pack grew in number and strength. Meanwhile, they built Felinea as their foothold: just a few huts and wood bridges hanging among the dense vegetation of the jungle, all rigorously built using natural materials and without altering the natural balance.

Ferua spent her initial years hunting, exploring and reasserting her superiority as pack leader with each Newly Generated brought to Felinea by the Elders. With each new moon, she could be found at the encampment, where she proved her strength in a hunting expedition in which she triumphed. The



performance of the other participants was important, too, and those who outshone the others became leaders of the different pack units, albeit still under the rule of their leader and her strength. Contests for dominance were infrequent and quickly decided. They served mainly as a deterrent for the onlookers, should they have felt like issuing their own challenges in the future.

Barely ten years went by before the jungle was filled with pulsing Ferua hearts. Led by their pack leader, they marched to the south with firm intentions of conquering it. The ability to influence the fauna, which the First Generated used at the beginning of her existence, was common to all Feruas. So many wild beasts followed them that most of them had mounts on which to travel, which varied from the more akin wild beasts, such as panthers and other felines, to rhinos and even hulakans. Meanwhile, the Gardens of Life kept producing Newly Generated belonging to each of the ten Tribes newly arrived on Enascentia. The Feruas spared no one: they included every Newly Generated Ferua in their Pack and left behind the bodies of anyone else they met.

Part of the original group remained in Felinea under the leadership of Thané, who belonged to the leopard race. Her task was to coordinate the journeys of the remaining Elders as they received new visions of new Geneses and to train any Newly Generated entering the base camp. Within a few months, the most

promising were selected and sent to the south to join the main Pack or die trying to reach it. The less talented ones remained in Felinea to carry out humbler tasks nonetheless necessary to the everyday life of the camp.

The Conquest of Si-An

Within a few months, the Felids conquered all the north-eastern part of Si-An, taking advantage of the local vegetation, so similar to their own environment where they feared no rivals. As time went by, however, their enemies became shrewder and changed tactics. The few survivors generated in the forests and those who had been lucky enough to be generated in the mountains and valleys surrounding the Lakes of the Skull banded together and gave life to the first Resistance. In the same way, those Generated south of Melvor headed for the Varnha Desert, where, led by the Senduars, they learned to favor natural dangers rather than the Predators' raids.

And it was her old enemy—in the form of sand dunes and lack of water—that forced Ferua to stop for a second time. The fortress the allied Tribes were using, which had certainly belonged to some Lost Tribe, was far enough south to deplete the Pack's strength from long days spent marching before it delivered the finishing blow in the form of well-fortified walls. There, the Feruas had to fight on open ground

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with no protection against the arrows raining on them from the ramparts. They were forced, therefore, to retreat to the north, where flora and fauna still flourished. There, they stocked up with a larger supply of food and at the same time sent the cheetah and leopard races to recce the east and west before deciding on their next move. When the scouting expeditions came back, they finally decided to surround the desert to cut off all their enemies' outside contact, thus turning their greatest strength into something potentially lethal. The battle for the bordering lands went on for years, and soon Ferua realized that one Tribe could not last long against nine others. They had been naïve to apply the same principles of the hunt to war. War was totally different, and wars between people lasted much longer than fleeting attacks against animal prey. Moreover, each garrison could count on continual reinforcements because the enemy troops kept growing in number in each damned Garden of Life, and while the ratio was still in favor of the Predators, there were far too many hostile Tribes for the Felids to match their number.

Then Maylea drew up the first covenant, thus showing the First Generated how brute force was not the most important thing in the long run. In 19 P.G., the shaman formed an alliance, or rather, a pact of non-aggression, with Nyame of the Rok'Nar Tribe, called the Voice of the Mother by her people. They agreed on a truce and that the Rok'Nars stop

aiding the Survivors' Resistance—as the allied members of the other Tribes called themselves—in exchange for free access to the forests under the Felids' control. Discussing the matter over some herbal tea was enough for both races to realize how important it was for them to preserve the natural balance of the surrounding natural environments, thus reaching an agreement. This and the fact that the Sons of the Earth had no ambitions whatsoever to conquer.

Meanwhile, Ferua was not idle and took advantage of an unusual occurrence on the Reruna plain, west of Varnha. In the course of her conquests, there had been one race in particular who had caught her attention—fighters who longed for battle and excelled in it: the Janahs. In 20 P. G., when the Pack found a group formed exclusively by members of that Tribe in its path, Ferua halted her Pack's advance and demanded to see the enemy commander. She felt somewhat disappointed when she saw they were not led by the most robust amongst them but by a slim, agile individual with a long, braided, black beard, who introduced himself as Thanit. Ferua challenged him. The stake was the leadership of both armies which, regardless of the outcome, were to join forces to conquer Si-An. Thanit was glad to take up her challenge. It was a memorable fight, the first in which Ferua had to push herself to the limit and the first she really enjoyed. Since she did not want to lose equally interesting future

challenges or such a valiant fighter, she decided to celebrate the occasion and adopt a custom that belonged to her defeated opponent's race: she spared his life and asked him to lead his Tribe as part of her Pack. From that day forward, the sight of Thanit and his warriors among the ranks of the Felids was enough to induce other Janahs to embrace their cause...after an enrollment challenge, of course.

The Pack suffered heavy losses to the east, where the ranks of the Survivors had gathered to defend their most important strategic positions: the ports of Jared and Vefed, coastal cities on the Great Western Sea from which the Survivors received their supplies of basic necessities from the south, mostly from Areida. Years of conflict followed—battles fought along the border of the desert in which Ferua always managed to defeat her enemies but found it increasingly difficult to manage and coordinate a vast army.

During the same period, in the southern part of the continent, a similar situation was developing. From the coastal region, another conqueror was emerging: Roua, a Felid belonging to the tiger race, who was conquering the south-western coastal area, village after village. However, she had no clear strategy for conquest; she was merely showing off her superiority, always in search of new opponents to face and defeat. The other Feruas saw her as their natural pack leader and followed her willingly as she challenged each new village chief. Their advance was far slower

than the original push to the north a few years earlier mostly because Roua was in no hurry and wanted to take advantage of her supremacy over a specific area before abandoning it for the next one.

Then, in the Grol area, her advance came to an abrupt stop by the magical prodigy known as the Breath of Gromsh, feared by anyone who got near it. Roua entered Grol alone and challenged the Sorcerer of Chaos, You-Therefore-I, spiritual leader for the Chaos-worshipping community. Her victory earned Roua the admiration of some members of the Gromsh Tribe, who were not in the least bit distressed by the loss of their Sorcerer. They started following her in large numbers, the only apparent reason being, "As long as Chance wills, we follow who defeated Chance." When she returned to her Pack, Roua added to it the substantial Gromsh contingent that had followed her, which made her forces noisier and significantly more dangerous.

In 53 P.G., Ferua and Roua and their respective armies met on the western coast of Si-An, midway between Grol and Varnha. Both grateful to their Kami because they had finally met a worthy opponent, they fought for more than an hour on the banks of the River Garemas, in what history would remember as the Battle of Annexation. At the end of that battle, the First Generated triumphed over her opponent—albeit with great difficulty—and bestowed upon her the honor of becoming her chief

assistant as well as commander of her storm troops, thus becoming the third leading element together with Maylea. Proud as she was, however, Roua saw it only as a temporary honor and was more determined than ever to challenge the First Generated again as soon as she felt strong enough to defeat her.

Strengthened by her alliance with the Rok'Nars and the Janahs, Ferua now controlled the northern lands, and Roua held the southern territories, thanks to her alliance with the Gromsh, however uncertain its duration. The Felids therefore decided to cut off all means of supply to the Varnha desert and starve its occupants by patrolling its borders. They crossed the continent to the east coast in search of the port from which the ships loaded with cargo for Yered and Vefel set sail. When their forces reached Areida, its population was caught totally unawares and could not put up any defense. The siege of the city was one of the bloodiest ever seen. Afterwards, Ferua had the heads of the dead hoisted on stakes. The sight of that grisly fortress upset the crews of the ships returning to port so much that it was largely responsible for giving those ruins the reputation of being a cursed place. Very few survived that sight, but they were enough to spread tales of fear among the inhabitants of Si-An.

Varnha was thus cut off from the rest of the continent, now totally in the hands of the Ferua, Rok'Nar, Janah and Gromsh alliance. The

remaining Tribes tried to escape beyond the desert to find refuge in the Resistance bases near the dunes, but most of those generated beyond the borders died in the attempt. Outside Geneses did not last long because of the prevalence of races now existing on the continent and the unbalance this caused in its center. They ceased completely in the year 56 P.G.

The Counterattack of the Resistance

Ferua dominated Si-An for almost three centuries. During this apparently static interval, both dominators and dominated—still prisoners in the heart of the continent from which they could not escape—established substantial contacts with the populations of the other continents. The coasts of Si-Neb and Artanty were soon conquered by Felids reaching them by ship from the east, who established many outposts in those territories. Their main goal was to establish safe ports from which to set sail toward their empire so that they could rescue the Newly Generated who appeared inland or along the western coasts, most of all in the light of the persecution that had begun halfway through the third century.

The hunt for Feruas started officially in 247 P.G. when the first Whispling flying ship, the Blue Hope, successfully breached the enemy lines. They managed to put together

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a crew of Elders so numerous and skilled, they could afford to make just one miraculously successful stopover on the Lakes of the Skull, the only other no-man's land that had been kept secret with the help of the Rok'Nars. Actually, Nyame's people wanted to preserve the natural environment but at the same time did not want to persecute those who were merely trying to find refuge from the slaughter by the Predators, by now completely out of control. After its fortunate docking, the Blue Hope left for Artanty, guided by rumors stating that the Whisplings' and Kronoss's capitals were on that continent. Those

two Tribes were the first to lead decisive attacks against the Feruas' outposts on the northern continent, with the help of the Oscurians—well paid for, of course. They also had a sizable contingent of Janahs on their side, attracted by the prospect of facing very worthy opponents, no matter on which side they were fighting. They reconquered their coasts easily enough, but landing on the enemy's continent was not so easy. In 251 P. G., the conquerors from the north settled successfully on the Lakes of the Skull, giving new strength to the Resistance in that area, whose members were finally able to come out of hiding.

At the same time, ongoing attempts weremadetoestablishcommunication with the other continents. Flying ships were sent to Dejama and Si-Neb, but unfortunately, most of those who risked a direct course to those lands never left Sit-Tabthi's skies. For half a century, reinforcements from the south allowed the Felids to hold their own against the invaders from the north, but the advent of the joint forces of Lumians and Menoosh, which came from Dejama to break the Predators' rule, hit them hard and forced them to fall back to the coasts of their own continent and from there to the Gromsh's lands. Unbeknownst to them, the invaders not only gave new hope to the Survivor's Resistance, but also restored the balance of the races present on the territory, with the result that Geneses resumed for all the Tribes, starting in 289 P.G.



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What really tipped the balance of the situation, however, was Ferua's sudden disappearance in 339 P. G., an event that took both alliances by surprise. She did not confide in anyone or leave any legacy or directives to her people. The truth is that she never cared about having a people to begin with. Command responsibilities, guerrilla warfare and logistical issues: all these secondary matters brought about by the war overshadowed the ones that had originally induced her to declare it. She no longer savored the taste of individual victory, the pleasure of a direct challenge or of hunting irresistible prey. The Pack had turned into a burden, and she left it as such, heading for more interesting shores: she set sail alone to Sit-Tabthi, where legends were commonplace.

It goes without saying that the Tribe plunged into chaos. Roua and Maylea had completely different points of view; the former was determined to find the First Generated, and the latter concentrated on containing the defeats Feruas were suffering along their borders. Long arguments ensued, after which Roua decided to resume what she did best: defeat opponent after opponent in individual challenges, as she did not find war as fulfilling. More similar to the First Generated than either realized, she followed in her footsteps unwittingly, bent on continued self-improvement so that she could one day find, challenge and vanquish the only person who had ever defeated

her. Thus, Maylea inherited the role of keeper of the destiny of the whole Ferua Tribe.

The joint forces of Lumians, Menoosh, Senduars and Janahs advanced from the south, with no interest in Grol and its uncertain inhabitants, whose commitment to a long-lasting alliance was akin to an empty promise. Kronoss, Whisplings, Oscrarians and other Janahs kept their hold firmly on the north-west territory, from where they launched a series of attacks, aiming to extend their influence to the south and join forces with their allies in the center of the continent. All Maylea could do was withdraw her forces time after time, not knowing how to ward off the looming threats, until the survivors in Varnha saved themselves using their own means.

In 342 P.G., the wandering city of Dunesia left the desert heading north toward the Lakes of the Skull. Thus, the Ferua Pack was split in half, and in time, the southern half, unable to procure reinforcements from the Rijia jungle, was overwhelmed. Their spiritual guide, now in decline, trapped in the worst area at the worst possible moment, was forced to withdraw to the east coast, where in 349 P.G., she died among the ruins of Areida, thus permanently reinforcing its notoriety, a place shunned over the centuries by anyone with any sense.

The members of the former Survivor's Resistance, now the new rulers of Si-An began to split. The group from the south was pressing

for a peaceful solution of the war now that the threatened invasion had been warded off, while the liberation group from Artanty was for a more radical solution of the problem: the extermination of the Feruas. During the diplomatic meetings held between 353 and 354 P.G., the intervention of Nyame and the whole Rok'Nar nation was again crucial to the push for a peaceful solution in which the Felids would be given a limited area to which they could retire and an end to all hostilities. It was not easy for the Rok'Nars to explain their point of view to the others, namely that the Predators had actually acted as their nature dictated, following their own principles and character. The presence of Lumian and Menoosh ambassadors made the difference in the final decision, together with the Rok'Nars' commitment to watch over the Predators within their natural boundaries so that the balance would be preserved. Thané agreed to these terms only because of the original alliance between Maylea and Nyame and because she was smart enough to realize the Feruas were defeated. Since that day, however, her resentment continued to grow, and she lived for the day when one of their best leaders would return and she could take her revenge. Meanwhile, she sent her most trusted eyes and ears to all four continents so that she was always apprised of any potentially useful change. The first of those was undoubtedly the flourishing of the Ways, most of all of the Warlords,

who best fit her aims. Building their capital in Si-An was seen as a sign from the Kami.

In the centuries that followed, the Ferua kept following their Kami, learning an important lesson: the greater the fight, the greater the strength in numbers. Being the best individual fighter carries little weight when you have to face a hundred opponents. Survival of the fittest does not require sacrificing yourself without reason, but creating a contest in which victory is possible, thus demonstrating one's supremacy. The Ferua Elders will never forget the conquest of Si-An, and the memory of what they learned then heavily influences the lifestyle Feruas developed subsequently on all four continents. Today, they choose their wars carefully, weighing up when to assert themselves as predators and make the most of their characteristics. The choice of battlefield is crucial in a fight, as is taking the initiative. On the basis of these factors, all Enascentia's forests have become their hunting grounds, where they share those places blessed by the Mother with the Rok'Nars and enforce survival of the fittest on anyone who forgets those principles they shed blood to learn.

Feruas of Artanty

While in the east the Felids have to face the resentment of the usurped, the Elders on this side of the sea experience the very opposite. They

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Timeline of the Conquest of Artanty

Year	Event	Place
56 P.G.	Discontinuance of Geneses outside the Resistance territories	All of Si-An
247 P.G.	The Blue Hope reaches Artanty: the hunt to the Predators begins	Whisp and Khrone
251 P.G.	The Resistance occupies the Lakes of the Skull	Lakes of the Skull
288 P.G.	Menoosh and Lumian reinforcements land on Si-An	Southern Coasts
289 P.G.	Geneses resume all over Si-An	All of Si-An
339 P.G.	Ferua and Roua disappear	Si-An
342 P.G.	Dunesia leaves the desert and gathers the ranks of the Resistance at the Lakes of the Skull	From Varnha to the northern lands
349 P.G.	Maylea dies in Areida; the Pack scatters	Areida
351 P.G.	Urmen and the future Warlords arrive with the Resistance reinforcements	Southern Coasts
353 P.G.	Negotiations begin to decide about the defeated Feruas' fate	Si-An
354 P.G.	Peace is sanctioned in Si-An; the Feruas are isolated in Melvor and Rijia	Si-An

have the sad privilege of rightfully calling themselves usurped. Few of those who were in Artanty when the persecution began survived to tell the tale. The survivors of what is historically known as one of the bloodiest ethnic cleansings ever, never forgot the massacre. Hate breeds hate, but no one can bear a grudge like a defeated Ferua forced to flee.

The Ferua population generated on this continent often had to face the other side of the coin portraying their Kami: they had to submit to survival

of the fittest while being the weaker of the two. Though this is usually seen as an affront to their beliefs, some of them have adapted and now let their instinctive nature surface in otherwise intolerable circumstances, such as mercenary jobs or fights in the arena. Harnessing such potentially dangerous killers is always risky, but it certainly bears fruit for the duration. The eastern area of the continent is sparsely populated by the Tribe, with a few exceptions in the more luxuriant areas around Lake Lenali.

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The first large communities can be found in the most densely populated mixed cities or in the vicinity of the Peaks of the Moon.

One of them in particular, established in the woods by that mountain chain, is the seat of a three-century-old resistance movement, providing an alternative to the many Felids constantly hunted down: the Clan of Roarers. The leader of this organization is the enchantress Menehune. She is a real rarity in her Tribe, especially when you consider her pilgrimage to Si-An and that she is five hundred years old to better understand the essence of her people's first shaman. Upon coming back to the place of her Genesis, she founded the clan to offer comfort to her Tribeswomen who had sought refuge in the woods. These days, the Roarers are a force to be reckoned with by any oppressor willing to carry on the hostilities against the Tribe. The Moon Forest has become a point of reference for all the Ferua enchantresses on Enascentia, where they are free to use their gift with the blessing of their Kami and acceptance from their sisters, who become accustomed to seeing magic as a strength instead of a coward's easy way out.

Feruas of Dejama

In this part of Enascentia, the conquest of Si-An and its consequences did not affect most of the Tribes other than

Lumians and Menoosh. Halfway through the third century, in fact, they had to send reinforcements to halt the advance of the Predators, but they never blamed their whole Tribe for that. After all, what role could the Newly Generated have ever played so far away from the aberrant leadership of the First Generated? ``

During the first century, the Ferua Elders seized several areas of the continent, mostly ideal hunting grounds such as the Silent Plain and luxuriant areas like the Forest of Vuril to the south and the woods north-east of Luminia and north-west of Lake Nolache. Beyond the northernmost boundary of these woods, there is an island that has become legendary among the folks of Dejama. In fact, it would appear that only Ferua ships can get anywhere near it; any member of the other races trying to do so would be making the last mistake of his life. The local Elders call it the Last Challenge, and only those Feruas ready to undertake their last adventure are allowed to go there. Anyone setting foot on its shores becomes both hunter and prey in a survival contest that is a fight to the death. It is the mistaken opinion of many that Ferua herself is on the island to challenge any unlucky visitor, far away from her duties.

Many are the Felids belonging to the panther race who settle in the richest mixed cities to take better advantage of their stealthy nature, even accepting assignments for commission or entering into Ways

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usually ignored by most members of their Tribe. According to those Felids living on the other side of Sit-Tabthi, too much wine and too much music have mellowed and even tamed them.

Ferua of Si-An

The Feruas living on this continent knew a period of extreme prosperity, followed by the worst downfall in the history of their Tribe. Following the armistice negotiated by Nyame, the only acknowledged hunting grounds remaining are the Forest of Melvor and the Rijia jungle, although there are Ferua villages scattered all over Si-An. The Elders of the other Tribes haven't forgotten... they never could. Here, it is commonplace for a Newly Generated to have to face prejudices of those who still remember the atrocities perpetrated by her predecessors' hunger for conquest. Such bitterness fueled conflict through the centuries, so much so that in 996 P.G., the scars from those battles are still fresh. The core of each battle array remains inviolate, though, whether it is protected by vegetation, lack of water or the mountains. The Newly Generated in the southern part of the continent often choose to enlist at Kor'Maresh to be free to tear some target apart with their claws without the risk of being hunted down because of their actions. Some of them therefore have an opportunity to redeem themselves

in the eyes of the other Tribes facing the monstrosities that emerge from the Breath of Gromsh from time to time.

Feruas of Si-Neb

This is perhaps the worst part of Enascentia where a Ferua can be generated. The welcome by the Elders is the same as in Artanty, the difference being that here, the persecution against them started later and ended sooner than elsewhere. However, this is the most inhospitable land of Enascentia, with scant hunting grounds and most of the land occupied by mountains and rocky ground. The only real advantage is the alliance with the Rok'Nars, finally sealed in Si-An even though a very special connection had always existed between these two peoples, both determined to respect natural balance, albeit with different goals. The only real forest of any note is Katmaton, to the south-east, where there are a few outposts that survived the march undertaken by Lumians and Menoosh to save their Tribesmen, which led them through the Field of Fog, bypassing the southernmost lands.

Some Feruas, however, appreciate the other main feature of the area, namely the abundance of bizarre and even monstrous creatures that can be found in the underground burrows of Si-Neb. Speaking of which, around the year 990 P.G., some local Janahs and Rok'Nars spotted a Ferua, Roua,

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belonging to the tiger race, who was heading into the Mehara Mountains looking for the legendary Guriags (*Game Master's Guide* p. 92) to challenge them.

Appearance

Female predators of unparalleled skill, the Feruas are anthropomorphic felines whose physique makes it even easier for them to perform the task for which they seem to have been generated: hunting.

Endowed with the same degree of agility on either two or four legs, they can cover remarkable distances faster than most of the other tribes.

However, when not necessary, they prefer standing on their hind legs; the pads on their feet make landing softer when they jump from one height to another or to the ground. Pads also muffle considerably the sounds produced by their quick movements. Feruas also sport the most common feline physical traits, such as whiskers and tail, used mostly to improve balance and agility.

Their muscles are lean but well developed. You almost never find a fat Ferua; the lazy ones usually die well before they get fat. In appearance, Feruas may look like any of the many different feline species. For the most part, aesthetic similarity matches the weight/height average of that species. Tigers are sturdier, for example, while panthers are usually leaner.

Feruas' hair is very different from specimen to specimen. Some develop a full mane while others have thick, flowing hair, and the heads of others are just covered with the same downy hair covering the rest of their body.

They dress scantily when necessary or totally forego clothes when they would be a hindrance. Since Feruas are mostly fighters and predators, they usually remove all unnecessary items for the sake of practicality. The only quality Feruas look for in choosing any garment is its usefulness. If they have to wear armor, they choose a leather one.

No one has ever met a male Ferua.

Genesis

Feruas' process of learning has its foundation only in practical acts and examples. The Elders give any Newly Generated three pieces of information before letting her act: you are Ferua, in nature, the survival of the fittest is the rule, and the Kami is the strongest among us. They then hand her a bone knife and a cub, possibly a boar or a delak or any dangerous adult animal and order her to kill it to remind her of her predatory nature forever. They then explain there are only two categories of living beings: the hunters and their prey. This done, they release the mother of the cub she has just killed, who immediately attacks her, pushed by its primeval need

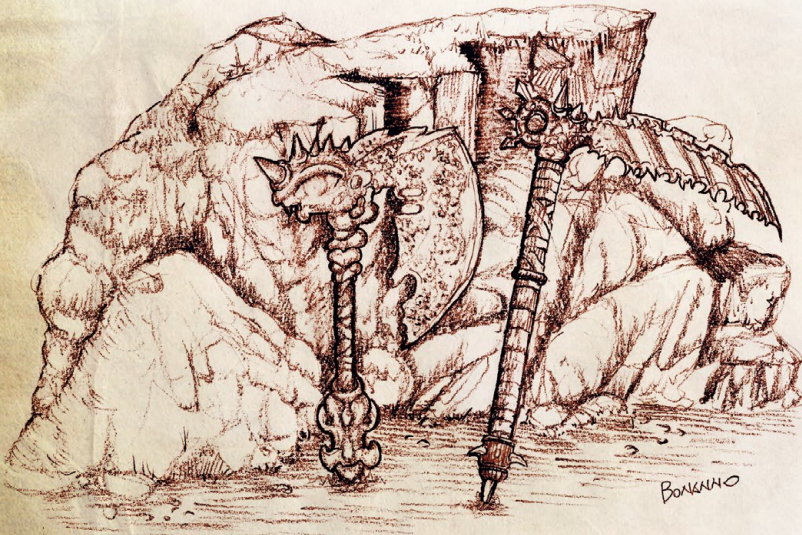
for vengeance. The new Ferua has to kill her to learn a fundamental principle: kill or get killed.

If she survives this ritual, the Elders take her to their village, where she joins a 'Pack'—a group of seasoned hunters—for three lunar cycles, enough to learn what is necessary from more experienced hunters but not to become part of the Pack. With the new moon, the elders choose a particular prey for her: a specific animal easily recognizable from some detail or belonging to a rare breed, difficult to find or catch. If the Ferua returns to the village without her prey, she is executed at once.

Civilization

Feruas are divided into clans depending on the feline with whom they share their main traits, a factor that also influences their behavioral patterns. For example, tigers are formidable fighters in a melee, while panthers are known widely as lethal assassins, and lynxes are great markswomen or enchantresses.

Feruas live in close contact with nature: they build their shelters in the trees or by some cave. They see their village as a large community, in which every member must do something useful for the whole group; belonging to a Pack is a great honor, granted only to those who earn it. It is not unusual to gain your



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place in a Pack by killing a previous member, an excellent demonstration of the fundamental principle: survival of the fittest is the rule.

Behavior and Customs

Fangs and claws are the Feruas' perfect natural weapons, always available and ready to use. Often, before attacking an unwary victim, they coat their weapon with their own saliva, a poison they can secrete at will and to which, of course, they are immune themselves. At times, they also use carved bone knives, mostly to show off their hunting trophies. Their ranged weapon of choice is the blowpipe or the bow.

Food chains and natural cycles are sacred: without them, there would be no balance and the world itself would collapse. Feruas speak the same language as the other Tribes and are reasonably civilized, but they don't like to mingle with the other races.

Game Features

Feline Agility

Feruas' physical traits give them a head start on the other races in terms of agility. They start from a d6 in Agility instead of the usual d4.

Illiterate

Having no contact whatsoever with the other races, Feruas cannot read or write in any language. Among

themselves, they communicate via plain signs left on the bark of trees—nothing more than simple scratches, which are far less complex than any real graffiti. They get the Illiterate additional Hindrance.

Protruding Claws

In fighting, Feruas love to exploit the gift their Kami has literally put in their hands. They start with a d6 in Climbing and are not considered weaponless in unarmed combat. An enemy wounded by their claws suffers a Str+d6 damage.

Poisonous Bite

Besides claws, Feruas have another formidable weapon: their fangs. Therefore, they are considered armed when they try to bite an enemy, and if they succeed, they inflict a For+d6 damage. In addition, their bite is poisonous to the other Tribes: if Shaken or bitten by a Ferua, a victim has to make a Vigor roll not to be paralyzed for a 1d6 round. Feruas can also poison their weapons coating them with their saliva: in this case, follow rules on p. 243.

Bloodthirsty

Feruas are naturally bloodthirsty predators and do not take prisoners unless absolutely necessary. They get the Bloodthirsty additional Hindrance.

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Feline Senses

Feruas get a +2 bonus when making a Notice roll based on the sense of smell. They can also see in dimly lit conditions as if constantly under the basic (no raise) effect of the Darksight spell.

Feline paws

Feruas are naturally gifted runners. They add 2" to Pace and roll 1d10 instead of 1d6 when running. Having pads under their paws means they can start with Stealth d4.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Gromsh

"They are strong. Not for long, but strong. They won't last long on this earth...fighting them now would be a useless waste of strength."

Allied with the Janahs

"They act victorious, and if their philosophy succeeds, we'll have an honorable and epic final confrontation with them. Till then, our mutual respect shields us from the unworthy."

Allied with the Menoosh

"Like us, they appreciate earth's gifts, even if they are way too enamored with them. At times they lack pragmatism, but at least they know of what we speak."

Allied with the Rok'Nars

"They are true representatives of Mother earth, nature's emissaries and keepers of everything we hold sacred. If in need of a trustworthy ally, they know whom to call."

Indifferent to the Seduars

"They travel to the borders of creation itself for unknown reasons. We certainly don't blame them if they want to use their time observing what their Kami has to offer them."

Indifferent to the Whisplings

"They ignore their origins, erecting opulent glass walls around Mother Nature's magnificent work, but it's none of our business."

Enemies of the Kronoss

"When we decide their race has become redundant on this earth, we'll know where to find them. What will they do when our claws appear amongst their books?"

Enemies of the Lumians

"The deeds they perpetrate in the name of their Kami are vile even to the eyes of the most ferocious wild beast. What more will they be capable of, hiding behind their faith and false ideals?"

Enemies of the Oscurians

"They are not at the service of natural balance. They exploit it to their own advantage, using, mangling and altering it to their liking. If we must push our way through the other Tribes, let's start with these treacherous night creatures."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Warlords

"Confrontation is necessary as a demonstration of the rule of the survival of the fittest. Death by starvation would be an intolerable curse."

Indifferent to Defenders of Free Will

"Anyone can understand the rule of the survival of the fittest. We trust those who teach it not to forget to follow it."

Indifferent to the Blazing Arrow Inquisition

"Weak is the one who falls prey to the Faceless Ones. We see no reason to fight those who test us, but we have nothing against those who do."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic

"My vision of the world may not be complete, but this doesn't upset me in the least."

Prejudiced against the Guild of Free Trade

"Explain to me why should I care for trinkets other Tribes love so much. I can't stand any waste of time."

Famous Characters



Roua

One of the very first Feruas, she is generated on the south coast of Si-An where she spends her first few months of life. As a member of the tiger race, she is stronger than most, which makes it easy to understand why she is the main predator in her area as well as the natural pack leader for any other Felid she finds in her path. There is something special about her, however—a glint in her eye when she fights that sets her apart from any of her followers: passion. She does not hunt to feed nor does she challenge her opponents to win. What she needs is to fulfill her need to feel stronger than any foe. She does it because nothing else thrills her in the same way.

She leads the Feruas south to join forces with the First Generated and faces the first defeat of her life at her hands. Since that day, she becomes her right-hand person and her champion, spending most of her life between the Rijia jungle and the Forest of Melvor, with Felinea as her base camp. When Ferua disappears, she is perhaps the one who feels her loss the most. She leaves the Tribe in Maylea's hands and sets off in search of the First Generated, challenging any opponent crossing her path so that she can hone her fighting skills and finally defeat Ferua when she

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meets her again. She is presently on the Rallenock Mountains, hunting for the Guriag.

Tribe: Ferua; **Rank:** Legendary; **Way:** None.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12+2 (+2 swords), Intimidation d12+1, Knowledge (military) d8, Notice d10, Survival d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d10, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 8 (running d10); **Parry:** 12; **Toughness:** 13

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Illiterate, Stubborn, Vow (defeat Ferua).

Edges: Ambidextrous, Block, Brawny, Dodge, Florentine, Frenzy, Giant Killer, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved Frenzy, Improved Level Headed, Improved Nerves of Steel, Improved Toughasnailed, Level Headed, Nerves of Steel, Sword Artist, Sword Master, Toughasnailed, Two-fisted Fighter.

Special Skills: Claw (Str+d6), Bite (Str+d6, poison), Ferua Poison (vigor roll or paralysis for 1d6 round)*.

Gear: Long sword (Str+d8) x2



Menghung

Belonging to the lynx race, she is generated in 587 P.G. in Artanty, but in the first years of her life, she heads for Si-An, where the armistice-granted territories of the Forest of Melvor and the Rijia jungle allow Feruas to live free of the persecutions

they experience elsewhere. Every member of the Tribe tries to dissuade her from achieving her goal: that is to cultivate her innate talent for magic, following the path of Maylea, which the Elders still consider the only true shaman the Feruas ever had.

In her pilgrimage to find inspiration by going back over the most important moments of Maylea's life, she heads south of Varnha and finally reaches Areida, where her unwitting mentor is buried. She spends a few months meditating among the ruins, twice the scene of bloody massacres and shunned by all because of the legends told about it. There, she sifts through the few remains of those momentous battles, at first looking more for inspiration than for a specific object. Taking advantage of her knowledge of magic and her innate affinity with the Veil, she recognizes as such a few magical objects spared by the ravages of time. She buries all but one among the ruins: a pendant made of fangs and claws, a special reminder of the tales about the shaman. She has been wearing it since then, unaware of its real nature but convinced she has proved worthy of carrying on Maylea's moral legacy.

Back in Artanty, she founds the Clan of Roarers without going through the typical ritual challenges but offers herself as a guide for the refugees seeking shelter in the Moon Forest (p. 40). With time, she learns there are other necklaces like hers and vows to challenge anyone wearing one: she is the only true heir of Maylea.



Characters

Tribe: Ferua; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** None

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Healing d10, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (beasts) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 8 (running d10);

Parry: 7 (6); **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate, Vow (Maylea's legacy).

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x4), Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge.

Powers: *Abandon Oneself to the Beast**, *Animal Friendship**, *Animal Kinship**, *Deflection*, *Greater Healing*, *Healing*, *Intangibility*; **Power Points:** 20

Special Abilities: Claw (Str+d6), Bite (Str+d6, poison), Ferua Poison (vigor roll or paralysis for 1d6 round)*.

Gear: Long Staff (Str+d4, +1 Parry, reach 1, 2 hands), Wild Beast Fangs Necklace LI4 (p. 325)*.





GROMSH

Children of Chance, Children of Chaos

View of the Kami

Kami is Chaos. He does, smashes, breaks things or puts together, and you can't explain. We can't see what now he does, we trust all him. You think you better can understand? You do not know because no use you know. If you think you know, you just idiot.

"It's impossible to describe him. If you haven't seen him you don't know what I'm talking about. Can you imagine seeing your comrades in arms turned to jelly before you, to be devoured by their own weapons turned into anthropomorphic fish? No, you don't."

"I will never forget the anguish I felt at the sight of that gargantuan creature and its numerous eyes staring at me as if they wanted to pierce my flesh with the intensity of their stare. I fled as fast as I could, so frightened that the memory of it is all a blur. I only know I looked back after a while and that thing, whatever it was, wasn't there anymore."

"A discordant jangling rose from my body: teeth, armor, hands and feet, everything was shaken by my trembling, most of all my spirit. I had no options: behind me, there were solid stone walls, in front of me, all the nightmares I never had the courage to have packed into one impossible entity. I tried to break down the walls one, ten, one hundred times. Then, I forced myself to move forward,

toward him. I closed my eyes...if the mere memory wasn't still frightening me to death, I'd have laughed at my own stupidity because that was the only way I could force myself to walk forward. I screamed, exhaling all the air left in my lungs. I don't know whether I meant to frighten him, embolden myself or whether I had just left all reason behind. I only know my feet managed to take one step after the other, quickly. I reached the exit and crossed it. The monstrous mass of flesh and eyes hiding it from my sight simply moved over and let me go. I did not hang around to look. I never looked back. And yet, I'm sure he was amused."

The survivors account of Gromsh's slaughter

There is seldom any real truth in the Gromsh's rambling words unless they work actively to create it. Yet, their explanation for the absolutely unique phenomenon known as the Breath of Gromsh (*Game Master's Guide*, p. 81) is actually the correct one, for it really is a 'gift from Gromsh in person'. One should also say, however, that the Gromsh will give the same explanation for anything else they cannot explain in any other way in the span of a few seconds, but this is another matter altogether. The 'gift', as it is called, is clearly unintentional, but it was the first of a number of random events of which the First Generated was the protagonist. The Breath, in fact, is simply all that is left of the Garden of Life by which he was generated. As he appeared on Enascentia, with his body covered with eyes, he instinctively tried to close one of them. The power thus released was such that it totally altered the shape of object he had in front of him: a tree was now a cluster of shining spheres, each containing dozens of porcupines heaped on top

of each other and resting on a central iron pole. Happy and entertained, he turned toward the smooth stone on which he had been standing up to a few moments earlier and tried again. All he got was the awakening of the Garden's guardian, the yak'maat bound to it. The ensuing fight was the most amusing of his whole life. Gromsh threw anything Chance put at his disposal at his opponent drawing with no strategy whatsoever from the power granted him by his Kami with each eye, laughing hysterically amidst the clamor of the battle. What he did not yet know about his power, and which perhaps he never realized fully, was that the sacrifice of each eye allowed him to mold Enascentia at will. The uniqueness of the fight rested in the different origins of the objects he chose as targets of his strange pastime.

The battle lasted one whole day and night. During that time, nothing kept its shape for more than the duration of one hourglass, and the opponents themselves changed shape and dimension many times. Then,

the fight no longer amused Gromsh, and he decided to bring it to an end. He closed fifty eyes at the same time, leaving one hundred eleven of the initial two hundred plus and vomited a multi-colored stream at the foot of the Garden of Life, swept away by a geyser of the same matter which soon erupted from the earth. As it fell back to the ground, it produced a lake of the same colors around itself. It is not easy to identify the substance those liquids are made of because they mutate constantly, and the two phenomena are called 'geyser' and 'lake' for the sake of simplicity, since they are vaguely reminiscent of them but can appear as anything else with each new visit. The yak'maat dissolved in the initial eruption, and the imbalance all this created in the Veil was beyond imagination.

Each Weaver in the vicinity felt the compelling need to rush to repair the new breach and hurried there, only to find eternal rest from their task. Even now, the Weavers in the southern reaches of Si-An still feel the inescapable call of the Breath of Gromsh and are impelled to embark on their final journey there, where they dissolve into sprays of pure magic energy, thus giving the place its name: the Weavers' Cemetery.

One other thing has contributed to the fame of this place over time. The constant changes in the area around the Breath have not always been defined. They extended formerly to creatures who could wander through all Si-An or even all Enascentia. The

first case was that of the mallaresh (*Game Master's Guide*, p. 189), who plunged into the semi-liquid pool in the shape of a Gromsh seeking the blessing of Chaos and who after receiving it admitted he would have preferred a curse. The hand of fate crept toward other astonished Tribesmen, among those who were singing its praises until it killed them and altered all life around it, while other Gromsh threw themselves into the multi-colored pool looking for a similar—or even better—fate, but finding only death. The snake heads of the mallaresh continued to strike, not at their supposed victims but at the Veil itself, tearing it apart. Each head would produce different effects, as indicated by the name later given to it: murder, anger, deceit, complex, destiny. These protuberances suddenly closed into a tight ball, and the whole creature disappeared, leaving behind what could literally be described as Chaos.

Over the years, the Breath of Gromsh has been an important place of worship, the destination of pilgrimage for the followers of Chaos. What happens there cannot really be controlled, but a contingent of the Warlords is always there patrolling its perimeter, eager to kill on sight the many monstrosities that try to penetrate the hinterland of Si-An or to reach its southern coasts. According to the usual well-informed gossipers, only three creatures have managed so far to leave the ever-changing lake unscathed, and that was before the

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Warlords were founded. They even managed to dodge the Ferua army at the time of their control on Si-An in the early centuries. They are: the mallaresh, the first nirupa and the gargantuan koopash on the shell of which Dunesia was built. The latter managed to escape because it did not start to display its peculiarity until miles away from the source of it, growing exponentially until it reached its present size. By then, it had already reached the Varnha desert, which is why it has a strong bond with it.

Amused by the whole matter of creating the Breath, Gromsh closed another eye and disappeared, reappearing on another continent where he sowed destruction among the Lost Tribes before repeating the same process again and again. His constant coming and going wreaked havoc everywhere, making their task easier for the other First Generated on every continent but S-An, the Ferua's conquest of which was certainly made easier by the absence of another Tribe led by its First Generated. Gromsh did not even survive till the end of that first week during which the powers of the First Generated were at their peak. He disappeared, never to be seen again, when he closed his thirteenth eye. The most acknowledged theory is that among the many effects he could generate were some that were harmful to him, too, and that—as happens to the Sorcerers of Chaos—he simply ran into one of them.

The direct consequence of these events is the self-taught nature of the Tribe, whose Elders reach the vicinity of the Garden of Life they saw in their vision of Genesis, but are not that upset if they do not find the Newly Generated. The Gromsh have always been like time bombs to anyone in their vicinity, whether they arrived at the gates of a mixed city or of a hostile capital: to them, one destination is just like any other. It is true to say that it has been possible to build mixed cities, thanks, too, to people such as Gromsh and Senduars, driven by their nature to develop settlements that were neither permanent nor limited to just one Tribe but open to a variety of options, integration included. The only communities Gromsh cannot develop are those populated only by fellow Tribesmen: it is as if they were each carrying a flaming torch in one hand and an explosive in the other. Alone, they can think of touching one to the other, but if there are many Gromsh in the same place, sooner or later someone's torch will light someone else's fuse.

How such a Tribe with such dangerous habits can survive without causing its own extinction is a constant source of interest, and the Kronoss carried out extensive research on the subject. It would seem that the number of Gromsh Newly Generated is way above average, thus balancing the heavy losses caused by their thoughtless behavior. For the same reason, the average lifespan of a Gromsh is only about fifty years,

and they are considered Elders, who receive visions of Geneses, before the end of their first century of life.

Gromsh of Artanty

Among Gromsh's numerous impromptu and destabilizing—to say the least—apparitions, one of the most impressive has written about a city that is perhaps the most influential on the whole continent: Legis (*Game Master's Guide*, p. 61). In 624 P.G., the five officially acknowledged Ways lay the foundations for the construction of their first shared headquarters, with the aim of protecting one Garden of Life and using it as a tool for non-coercive recruiting at the same time. Legis's first design had all the buildings of the different factions built against each other in the vicinity of the fateful circular stone, a choice that had forced the representatives of the more compliant Ways to hours of exhausting diplomatic negotiations to please every single hothead. Initially, everything worked well, with the Newly Generated arriving in the city square where representatives of the different Tribes and Ways convened to educate the newcomers about their existence, the choices open to them and to give them some guidance. All this lasted till the year 627 P.G., or rather until In-A-Heartbeat arrived. His name might sound like a traditional Gromsh name, but the truth is that it was given to him with some thought posthumously because

he did not even have time for his first teleportation and the subsequent choice of a name and introduction into the chaotic Gromsh community. His name, in fact, is linked to his extremely brief existence, which lasted exactly a heartbeat, the time it took him to look around, open his third eye and explode, the likes of which had never been seen, due probably to his propensity for magic.

Bards from every race and city still tell that story and give it different connotations depending on their culture. It is as epic for the Gromsh as it is tragic for the Servants of the Light, but it is equally unforgettable for them all. Since that day, in any city developed around a Garden of Life, houses are built at a safe distance from the stone itself. An occurrence like this has never taken place again, but while the Gromsh Tribe is present on Enascentia, it is still better to be safe than sorry. Legis, in particular, after suffering many unpleasant attacks to its outer walls, has been rebuilt almost from scratch, with high walls both between the inner and outer city, and around the Garden of Life at its center; the main area of the city has been developed on above-ground platforms that can be reached only by means of a flying ship. It is said that they rebuilt the new city directly on top of the ruins of the previous one, leaving them undisturbed, thus laying the foundations for what would become Legis's underground level, eventually to be forgotten.

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Among the many mixed Tribe cities where they tend to settle, Erelidia is among those with the largest Gromsh population. This is partly due to its healthy economy that has grown because of the favorable trade with them as they are wont to raise or lower the price of an item with no consistency or any empirical basis at all, but it is due also to their physical prowess. Because of their size and unusual strength, they are the ideal athletes to compete in the Earth Hammers tournaments, a team sport that requires only a few players in each

team; their physique can outweigh other usually important factors, such as team play or strategies worked out before a game. The art of improvisation seems to have been developed for them, and there are many occasions on which they manage to outdo careful Oscurian game plans. One of the most renowned champions is, in fact, a follower of Chaos, Ouch-Get-Up, who played ten seasons as impedier in the Wurnung category, breaking any previously established record and more than a few players of the other teams, bouncing from one



disqualification to the next. Many used to go to the stadium just to see him in action.

Another Gromsh distinguished himself within Erelidia's walls, but for totally different reasons and qualities, the Sorcerer of Chaos Wise-Much-Feather. He came to Erelidia from Si-An—by chance, of course—in the year 989 P.G. and decided to allow himself a vision before lying down for the night in one of the city streets. Forced to forego his desired rest to comply with the wishes of Chaos, he turned into a crow and, flying by an open window, he sneaked into Erte's own bedroom, the Oscurian patron of the Earth Hammers, in the dead of night. Under the astonished gaze of this influential personality and his bodyguards, he regained his usual shape and punched one of them right on the mouth, decking him with just one blow. The unlucky Sorcerer was immediately seized by the other guards and questioned by the dumbfounded Erte who, far from satisfied by a simple 'Chaos wants me do', had the unconscious guard searched. They found a vial of Liquid Nightmare on him, a poison that induces a deep sleep, administered to victims so that assassins can act while poison takes effect. Not knowing if the Sorcerer's act had been voluntary or not, Erte repaid his savior by gifting him with a plush residence in the most elegant area of the city, a very generous gesture that would increase his reputation within the city, as well as being a smart move to make

when somebody wants you dead. The Gromsh accepted, on the condition he could also have a huge greenhouse in which to keep the new additions to his extremely important collection of feathers, his personal obsession.

Gromsh of Ḑejama

Being one of the continents with the highest number of mixed cities, Dejama always hosted a good number of Gromsh, distributed mostly in Vesoelm, Durandia, Jundali and Kartali. In the vicinity of the latter, one can witness an event quite rare in any other part of Enascentia: a gathering of partying Gromsh, with all the consequences this entails, the most harmless of which is rendering the Silent Plain into a contradiction of its name. Intent on reaching the capital of entertainment, many Gromsh travel alone to the coast, aware that their Kami will guide them to the right place at the right moment. Of course, they are soon attracted by all sorts of events, from a simple binge to the unfortunate opening of their third eye. At times, such events culminate in meeting other fellow Tribesmen, an occasion that requires a celebration even before they reach the city. Very few Gromsh actually manage to reach Kartali to celebrate their Kami. Unfortunately, Pole-Never-Sleeps, well known for convincing Falusa to organize a Gromsh festival in his city, belied his name a few months ago while celebrating on the 'Silent' Plain.

In the southernmost part of the continent, the Gromsh presence is much more sporadic, concentrated mainly in the vicinity of the Forrest of Vuril, on the Rallenock Mountains or along the southern coasts, particularly in the Wenma Archipelago and the land around it. The Gromsh are literally fascinated by the asymmetric shape of the rocks that break the surface of the sea, forming a plethora of little islands unsuitable for colonization. This does not mean the Gromsh did not try to settle there, of course. Right there, on the southern coast, is a shining example of their architecture, continually improved by any builder passing through the area. In their case, of course, the term 'architecture' means to 'pile up stones', and a builder is 'anyone who wants to do it'. The common aim is to build a huge idol to Chance, to celebrate its greatness, but the structure is lacking any basic design or strong foundations, and consequently, any new attempt to expand or 'fix' the structure only leads to a new collapse of the heaped stones. After years of contributions on the part of any Gromsh inspired by the common cause, the end result is actually a huge monument to Chance, which is as good as the most princely Lumian or Janah palace. At least, with regard to its size.

Gromsh of Si-An

When a Gromsh learns about the existence of Grol and the nearby Breath, his reaction is usually to undertake a pilgrimage there. Few, however, manage to remain true to themselves for the time necessary to reach their destination.

Those who are generated on this continent are normally at ease with the local vegetation, which is a constant source of inspiration to them when it comes to finding new ways to please their Kami without having to deal with the other boring Tribes. In particular, because of their distorted way of thinking, they see the area between their capital and Kor'Maresh as the most hospitable because it presents the highest number of errant alterations caused by the Breath. It is not rare to witness clashes between groups of Gromsh looking for the greatest expressions of their creed and patrols of the Warlords, who are there specifically to destroy such monstrosities.

There was one particular Gromsh who repeatedly caused trouble for armed patrols from the fortress-city, a war leader known among his people as You-Too Much-Speak. A majestic example of physical prowess carefully blended with a considerable amount of unscrupulousness, You-Too Much-Speak saw his name as a Chance-induced destiny and embraced it fully. His name became one of the

few sentences he ever uttered, a cross between a calling card and a sentence to death, followed by far more significant actions, as violent as his mood dictated. More than any other, You-Too Much-Speak was able to dominate the impossible creatures scattered in these lands to the point that they obeyed his orders just as the Lumians did with their subordinates. The year 789 P.G., the same year when You-Too Much-Speak gathered his troops and led them to Kor'Maresh, is still remembered with the utmost respect by the defenders of the city. It was one of the most fulfilling sieges a madman ever dared attempt. There were never any doubts about the outcome, but in spite of this, You-Too-Much-Speak's monstrous army never retreated—not once: a real ode to both Chance and War.

Gromsh of Si-Neb

Not even the Gromsh find the desolate southern continent attractive because they are easily bored by its monotonous landscape, even though it is mostly the end result of the monstrous mutations caused by their magic. The Gromsh generated here are both a source of entertainment for the other Tribes because they are constantly in search of new ways of amusing themselves, and a constant danger to their own safety

because one can never know what a given member of their Tribe has in mind as entertainment.

One of the most long-lived members of the Tribe, the unusually moderate Uh-Oh-But has been wandering on the northern coast of the continent for a long time. He spends most of his time fishing and is a reference point for travelers and the Senduars in the area, who find him a silent drinking companion and an always-well-stocked trader of all kinds of fish. Uh-Oh-Ma, however, does not limit his activity to the sea alone but also likes to use his enchanted fishing rod to attract the Newly Generated to him and then throw them in the air to give them a name in the style of the Tribe, an activity that earned him the nickname of 'fisher of Gromsh'. According to legend, boats sailing near the shore are often 'fished by mistake' and shipwrecked with just one throw.

Appearance

Among the present ten Tribes, the Gromsh compete with the Rok'Nars for the title of 'most conspicuous race'. Their burly, imposing physique (they are seldom less than six and a half feet tall and usually weigh at least three hundred pounds) is not the only immediately noticeable characteristic. Their sneering faces fully complement

their general grotesque appearance, distinguished by horn-like bone excrescences protruding from different parts of their bodies as randomly as their third eye. Usually closed, it is said to be a gift of the Kami that, when open, it allows them to have visions sent from Chaos. Their brightly colored eyes glisten constantly with a glint that teeters precariously between madness and passion. They usually shave their heads, considering hair a useless and impractical adornment; they wear large breeches and cover their naked torso only if it is very cold or if their Kami orders them to do so.

Nobody has ever met a female Gromsh.

Genesis

The Elders among the Children of Chaos receive a confused vision from their Kami about the time and place of the new members' Genesis. They then head for the specified Garden of Life and randomly choose a place in which to camp. As a matter of fact, everything within this Tribe is controlled by Chance, including the length of their stay there.

A Newly Generated Gromsh is left alone at the moment of his Genesis. From the very first moments of life, he finds himself plunged into his Tribe's basic philosophy: "If Chance wants, Chance will be". On the basis of this principle, he may or may not find the Elder waiting for him in the vicinity of

the Garden. In the first instance, the young Gromsh is entitled to receive a Gromsh name, otherwise he will choose one himself. Later, the Elder may decide—always by chance, of course—to give him a permanent name.

In order to choose it, the Elder gets from his Kami the power to teleport himself and the Newly Generated to a place chosen at random: the first three words they hear after teleporting will form the Newly Generated's name.

Civilization

All over Enascentia, there are very few Gromsh single-Tribe villages, and it is highly unlikely to find them in groups of more than ten individuals because their very philosophy of life would bring about the death of most of the group. This is the main reason it is very unusual to find examples of Gromsh architecture that are more than a disordered pile of boulders.

There are no conventions regulating barter or trade among Gromsh. Even their idea of personal property is quite vague: if they want something, they just take it without any qualms.

Behavior and Customs

Chaos is to be blamed—or thanked—for everything. Rationality is left to those who look for an explanation or are too weak to accept the natural course of things. If the Children of Chaos like something, they take it; if something hinders them—or they

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dislike it—they destroy it. They do not make too much of a distinction between Chance and Chaos.

The Gromsh will literally make use of anything in a fight. Weapons abandoned on the ground, steel rods, even tree trunks...virtually any object the Kami sends their way.

Their third eye is the cornerstone of their creed: they tend to keep it covered and unveil it only when they want to contact their Kami, who bestows upon them visions that are a double-edged sword. They are fleeting images of the future sent by Chaos, and a Gromsh will do his best

to make what he has seen become real, to allow the 'future' to come true. The trouble is, nobody will ever know if some events would have really happened without the intervention of the Children of Chaos.

Game Features

Illiterate:

Knowing how to read and write is not one of the priorities set by Chance: in fact, no Gromsh is Generated with such ability. They can learn to



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read and write at a later date, but it is very unlikely they will be assiduous enough. They get the Illiterate additional Hindrance.

Blessing of Gromsh

Apparently always favored by luck, the Gromsh give their best in unforeseen circumstances. A Gromsh character can choose one among the following bonus Edges: Dead Shot, Mighty Blow, or Powersurge.

Ugly

Since it is never advisable to anger any Gromsh, we could say euphemistically that they do not meet the other tribes' beauty standards. They get the Ugly additional Hindrance.

Disciple of Chaos

From time to time, a Gromsh will make a decision to entrust himself to Chance. He should do it about two or three times per session for his performance to be accepted and not to incur in any penalty in the distribution of EPs.

Luck of Gromsh

It should not come as a surprise that the Gromsh are extremely lucky because of their peculiar creed. They get the bonus Edge Luck.

Strength of Gromsh

The Gromsh can be quite different to each other, both physically and mentally. What they have in common, however, is the size of their large bodies and innate strength, which

is a gift of their Kami. At character creation they get Str d6, instead of the usual d4.

Bulk of Gromsh

The Children of Chaos must be easy to spot, or at least this is what they believe. The Gromsh are larger in size than most of the other races, which gives them a Size +2 bonus.

Eye of Gromsh

Each Gromsh can open his third eye up to three times a day for visions. If he goes a whole day without doing so, the eye will open while he sleeps, merging visions with his dreams. What a Gromsh sees is not necessarily the real future: it is what Chance wants the future to be. A Gromsh will do his utmost to make it come true. The description of the vision is entirely at the Game Master's discretion: it can be connected with the ongoing story, have no relevance within it or simply be an amusing sketch.

Gift of Gromsh

Chance blesses each of its children with some skill, different each time. After spending your 15 Skill Points, randomly chose 1 Skill among those with at least a d4 value, and increase the die type by one step.

A Gromsh character is not easy to play, and it is not easy to make him a Hero in a campaign. The choice of this race by a player must always be approved by the Game Master.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Feruas:

"Good beasts, think little, do much. If Chance wants, we drink together then we bash others together!"

Allied with the Menoosh:

"AHA, AHA they enjoy! Make free is fun, no clothing more fun!"

Allied with the Oscurians:

"They always move, confusion around them always. One small black makes more Chaos than many big ones of other colors."

Allied with the Whisplings:

"They do what they want, they right! I always liked I can move in air like they do. I wake up this morning, and think this...I think."

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"I do like them, I have no fun! You try roll dice, then hard head: that I understand, yes!"

Indifferent to the Senduars:

"I not understand if they follow Chaos or they avoid him. But they no problem for Chaos, I no problem for them."

Enemies of the Lumians:

"Laws? Rules? YOU TAKE ME NOT FOR A RIDE!"

Enemies of the Kronoss:

"I understand them not, but they bug me much. Always talk, never do. If thing works not, I break thing and throw away, right?"

Enemies of the Rok'Nars:

"He like candle that you light and sends Chaos away as if darkness. I bad Gromsh if I not blow candle out, am I?"

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Guild of Free Trade:

"They many things shiny have, their noises I like, their colors I like. I crystal give you, you brush give me, yes?"

Inclined towards the Defenders of Free Will:

"Chance is best of things, yes? If you want learn, I explain you, very easy and very nice, yes? If one stops believe in Chance, I think this because Chance wants it. Then he does. See, I explain you already."

Inclined towards the Warlords:

"In follow way of Chance I many times smash things or people. But I think it right, because if no war, then I have problem smash people. Now I drink!"

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"They always seek others, ask things and try put together all things. But I say them, if you have vision of Chance, why you try find other visions?"

Prejudiced against the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"If Chance wants other Gromsh not follow Chance anymore, he makes him, and other Gromsh changes. If he does, why I should smash him?"



Famous Characters

Wise-Much-Feather

Generated in Dejama, in a forest south of Durandia, in 934 P.G., he meets the Elder by sheer chance, guided to the area by the vision of his Genesis. After receiving his Gromsh name, he becomes obsessed by it, believing that wisdom, in any form, is kept within his feathers. He then extends the concept beyond birds and feathers to the leaves of the trees—their feathers—and animal fur. He starts to collect them, seeing himself as a wise person blessed by the knowledge he carries with him at all times, tangible proof of the wonders he can work. In other words: his spells.

During the first years of his life, he ends up in Durandia and is dazzled by the profusion of visual stimuli it offers, so much so that he decides to stop there for some time to learn more about it. Upon learning about the Followers of the Mosaic, he believes Chance guided him there, aware of the mosaic he already means to create with all the feathers of Enascentia. He sets off again after joining the Way. When possible, he stops in the villages that follow his same vision of things, offering his services as a scholar, unless Chance decrees otherwise, of course.

He decides to head north to add some rare, different-colored pieces to his collection, certain he will find an abundance of blue and white feathers. He reaches Erelidia in 989 P.G. and

immediately earns Erte's favor by sheer chance. Since then, he has been living in his plush residence in the richest area of the city, accumulating more and more precious pieces for his collection that he procures with great relish.

Tribe: Gromsh; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** Followers of the Mosaic

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (animals) d10, Knowledge (trees) d8, Notice d8, Spells d10, Taunt d8, Throwing.

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6 (running d4);

Parry: 5; **Toughness:** 10

Hindrances: Delusional (everything is made out of feathers), Illiterate, Obese, Quirk (collects feathers).

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x4), Power Points (x2), Powersurge, Rapid Recharge, Sorcerer of Chaos*.

Powers: *Blast, Gromsh Explodes!*, Gromsh Shifts! Gromsh Strong!, Growth/Shrink, Healing, Shape Change;* **Power Points:** 20

Special Abilities: eye of Gromsh (3/day)*, Size +2.

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

Uh-Oh-Ma

Generated five centuries ago, in 459 P.G., he is one of the Elders of his Tribe. There are only two occasions on which the thirst for blood coursing through his veins gets the better of him: when his Kami forces him to

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give in to it during the daily opening of his third eye—usually when he wakes up and when someone mispronounces his name. Should someone pronounce it as a single word by mistake without putting the necessary emphasis on the pauses separating the different exclamations heard when he first teleported, that unfortunate person will become the target of the fury of one of the most long-lived Gromsh. Because of his congenital deafness, initially, he often left behind either pain-ridden bodies or those eternally free from pain. Annoyed by the constant mistakes

of the 'wrong-say', which is what he called those who mispronounced his name, he has forsaken the larger communities—which is very easy in Si-Neb—and has taken to wandering along the coasts, where he cultivated his real passion: fishing.

As years passed, he began to have visions of the Genesis and decided to combine duty with pleasure. He climbs the nearest hill or tree and casts his line to see if the Newly Generated will bite. Since he cannot perform spells, he cannot give a Gromsh name to the Newly Generated, as required by tradition, so he has developed his



Characters

own method. He assembled the largest fishing rod ever seen, complete with weights and spools, made of natural materials obtained from the area's scant vegetation. He had it enchanted by Are-Where-Understand, a Sorcerer of Chaos well known for his expertise in creating magical objects, which ended tragically when he turned into a Weaver after persisting to try to alter a compass magically. The enchantment makes the fishing rod extendable at will, which also increases its weight considerably, making it a very efficient weapon for an improvisatorial fighter like Uh-Oh-Ma. Delighted with the result, Uh-Oh-Ma has since taken to attaching the amused Newly Generated to the huge metal hook, throwing them toward the first people who come into view. Upon hearing their first three words, the Newly Generated then pull on the rope, and Uh-Oh-Ma reels them in to hear their new names, which he misinterprets, of course, because of his impaired hearing.

Tribe: Gromsh; **Rank:** Legendary;
Way: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Crafting (fishing tools) d10, Fighting d12 (+1 improvised weapon), Knowledge (fish) d10, Notice d8, Repair d6, Survival d12 (+2), Throwing d10 (+1 improvised weapon), Tracking d10 (+2).

Charisma: -2; **Parry:** 8; **Pace:** 7,5;
Toughness: 13 (1)

Hindrances: Delusional (name pronunciation), Illiterate, Hard of Hearing, Quirk (fisher of Gromsh).

Edges: Champion of Chaos*, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Improved Toughasnails, Improvisational Fighter, Mighty Blow, Steady Hands, Toughasnails, Woodsman.

Special Abilities: Eye of Gromsh (3/day)*, Size +2.

Gear: Extendable Fishing Rod (Str+d8+1, LI 3), leather armor (1).



JANANS

Followers of Determination, Relentless One

View of the Kami

The Kami is the greatest obstacle, and our goal is to meet and defeat him. The greater the ambition, the greater will be our accomplishment. We can push beyond our limits only ignoring and surpassing them.

"There wasn't a single First Generated who wasn't up to his unavoidable task, each via the greatest expression of his Kami. Try to imagine, then, the greatest expression of a race who has always given itself goals, with the sole purpose of surpassing its limits. It wasn't a case of escaping him anymore...merely the hope of not being his next target."

From the journals of Oricros, the Beholder

Janah appeared in the west of Si-Neb, gifted with the same main characteristic of his people: to share his body with Determination. He did not turn from mere fighter to merciless, white-eyed hunter. His eyes were white from the very beginning. Janah was not going to relinquish his control over Determination, because he was Determination itself. However, he soon discovered he could abandon himself to a second entity burning inside his soul: Absolute Determination. He changed in shape and size according to his chosen target; he grew disproportionately when he wanted to destroy physical obstacles and turned into pure energy when normal attacks were useless against a specific target. Each decision he made was a reality that would soon come true. When he saw the first village, he decided to raze it to the ground, and not one column was left standing in his wake. Then he saw a city and wanted to uproot it from the ground, and there is now a crater where it once stood. Then he saw a Tribe's capital and decreed that its inhabitants had to become extinct. If it is highly improbable these days to meet a member of a Lost Tribe, then the chance of meeting an Inim'Ur in the flesh vanished with those words. He found them all, one after the other, and appeared before each one to spear him before going for the next, relentlessly and mercilessly. He scaled every mountain and entered the deepest of caves, but no hiding place was safe from him. Even the

places protected by the Bearers of Peace or accessible only with the consent of a Key Keeper were open to him. After killing the last Inim'Ur, he found himself at his starting point, on an empty continent, but he did not care and set off again, destroying any building between him and the horizon.

Then something unexpected happened: Janah met Senduar and did not ignore him. When they appear on Enascentia, the First Generated's only goal is the extermination of the pre-existing populations to pave the way to the generations each of them represents. They are, therefore, not interested in each other and most of the time, do not even notice the presence of the others. At most, absorbed in their common task, they unwittingly end up working together. However, each of them is also the embodiment of the Kami he worships. Just as Chaos spared a few potential victims along Gromsh's path, so Janah could not get out of doing what he did best: challenge whomever he found in his way. The first blow caught Senduar unawares and overwhelmed him completely. What followed was incredible—a spectacle without witnesses. On one side, a being who could reach any opponent, on the other the embodiment of 'travel' itself. Their clash turned into a historic pursuit. No matter how much they tried to outchase each other, they always ended up catching up with each other and engaged in close combat

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before parting again. Then, Senduar came up with a possible solution: he dissolved his body into countless grains of sand and spread himself in all directions, denying his opponent a tangible target. Janah began to chase each fragment of his target, frustrated by his failure to do so but unable to even conceive surrender. All this happened during the last day before their powers started to wane, an event that deprived Janah of his Absolute Determination, forcing him to allow himself the rest that follows each achieved or, in his case, failed goal.

During his daylong sleep, Janah received a vision of the Genesis, and he awoke in the place where he had fallen unconscious: on a cliff in the Mehara Mountains. His first reaction was to look for his latest opponent, but he could not find him, as he had disappeared. Following the directions

he received in his dream, he reached a Garden of Life, where he found not just a Newly Generated waiting for him but a delegation of Elders too. His sleep had lasted longer than he thought. He recognized them as fellow Tribesmen, and after telling them his story, he took his rightful place as their leader. Integration was not easy, however. Among all the Tribes, theirs was one of the less close-knit ones, right from the very beginning, because of the Janahs' resourceful nature and their individuality. The First Generated made no exception and concentrated mostly on his own goals and future battles, caring very little about the needs and aims of his people, who soon started to complain, even though nobody ever dared say anything to him: in spite of their nature, no Janah risked challenging their First Generated. For his part,



Janah did not make war with a goal nor out of thirst for conquest: he was driven by his sheer desire to face other opponents, to get to know the limits he had to overcome. His first opportunity for confrontation was offered by a Rok'Nar encampment, one of the many in that area, which stood on the path the Disciples of Determination were following to the next Genesis. One battle was enough to demonstrate the truth to everyone and teach them the true meaning of the word 'fear'. Janah's 'opponents', peaceful defenders of nature who had no intention of falling for his provocation, were swept away by what was left of his Absolute Determination in all its viciousness. Some Janahs were appalled by his actions, unable to understand how such fury could have any meaning, while others were inspired by it, ready to deploy with that supreme fighter. It was their last action. Lacking any control, Janah attacked his allies and opponents with the same fury, killing anyone who stood between him and his goal. Upon regaining consciousness, he found himself surrounded by dead bodies and disgusted expressions.

He did not wait for them to forsake or—even worse—betray him in the future. He left of his own accord, without a word. He changed direction and headed east on the roads he had traveled when he was not within himself, determined to follow a personal journey with the aim of finding answers to the overwhelming questions in his mind. However, he

was unsuccessful. He soon realized he was being followed by one of the Elders: Braska. He tried to send him away, but he did not answer. Then Janah threatened to challenge him, but Braska showed he was ready for the confrontation, if necessary. Finally, Janah asked him why he was following him and received a wise answer. "If we aren't prepared to follow the one who represents us, how will we ever understand ourselves?" When Braska added he had set himself that goal, Janah understood he could only suffer his presence or kill him. While tempted by the second alternative, he was curious about how things would develop, and having someone with him would have put his self-control to the test. They crossed the Mehara mountain range, defeating many a percikan and bajaran, with Janah busy fighting them and Braska equally busy writing his journal. It later became so universally famous that even today, any bard worthy of his name can tell the story of how the First Disciple of Determination defeated the patriarch of that monstrous race, thrusting his arm into its flames and ripping out the dying beast's entrails through its burning mouth. Since that day, Janah has been displaying his arm proudly, burned but still able to kill, reaffirming his dislike of armor because, in his opinion, it merely impedes a fighter and is a barrier to the scars of battle, while such wounds are a badge of merit no true Janah should ever forgo. During their stay in those lands, Janah and Braska learned other

invaluable lessons: in particular that it was necessary to study one's enemy before a showdown. A careful study of phoenixes, for example, showed they really did come back to life after each defeat, which actually made it impossible to kill them properly. When they reached the foot of the last mountain, the First Generated thanked Braska for the first time, thus giving him credit for helping him better understand who he was and give a clear identity to each of the two entities coexisting inside him. His travel companion just smiled and updated his journal. Together, they then started following the visions of Genesis again.

The Three Elders

There were three particular Elders who stepped in to take the reins of the situation on the day the First Generated left his Tribe: Caleb, Urmen and Veltarr. Under their guidance, all the Janahs, who up until then had gathered on the Mehara Mountains, headed west toward Dejama, driven by their desire to move on. When they reached the coast, they began to build three ships to navigate the Wenma Archipelago, a harder challenge than they expected. Facing the ojombas and even the kesuls they met on their journey was far from the worst part of the voyage; actually, it was a welcomed relief for the boredom of a people who did not know what patience was. The bridge

of each ship was seen as the perfect place to hold duels, and all sorts of improvised competitions took place there, while the captains themselves vied against each other to be the first to reach the coast of the western continent. Each on a different ship, the three leading Elders had their hands full with keeping such volatile potential under control but also had the time to talk with their people and discuss important matters beyond the skills of swordplay.

On Caleb's ship, the *Fire Plough*, the most heated discussions focused on the Janahs' own pugnacious nature, and if the most important thing really was to wield a weapon better than anyone else, if there was more to aim for or if they were free to choose their goals. After all, why limit their choices to selecting different opponents, one after the other? To pass the time, many of them, who were skilled craftsmen, tried to compete in different areas of expertise, even of an artistic nature.

Thanks to Urmen's contagious solemnity, the topics discussed on the *Unsinkable* were more profound. They centered on the differences between the Janahs themselves and all animals, which were inexplicably subject to organic deterioration and, finally, death, without even enjoying the honor of one last battle. It did not take long for any comparisons to the animal kingdom to be considered as the worst possible offence, usually followed by a challenge to cleanse sullied honor.

It was in the galley of the *Wild Beast*, however, that Veltarr finally brought up the thorniest subject, which was probably on everyone's mind but that only he dared voice: Janah had betrayed them. The First Generated, whose name defined their whole Tribe, was no longer with them, nor were their companions, slaughtered by his folly. Both persuaded by his arguments and in need of some sort of explanation, the whole crew soon shared his resentment. Those Janahs began to question every concept they knew at the moment of their Genesis...all but the Kami, who was their only real certainty after the way the First Generated had acted. If their aim was to push themselves beyond their limits, to set a goal and achieve it, why impose any limits on themselves to begin with? Why fight honorably or challenge the opponent to a duel when a fighter's best weapon is the element of surprise? Why spare the life of the defeated opponent? After all, the fear of death was what would drive a fighter to hone his skills not the winner's humiliating stare. Each night, frustration and plans of revenge were lost in a haze of alcohol, only for them to surface again the following evening. The situation continued until they finally reached the mainland.

When they landed on the shores of Dejama, each crew was far more close-knit than it had been when they set sail, but the Tribe as a whole was more divided than ever. They headed north, along a new mountain range

similar to the one they had left behind, a long trek that led them finally to an ideal place, a land offering all the resources their civilization needed to flourish. The real challenge was to get there united. The attitude of the crews on the *Unsinkable* and the *Fire Plough* had altered only partially, with the former paying more attention to the surrounding world and the latter trying to mold it according to their nature, but the others were no longer the same, so scarred by their hatred that a rift between them and their fellow Tribesmen was unavoidable. They were called 'Ventarians' by the others to mock their compliancy to their guide and soon became easily distinguishable on sight, wrapped in layers of leather and metal to protect their bodies, having lost any interest in displaying their battle wounds with pride. Even the challenges were becoming less and less frequent, because the only opponents were now the *wild beasts* and the other Tribes, since the practice of duels and challenges within the Tribe was becoming obsolete. Once they crossed the desert, upon reaching the banks of a river, the Janahs decided to stop there and build their capital before the Tribe ended up completely divided. A rocky cliff overhanging a precipice offered the perfect location. The fortress-city they built there was majestic proof of their carpentry skill, born of a seed sown by those first discussions on board the *Fire Plough*. Over the centuries that followed, the

Janahs conquered the lands around Jandia, and their community kept growing until the first secessions.

Crossroads

The first to leave was Caleb, in 254 P.G. The new military plans developed by Veltarr and his supporters were not compatible with his vision of the Kami, far larger than the one existing within Jandia's walls. It was the reason he set off on a solitary journey to better understand himself, and in so doing, he could not help but think back to the separation from the First Generated. His situation had not been very different from his own, after all. As years went by, he moved steadily northward until he reached the city, Kartali, where he still lives, renowned for its festivals and the presence of the best blacksmith on Enascentia. Upon winning the tournament that now carries his name, Caleb finally retired because he realized what he really wanted to do and committed himself firmly to the realization of that goal: forging the perfect weapon. People from every continent came to him, asking for his services and offering all sorts of riches, but he remained faithful to his objective, taking on only those jobs that stimulated his creative streak or required some new technique that still needed to be perfected.

After Caleb, many other Janahs left Jandia. Driven by the Elder's enterprising spirit, many of them

chose a path of personal growth; it did not matter if it involved combat or not. Taking advantage of the situation, Veltarr tried to gain the support of Newly Generated and Elders. Anyone who rejected the First Generated was welcome among his followers. There was a promising youth among them, Triglav, who stood out because of his skill in close combat and his ruthlessness when striking an opponent.

In 296 P.G., Urmen left the capital, too, along with others. Over the decades, the existential dilemmas debated by the crew of the *Unsinkable* had become a priority to some Janahs. They had developed their own theories, which became a clear, well-structured school of thought, also nurtured by the contribution of other races they met while scouting the areas around Jandia. They spent their time focusing on the purpose of their lives, either in an attempt to give some meaning to their actions or out of sheer laziness. Even the theories about the Kamis involved different viewpoints about life and the origins of everything, but no one was thinking about the end or created theories about death. It was just a subject they avoided, perhaps out of fear, but the issues that could have arisen were countless: why were Tribesmen and animals different in death? Why did everything else around them have an exact beginning and end, while their lives did not have a well-defined arrival point? And was death really the end or just a

transition to something else? Urmen had not found the answers to those questions, but with his followers, who did not yet have a common banner—he was the only one to ask them. So, Urmen and the others decided to go elsewhere and set off to the north.

Now that he was the older among the Elders left in Jandia, Veltarr ruled the fortress-city, imposing his vision on its people. Many Janahs left when he declared himself the monarch of the capital and only Veltarians remained and those willing to become one of them. Diplomatic relationships with the neighboring Tribes deteriorated rapidly, proportional to the speed with which the Janahs widened their borders. In 514 P.G., the Janah, who more than any other had encouraged dishonorable combat tactics, reaped what he had sown: Triglav killed his own mentor in the throne room, claiming the throne for himself. The last words Veltarr heard were those whispered by his disciple, who told him that power had always been his aim and he had laughed every day while his mentor paved the way for him to what was to become his reign.

Janah's Return

During the years in which Janah and Braska were exiled in Si-Neb, Genesis after Genesis, the Janahs on the continent gathered under the same emblem, but this time the selfishness of the First Generated did not nullify their work. On the contrary, it was time

for Janah to come full circle and admit his faults to those who paid the price for their consequences. In 618 P.G., Janah and Braska set off westward, across the Mehara Mountains, to find their people, wherever they had gone. Upon arriving in Dejama, they met the first Janahs generated there. When he learned about Veltarr's reign and ideology, the First Generated almost caved in, thinking that his original intentions were now pointless. It was the year 621 P.G. when Braska did the deed that gave its name to the place where they were, making the phoenix living on the top of that dormant volcano as his goal. Taken by surprise, Janah asked his companion of so many journeys the reason for such a foolish action, and the answer was, "Impossible is just a word, the name we give to something no one has yet been able to do." From now on, he would be bound to the volcano to fight his opponent at every new dawn in an attempt to become the person to defeat a simple word. Doubt vanished from Janah's heart forever, now filled with Determination more than ever. When he entered Jandia, the sight of him startled many a Janah. No introductions were necessary and everyone immediately guessed who he was. Triglav recognized him, too, and had the presence of mind to exploit his advantage over his enemy initially by attacking him from behind. The first blow did not kill him, nor the second nor those that followed. Then it was Janah's turn to counterattack. The fight lasted just a few seconds before

the Veltarian screamed, begging for mercy. The First Generated regained control of his body immediately and spared him, as decreed by his Kami. Triglav was allowed to leave Jandia, never to return, and some of the others followed because by this time, they believed in what he represented.

Those who stayed crowned the one who should have sat on the throne from the very start as their new king.

Janahs of Artanty

Through the centuries, the Janahs of Artanty have not behaved so differently from their brothers beyond the eastern sea: as in Si-An, here the Tribe has gathered around the worthiest leader to seek the most exciting fight, too. It has been a common occurrence in the past to see contingents of the Disciples of Determination as part of both formations on opposite sides of a battlefield.

Those Janahs who have come in close contact with the threat of the Faceless Ones will probably join Morken and the Inquisition, seeing the Faceless Ones as a perfect goal on which to concentrate their energies, as well as a more-than-worthy opponent.

The northern continent is also where Triglav now lives, having retreated there to plan his revenge against Janah and regain the throne. The well informed maintain he is in contact with the Kronoss, but these are just unsubstantiated rumors. The only sure thing is that in these regions, the

followers of Determination often wear protective clothing and layers of strong metal, very probably not just because of the harsh climate of these lands.

Janahs of Dejama

The situation is quite different here from when Jahan was crowned in Jandia in the seventh century. The capital is governed by a war council, formed by the best twelve fighters, elected every five years by a tournament open to any member of the Tribe. They make any decision concerning the management of the reign. While sitting among them at a place of honor, the First Generated takes no part in any discussion. He lives in the fortress-city to contribute to the cause of his people, but he believes that it must not depend on the decisions of the Elders and that the youths should be the ones to determine its future. As far as Braska and Caleb are concerned, they still follow the path they chose centuries ago.

There are still many Veltarians on the continent, even if they do not have a reference figure anymore, not after Triglav's devastating defeat. In spite of this, they are still faithful to the ideals of the developer of their school of thought and either concentrate on the need to wear armor in battle or resort to any kind unscrupulousness to overcome any obstacles.

Janah of Si-An

Until the end of the Ferua dominance, the Janahs were seen as allies of the Felids on this continent and therefore persecuted because of the alliance formed by Thanit, but this phenomenon did not last long, as many members of the same Tribe came from the northern and southern coasts of the continent as reinforcements for the Resistance.

Among them are also Urmen and his followers. Their number has grown in the meantime and can therefore form a contingent of their own. They

reach Artanty in 351 P.G., and after the peace treaty, in 354 P.G., they head south and meet the inhabitants of the fortress-city of Kor'Maresh, still neutral at the time. Its ruler, Serod, one of the few surviving Transmuters, seems to share the same uncertainties as the Janah Elder. He started having doubts five centuries before Urmen did and developed a considerably more theories on the subject. The debates between the two leaders and the merging of their respective forces finally give birth to the Way of the Warlords, officially founded in 359 P.G. with the aim of



intervening wherever it is possible to bring war to the peoples and spread a truth they all tend to ignore. Sooner or later, there will come a time in which resources will not be enough for all the Tribes anymore, and they will meet the same end as the beasts, killed by natural causes such as lack of food and deprived of the privilege of an honorable death on the battlefield. They do not advocate brutal massacres, themselves an end, but a greater awareness of the necessary role war plays in everyday life. For the same reasons, they approve the Overthrow of the Royal Races as a variation on a larger scale of the theory on which their Way is based.

Janah of Si-Neb

Most of present-day Janah Elders have been met at their Genesis by the First Generated during his self-imposed exile and now rule the most of the Janah communities on this continent.

The natural need for confrontation typical of this Tribe is usually vented on the many monstrous creatures that inhabit the continent, be they natural predators or the consequence of a tear in the Veil that has not fully healed.

Over time, however, there have been battles between Tribes, most of all between the Feruas of the Forest of Karmaton and the Lumians, both before and after the foundation of Fourth Dream and the colonization of the surrounding area. One of the consequences of these feuds is

particularly noteworthy: the rivalry between Simar, a Janah fighter and enchanter, and Laran, a Lumian on a personal crusade against anything magical. Their personal challenge continued in between battles to the frustration of the former and the inability of the latter to renounce a challenge until Simar became weary of his opponent's compassionate stare and decided to resort to his skills to kill him, using what he hated most: a magic object. In 428 P.G., he headed south-east beyond the Rocky Marshes, where his enemy would not be able to take him by surprise while he was working at his creation, and he found the ideal place for it among the vegetation of Katmaton. Working day and night, he molded the Veil around himself to envelope his great axe, turning it into an unfailing instrument of death and his revenge. His rite, however, demanded too much from the magic energies of the place. Needing more, it also took Simar's, who fell victim to his ambition. This is where the Temple of Sonnonga now stands, with Ku'Rak still at its heart, left as a legacy by its creator in blind fury; the peace of the surrounding area has been obtained by emptying the environs of all negative feelings and concentrating them on the axe, still pulsing and longing for justice.

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Appearance

The most striking characteristic in a Janah is probably his olive complexion (which not even layers of clothing and metal can conceal), which blends well with his raven-black eyes and hair. The other thing that is immediately obvious is the constant presence in their gear of melee weapons of various kinds.

The Janahs usually prefer bulky, often two-handed weapons, but some Relentless Ones may opt for two one-handed weapons instead. Halberds, axes and war hammers are the most common choices. The Janahs despise using a shield, however, and prefer not to use swords to distinguish themselves from the Lumians. They wear partial armor that protects those body parts more exposed by their chosen fighting style but does not hamper their movements too much.

They tend to show off their self-assuredness in any possible way: they wear flashy clothing, opt for quaint hairdos, and generally bedeck themselves so that they do not go unnoticed. They are not of standard size, and their physique can vary considerably; their cockiness does not always match their physical presence.

There are no substantial differences between male and female Janahs. The females can quickly and persuasively command respect if underestimated.

Their propensity to bedeck themselves does not differ greatly from that of their male counterparts.

Genesis

When meeting the Newly Generated, the Elders of the Tribe exchange just a few words with them. After a very brief explanation about the Kami and the principles of the Tribe, they ask the Newly Generated to choose a weapon from those carried by the Janahs on hand. After that, they explain to him that there is no shame in defeat because it is only through defeat a true warrior can learn and improve. At this point, one of the Elders challenges the Newly Generated, and during the fight shows him what it means to Abandon oneself to Determination, until the Newly Generated concedes his defeat.

Some Janahs never reach the second part of this training. Those who have this privilege are nursed back to health if necessary and instructed on how to Abandon themselves to Determination. They are then challenged again, with the specific aim of defeating their opponent, making the most of what they have learned. Following their inevitable failure to do so, they are neutralized or stunned by the most expert Elder in an attempt to win the fight without killing—willingly, at least—the Newly Generated.

Once they regain consciousness, they are carried to the nearest village, where the Elders give them attainable goals. This procedure continues until the Newly Generated themselves rebel against it and choose a more ambitious goal. From then on, they are free to live their own lives and find other personal goals to fulfill.

Civilization

The Janahs live both in single-Tribe and mixed settlements. They usually choose a specific activity, somehow related mostly to physical confrontation, and specialize in it until they've learnt its deepest secrets. The best craftsmen, blacksmiths, and—of course—fighters are Janahs. On the other hand, it is never wise to ask them to prove their ability other than in the one in which they have specialized over the years: they would accept the challenge, but the unavoidable humiliation would not sit well with them.

Their architecture is both ostentatious and refined, favoring the use of wood and plants available in the area to that of sturdier materials, such as stone. They prefer sliding panels to traditional doors and tend to develop their buildings horizontally rather than vertically.

It is not uncommon to see Janahs challenging each other out of the blue and in any place; the pretexts for this are numerous. No Follower of Determination would ever refuse

a challenge to whomever is so bold as to make it because it would be like denying him the possibility to grow and improve.

Behavior and Customs

The Janahs usually set themselves ambitious goals and do their utmost to fulfill them. They believe it is only by pushing themselves—both physically and mentally—beyond their limits that they will enable their Tribe to grow and improve.

Mercy is a gift they with which they are liberal. A challenge ending in a defeat must absolutely not be the last one in a life path. A burning defeat is a very good lesson, and denying someone the opportunity to learn this would be outrageous. A grudge, however, is a dangerous trap: the Relentless Ones are grateful to whomever defeats them because this fuels the flame of their passion and offers them an opportunity to grow.

They usually have a favorite weapon, which they see as a trusted companion, and is often the same they used in their very first fight as Newly Generated. They also name their weapons and are in the habit of talking to them—despite, of course, never receiving any answer—thus carrying on monologues that may sound comical to whomever hears them. Should you openly show your amusement, however, the Janahs would then show you a totally different side to their nature.



Game Features

Abandon oneself to Determination

A Janah always sets himself a goal, and to fulfill it, he might even resort to the ace up his sleeve, letting his 'other self'—as the Janahs call it—guide him.

Any Janah choosing to do this adds a +2 bonus to all Fighting and Strength rolls, close combat damage and Toughness, but at the same time he suffers a penalty of -2 to Parry; he also ignores any penalties for wounds or Fatigue.

In such a state, a Janah can never aim at a target different to his set goal or make any action directed elsewhere. However, he can make Will and Spellcasting checks against his opponent.

The Janah's state of 'other self' ceases when his opponent dies or surrenders. The Character must choose his goal in each fight: doing otherwise means lacking in interpretation. On the other hand, deciding if and when to Abandon himself to Determination is at the player's total discretion.

A Janah can Abandon himself to Determination even if he is not fighting, in which case he will not stop until he achieves his goal and will not feel any Fatigue until then; in game terms, this means he ignores any penalties for Fatigue and wounds. Once the goal is fulfilled, however, the Janah will be unconscious for a number of hours, to be decided by

the Game Master, proportional to the effort he made. A Janah can Abandon himself to Determination up to three times a day.

Trademark Weapon

Each member of the Tribe develops a special bond with his weapon, often the same one he used in his post-Genesis training. A Janah gets the bonus Edge Trademark Weapon and applies it to his favored weapon, which must have a name. It is possible for a Character to bond with another weapon, if the reason is properly explained within the story, but he will then have to spend two weeks (in game time) training with the new weapon and also give it a name.

Arrogant

Proud and stubborn, the Janahs never refuse a challenge: they see it as an instrument of personal growth, both for them and their challenger, which obliges them morally to accept it. They get the Arrogant additional Hindrance.

Generated to Fight

Each member of this Tribe has an opportunity to prove his physical superiority and his mastery in the use of weapons. It is up to each single Character to make use or not of this talent. At character creation, a Janah has Strength and Fighting d6 instead of the usual values.

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Grant Mercy

A Janah always grants mercy to a defeated opponent if he asks for it: there is no shame in defeat because it is only through it that one's limits can be discovered. And it is only by knowing one's limits that it is possible to push beyond them.

Cutting Tongue

When it is time to fight, a Janah makes good use of every weapon at his disposal starting with dialectics. At character creation, he chooses between Intimidation d6 and Taunting d6, at the player's discretion.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Feruas:

"Our allies are those who are worth a challenge. And as worthy opponents go, the Felids are second to nobody. Once we have defeated them, we probably won't have any more opponents between us and the Kami."

Allied with the Lumians:

"They really are worthy opponents. Such stumbling blocks deserve our utmost respect, Saber, remember this."

Allied with the Rok'Nars:

"Don't worry, Kelden, I won't break your blade on their skin. You'll see... one day I'll be sturdier than them, but till then, I won't waste your sharp edge on their rock-hard skin."

Indifferent to the Gromsh:

"They don't know what an honorable fight or mercy is. They are opponents good to challenge only when Chance says so. They aren't worth it."

Indifferent to the Kronoss:

"Too simple goals do not interest us. They are as fragile as dry shrubs, aren't they, Demien?"

Indifferent to the Menoosh:

"When should I challenge them, exactly? When they are busy getting laid by the first bitch they find or when they are staring open-mouthed at a sunset? No way."

Indifferent to the Oscurians:

"They hide and mind their own business, literally. It is difficult to have them as goals since you cannot 'target' them. It is also difficult for them to interfere. They are of no consequence."

Indifferent to the Senduars:

"Too mild and agreeable. They offer no challenge and are not an obstacle. I'd almost like to force a few words out of their mouths. Indeed, Christie, we have a new goal."

Indifferent to the Whisplings:

"Set the sky as your limit, friend, and your path will be steep...very steep."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"There are people whose lives have been destroyed by the ill-advised actions of that scum. The least we can do is to set their extermination as our goal."

Inclined towards the Warlords:

"Death is necessary, and fighting heralds it. Never have I found a more kindred view of life."

Indifferent to the Guild of Free Trade:

"I have nothing against them, but I simply cannot understand them. What's their daily stumbling block? Bartering fruit and vegetables at the market?"

Indifferent to the Defenders of Free Will:

"I'd never call my Kami into question. It would weaken me, to say the least. However, I can't blame those who want to learn to set ambitious goals for themselves."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"Personally, I don't share their goals, but I can well believe people like us are valuable to them. Should one of us decide to recover all the tiles, you can bet we'd put their mosaic together for them in just one day!"

Famous Characters



Dundra

and the Harbors of Return

Generated in Si-Neb in 721 P.G., Dundra dutifully trained in the way of Determination and swiftly gained her initial recognition. With only ten years' experience, she triumphed over the most famed champions of the nearby villages and set off on a journey all over the continent looking for new opponents to keep improving herself. Among many victories and a few defeats, she finally set her goals aside in 762 P.G. when she reached the harbor of Cape of the Eagle, considered the northernmost place in all Si-Neb and looked to the sea. Beyond it was Sit-Tabthi, the legendary continent everybody knew about but had never seen. The inhabitants of the small harbor town had seen many a ship set sail to the north, but none had ever returned. Over the next three years, Dundra tracked down all the opponents she had previously challenged and gathered the most determined among them to be the first Janah expedition to the conquest of unknown shores. Three hundred males and females were selected, and in 765 P.G., they set sail to the north on five warships, determined to return with the first real tales about whatever was in those lands. They never managed to reach them. They had all heard the legends about the Wurnung (Game

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Master's Guide, p. 207), and were more than ready to face it. What they could never imagine, however, was that there were whole packs of them and that they would come across them. It was not even a battle, just slaughter: dozens of thirty-foot-long amphibious monstrosities, moving around in their natural environment, annihilated hundreds of helpless fighters on their ships. The few enchanters, the only ones who could have made a difference, were the first victims of the slaughter, which meant those monsters followed very precise tactics. The storm raged, chaos was rampant on the sea, and in that surreal scenery, just one lifeboat managed to escape the slaughter: Dundra's. Five Janahs survived what would be remembered as the Silent Expedition, and they owed their life solely to the fear that had taken a hold of their hearts. Only one of them, Devel, vowed he would take revenge on those creatures. Since then, he has been trying to put together a group of fearless fighters who are not afraid to face those living legends.

The other four Janahs made a pact to prevent their Tribe's pride from condemning some other unwary fighter in the future, confident he could face the death he would have most certainly met on those waters. Each of them would travel to a different continent, look for the harbor from which the highest number of ships left every year on that deadly course and give it a new name. Dundra gave Cape of the Eagle, where

everything started, the new name of Harbor of Return. At first, local fishermen and merchants thought the Janah's initiative was just a joke and let her have her way to see how things would end. They also placed bets with substantial stakes on her failing in her mission and lost them all. Today, any Janah who wants to set sail for Sit-Tabthi knows he must first go to the Harbor of Return on his continent, which is also the ideal one from which to set sail. Upon arrival, he must then challenge one of the original survivors: if he wins the duel, he can set sail, otherwise he must return to his village. Each Harbor of Return allows three daily challenges, corresponding to the number of times the challenged can Abandon themselves to Determination each day, which they suggest the challengers should also do. No Janah ever shies away from this practice. After all, they leave home looking for a real challenge, and proving they are worthy of setting sail is a source of pride to them. At times, however, lack of time requires that only the captain of a ship, and not the whole crew, takes up the challenge. Countless fellow Tribesmen owe their lives to Dundra and the other survivors patrolling the various Return Harbors.

Tribe: Janah; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

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Skills: Boating d6, Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+2 war gauntlet), Intimidation d10, Knowledge (military) d6, Notice d6, Swimming d8, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Code of Honor, Vow (challenges at the Return Harbor), Vow (granting mercy).

Edges: Ambidextrous, Expert in war gauntlet*, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Martial Artist, Trademark Weapon, Two-Fisted, Warrior.

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

Gear: War Gauntlet (Str+d4+d6+2, +1 Parry)*, throwing axe (3/6/12, Str+d6) x3, leather armor (1).



Triglav

Triglav grew up in the shadow of Veltarr's success and becomes his favorite. He waits for the right moment to put his teachings into practice and take him by surprise, inheriting his influence on the people with a fully Veltarian act. Ambitious since his Genesis, Triglav soon sets seizing power and taking control of his people as his long-term goals.

After his defeat at the hands of Janah himself, he gets rid of his spear, Opportunity, and has a new pike, Hate, forged, with which he plans to get vengeance for the insult he suffered. While impulsive, he knows quite well when to strike and when to hold back. Right now, he is preparing for his return to Jandia, wanting to

return in style and reclaim what he earned. Ready to resort to foul play and any means to win, he is looking for the right allies, prepared to offer them anything to fight by his side.

Tribe: Janah; **Rank:** Legendary; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12+1

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12 (+2 pike 'Hate'), Intimidation d10+2, Knowledge (poisons) d8, Lying d8, Notice d10, Riding d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8+2, Throwing d8.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 12 (3)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Mean, Stubborn, Vengeful.

Edges: Block, Counterattack, Dodge, Expert Taunter, First Strike, Frenzy, Improved Block, Improved Counterattack, Improved Dodge, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Trademark Weapon (Hate), Strong Willed, Trademark Weapon (Hate).

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

Gear: 'Hate' – pike of the Icy Blow (Str+d8, reach 2, 2 hands)*, heavy crossbow (15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, 1 action to reload), plate armor (3), plate vambrace (3), plate greaves (3).



KRONOSS

Scholars of Time, People of Learning

View of the Kami

The Kami is Time. Allow me to prove it to you. Anyone who doesn't have the time to do something is prevented from doing it, right? Right. Now, should you have to create every single thing and living being, how much time would you need? The answer is simple: an infinite amount of time, because infinite are the creations—past, present and future. And how can you have an infinite amount of something? You just have to be that thing. Don't you see? It is so simple it's almost embarrassing.

"He says he can remember everything in those few moments he's aware of the time he's in. He speaks of a sentence too hard for anyone else to bear, his eyes show frustration no words can describe. And yet, I cannot feel any pity for our First Generated. I cannot bear inconsistency or contradiction, and he is the embodiment of both. Do you want to know the whole truth? If he fell victim to the power granted him by the Kami—that can only mean one thing: he wasn't worthy of it. I'll take the burdens he complains about upon myself."

Satnio, Kronoss's Replacement

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Of all the First Generated, Kronoss was probably the most merciful. His victims did not suffer, and most of them did not even die. They simply disappeared, expelled from the time continuum. The first Scholar of Time did not turn his attention to plants and animals, which he could have easily reverted to their embryonic state, but like any other First Generated, he concentrated on individuals and regressed them to their initial state, to the nothingness from which they had come. He could speed up Time or bring it to a halt, forcing his rules on anyone in a game he could not lose. City after city, settlement after settlement, every populated area of the Lost Tribes of Artanty was emptied of inhabitants. Even now, it is possible to find several untouched buildings on the northern continent that used to belong to the Second Generation, spared by Kronoss.

Then his powers lessened, and his downfall was quite spectacular. Altering the fabric of Time is not a single act that ends conclusively: it always has consequences. As each tile moves, another one finds a new location; to each granted advantage there is a price to pay. The toll Time itself required was quite high, necessary to cover the endless list of paradoxes he had created with his first impulsive actions, which had been a warped joke, a mockery of the very culture of which he should have been the cornerstone. A ruined, crumbling cornerstone was what the first Newly Generated Kronoss

found, not a guide who could lay the foundations of their culture, but a dangerous facilitator of the tolls the Kami was asking in exchange for the thoughtless use of the powers it had granted. All around him, Time would stop and rewind, and at times flowed without anyone in the vicinity being aware. That phenomenon had to be contained.

Far from learning from him, the first thing the Elders, who arrived after Kronoss, had to do was manage the problem posed by their First Generated. They tried to understand how to contain their own powers even before learning how to use them properly, and apposed countless magic seals to a building that was to be a place of containment for Kronoss, a prison where the effects of his power would not compromise his confinement. They built their first city around that time-containment cell to watch over it constantly and as a warning of the consequences of reckless use of their powers. For the same reason, it was not an isolated building but was included in the foundations of a luxurious palace, the most grandiose in the whole city. Meanwhile, the Elders started to have more and more frequent visions of Geneses, and they used the new city as a landmark to which to return after their journeys, thus increasing its population in a very short space of time. They soon named it Khroné, and it became their capital: after all, it was the only place bound to their First Generated, thus earning it the

title of capital. That whole experience taught the Kronoss to study Time while holding its continuity sacred, violating as little as possible.

The New Kronoss

Once the threat posed by the First Generated had been contained and everyday life became the norm in Khrone, it was finally time to make important decisions: the other Tribes could not learn of Kronoss' absence. It was still too early to determine how the geopolitical situation was

going to develop, and in the case of a war of conquest, the news of Kronoss's absence would have made them immediate targets. Therefore, the election of a Council of Elders who could take the place of the First Generated and decide what should be done was an absolute priority. They elected ten Councilors and all the Tribesmen present at that time in the capital—some two hundred individuals—made a pledge: Kronoss was still among them. They based their strategy on the fact that no one had ever seen the First Generated and agreed to choose someone else



who would take his place, a pretense that could, potentially, have lasted forever. The Council then voted, choosing from a list of volunteers, and the honor fell to Satnio, the most skilled enchanter and the shrewdest among them. It was the second year Post Genesis when Satnio ceased to exist and 'Kronoss' took the throne of Khrono, his by right. What was needed now was a cover story for posterity to explain why the seat of power had been built the way it was and who was the guest locked in the time-cell on the first floor. The version they agreed on was very close to the truth, except for the name of the imprisoned enchanter, who was called the 'Eternal', and for the invention of a magic artefact. The creation of this artefact had unleashed the consequences for which the Eternal was still paying. No Tribesman has ever betrayed this secret, too scared by the possible consequences.

Having kept up appearances, the Council swiftly made another decision, this time concerning the effective logistic management of the Tribe as a whole. Unlike many other peoples, the Scholars of Time have always been quite close-knit, considering each other an important, dependable resource, so much so that they strove to overcome the obstacles caused by the distances between the different Genesis places. They quickly put together an efficient network to gather information among their representatives on the four known continents. They made the mistake

of including the Inner Archipelago in their initial plans, but they immediately realized that had been the wrong decision and stopped. At first, they thought the same thing of Si-An, where the first two centuries saw the predominance of the Feruas, which prevented the Kronoss teams from establishing any kind of contact with the capital. It took the coming of the Blue Hope to clarify things. The more experienced Elders were sent to Dejama, Artanty and Si-Neb, where they taught other Tribesmen, who could have future visions of Geneses, about their travels, which measures to adopt and which dangers avoid. Upon return from each Genesis, the Elders updated a communal map showing the location of the Gardens of Life visited up until then. They set up regular meetings of those who had visions of Geneses to best manage the relocation of their fellow Tribesmen, sending them to the villages built on that specific continent. The Kronoss civilization was the first to flourish in Dejama and Artanty. In Si-Neb they required longer to coordinate the teams sent from Artanty after the disappearance of those who had taken the shorter route, and in Si-An there was a delay due to the Ferua rule, which ended, finally, thanks also to the Kronoss's crucial contribution.

Centuries went by, in which the progress made by the Kronoss by studying Time, alchemy and the Veil exceeded that of any other Tribe. Their communities prospered and offered unique, highly priced goods

for trade. Nevertheless, the Council in Khrone was not satisfied. The situation they had faced in Si-An because of the uncouth Felids, the persistent raids of the Faceless Ones against the Gardens of Life scattered all over Enascentia and the Tribe's lack of talent for head-on skirmishes were all factors that exposed their people to danger. What upset the scholars most of all, however, to the point of insomnia, was the inability to properly calculate the extent of that danger, and finding themselves at the mercy of such fluctuating odds that could not be foreseen or contained. They needed a solution, not a way to escape those problems permanently, as they were unavoidable, but a way to improve the statistics, reduce the number of variables and get an estimable figure.

Meanwhile, Satnio was proving a farsighted ruler, careful in making alliances with the neighboring Tribes. His attention was focused mostly on the nearest capital city: Whisp. The two First Generated often visited each other, and their conversations were mutually stimulating. Whispling, in particular, was haunted by what he had done in the first week of his life, how he had intentionally denied all those people the freedom Father Wind had heralded. He found comfort in the words of the Kronoss First Generated because he ignored his true identity and saw him as the only person who could really understand him. On his part, Satnio supported him until the day he set into motion

a plan that would solve the problems of both peoples at the cost of a small moral sacrifice. Or, at least, that was how he was going to explain things to the Council of Elders.

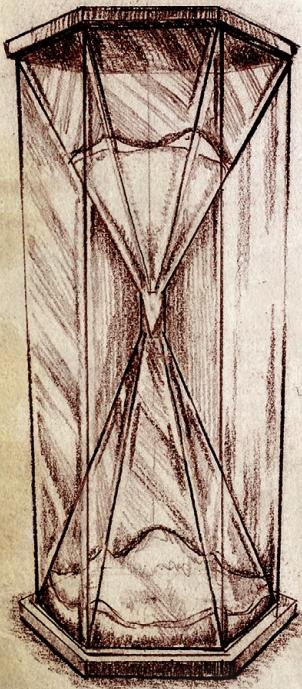
Satnio's Plan

In many respects, Satnio was a good replacement for Kronoss, as he was good at decision-making, of above-average intelligence, and he had the support of the Council. However, he had long been harboring his envy of the Whisplings and their ability to fly. It was sheer torture for him to have to maintain good relations with their First Generated while hiding his all-consuming envy and true identity. He kept looking for a way to become equal to them so that he would stop feeling inferior to another Tribe... he, who, more than anyone else, was proud of his origins. He firmly believed that if they could raise their buildings beyond the accessibility of their enemies, it would solve all Kronoss' problems, from defense to logistics. For years, he carried out experiments secretly to reproduce the art of flight, but they all failed. One day, he decided to change his strategy: if he could not get the Whisplings' powers, then he had to get their help. No matter how much he insisted on explaining how a collaboration between their Tribes could take them beyond the limits imposed by time and space, however, Whispling still

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hesitated to commit himself to that course of action, most of all because of his ties with the Rok'Nars.

At that time, the sons of Sky and Earth still talked to each other, unable to fully understand their respective points of view but respecting them to the extent of forming a common line of defense of all natural elements against the other Tribes, who tended too often to forget the most fundamental balance. And the Kronoss were those who forgot about it more often than the others, ready to sacrifice any tree or animal for their studies. However, Satnio did not give up.



After decades of research, with the help of the alchemist Tamiri, he developed a substance that could bend the mind of a subject, which made it possible to generate deeply-rooted beliefs the mind would register as real facts and become part of its memory. The first tests, however, showed a serious contraindication: too often, the new concepts would clash with the pre-existing ones, creating contradictions the mind could not explain because it saw them all as true. The most frequent effect of this was a gradual loss of reason that led to madness. Considering how dangerous the project was, Satnio set it aside, but he never gave up his plan.

In 576 P.G., a wandering enchantress, Sayele, arrived in Khrono to pay her respects to the First Generated. She carried the fruit of the magic work she had carried out in Si-An: a purple hourglass and a few leaves of Parvati Mina, the trees of the Forest of Memories she had created a few centuries earlier. That was the place in which, in her search for knowledge, she had poured all her power into a single object, the hourglass with which she had been generated. Since that day, the forest she had been in was never the same again, the vegetation had changed because of the tear she had made in the Veil, and the trees had started feeding off the memories of unwary travelers, sucking them up through their reddish leaves, the

same ones she was now offering the city ruler. Satnio interpreted the gift as a sign the Kami favored his plans.

The next time he met with Whispling, he offered him a solution to all his suffering: a way to forget what he had done and free himself from his anguish. They spoke at length of what such a gesture would entail, that using one of those leaves meant to leave one's memories in it. At the end of the conversation, however, the Son of the Wind still refused, troubled by the fact that someone else might take up the burden of his memories in the future, when he just wanted to eradicate them from his own mind.

Overcoming the frustration he felt after this new failure, Satnio decided to play his last trump and asked the Council for permission to resort to a weapon they had sworn they would never use in the future: the Eternal—namely, the real Kronoss. On one side, there was a potential solution for all their problems and on the other, the risks tied to Kronoss's instability, as well as breaking a centuries-old taboo. His proposal was approved with seven votes for and three against, and Satnio met his alter ego again for the first time after 578 years. He told him about Whispling's situation, how he regretted what he had done against his own will and wanted to remove those painful memories to be able to move on. In his revelation, Satnio never mentioned his plans, and instead emphasized those

elements the two First Generated had in common in order to take advantage of Kronoss' empathy. He succeeded, and Kronoss agreed to have Whispling's mind regress to its zero point, bringing it back to the moment of his Genesis. Which was exactly what the Council wanted.

The alliance with the Whispling

Satnio had found a way to win the alliance of the Son of the Wind, but it was not enough because the whole Tribe would have had to follow suit, or it would have all been in vain. He did not give in to his haste, which would have condemned the whole project, and set in motion a long-term process, the outcome of which was easily foreseeable. Over the years, the profits from trading magic and alchemic goods had filled the capital's warehouses to capacity, and it was time to use those riches to hire the best in their field: the Oscurians. The agreement was sealed with the Whisperer of Secrets herself, she who controlled the widest information network of all Artanty. In exchange for her help and that of her people, she asked for the three Parvati Mina leaves she knew were kept in Khrone. Using their magic ability to disguise themselves, the Oscurians caused the first diplomatic incidents between Rok'Nars and Whisplings, assuming the likeness of either race. The sons of Mother Earth and Father Wind already

had quite different opinions, which made it easy for those masters of deceit to take them to extremes. The tension between the two Tribes climaxed in 581 P.G., the same year the last part of the whole plan was implemented: the Oscurian enchanters concentrated their arsenal on Windy Peak, on top of which a Whispling village was built, resulting in a landslide which destroyed it. It was the beginning of the First Elemental War.

Satnio then just had to wait for a few days before offering his help to the Whisplings and asked the Oscurians to do the same. The other faction had the help of the Feruas, but the war did not last long, and in 582 P.G., the forces of the Wind prevailed on those of the Earth. To sanction their new alliance, Satnio suggested that the First Son of the Wind celebrate it by fulfilling his dream: he invited him to visit the Eternal, so that he could remove from his memory the actions he had perpetrated after his Genesis. Whispling agreed, and on that very day, he lost his identity.

In fact, Kronoss did not just remove his first memories, because his only option was to regress his mind to zero, ideal for making use of Tamiri's creation, a detail that was never made known to Whispling. He was only given the knowledge the Council needed him to have to fully exploit its puppet. They built him a fictitious life in which he had purportedly lost his memory after being wounded in battle, and instilled in him a deep-rooted desire to help the Kronoss cause by raising their cities

in the air, together with diffidence for his dervishes that could not defend him in his moment of need. This last precaution, due to Satnio's foresight, proved quite providential. In fact, the seven dervishes, the elite warriors who had always fought by Whispling's side, were the first to notice the change and the only ones who mistrusted the new alliance with the Scholars of Time. Alone in the face of the opinion of two peoples, reneged by their own lord, they withdrew from his presence but never stopped investigating.

Uprooting Khronne required the joint efforts of Kronoss and Whisplings with the first spectacular demonstration of what they could accomplish together. The capital was followed by other cities, and within a few years, the Flying Archipelago became fact. Whispling moved to Khronne, where he concentrated solely on the task of keeping the whole Archipelago of fortresses in the air, together with ten other Whisplings who could work shifts with him when necessary. Satnio had succeeded in making his dream come true, and the first results proved him right. All the Elders moved to the flying fortresses, so that the Newly Generated could be picked up by them and not by a small delegation, thus preventing the Faceless Ones from interfering, at least most of the time. Not all the Kronoss villages were lifted into the air. Some Scholars could not bring themselves to trust their fellow Tribesmen's new condition—hanging in the air, literally—and gathered in carefully chosen places where they

could remain on the ground. The end of the sixth century was a time of great change for the whole Tribe, with mass migrations toward new homes by those who chose to live among the clouds or with their feet firmly on the ground. In any case, many of the old villages became deserted and eventually became a meeting place for wayfarers or a hideout for criminals.

Kronoss of Artanty

This is the continent where the Kronoss are more numerous, either in earthbound villages or in flying fortresses, the Flying Archipelago included. Those who chose the way of the sky have different technical and research tasks to perform, depending on their field of expertise. Less-specialized manual labor is usually the province of the Whisplings, who have to accept the situation because they acknowledge the superiority of their 'travel companions' in certain fields. The progress made by the Kronoss of Artanty in studying the Veil, alchemy and science is unmatched on all Enascentia. Notwithstanding, Artanty is also the continent where the Time Disciples are most numerous, the students of martial arts who try to overcome their obvious physical deficiencies with training and assimilation of magic. Many of them are trained in the fortresses belonging to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow, quite active in the north. Among such fortresses, Merrinock stands out both

in size and the number of trainees. The Way itself is embraced by many a Kronoss, obsessed as they are by the threat of the Faceless Ones. Their fear is also born of their sense of superiority over the other races, because of which they see the 'Liberation' of a Kronoss as a greater threat than that of any other individual.

The capital of the Inquisition is also where the High Inquisitor Awon can usually be found, personally supervising the training of new or would-be Disciples. Awon is one of three High Inquisitors, but he is not the mastermind of the organization, just one of its main arms, together with the Janah Morken. Because of his role as a trainer, he has not seen any action for about a century, but he seems, recently, to have set his role aside to deal personally with finding an extremely important object, the nature of which has not yet been disclosed.

Kronoss of Dejama

The Kronoss of Artanty are great scholars, but those of Dejama beat them hands down when it comes to putting known theories into practice, most of all if it is a matter of distillation, a procedure that enhances the flow of Time more than any other. The best in this field is Antonius, well-known and greeted with a royal welcome in every tavern worthy of its name, even if he is now more used to the halls of the most prestigious palaces. His fame precedes

him, and many people pretend to be working closely with him to take advantage of his legendary name.

Architecture is another field in which the Kronoss's unquestionably excellent technique stands out. There are many examples of it scattered all over Dejama, which dispels the myth of the Kronoss aversion to manual labor. Their style can be recognized easily by their predilection for high structures, which are ostentatious rather than solid and convey a disquieting, yet fascinating sense of instability. There is a real work of art in Durandia made by the Kronoss: a building made entirely of metal framework and glass. It is possible that they made use of a little magic to build it, but then when do they ever not?

Besides highlighting their architectural talent, the presence of so many Kronoss buildings is also due to the shortage of flying fortresses in the area, all assigned to the Genesis delegations led by the Elders. The reason for this shortage is that this area is considered less dangerous than other places, where the Kronoss have increased their aerial presence instead.

Kronoss of Si-An

The first centuries of this continent's history see the subjugation and slaughter of a people, chased as easy prey by the predators and oppressed everywhere but in its most inhospitable region, the desert. The Kronoss never ever forget. Masters of

their own actions again, they never forgave the Feruas and took vengeance on them on the continents where they were most vulnerable: Artanty and Si-Neb. When the Felids had to retreat to the forests of Si-An, the Kronoss resisted the truce proposed by the Rok'Nars, firmly believing the Felids had to face the consequences of their actions and become extinct to atone for the slaughter they had carried out in the name of conquest. To each action there is an equal reaction. The other Tribes could never accept that principle, and the Kronoss had to adapt, but the resentment between those two peoples is still quite strong.

Among those who had to endure the reign of terror of the Felids was also Sayele, one of the first Elders, who survived the persecutions in the fortresses in the Varnha desert. After the Resistance freed her from those oppressive sands, she wanted to continue her study of Time and explore new places previously forbidden to her. When she reached the forest of Mesa Atminas, in 395 P.G., the serenity inspired by the unusual bark of those plants drove her to establish a communion with her Kami, concentrating on the purple hourglass with which she had been generated. The result was extraordinary, to say the least. All around her, the vegetation changed, and the object in her hands released a magical aura so powerful that she had to look away. She realized what she had done and bent down to pick up a few leaves for future

analysis. She was lucky because she was wearing gloves, which prevented her from touching the plant and therefore beginning a mutation that would turn her into a Parvati Mina. She traveled on but took her time to try and understand what she had just done and how natural it felt to her to mold the Veil at will. After her departure, Mesa Atminas started claiming its victims. Later on, the Rok'nar and Whispling communities developed around it and are still protecting it from the Weavers.

Kronoss of Si-Neb

If you are on the southern continent and look up, there is a good chance you will see a Kronoss flying fortress. Justifiably convinced that the presence of aerial support is needed here more than ever, most Kronoss live up there. The few earthbound Kronoss settlements usually have an altar to their Kami, which is now visited only by the Time Disciples, who train in front of it.

While the Kronoss style of life on Si-Neb is far from in keeping with their traditions, the place offers many peculiar magic and morphological characteristics which stimulate their thirst for knowledge. Some merely analyze them, others go beyond that, as does Tiresia—unusually—victim of her own hurried conclusions and now forced to bear their direct consequences on her person. The Time Disciple with copper arms



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now wanders between the Mehara Mountains and the eastern coast, at times joining a caravan and carrying with her the silent teachings of the Defenders of Free Will.

Appearance

About six and a half feet tall but with a rather fragile body, the Kronoss immediately catch your eye, mostly because of their colors, since they have a bluish complexion, and their hair and eyes range from whitish to electric blue. Their eyes, however, are often glassy and veiled because of their lifestyle, which weakens their sight and makes the Kronoss the only race that need to wear glasses.

Their limbs are long and thin, with tapered bony fingers that speak volumes about the Kronoss' propensity for heavy work.

Their clothing is as ornate as it is opulent. The male wear full-length robes and showy jewels such as earrings, necklaces and bracelets. Surprisingly, females tend to be more soberly attired—which does not mean they are not as elegant—and prefer long robes or wide skirts. Males and females are equal within their society.

Genesis

A Newly Generated Kronoss seldom realizes what is happening in the first phase of his existence when a group of Learned Elders comes and picks him up on a flying boat steered by a



couple of Whisplings. Once in the flying fortress, the Elders apologize for the rude but necessary precautions they adopted, and then the Newly Generated must face class after class on every possible subject of learning. These classes analyze in depth those things the Newly Generated already knows and introduce him to new concepts. He also has to follow assorted lectures and group studies. All the knowledge not given by the Kami can be acquired through him... that is, after studies that can last up to many years.

Before he realizes it, the new Kronoss is already following a rhythm of life that will be familiar to him for the rest of his life.

Civilization

The Kronoss usually live inside flying structures, together with the Whisplings, and their cities openly show off the extremely high technological level they have achieved through centuries devoted to research. The Whisplings keep such fortresses afloat in the air while the Scholars of Time can move them to other places—and at other times—when necessary. It is said that the Kronoss built such fortresses to be able to attend to a Newly Generated's Genesis and pick him up without risking raids from the Faceless Ones.

The Kronoss and the Whisplings have a common currency they use in exchanges and trades on board the

flying fortresses. The other races sneer at this convention, which actually has no value outside their floating shells, but the Scholars of Time see it as a necessary measure to prevent chaos and unfairness.

Both studying and methodically analyzing every subject is very important to this Tribe, so much so that each Learned One spends a large part of his learning hours studying the secrets of Time kept by the Elders. It is said they can rip the Veil apart, separating past, present and future. The most experienced fighters are taught the Way of Time, a handed-down secret martial art known only to a few, accurately selected Kronoss.

Behavior and Customs

Renowned scholars, the Kronoss are so scrupulous in their research they make no allowances, even for their fragile physique. Loners by nature, they are not used to having a dialogue with members of other Tribes, but if subjects they find interesting are being debated, they can launch into long and cogent monologues.

Although averse to fighting by nature, if coerced, they will probably choose martial arts.

They are known to repeat this sentence often, uttered by Kronoss himself centuries ago: "Reason is the greatest gift we received when we were created. For now, we use it in the best possible way, but in time, we'll also understand its origins."

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Game Features

Cautious

The Kronoss never hurry a decision; they always take their time to analyze. They get the Cautious additional Hindrance.

Fragile

A Kronoss' skin is quite fragile and ill-equipped to receive blows. A Kronoss gets a -1 penalty to Toughness.

Ill-suited to close combat

Their inclination for learning makes the Kronoss ill-suited to combat. A Kronoss suffers a -1 penalty to Parry.

Aptitude for Magic

The Kronoss have a natural aptitude for magic. Each of them can manipulate it to some extent. They get the bonus Edge Arcane Background.

Quick Thinking

While the other Tribes are busy sharpening blades and claws, the Kronoss perfect the weapon with which they were generated. At character creation, a Kronoss gets Smarts d6 instead of the usual d4. Moreover, he gets two different kinds of Knowledge, chosen by the player, and d6 in both of them.

Scholar of Time

At each experience level, the Kronoss get a bonus Power, at times available only to their race. Novice: speed; Seasoned: quickness; Veteran: slow; Heroic: time jump; Legendary: Stop the Time.

Relationships with the Tribes

Allied with the Menoosh:

"Scribes write, scholars read. Remove one of these elements and the other may be altered."

Allied with the Oscurians:

"Useful, quick and efficient. We pay, they execute. How could our relationship with them be less than fine?"

Allied with the Senduars:

"It's wiser not to antagonize such a wandering force. If welcoming them means earning their gratitude, they can stay here with us whenever they want."

Allied with the Whisplings:

"They need our knowledge. We need their natural aptitude for flight. Diplomacy can be a very efficient weapon."

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"As long as they do not see us as an obstacle, they won't show an interest in us. Should they decide to try to

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surpass our knowledge, however, I'm afraid we'll have to change our attitude towards them."

Indifferent to the Lumians:

"They are extremely civilized, but have one huge flaw—they cloud their intelligence willingly with their principles. It's a pity and a real waste."

Enemies of the Gromsh:

"In nature, there are no other beings who manage to waste their intellect the way they do daily."

Enemies of the Ferua:

"Scholars spend their time closeted within dusty rooms, searching for knowledge. Animals spend their days hunting for their next meal in the forest. What else is there to add?"

Enemies of the Rok'Nars:

"We aren't instinctively hostile to them. We simply choose the most advantageous alliance. We found it with the Children of the Sky, thus inheriting their aversion as part of the agreement. After all, it's a small price to pay."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"The Faceless Ones target us, craving our power more than anyone else's. Those among us who choose to defend our gift have all our support."

Inclined towards the Followers of the Mosaic:

"They are researchers devoted to knowledge and research about what was, really is and potentially will be. Of course, they intrigue us."

Indifferent to the Guild of Free Trade:

"Should I need something they have, I would call them, but I don't see why I should become a member of their Guild."

Indifferent to the Warlords:

"I agree their reasoning is perfectly rational, but I leave taking care of practical duties to others, so to speak."

Prejudiced against the Defenders of Free Will:

"I can't imagine what could be worse—having to share our Kami's secrets or having to give them up."

Famous Characters



Tirgesia,

known as the Silent One

Generated in Si-Neb in 882 P.G., she spent the first five years of life on a flying fortress, learning the arcane arts, as tradition required. After her training period, she formally asked permission to move to an earthbound village, intrigued by animals and plants of which she still only knew little. What fascinated her most was the possibility of seeing with her own eyes how they wasted away with the passing of time,

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just as she had learned from her books. She spent twenty years collecting samples to analyze and observing the changes in the structure of her test animals at regular intervals. Meanwhile, she developed an interest for other materials, too, mostly minerals and metals. At the end of her studies, she concluded that animals and vegetables were flawed by nature. She decided it was her duty as a researcher to try to find a solution to that problem and began a series of experiments on copper, a perfect conductor and a material quite resistant to the passing of Time. She started to perform complex rituals, partly following what she learned from her books and partly altering them using the new information she had gathered.

Not all of them were successful. One day, while she was reciting the words of the ritual, her tongue started to secrete a strange-textured liquid. It filled her mouth and she dribbled it down her clothing, where she saw its copper-colored hue. Driven by instinct to save herself, she immediately ripped out her tongue and then made a desperate effort to interrupt the ritual by removing the metal from the circle she had drawn on the ground. As soon as she grabbed it, however, her hands underwent the same transformation as her tongue, which, luckily, had stopped as soon as she broke contact with the metal.

Although unable to speak since that day, she could still use her upper limbs, which work adequately despite being made of copper. That moment brought a radical change in her way

of life and she began to spend a lot of time in contact with nature to better understand its balance and dynamics, realizing too late her huge mistake. At first, she could no longer use magic, having lost her ability to speak. She went to a temple of the Time Disciples and completed her training there, which allowed her to cast at least those spells which discipline made instinctive. Refusing to give in, she took to traveling far and wide to meet the nomad Senduar communities. As time passed, she learned a lot from them, and the experience led her to see silence not as a curse but as an opportunity. By the end of her stay with the caravan, she had learned to cast spells without any verbal elements, just like her new masters did. Now, she walks alone along the path of learning, but driven by a new belief: anyone should be free to choose his lifestyle and his Kami. Her affiliation to the Way of the Defenders of Free Will is just a formality, because she never stopped in one of their mixed cities and has chosen her Kronoss Kami again, but she firmly supports the Way's principles.

Tribe: Kronoss; **Rank:** Veteran; **Way:** Defenders of Free Will

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Arcane) d10, Knowledge (rituals) d6, Notice d8, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Cautious



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Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, Improved Martial Artist, Magic Appearance (like Senduars)*, Martial Artist, New Power (x2), Power Points (x2), Rapid Recharge, Time Disciple*, Warrior.

Powers: *Armor, Deflection* (free action), *Healing, Limb Shaping**, *Quickness* (free action), *Slow, Speed, Time Anomaly* (free action)*; **Power Points:** 20.

Special Abilities: Unarmed (Str+d6+4).



Satnio

An enchanter without equal, Satnio has spent all his 996 years of life Post Genesis on Enascentia, but only two of them bearing his real name. From 2 P.G., in fact, he has introduced himself to everybody as Kronoss, playing his role for ten long centuries. He has always had the support of the Elders Council, invaluable when it comes to a demanding task such as ruling a whole population wearing a mask the whole time. His command of the art of eloquence is equal only to his mastery in altering the Veil, but he also cultivates other pastimes, such as alchemy and reading. He resides in Khrona, in the Palace of the First, together with Whispling, his almost-inseparable companion... merely an affection which conceals his interest in protecting his puppet. The memories of the First Son of the Sky have been programmed ex-novo

by Satnio himself, who now has such a strong influence over him that it is almost full mental control.

Tribe: Kronoss; **Rank:** Legendary; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Crafting - Potions d12, Fighting d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (arcane) d12+2, Knowledge (history) d12, Knowledge (time) d12+2, Lying d12*, Magical Writing d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Spellcasting d12+2, Stealth d6.

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

Hindrances: Cautious, Delusional, Phobia, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background, Chronomancer*, Concentration, Deep Concentration, Improved Rapid Recharge, New Power (x8), Power Points (x6), Rapid Recharge, Scholar.

Powers: *Bolt, Deflection, Greater Healing, Healing, Intangibility, Mind Communication, Mind Reading, Quickness, Slow, Speed, Stopping Time**, *Stun, Time Anomaly**, *Time Jump**, *Window on the Future**, *Window on the Past**; **Power Points:** 40

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



LUMIAN

Servants of the Light, Mercifull Ones

View of the Kami

The Kami doesn't have to be explained, or understood. Our faith is as blind as the love our Kami showed us by generating us and constantly blessing us with new brothers. We'll repay his benevolence with our lives.

"I'll never forget that moment, when he stopped and looked at me. If I close my eyes, I can still see his emotionless face turn into a mask of tears and grief. A second, the beat of a butterfly's wings would have been enough, and nothing would have been left of me. I would have vanished in the whiteness of the light emanating from his hands, just like all the others before me. But no, not me. I stood there witnessing his first moment of clear-mindedness. Once fear had vanished from my mind and I could think clearly again, I even felt pity for that woeful being. In his stunned eyes, I could see all the questions for which he had no answers and the remorse for his actions was taking shape in each of his tears.

Serug, Fluctua of Sit-Tabthi

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The Lumian's is undoubtedly the most tormented of personal histories of all the First Generated. During his first seven days of life, he was forced to leave a trail of destruction just like all the other First Generated, which totally misrepresented his Kami but at the same time, oddly, represented it. He brought light, not a redemptive light, just a deadly brightness. Together with Rok'Nar, he was responsible for the greatest carnage of those Tribes, now known as Lost, gathered mostly on the central continent. At the end of the seventh day, the realization of what he had done hit him fully and brutally. He ended his ungodly slaughter immediately, and for the first time, hot tears ran down his white cheeks. Overwhelmed by his feelings, he could not find any connection between the Light he should have represented and the atrocities of which he was guilty. He came to the conclusion that he was unworthy and that he had to atone for his crimes. Everything else faded into the background. He turned toward the shocked survivors, saved by his sudden return to consciousness, fell to his knees, with his hands and his face pressed against the ground, and begged them to accept his apologies for the slaughter he had perpetrated. He would never have dared ask for their forgiveness; it would have been too much to ask even the purest of heart. Then he made a last request: since every single life—even that of a killer like him—was sacred in the eyes

of the Kami of Light, he asked them to kill him so that at least in death he could follow the will of his Kami.

No one knew how to answer. The Serug and the other Fluctua choked on their words, distressed by the loss of their loved ones and of an enemy to hate, bearing a grudge to fill the void created by their losses. So they acted, instead. They threw themselves at him, directing all the rage they could into their blows. It was a fury born of the wrongs they had just witnessed, fueled by the death of their fellow Tribesmen and the knowledge they were all victims of some sadistic game, oppressed and oppressor both bound by the same ties. It was all in vain, though: the power of the Light was still strong in Lumian. It enveloped him and protected him from every attack, healing his wounds as soon as they were inflicted. He was not even allowed eternal rest.

Realizing the futility of their attempts, the attackers left Lumian to his fate, certain by now that his reign of terror had ended. He did not give up and kept looking for someone who could put an end to his inner torture, someone who could kill him. He was never granted the martyrdom he hoped for, however. Instead, he started to get his first visions of Geneses and, almost without thinking, headed toward the places his mind suggested: if someone needed his help, he was going to give it for as long as he was allowed. He did not impart his teachings to the Newly Generated because he felt he had no right to do

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so, nor did he ask for an end to his misery because none of them would ever do such a thing. As soon as he was in the vicinity of a harbor with no vision to guide him, he took one of the few vessels that were still intact and asked the first members of his people to follow him. To stay where they were meant to be bound to the atrocities he had perpetrated there and would also have exposed them to justifiable reprisals at the hands of the survivors. So the few Lumians generated up till then left for Dejama, looking for a new beginning.

The time spent at sea did not improve the mood of the First Generated. On the contrary, it drove him to new depths of misery as the visions resumed and extended to the other Elders. Each of them corresponded to a Newly Generated abandoned to his fate. But even if they knew it, they also knew that turning back would only condemn them all to the same fate. The path to atonement was getting steeper by the minute, and dejection was taking root in Lumian's soul.

When they finally reached the coast, they immediately went in search of the Newly Generated in the Gardens of Life. Now, the cursed places they had left behind seemed totally absent in the new visions, which showed new unexplored landscapes. Grateful for the opportunity, the Elders lost no time, and after gathering the first Newly Generated, they started to build their first city. Lumian put his strength at the disposal of his people, but he did so suffering in silence.

When the civilization of the Light appeared to have finally taken root, the First Generated prepared to leave and provide help to all those people in need. All his people asked him to stay, however, because the Lumians all saw him as their Number One, and nothing would ever make them change their minds. If anyone needed his guidance, it was them. The Elders had a crucial role in dissuading him, their main argument being that only someone who had known the deepest despair could know the real meaning of redemption and that perhaps his suffering had a purpose the Kami's plans. Knowing that the First among them had erred and atoned for his mistakes was going to urge every other follower of the Light to do the same.

Years later, the sixteen temples to the Kami, each one at the center of its district, underwent some renovation. The Number One was told only of the plan to erect a few statues to the Light. At the end of the restoration work, there was a ceremony to inaugurate each statue, and the notables of the city took Lumian to admire the result of the city craftsmen's hard work. He was overwhelmed with deep emotion when he saw that each statue portrayed a salient point of his life: from the slaughter he had unleashed in Sit-Tabthi to his attempt at martyrdom, from crossing the sea to taking the throne in Lumina. That way, his people showed him they had never felt ashamed of the Tribe's origins. Indeed, they were all grateful to him for the courage and

determination with which he had led them to where they were now. In remembrance of that day, the memory of which is still fresh in the hearts of those who were there, on the fifteenth day of the eighth month of the year, all the citizens of Luminia gather in front of the residence of the First Numbers, and together they visit all the sixteenth temples in the right order, reliving the events represented there and spending half an hourglass in collective prayer. If a stranger were to be allowed inside the city walls on that day, he would be astonished by the incredible sight of so many people neatly gathered in absolute silence.

The Keepers of the True Light

The Lumian civilization grew prosperous over the centuries and blended in with the other populations, always respecting laws, values and moral principles. Their presence in a mixed city is often seen as a reason for pride and a further assurance that the city will be safe, so much so that the other Tribes were the first to favor the presence of at least one temple to the Light to favor the development of a Lumian presence in the city. Scholars by vocation and armed guards by nature, the Lumians watch over the inhabitants of any place opening its gates to them. In the vicinity of the larger Lumian cities and particularly of the capital, villages of those Tribes who had good diplomatic

relationships with them—namely any Tribe but Feruas, Gromsh and Oscurians—soon appeared. There never was any real war worthy of its name against the latter in particular, but their totally different view of the Kami and life in general always set one against the other, creating a formal hostility. For this same reason, it was not unusual to see them on opposite sides of a battlefield, lending a hand to the causes of other Tribes.

Outwardly, the Lumians appeared as a compact, uniform group dedicated to 'good', but they have always allowed a high threshold of tolerance in their ranks toward the different interpretations of their concept of Kami. The temples of the Kami were not just places of worship to them but a forum where they could carry on this kind of debate. As one can easily guess, a member of another Tribe would have never received the same level of attention of a worthy representative of the Light, but any of them who wanted to give voice to his free interpretation of concepts already familiar at the moment of Genesis was incentivized to do so. While often branded as trivial, this is one of the more complex and well-structured Kamis. Technically, the most frequent explanation is, *"The Kami doesn't have to be explained nor understood. Our faith is as blind as the love the Kami showed in generating us and giving us the constant blessing of new brothers. Our lives will repay his kindness."*

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Honor in battle, compliance with the law, moral rectitude, a clear division of roles between sexes: these and many others were, after all, concepts they all knew since their Genesis, so universally accepted, they had become the basis of their culture. However, all this had nothing to do with the Kami—it was more a code of behavior. It would have been quite difficult to catch a Lumian lying or not keeping his word, but a woman who trained in the art of swordplay to face a man in combat would not be considered less worthy of representing their Kami. She would only be criticized for violating the normal code of behavior. Different aspects of that common definition were then considered and compared, according to the importance given to this or that part of it. The most debated of all the different topics was whether the definition applied to a single or more objects. Which Kami did not require explanation or to be understood... theirs or all existing Kamis? Again, were they really different Kamis, or was each Tribe giving a different explanation for the same thing? Debates on such topics will never end except for those who turn a deaf ear to the opinion of others, an almost non-existent attitude in the forum.

But there was a less flexible school of thought, a group giving a version of the famous definition that was carved in stone. It saw the Kami as a single being but at the same time gave a much wider interpretation to the concept of

‘our’, extending it to all the peoples of Enascentia. This is how the members of this minor Way, the Keepers of the True Light, recited their definition: *“The Kami of Light doesn’t have to be explained nor understood. The faith of each Tribe must be as blind as the love the Kami showed in generating us and giving us the constant blessing of new brothers. The lives of all of us will repay his kindness.”* The Keepers did not offer a vision of the Kami of Light either; they just saw that path as possible. They tried to impose their vision on the others, expecting blind faith and a life spent repaying the debt they incurred through their Genesis in exchange. They were certainly not the ideal drinking mates in a mixed city tavern. Luckily for them and other eventual patrons, such a division developed only within the walls of Luminia, where the Keepers remained until 747 P.G.

The exodus toward Fourth Dream

Such was the tolerance of the interpretation of the Kami that some even took the absence of a need for understanding literally, thinking the Kami expressed his will through signs their unprepared minds could not interpret easily. The most acknowledged theory developed around the dreams and visions of Genesis, seen as full of coded messages sent to the most enlightened among them. This movement, whose lack of an official name was in itself proof of the low level of independent identity, flourished when Sendorja arrived in Luminia in 689 P.G. A talented healer

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and promising orator, Sendorja would visit a different temple of the Light every day, telling the people there about his latest dream, together with his own philosophical interpretation. The Lumians' disinclination to lie, together with these daily tales, persuaded more and more people, attracted by the large number of dreams promised to him...so many they could not be random events. Sendorja's explanations, however, were almost always abstract dissertations about absolute concepts and did not imply a clear stance. They could, therefore, be discussed freely and unofficially. At least at first.

Toward the end of the 740s P.G., the number of dreams decreased, but at the same time tended to repeat themselves at short intervals. One element surfaced repeatedly: a white obelisk in the middle of a sun-drenched landscape. Then one day, in 747 P.G., Sendorja took everyone by surprise by announcing he was setting off to the south to search for the obelisk, and anyone who wanted to accompany him would be welcome. He admitted he did not know exactly where the obelisk was but was certain it existed and believed he could find it. He stated clearly this was not going to be an empirical journey but a leap of personal faith in the Kami and his words. He waited for a few days, gathered about one hundred followers—more than enough to put together a caravan—and left.

At the same time, Vicare, a well-known fighter and a prominent figure among the Keepers of the True Light, took advantage of the situation to proclaim the Keepers' independence. Year after year, the extremism of their ideas distanced them more and more from the rest of the Tribe, and their numbers were not growing in Luminia. If they had to remain an isolated group, then it was better to distance themselves from those professing different theories. He asked Sendorja if they could join forces on the journey, but he set things straight from the start, declaring his intention to keep his own identity intact as they traveled together. The agreement benefitted both of them, so they all left—about four hundred people.

The journey was trouble-free at the outset as they crossed the Silent Plain and the pass in the hills north of Jandia. Things got a little more difficult when they had to cross the Rallenock Mountains, and they had to substitute parshas and horses with burden animals, such as koopash and mules, better suited to the harsh terrain. Sendorja was visibly confused—he had arrived with conviction but was now waiting for a new sign telling him which direction to take. They were nearing the coast when he had a new dream that differed from the one that had led them there, a dreamlike experience that showed him a few rocky islands off the coast, beyond which rose another mountain range.

So, they took to the sea. There were few skirmishes, but there were losses nonetheless.

Once they reached Si-Neb, the original group split while crossing the Mehara Mountains. The Keepers of the True Light wanted to head south along existing paths, while Sendorja was set on following his latest dream, which led him east, despite the more grueling route. So, it was a group of just eighty that passed Nu'Rok and ventured into the plains of that continent. There, they had to face more hostile creatures and raids, and their reduced numbers did not help. They were down to fifty people when they finally reached a hilly area. And there, under a blazing sun, a step away from giving up, Sendorja had his fourth and final dream, in which he clearly saw the place he was seeking and the city he would build there. Today, it is the center of the most prosperous Lumian community on that continent.

Lumians of Artanty

On this continent, the Tribe has enjoyed the same favorable treatment it received in Dejama in its many mixed cities. Since they have a clear view of life, albeit with all its different interpretations, the Lumians seldom embrace a Way. The only one they join willingly has its headquarters there: the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow.

Their inclination for this Way is so deep-rooted, it would be true to say it was the Lumian High Inquisitor Elshian who founded the whole organization with the help of invaluable collaborators, of course. Before the Inquisition was founded, Lumian patrols took it upon themselves to defend any village that asked for help from the growing threat of the Faceless Ones, which was extremely real in the northern lands. A good fighter with sword and shield, Elshian could also use magic to his advantage. In 163 P.G., he was sent to take part in a round table organized by members of the Lost Tribes, the same members of the Blazing Arrow that had split from the Faceless Ones after the rift that was a consequence of the second Overthrow of the Royal Races. They reached Artanty following that new despicable Way, in particular its branch called 'Revolutionaries', but upon realizing the real threat came from the coercion exerted by the other branch, the 'Activists', they decided to seek an alliance with those who had been fighting and containing them. Representatives of the first and second generation asked Elshian to join forces to fight that common threat. However, they also asked to give their support to the cause from behind the scenes so that they did not arouse suspicion. Elshian agreed willingly and started to search for allies among the other Royal Races. With the help of Awon and Morken, he built Merrinock, the headquarters from which the Inquisition could

spread. The restricted council, which actually holds all decision-making power within the Way, resides beyond another circle of walls at the very center of the capital, away from the training grounds and the barracks of the third generation.

Lumians of Dzejama

Thanks to the presence of their capital in the north-eastern area of this continent, the Lumian civilization is quite prosperous here. Travelers can count on their constant itinerant presence, which on occasion offers the guarantee of an armed escort, most of all in the north. Moving south, their presence becomes less frequent and they are almost totally absent in the far south, in the vicinity of that underworld crucible, Oscuria.

Over the centuries, the close-knit Lumian armies on the continent develop simple but efficient military tactics, based on a line of infantry, one of cavalry, and the rear, where the wounded are taken care of. Over time, however, the limitations of this system have become clear in unfavorable territories or with the growing number of armies if they do not have the support of other allied Tribes; their weakness is clearly lack of units of long-range fighters, with the exception of a few enchanters. So they reconsider their cult of the sword. It still is their main weapon, but no longer the only one. In 464 P.G., they add units of archers to their armies.

Lumians of Si-An

Their enforced isolation in the Varnha Desert and in the area of the Lakes of the Skull during the first three centuries isolates the Lumians of this continent from the rest of their tribe, which leads them to follow a different lifestyle. The cult of the sword is still prevalent among them, as well as the division of roles according to gender, with the males fighting and the females charged with all the other tasks, including treating injuries. Other conventions, such as the use of heavy armor, never really take root here. It is possible to see followers of the Light of Si-An wearing shining armor, but there is also a good chance of meeting blond swordsmen who have excelled in agility and mobility, and wear just leather armor or, at most, chainmail. Among the favored types of swords one can find in their villages are short swords, rapiers, sabers, and scimitars for one or two hands.

Males and females wear lighter clothing, less revealing than on the other continents. While they still uphold the same values, such as the sanctity of a union, monogamy and the sense of modesty, the latter does not impose a rigid code of attire and a low cleavage does not cause the same uproar it would in Luminia. This, for example, is the choice of attire made by Priscilla, a 'pure' who lives in a fortress by the oasis of Nesuit. Many are the adventurers who head there to ask for advice or to consult the

Characters



Kami of Light through her. Those who undertake this journey take with them large quantities of jewels, the only trading goods Priscilla will accept. Actually, her choice of a fee is not born of personal greed, but it is a sort of test to evaluate how much the claimant is attached to his earthly possessions. In fact, she will often reject perfectly designed objects presented in large chests and ask instead for some trinket the speaker is wearing to see how important his request is to him and how vain he is. She gives all her profits to the mixed community which developed around the oasis during the Resistance against the Feruas.

Lumians of Si-Neb

In spite of the rather un hospitable nature of the land, which in theory should not be suitable for such a socially advanced civilization as that of the Lumians, their presence on the territory is widespread and well distributed. By now, the hills around Fourth Dream are scattered with Lumian villages, but their settlements are numerous elsewhere, too.

During the exodus led by Sendorja, in 747 P.G., Vicare and the other Keepers of the True Light head toward the south-west, and their path leads them to the far west. In order to avoid the harsh climate around the glaciers, they settle on the peninsula, thus becoming one of the very few bastions of civilization there where they build their fortress. From there, Vicare and

a group of his companions set sail for Dejama every two years, heading north again to Luminia, where they usually find new recruits for their order. But Vicare takes advantage of any situation to gather converts, and the patrons of those taverns unlucky enough to have him stop there seldom forget him or his extremely boring dissertations about the True Light.

In the northern area of Si-Neb, there is another presence worthy of mention, which could become the spark that generates a new minor movement, a lonely fighter called Laran. As security superintendent, he took part in the enchanters' council organized by the Menoosh in the first half of the sixth century and tried to intervene, unsuccessfully, when the accident happened (p. "Second Council of the Royal Races" on page 133). Hit by blasts of magic energy released by the Veil, torn and out of control, he suffered a permanent modification of his upper torso and right arm which does not seem to have impaired his health. Already prejudiced against magic, he developed an innate dislike of any spell, be it aggressive or healing, since he bears the brand of that hated art unwillingly. From that day, he has taken to fighting with his left arm, covering the damaged part of his body, of which he is deeply ashamed. He uses his right arm only to fight against Weavers, tangible proof of the dangers caused by magic and susceptible to injury only by the curse afflicting him, which consists of the surprising

ability to use the power of the Veil to his advantage, a specialty anyone else would covet.

Appearance

The Lumians have a very pale, almost white complexion hidden under long robes or heavy armor to protect it from sunlight. While all Lumians are of medium size, each individual varies considerably in height and weight. The hair is always blond and the eyes are blue or green.

The Lumians have a marked preference—almost a cult, to them—for swords of any kind, from katanas to sabers, foils, scimitars or two-handed swords. Each village has a favorite weapon, and its inhabitants specialize in its use. The fighting and dressing style depends entirely on the weapon of choice. The Servants of the Light are detached to specific villages on the basis of their natural talents and the will of the Kami.

At times, it is possible to find a subject with white hair and gray eyes: they are considered ‘pure’ by their peers, and as such are seen as chosen by the Kami. They are earmarked for the use of the two-handed sword and study its secrets in the capital itself, Luminia.

Genesis

The Newly Generated are met by a group of Elders, made up in equal parts by males and females, plus a ‘pure’ one sent from Luminia, because they are

usually the ones who receive visions from the Kami on when and how the Lumians will get new recruits. The equal number of males and females is necessary to impart the Newly Generated—male or female—all the different teachings he or she needs.

The males are taught from the very beginning how to use a sword and observe their military duties; the female are clothed first and foremost; if not dressed properly—as modesty requires as a form of respect to the Kami—they are taught the healing arts and even magic if they show an aptitude for it. After three days of training, the officer from Luminia decides which is the Newly Generated’s most evident aptitude and sends him to one of the villages. A detachment from the welcoming committee then escorts the Newly Generated there while the others return to Luminia or head for another Garden of Life if a new Genesis has been perceived.

Civilization

Each Lumian trains in one of the villages—peopled only by the Merciful Ones—scattered all over Enascentia. The weapon of choice determines the fighting and dressing style of the inhabitants, but has no influence on the structure of the village itself, which conforms to traditional parameters. Each village is geometrical in shape with round walls and a central square—circular as well—often sporting a fountain

carved to represent a Lumian leader. All the villages' main structures look over the square, from the library to the armory, the Temple of the Kami, the Cathedral of the Light and the barracks of the Number Ones'. Some explanations about these last three structures are necessary.

The Temple of the Kami is a place of worship, built to give the inhabitants a point of reference for their daily prayers. There may be a few differences in the architectonic style, but the Temple usually has sturdy walls, large glass windows to allow light to enter and many effigies of the Kami or an Elder. The Cathedral of the Light hosts all the Acolytes—those young females who still need teaching or have not yet found a husband.

The last structure is just the residence of the village's upper echelons, whose halls are also used for the village's basic administrative activities, such as decision-making and juridical councils. The Number Ones bear this name because the Servants of the Light have an iron-cast hierarchy based on seniority and devotion to the Kami. Those who are the proud holders of the first rank are in charge of a specific organization or village. There can be just a single Number One within a specific category, flanked by two counselors who both are of second rank (they are both Number Twos). There are then three third-rank officers and so on, until every rank of the hierarchical pyramid is defined.

Behavior and Customs

A Merciful One's life is ruled by many principles, all in harmony with his Kami: loyalty, honesty, devotion, honor, probity and faith are just a few.

Whatever may be the Kami of the person they are dealing with, the Lumians prefer to talk rather than resort to their swords. Of course, at times the only language the infidels can understand is that of the blade, in which case the Lumians set aside their inclination to dialogue.

It is the males' duty to fight to defend the Tribe and enforce the principles of their faith following the way of the sword. They are also privileged in that they can resort to prayer every time they need the sacred flame of the faith.

It is the females' duty to pray for the men of the Tribe and for themselves so that the Kami will watch over them. They are also privileged, as they can carry out all the civil jobs necessary for normal life in the villages. Some of them are allowed to study magic.

There are some cases of male Lumians who devoted themselves to the way of magic, as well as of females who are good at wielding a sword, but this is mostly the case with adventurers. Life in a village would never allow for such oddities.

Game Features

Code of Honor

A Lumian always keeps his word, tries to act correctly, as a man of honor should and never lies. He gets the Code of Honor additional Hindrance.

Heroic

A Lumian always tries to save another's life, even risking his own. He gets the Heroic additional Hindrance.

Expert Swordsman

A Lumian can choose a bonus Edge among the following: Qualified in Flamberge, Qualified in Gauntlet-Sword, Expert at Sword.

Healer

The Light they are harbingers of shines in the hands of the Lumians when they help others. At character creation, a Lumian gets Healing d6 and the bonus Edge Healer.

Persuasive

A Lumian is always helpful and accommodating, thus obtaining friendly rather than normal reactions from the people with whom they interact. At character creation, he gets Persuasion d6.

Unwavering Willpower

Strengthened by their beliefs, the members of this Tribe have firm moral principles, equal only to their



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unwavering willpower to follow them. At character creation, a Lumian gets Spirits d6, instead of the usual d4, and a +2 bonus to all Fear checks.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Janahs:

"They know honor and mercy. Don't look for the Kami within yourselves, brothers. Look for it around you, and you'll realize our paths aren't so different, after all."

Allied with the Rok'Nars:

"There's a difference between living blindfolded and seeing through a thin veil. Those who do the first will never be able to share anything with those who can see, while the others have a few glimpses of things and it's possible to talk or exchange views with them."

Allied with the Senduars:

"Perhaps they wander in search of their Kami or to feed their meditation. In any case, the door to our sacred places will always be open to them."

Indifferent to the Kronoss:

"They are so far away from the truth and us that we don't have to bother about them and their skepticism."

Indifferent to the Menoosh:

"I'd never trade even a drop of my probity for an empty life of leisure such as theirs. On the other hand,

the Kami doesn't give orders and everyone's free to make his own mistakes."

Indifferent to the Whisplings:

"Another veil, another perspective. It will be our duty to show them how you can see in the same way looking from the opposite sides of the same veil."

Enemies of the Feruas:

"Poor, faithless beasts. I pity them. To mistake a gift from the Kami for the Kami himself is being blind, but to persist in living blindfolded is sheer stupidity. They didn't accept our forgiveness when we offered it. Now, it's too late."

Enemies of the Gromsh:

"Whoever confuses faith with folly is a danger to the others as well as to himself. We cannot simply stand by and just watch."

Enemies of the Oscurians:

"When your honor has a price, you do not deserve the Kami's forgiveness anymore."

View of the ways

Inclined towards the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"We seldom run across a purpose as noble as theirs. They can always count on my blade when it comes to eradicate the Faceless Ones' unholy threat."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"Each individual lives his Kami's precepts his own way. To search for the Lost Tribes and preserve them is not, itself, an offense to our creed."

Prejudiced against the Guild of Free Trade:

"This is a Way the Oscurians devised to do as they please and deceive the other Tribes. Is there anything else we need to know?"

Prejudiced against the Defenders of Free Will:

"I find it difficult to think that a Gromsh or a Rok'Nar could forsake their habits to embrace the Light. And the idea of an Oscurian doing it simply makes me smile."

Prejudiced against the Warlords:

"It is beyond my comprehension that there can be people ready to kill their own kind because of some potential future problem. And I can't condone it."

Famous Characters



Sendorja

Outstanding orator and healer, Sendorja leads his people toward Si-Neb following some visions brought to him by his dreams, and with fifty survivors he builds Fourth Dream. He is presently the Number One of that city, and in time, his healing ability has

become equal to Lumian himself. The proximity of the Obelisk augments the magical talent of any enchanter in the vicinity. This phenomenon is actually due to the nature of the powerful artefact, built by the Inim'Ur, and the affinity between the power it grants and the intentions of its users. In short it is a sort of magic amplifier which can transcend its own limitations. What the Lumians do not yet know, however, is that they are unwittingly paying the price for this power, something the Lost Tribe that designed it saw as an added advantage—that is, a route to a more spiritual form. Just recently, in 996 P.G., a few visitors from the outside complained there was something strange within them as if their hair was losing substance...just like the Whispling. But that could just be a trick of the heat.

Tribe: Lumian; **Rank:** Legendary; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d12+2, Strength d4, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d12+2 (+2), Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (geography) d10, Knowledge (Si-Neb) d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12 (+2), Spellcasting d12+2, Survival d6.

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

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic, Delusional (dreams), Pacifist.

Edges: Arcane Background, Charismatic, Improved Rapid Recharge, Healer, Light Bringer*,

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New Power (x6), Power Points (x6), Qualified in Scimitar*, Rapid Recharge.

Powers: *Appease the Crowd**, *Armor*, *Barrier*, *Greater Healing*, *Healing*, *Intangibility*, *Luminescence**, *Radiance**, *Remove the Veil**; **Power Points:** 40

Special Abilities: +2 to Fear Checks.

Gear: Scimitar (Agi+d6-2).



Vicar

Tireless supporter of the Keepers of the True Light, he always carries his huge flamberge and his even bigger ego. Among the members of his movement, he is one of the most direct in explaining their intransigent theories. He does not actively seek physical confrontation with those who reject his dogma; after all, it is not with violence that you reach the awareness of the Light, but neither has he ever backed away from a fight. Charged with recruiting new members, every two years he goes to Luminia to recruit more disciples to the order and create confusion to the inns where he lodges.

Tribe: Lumian; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** Keepers of the True Light (minor)

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d12 (+2 flamberge*), Healing d6 (+2), Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Dejama) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Swimming d4, Shooting d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11 (3)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic, Overconfident, Stubborn.

Edges: Bulwark of the Light*, Healer, Improved Sweep, Improved Trademark Weapon (flamberge), Qualified in Flamberge*, Sweep, Trademark Weapon (flamberge).

Special Abilities: +4 to Fear Check (and Test of Will).

Gear: Flamberge* (Str+d10, reach 1, -1 Parry, AP 2, 2 hands), heavy crossbow (15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, 1 action to reload), full plate armor (3).

Characters





MENOOSH

Painted Ones, Artists

View of the Kami

The Kami is freedom, and art—the most expressive form of genuine beauty—prosper in freedom. Each line we draw, each word we write, each dance we dance aims for it and draws inspiration from it.

“His secret is ink! Don’t let him use it or it will give birth to creatures, flames, objects, anything! Try to find out where he keeps it. He doesn’t wear voluminous robes under which to hide it. It must be a trick, an illu—

“Should you meet the red-haired nightmare, run...run away without ever turning back. There’s no escape from his creations, and he seems to know no limits in producing them. Ink is his tool, but he himself...”

The last unfinished warnings written by Menoosh’s victims at death’s door.

Menoosh appeared in a Garden of Life in northern Dejama, near a beach on its coast. He arrived with the same aim as all the other First Generated, but he did not start to spread devastation around him immediately; he allowed himself a little time to learn. He looked around, and was fascinated by the sea and sand. Then he picked up a stick and drew a wonderful winged creature on the sand, a product of his imagination. When he was had finished, he touched his creation, and it detached itself from the ground as if it had just been trapped within, its body made of the same material on which it had been drawn. The huge winged behemoth made of sand had a shape that did not exist in nature. It was an extraordinary creature with scales, fangs, claws, horns and many limbs. It carried out the duties of its creator, killing and destroying any trace of those civilizations now lost forever. Satisfied with the result, Menoosh tried again. He headed inland and, drawing with extreme self-confidence and incredible swiftness on various materials, he gave life to rocks, trees, the ground and any other surface on which he could draw his enchantments. His armies advanced swiftly toward the south, spreading a wave of terror, while he created more and more that could join them.

The Sacralis of Dejama did not wait passively. They tried to counterattack, but those creatures could regenerate from any wound, rapidly finding their original shape again. The Sacralis then tried to escape, but few were



missed by those creatures' tracking methods, different for each of them but all equally effective...vibrations, sounds, smells, body temperature and heartbeat were just some of the signs they could detect. Some of the Sacralis, luckier than the others, avoided being discovered by those monsters by a hair's breadth and, heading south, they met their creator. As soon as they saw Menoosh intent on creating life, they threw themselves at him, trying to stop him, even though they knew they were probably doomed, anyhow. They could not believe their eyes when they managed to strike him; perhaps they could still defeat the living nightmare standing before them. A moment later, they were even more astounded when they saw black liquid instead of blood pour out of the wound, sacred and therefore familiar to them: it was ink. The First Generated was astonished by the sight, too, but he still felt no fear and instinctively used the new material for his art. His affinity to it surprised him; he did not have to draw a figure to give life to his creations. All he had to do was visualize a shape and the black liquid would take its form, in whatever the desired dimensions.

He was always creative with his sentences. Instead of commonplace warriors or weapons, he created fitting scenes, since the only limit was that of his imagination: dark ropes bound the hands and feet of his victims', or they were drawn and quartered or grim gallows took shape, with the lifeless bodies of his victims hanging

from them. They never knew if there were any limits to his work or if he felt the consequences of continually using so much of what ran in his veins—whatever it was. They did not have the time for it. The only sure thing is that while his boundless power lasted, Menoosh kept creating, molding and commanding, until his innate need for slaughter ended.

When he looked around, it took time for him to process the mass of information assaulting his mind: a mixture of previous knowledge, images of things he had done but had no conscious memory of and finally the sight of the consequences of his actions. He saw the bodies of his victims, which made him feel deep remorse, but also what little was left of the huge works his art had created, undoubtedly used to a cruel, reprehensible end but fascinating nonetheless. The creatures he had molded all melted like snow beneath the sun's rays; only very few shapes of remarkable beings still survive today. He allowed himself a short time of silent meditation as a mark of respect toward victims of fate—since he did not consider himself responsible for actions without any consciousness or real intent—and devoted the first few hourglasses of his conscious life to honoring their memory with a rite and burning their remains. Even when he received his first visions of Genesis, he did not interrupt the rite, so as not to alter its sanctity. Only when he had finished did he go to welcome the first Newly Generated,

leaving behind the pain of the past and looking to the future with his most radiant smile.

Menoosh was an invaluable guide to his Tribe: he took care of the Geneses, led his people to the place he thought best suited in which to build their capital, in total symbiosis with the surrounding nature, and followed every basic aspect of the prosperous growth of their civilization step by step.

Year after year, Menoria became more and more the core of Menoosh culture, a meeting place for all creative excellence, but individual artists kept traveling from village to village to improve their talents and avoid stagnation. This tendency was the direct consequence of the educational methods the Elders used with the Newly Generated. They would offer them all possible help within the city until they realized themselves that such a situation had its own limits and that they had to start learning on their own if they wanted to experience really full life experiences. Because of this, many Menoosh villages were built, scattered all over Enascentia, with a population that undergoes constant turnover, due to the predisposition of each individual and therefore impossible to organize: there were frequently insufficient lodges to host all the visitors, or whole villages were often emptied in the wake of a mass migration. Because of these same principles, this Tribe tends to settle in mixed cities, contributing to their economy by

doing many useful or simply pleasing things the other Tribes would not be capable of doing as masterfully.

Over time, the Painted Ones have proved to be the glue that keeps populations firmly united as well as one of the few links between the most rigid keepers of nature—held in high regard by any artist worthy of this name—and the most ardent supporters of civilization.

No wonder, then, that the few inevitable conversations between Rok'Nars and Kronoss or Oscurians and Feruas have been managed mostly by Menoosh ambassadors. Year after year, continent after continent, they have strengthened the relationships between the different Tribes at each commissioned work or successful diplomatic mission. Had it not been for their intervention, perhaps the Feruas would have never been able to recover as a Tribe and find their place on Enascentia again after their conquest of Si-An and their defeat. Encouraged by this and many other aims, Menoosh decided to convene the first formal meeting of all ten Royal Races to discuss the terms for a peaceful coexistence.

First Council of the Royal Races

In 392 P.G., forty-nine ambassadors and their escorts left Menuria, each headed to meet a Tribe representative for each continent. The aim was not only to open constructive dialogue

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with the First Generated or the capitals' highest officials, but to have all of Enascentia represented equally at the meeting. The Menoosh themselves had never had frequent contacts with their brothers across the sea and would have never dared to talk on their behalf without first consulting them. Delivering all the invitations was far from simple, as more often than not there was no specific place to go to, and it was first necessary to make careful analysis of the most influential villages and the highest personalities within each society. This might appear rather ordinary within a hierarchic structure such as that of the Lumians or based on individual strength as is the case with the Feruas and the Janahs, but things were different and far more complicated in other cases. The Gromsh are a clear example of this, but also the Menoosh, who lived elsewhere, were often without a spokesperson. They had too many, and each Oscurian insisted he was the highest authority in the field even before hearing which field it was. In weighing things up, some victims were also taken into account, the ambassadors sent to Sit-Tabthi. Well aware of the danger they were facing, those fearless emissaries did not want to give up their attempt to unify all the peoples and chose to ignore the legends about the central continent. Unfortunately for them, they were quite true, but their sacrifice was not in vain and turned out to be quite useful during the debate.

In 400 P.G., numerous delegations formed by Enascentia's highest personalities came to Dejama. The site chosen for the meeting was the neutral ground of the new commercial city of Vesoelm, totally emptied for the occasion except for the teams of stewards, of which there were many because of the exceptional nature of the event. Each Tribe was represented by twelve members, three for each continent, for a total of one hundred and twenty people, plus their escorts who were left outside the city perimeter to avoid creating all manner of imbalances. The only discordant note of the whole project were the fickle opinions of the Gromsh, represented and listened to in the same measure as the others but filtered by tacit agreement by the other nine races, which was not always an easy task. The council lasted two weeks, in which most of the collective decisions, still effective today, were taken. Some among the most important were:

Everyone agreed not to openly condemn what had happened on Si-An, acknowledging the Feruas' right to dominate the forests under the supervision of the Rok'Nars. Any aggression on the Felids' part outside the established borders would be considered as a declaration of war and would imply the immediate cessation of the truce.

The Lumians were given full jurisdiction of any city that would honor them by building a temple to the Light. In such places, the

declaration of laws, the management of city guards, and the issue of official rewards would all be evaluated by them before becoming effective.

The Menoosh were given the awkward job of ambassadors in the light of their undeniable diplomatic successes, of which that general assembly was tangible proof. They were also given the task of supervising the written tradition of the different peoples, who were free to write their individual records but were also asked to provide the Menoosh with the material necessary to write down and pass on customs, traditions and legends of all the Royal Races.

Four mixed cities—Vesoelm in Dejama, Erelidia in Artanty, Yered in Si-An and Rijel in Si-Neb—were chosen as depositories of emergency funds, put together via offers, donations and taxes, to be used in the case of famine or epidemics. The Oscurians committed themselves to supplying those cities with all the goods necessary to make it through the crisis to be faced, as they had already proved they could do in the case of the Scarlet Vengeance. Of course, they were not going to do anything without payment, but after heated debates at the council table, all the Tribes agreed it would be worth it.

They also agreed a pact non-aggression where the Genesis delegations were concerned, and every Garden of Life was declared sacred. All the Tribes agreed that the Genesis was a common right and that it was right to openly fight

against any attempt to deny it to anyone. A series of directives were also approved to manage the meeting of different delegations reaching the same Garden, in the case of multiple Geneses. The Gromsh took that issue—one of the few in which they showed any interest—to heart, to the point of insisting that if just one of their Elders was present, all the other delegations who had reached the same Garden of Life should put forward only the Elder to whom the vision had been entrusted.

Access to Sit-Tabthi was forbidden to all Royal Races, and it was decided that from that moment on, all sea or air routes would avoid the Inner Archipelago. Upon the insistence of some Tribes—mostly Feruas, Janahs and Gromsh—it was also agreed that the agenda for future Councils should include the organization of a mass expedition to regain control of the lost continent.

Every decision taken by the Council was adhered to for years, with great reliability and consistency, which made the Council a success. Some two centuries later, the Menoosh diplomatic machine set to work again, suggesting a second Council for the year 600 P.G. with the intention of making it a regular appointment every two hundred years.



Second Council of the Royal Races

The date for the new meeting was set by mutual agreement, but the chosen place was the subject of many a debate. In fact, it was decided, a little hastily, to move it to another continent to guarantee a periodic rotation that would not benefit or disadvantage anyone in the long run. After lengthy consultations, Si-Neb was finally chosen, and in particular the area between Lake Sinija and the Fogfield, to the north and east. The main topic for the Council had a relevant influence on that choice because that region had a peculiar affinity to it, a problem known to all but too often willingly ignored: the relationship the Tribes had with the Veil. At that time, Si-Neb's landscape was a mix of desolate areas and many places of rare beauty, often generated by past tears in the Veil creating no one knew what sort of magical artefacts. The once-constant presence of Weavers was now far less frequent due to the control the Breath of Gromsh—beyond the sea to the north-east—had on them.

Unlike the first meeting, this time, the invitations were delivered paying specific attention to the personal competence of the individual attendee rather than the office he held within his community. The presence of just the enchanters was required, to the exclusion of the high echelons that had been present two centuries earlier, in order to prevent

powerful individuals with little or no knowledge on the subject at hand from prevailing on other more expert ones. A whole palace was built to host the meeting, one of the most majestic towers ever seen, realized by the joint efforts of Menoosh, Janahs and Lumians. The meeting started normally, with the presentation by each delegation of its people's arcane customs and traditions. In the days that followed, the symposium then tackled a more controversial topic, namely the creation of magical objects, together with the opinions of it of each attendee. The debate was far less heated than expected and—favored as it was by the natural curiosity typical of any scholar—it was decided to improvise an experiment to seal a pact of cooperation among the Royal Races in the magic field as well: they joined their forces to create a gargantuan magical object. It was a tragedy of immense proportions. Since Era of the Forerunners, this was the first time the Veil was so near to its violators, which immediately activated the defenses granted by the Duality after the Nalgar had been killed. All the unsuspecting onlookers were immediately turned into Weavers and could not rest until they removed all the arcane wonders from Si-Neb, healing every tear in the Veil, unable even to feel the attraction of the Breath of Gromsh until they had finished.

There never was a third Council. Menoosh tried to broadcast officially that their motivation was the desire

to honor the memory of those who had died in that tragic event at the beginning of the seventh century, but the common opinion was that the Tribes' high echelons did not want to repeat an experience that had ended so tragically. The date for a hypothetical third Council is now getting close, a fairly symbolic date which will mark the beginning of the new century and the new millennium. It seems that, this time, the Painted Ones are already sending out their delegations.

Menoosh of Artanty

Peerless artists of great fame, the Menoosh excel in every artistic field in all the known lands. Consciously or not, however, they tend to draw inspiration from outside stimuli, and each detail contributes to determining their specific field of specialization, continent by continent. The presence of the Kronoss and Whispling capitals has had a considerable influence on the Menoosh of Artanty, which means that music and writing are the main fields of interest there. Menoosh bards and dancers can be found in any inn worthy of its name, just like each library has its Artist of reference... one belonging to the same Tribe, of course. The proximity to the volumes belonging to the Scholars of Time also whets the Menoosh's appetite for the arcane art considerably, and many of them choose to pursue the study of it. However, freedom of choice and absence of ties are still the basic

elements of the Menoosh culture, so it cannot be taken for granted that they will become stable members of that city's life.

Not all Menoosh respect other people's freedom in pursuing their own. Some of them have long ceased worrying about the feeling of oppression of those who have forged their own chains: they tend to ignore social conventions, self-consciousness, taboos or any other form of constraint developed by the supposed evolution of each civilization, because they are persuaded they must apply the concept of freedom to themselves only and that each individual should concentrate on his own freedom without caring if it can turn into some one else's chains. It is not possible to talk about a real rift between different schools of thought, but undeniably, this is a topic that tends to resurface.

A group of Painted Ones with a marked inclination for the theory favoring individual freedom over the collective one—to the point of choosing their own pirate banner under the leadership of their captain, Mansi—have settled on the eastern coasts of Artanty. The narrow body of salt water separating the northern and eastern continents abounds with the ships of the Gracious Collectors, which pose as merchant ships belonging to the Confederation of Free Trade to informally approach other ships. They then board them and empty their holds to fill their own. In spite of their rather bland name,

they have no scruples in leaving any uncooperative victim at sea, but one of their priorities is undoubtedly to minimize the damages for the victims as much as possible. Of course, they will never leave them to starve to death on a drifting raft.

Menoosh of Dejama

Dejama is the continent with the highest concentration of Menoosh. Attracted by the festivals held in Kartali, the markets of Vesoelm or the opportunity to visit their own capital, Menuria, Painted Ones from all over Enascentia often journey to these lands, if they haven't been generated there already. There are many famous personalities, but there are two whose personal histories deserve special mention: Madame Alerya, one of the four who rule the market city par excellence, and Falusa do'Mirr, governor of the city of festivals.

High counselor of Menoosh in Dejama, Alerya followed him during the First Council of the Royal Races. She did not take active part in the proceedings but looked after the guests and dealt with most of the organizational problems. In exchange, she was given ownership of a whole palace within the city, which at the time was still a small, growing town, should she want to return in the future. Alerya felt such strong ties with the place and was so fascinated by the prospect of the development of a new meeting place that she asked to

be relieved of her duties in Menuria to move there permanently, which was exactly what Menoosh hoped she would do, because he had seen the melancholy in her eyes while she was living in the capital. The servants she had employed at the parties held during the Council became—and still are—her most trusted collaborators, the White Bands, and her palace is well-known as the Pleasure House of Madame Alerya. The security forces, the Red Bands, remained in the city as well, at first under her command until the Opulent Wayfarer took control of them in the following century.

Falusa's story, however, is the story of his enterprise. He was one of the first to reach the western coast near Kartali, a few months after the Overthrow of the Royal Races, and there, he found one of the extremely rare settlements spared by the cataclysm. Apparently empty, it had clearly been built a long time before, and it posed a real mystery for the young Menoosh, who decided to spend the night there. What he saw, however, went beyond his wildest dreams: as night fell, the streets lit up, there were faces and sounds, and a real feast was taking place. The scene left him breathless, and when it ended, he waited impatiently for the next night to see it again. Nothing happened. He remained there—day after day, night after night—until he solved the mystery: those buildings gave refuge to three surviving Jisterias, who had spent that first night playing as they used to, unaware of his presence. As

soon as they noticed him, however, they were afraid and suspended their delusions, waiting for him to leave. Once they started to communicate—a little shyly, at first—the two races discovered they got on far better than they expected and decided to combine their efforts to create what would become a dynamic monument to the art of celebration, a place where festivals never ended.

Menoosh of Si-An

From desert dunes to jungle baobabs, the majestic nature of these lands has always fascinated the Menoosh. The lack of taverns is abundantly compensated by a unique landscape, which is a constant source of inspiration to artists like them.

It was on this land that the inspiration of a Painted One's reached a new cognitive level, and that visionary unveiled one of the most important secrets of Enascentia without realizing it: the false power of the Tribe symbol.

Motivated by curiosity alone, Nankil'Slas set off on his journey from Nesuit, an oasis in the Varnha Desert. He did not face the strenuous journey alone but joined the first Senduar caravan he came across, fully intending to part ways with them once out of the sun-drenched dunes. During the journey, he discovered firsthand the enormous cultural differences between their Tribes, most of all those concerning any form

of communication. At first, he found it hard to adapt to their customs, which was necessary because of their superior numbers, but in time, he began to appreciate the logic of them: it was not a constraint, as he had erroneously supposed at the beginning, but a way to access experiences that would otherwise stay unknown. Opening his mind, he then embraced their customs just enough to savor the art hidden in a silent sunset, the expressiveness of a glance and the value of a gesture. He was so overwhelmed by the experience, he began to think their respective cultures were not so different from each other if they just took the time to understand each other. He even reached the conclusion that the Senduars, who were careful analysts, were already aware of this and that incomprehension was a real fault of the other Tribes. Upon reaching the borders of the desert, he did not part from his travel companions. He made an silent request, instead, and without further delay, they resumed the journey together. In Dunesia, he found members of other Tribes bent on following a similar path, either simple merchants passing through, who held their hosts' culture in high regard or philosophers lost in endless debates concerning the customs of the Senduars and thus showing they did not understand them at all.

After leaving the capital, Nankil'Slas' caravan kept growing as the months passed, gathering quite a few travelers intrigued by the sight

of a silent Menoosh. Meanwhile, Nankil'Slas stopped drawing from his natural talents, so he never realized he had lost them. Without noticing, he had switched to another Kami: what he sought now was Discovery through travel, not Freedom of Artistic Expression. The caravan continued to grow, year after year, until it included fifty worshippers of the Senduar Kami who belonged to other Tribes when they joined it. Led by Nankil'Slas, the anonymous group of travelers reached Si-Neb, where they founded a Way, a movement of people united by the common belief that each individual should be free to

choose his Kami and not be bound by ties imposed through his Genesis. In 458 P.G., the Defenders of Free Will were born.

Menoosh of Si-Neb

Among all the continents, Si-Neb is undoubtedly the one where Menoosh are less numerous. The disastrous magic following the Second Council of the Royal Races generated a wave of mistrust toward them all, held responsible for the gathering of foolish experimenters blinded by their thirst for knowledge. Such resentment is still felt strongly by the inhabitants of



the areas surrounding Lake Sinija and the Fogfield, victims of a wound that was difficult to heal. In spite of all this, the Genesis delegations are tolerated there, welcomed even by Rok'Nars and Feruas within the few wooded areas, and by the Lumians in the hilly region around Fourth Dream.

Appearance

The most common word that defines the members of this Tribe—beautiful—is also the most appropriate. Their allure transcends the subjectivity implicit in the definition and manages to affect even the most prejudiced observer.

Usually well muscled, thanks also to their daily exercising (a consequence of a constantly mobile way of life), the Menoosh are of medium height—around five foot six inches tall—and it is rare for one to weigh more than two hundred pounds.

Their eyes and hair are brightly colored and often red. Their choice of clothing is garish, too, although they prefer to leave as much of their bodies as exposed as possible.

The only real difference between males and females is that female Menoosh are wooed by members of all the other Tribes. Besides their innate sensuality, they stand out because of their marked generosity and almost non-existent modesty.

Genesis

A Newly Generated Menoosh is greeted by a group of people from his own Tribe, normally all but one of the opposite sex. The Elder, male or female, explains the concept of Kami to the Newly Generated, then introduces him to the subject of the Tribe's customs. This explanation tends to be short and is followed by a request: the Newly Generated has to select the subject that meets his tastes more than anyone else within the welcoming group—the Elder excluded. The chosen one, whoever he or she may be, must show a lack of modesty by taking off all his clothes and completely undressing the new young Menoosh, to teach him (or her) another fundamental principle of the Tribe: the pursuit of pleasure. From the very moment of their Genesis, the Menoosh therefore become accustomed to getting freely whatever they want, without any preconception, qualms or inhibition. On the basis of this same principle of a free life ruled by instinct, if any member of the welcoming group finds that the Newly Generated is not to his or her liking, this member can leave the group without explanation. On the other hand, the Menoosh's nature and innate charisma are such that there have been very few such episodes throughout the Tribe's history. At times, the welcome of a Newly Generated can turn into a real orgy; a famous example of this

is Lebelia, now renowned within her Tribe because when questioned by the Elder, she answered (fully ignoring the consequences), "Honestly, I really like you all, women included." The orgiastic night that followed resulted in everyone resting for two more nights before they could leave the place.

Civilization

Menoosh villages are better defined as landscapes rather than mere settlements and are breathtakingly beautiful, harmoniously set in a lush, natural background. The Menoosh express their artistic flair in building, furnishing and decorating their villages, using any material they find. Those who are more finicky about detail can wander away from the village for months just to find the exact kind of wood they want for their front-door lintel. There are no doors because they do not exist within their culture; even walls are not necessarily efficient barriers, as they are not thought to keep others out but rather as a support to hang pictures, or tapestries or a canopy meant to protect a vase or sculpture from the elements. They often live under huge porticoes open at the sides, built on a rocky ledge, or hanging between two trees or even built around them. The Artists willingly barter their works, which are the end result of the expressive form that best represents them. In

exchange, they merely ask the right to barter for other people's works too. It is therefore clear they know and practice bartering but are not in the habit of estimating the exchange value of any object because they all are examples of the finest craftsmanship. They usually celebrate specific events—first and foremost, the advent of a Newly Generated among them—with banquets and dances.

Being highly sociable, however, they tend to settle in mixed villages to live there in harmony with other Tribes. Likewise, they do not fear traveling, which for them is the perfect opportunity to widen their experiences and meet new people—perfect ways to stimulate their artistic inspiration.

Their nature and friendliness to all the other Tribes make them the perfect ambassadors in any situation.

Behavior and Customs

The Menoosh's whole existence is devoted not only to expressing their individual artistic gifts but also to contemplating anything they find intriguing or a source of inspiration. This concept can be found so often in nature that the Artists see it as a font of inspiration for their Art and consider it an important element to harmonize with. They tend to experiment in any possible field in their constant search for new sources of inspiration. The Painted Ones can often be seen trying more than one evolutionary

path at the same time, from magic to sword fighting, ranged weapons and martial arts. It is more common to see them use a mixture of styles and skills rather than single-discipline, specialized techniques.

Brilliant and creative, the Menoosh see sex as the ultimate expression of passion and creativity, and indulge with absolute freedom.

The Menoosh are also keepers of ancient writing techniques: no race knows the secrets of paper and ink as well as them. When it was to be decided who was going to hand down the writings of the different races, everyone agreed instantly to put the Menoosh in charge. They have kept this legacy over the centuries, but the most creative among them see it as a sort of constraint. Their skill with pen and parchment is not limited to writing, however. One of the Tribe's nicknames, the Painted Ones, is due to their tendency to cover their bodies with drawings and symbols using a special ink which comes in many colors. It is said that their elders are the keepers of the secrets of this art and that they can even create objects and lifeforms through careful use of nibs and ink. It also seems they carve tattoos, whose ink is imbued with a magical essence on members of other Tribes, as a sign of alliance.

Game Features

Mixer

A Menoosh's innate sensitivity and capacity for self-examination is equal only to his charm. At character creation, a Menoosh gets Spirits d6 instead of the usual d4 and also gets the bonus Edge Attractive.

Aesthete

Especially inspired actions or demonstrations of extreme skill never go unnoticed by a Menoosh; on the contrary, they could even upset him. If a Character gets two or more raises, the Menoosh has to make a Spirit roll to avoid being Shaken by what he saw. In non-combat situations, this translates into an inert state of awe that causes him to question the Character in order to savor his charm and the scene itself as much as possible.

Ill-suited to close combat

Although usually busy dividing his attention between numerous subjects and activities, a Menoosh tends to neglect his military training. He suffers a -1 Parry penalty.

Artistic Temperament

A people of scribes in any Tribe's living memory, the Menoosh are also very skilled in other forms of artistic expression, as one would well expect from such art lovers. At character creation, they get a d6 in two Perform of their choice, and also

Characters

Magical Writing d6. They are the only Tribe who can use this skill to carve magic tattoos.

Instilling Compliance

Once a day, a Menoosh can make use of his Kami's gift to his own advantage. This power can be used in two ways: either increasing an NPC's reaction on the Reaction Table by two degrees, or using the puppet spell on a Friendly or Thoughtful target without spending any Power Points or fulfilling any requirement. This effect lasts 3 rounds and can be extended (1 round) only by Veteran or higher Rank Characters with Arcane Background. The range is still the same as the spell (Smarts x 1"), but to function properly, the power requires an opposed Spirit roll against the victim's Spirit.

Relationships with the Tribes

Allied with the Feruas:

"They live surrounded by art, so it's normal for them to be so fascinating. At times, they tend to listen more to their nerves than to their heart, but even then they are pleasant company."

Allied with the Gromsh:

"They're wonderful. I could spend hours just watching them. They are the ultimate expression of Improvisation. The only thing you have to remember

is to distance yourself from the artist when he decides to use you as the rock for his next carving."

Allied with the Kronoss:

"If there weren't any scholars, there probably wouldn't be any need to write books. Few Tribes have the brains necessary to appreciate a job well done, and they really give us satisfaction."

Allied with the Oscurians:

"They never give anything unless they receive something in exchange, but I see no harm in that. It's their job, after all, and they're quite in demand, too. Often, watching them at work is even amusing."

Allied with the Rok'Nars:

"They have a fascinating, even poetic, view of nature. Their good looks are mesmerizing...sooner or later I'll manage to touch the heart of at least one of them."

Allied with the Whisplings:

"Among all the Tribes, they are perhaps the only ones who understand us when we speak of Freedom. You cannot chain the air, my friend, just like you cannot chain art."

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"They are dangerous because one never knows what their next goal will be. I'm curious, however. What will their next goal be?"



Player's Guide

Indifferent to the Lumians:

"They're so cute when they get excited about something. I wonder if they get just as excited in bed. Don't get upset now...we'll keep our distance. We aren't going to eat you alive."

Indifferent to the Senduars:

"They are pleasant travel companions. Always on the move, they know every road. Of course, a few more words would be appreciated, but this doesn't prevent them from expressing and appreciating art as they wander around."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Guild of Free Trade:

"Getting to know new people every day, traveling far and wide and seeing the finest creations by the best craftsmen. Where do I sign?"

Inclined towards the Defenders of Free Will:

"How could we pride ourselves on believing in Freedom if we didn't support everyone's freedom to believe what he feels he's more in harmony with?"

Inclined towards the Followers of the Mosaic:

"They believe truth can be discovered through debate between different peoples, their union and the retrieval of lost customs and traditions. How could I criticize them?"

Indifferent to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"Theirs is a noble pursuit, and I'm glad they exist. There's way too much to do in the world, though, for me to concentrate on just one cause, however noble."

Indifferent to the Warlords:

"There's probably some truth in what they say, but a Warlord is not the best title for an ambassador."



Famous Characters



Mansi

Generated on the shores of Lake Lenali, where she grew up, Mansi discovered her love for water soon enough, immediately declaring it her favorite element. Extremely beautiful, she never had problems sharing her beauty with others, fully embracing her Tribe's Kami. There was an episode, however, that led her to investigate what intrigued her the most: absolute freedom in her actions. One day, she found a group of Lumians on the shores of Lake Lenali, who had convened there to celebrate some sort of union, or at least this seemed to be the gist of the words of the most well-dressed among them. In front of him, there were two people, a male and a female, and the male was among the most beautiful Mansi had ever seen. She emerged from the water as she had plunged into it—naked but for a band around her right arm, covering her symbol of Genesis. Approaching him, she kissed him passionately to the utmost astonishment of the bystanders. She could never understand the chaos that followed her action: they shed rivers of tears, cried out at the scandal, and some even threatened to kill her. She was scarred by the experience. She had just expressed her desire and her will, and could not understand how she could have denied another his freedom in doing so. Upset by

her treatment, she lost interest in the others and merely pursued what her instinct told her. Over the years, events drove her to greater extremes than she could have foreseen: she took to robbing merchant ships just for fun. This is how the Gracious Collectors were born, a group of pirates active in the waters between Artanty and Si-An, with bases on both shores and their headquarters by the Lakes of the Skull. Mansi still believes firmly in the highest expression of individual freedom, but she does not care for the freedom of others when conflicts with her will. Every merchant ship falling into her hands is confiscated and sold or simply dismantled, and the crew is left alive on the ship's lifeboats. Among all her victims, those she takes most pleasure in robbing are the Lumians, and she never fails to take her personal revenge against their women; she does not just take their jewels, but often fancies their clothing as well.

Tribe: Menoosh; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** None

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

Skills: Boating d12, Climbing d6 (+2), Lockpicking d6 (+2), Lying d10 (+4)*, Magical Writing d6*, Notice d8 (+2 traps), Perform (dance) d10*, Perform (juggling) d6*, Persuasion d10 (+4), Stealth d8 (+2 urban), Streetwise d6 (+4), Swimming d8, d10, Throwing d8.

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Player's Guide

Hindrances: Anemic, Greedy, Wanted (pirate).

Edges: Charismatic, Connections, Thief, Qualified in Saber *.

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Koopash, Parchment, Pembur.

Gear: Saber (Agi+d4-2), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x5.



Yolkai,

Legendary Touch

Yolkai is an itinerant artist, tireless scribe and eccentric storyteller. The origin of his nickname is a topic of discussion among the patrons in every tavern lucky enough to host him. Some say it comes from the virtuosity with which he plays his harp while telling the legends of the five continents; others attribute it to his expertise in transcription, an art he uses only with the pieces he finds most congenial. Others make fun of him because of his exuberance and hint that he is far from clear-minded. If you ask him directly, you will get vivid allusions to bed-room activity.

Yolkai never stays in the same place for more than one night, unless he gets an important job he likes. Otherwise, he carries on his unceasing work of collecting and spreading legends of every known place. According to him, his eyes have been as far as the central continent, and part of the manuscripts he carries with him comes from its dust-covered halls. Few believe him, but his imagination helps him when

he describes iron creatures that can run and even fly or monsters shaped like a hand with a reptilian head on the top of each finger. Those who believe he really lived those adventures do so not because they are convinced his stories are true but because surviving a journey to Sit-Tabthi more than justifies his madness.

Tribe: Menoosh; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** None

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (geography) d10 (+2), Knowledge (legends) d12 (+2), Lying d8 (+4)*, Magical Writing d12*, Notice d8, Perform (harp) d12 (+2)*, Perform (oratory) d10 (+2)*, Persuasion d8 (+4), Throwing d10.

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

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Curious, Quirk (excessive mimicry)

Edges: Charismatic, Entertainer*, Master Tattooer*, One's Own Body Map*, Scholar

Special Abilities: Aesthete*, Instilling Compliance*.

Tattoos*: Baobab, Book, Four-leaf Clover, Kesusl, Koopash, Malpa, Mountain, Parchment, Pembur, Plenulia, Umakin, Wurnug.

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



Characters





OSCURIAN

Children of Shadows, Master of Deceits

View of the Kami

Whoever coined a definition for the Kami wasted way too much time doing so. Let's look after ourselves and not worry about things beyond our comprehension... and our interests. We could even say every person is his own Kami.

"I still remember well those first confused moments of consciousness when I looked up at the sky and saw night swallow up the day right before my eyes. As soon as darkness fell, the vegetation shriveled up, as if it had been deprived of daylight for years. I did not have the presence of mind to react to the threat myself, as I was overcome by too many stimuli concentrated into that one moment. The gloom then suddenly gave way to surreal scenery: ahead of me there was darkness, behind me the dawning sun. The darkness eventually retreated much more swiftly than it had begun and disappeared in a few quick moments. Albeit now free from its suffocating grip, trees and other plants did not benefit from the warmth of the sun now caressing them lovingly; it was too late—the care of a lover cannot bring the cold and silent heart of a beloved back to life. I had just become completely aware of myself when I learned the full meaning of the word 'fear'."

Menoosh describing his only meeting with Oscurian, at dawn, on the eighth Post Genesis day.

Oscurian came from a Garden of Life in the south of Dejama, but she did not retain her original feminine grace for long because she immediately turned into a full representation of her Kami; first she became shadow, then night itself. She covered everything—objects and people—with her dark cloak, stole the breath away from the living and took the objects that fascinated her the most for herself. Everywhere and nowhere simultaneously, her essence pervaded the darkness that spread progressively all over Dejama, extending more and more to the north with each passing day. Vegetation shriveled up when in contact with her darkness, wooden objects rotted, and metal ones were covered with rust. Not everything met the same fate, however. When Oscurian saw something worthy of her interest, that object was absorbed by the darkness and delivered to the only place she considered vaguely familiar: the Garden where she had been generated. Soon, the area surrounding the slab of stone became a huge mound of priceless treasures, instinctively hoarded by an owner who did not know how to claim them as her own.

At dawn, on the eighth day, when the limitless powers of the First Generated started to wane, darkness retreated rapidly, and the sun shone again in the south of Dejama. But Oscurian was never heard of again. She was not there to greet her people when they arrived on Enascientia nor had any role in the building of

their capital. At least, this is what the uninformed would say. The truth is that she was there at each Genesis because—unable to manage the sudden waning of her power—she was trapped in the darkness, a fragment in each shadow. As far as Oscuria is concerned, it is easy to guess where the Elders decided to build their first settlement: around the heap of treasures left behind by their First Generated. Their capital is also famous for the network of tunnels running under it, which are galleries dug while the city was being built, to recover objects so carelessly transported they ended up buried underground. When they tired of digging—and an Oscurian does not tire easily if there is treasure to be found—they had by then created a second underground city.

It did not take long for the upper part of the city to become a communal space where private property was unheard of, while the underground city was turned into an endless labyrinth full of traps scattered there by the Elders just for fun. Later, it became the training ground for the Newly Generated. From time to time, some treasure or other was deposited there to prevent the spread of rumors about the tunnels being empty, because this would have deprived the Newly Generated of any incentive to go down there. At times, the new explorers would add to their booty the properties of their rash predecessors,

who had lost their lives trying to find their way through the trap doors of the tunnels.

Since the first years Post Genesis, Oscurians have always been rather different: they hold networks of information of the other Tribes, but never developed one of their own. There is certainly a web that envelops all the continents, in which each thread is a different informant belonging to the Tribe, but its aim is to control the other races, using information as trading goods or for blackmail. The truth is that the Oscurians never showed any interest in becoming a close-knit civilization because each individual is self-centered, as his Kami requires. The scarce number of single-Tribe villages is in itself extremely characteristic. Oscurians abound in mixed cities, join any caravan willingly and lead, to all intents and purposes, a parasitic existence, exploiting what others have built or are soon going to achieve. One should add, however, that they are not just a burden on the city hosting them, because it is often much better to pay the price asked by an Oscurian for something you need than do without it. Healing herbs from overseas, the right chemical reagent, the perfect wine for a specific occasion, a batch of chromium at an affordable price. Each circumstance has a requirement and can be met by a Son of Shadows far-sighted enough to anticipate it.

This Tribe also has another talent that must not be overlooked: Oscurians are very good at training nerebas. These designed for prowling by night and hiding in caves, these crosses between felines, reptiles and bats, usually have a natural affinity with Oscurians. Often used as pets, with time, they have proved to be extremely compatible with the powers of shadow manipulation, so much so that they became the subjects of magical experiments. Toward the end of the second century, a ritual of adjustment had already been perfected, which allowed part of the Oscurians' magic powers to extend to those animals, thus allowing them to travel through shadows. Since the third century, the black nerebas thus obtained have replaced carrier pigeons for delivering messages because they can memorize more than one destination and reach them according to directions. While their initial training is still a typical quality of Oscurians, black nerebas are now employed by any settlement, whether a Son of Shadows lives there or not. Of course, it is still better to have an Oscurian in charge of sending and receiving messages.

The Scarlet Vengeance

One of the main reasons Oscurians still have a very good reputation in Dejama dates back to their role during the most widespread epidemic ever: the Scarlet Vengeance. This

plague, the origins of which were initially unknown, spread quickly among the Newly Generated of all the Tribes, putting the birth of any form of civilization on that continent at serious risk, condemned to die even before taking root. The first symptoms were coughing and extreme pallor, then the victim bled profusely from every orifice, ending up with small wounds all over the body, as if made by small blades. At that point, nothing could be done, and the victim started to bleed to death slowly within a few days. The last stage was characterized by tears of blood.

The Tribes were prey to this mysterious illness for three years, unable to discover its cause or put a stop to its spread. It was only in 3 P.G. that the analysis made by an Oscurian provided some results. It seemed that the disease—besides being airborne and transmitted by contact—had more deeply rooted origins. Earth itself was infected by it and therefore all the plants and animals that fed off it, but the disease had no effect on them. Everything in Dejama was an immune carrier for something that attacked only the people of the Tribes. Deeper studies led to the hypothesis that it was the last act of a dying Lost Tribe, which is why it was called Vengeance. In fact, it had been caused by the last ritual of the Sacralis, aimed at corrupting the source of their power, the blood, so that in spilling it, the new Tribes would cause their own ruin. The scholar who first discovered this, Dekla, took control

of the situation and formulated a plan. Since it was the only one suggested up to that point, they all agreed to give it a try. The whole Tribe took care of informing and organizing the survivors and of distributing the medicines the Oscurian alchemists were producing in even greater quantities. Unfortunately, there was no hope for those already infected, but those who would receive food sent by the Oscurians and would eat only that would have a chance of surviving. It worked. The Scarlet Vengeance disappeared from Dejama in the span of two years, and the credit for that was due entirely to the Sons of Shadows. Or, at least, this is what the other nine peoples believed.

Dekla had just discovered that the blood curse in the ground was going to last for just two more years and that the only way to stop the contagion was to limit any contact with those already infected. The most critical stage had been the initial one because they had had to isolate the infecting agents and eliminate those that would be a problem. After gathering all the inhabitants into safe, uncontaminated centers, they fed them with appropriate foods. They were not medicines, however, just ordinary dishes made with fish and other produce from uncontaminated areas. In fact, the curse was concentrated only in specific areas, corresponding to where the most powerful Sacralis Elders had been. It was therefore enough to know the lay of the contaminated ground to avoid



it. The Oscurians saved the Royal Races of Dejama from the Scarlet Vengeance, but in doing so, they put them in their debt forever, beginning with collecting funds to finance the production of the fake medicines.

On their calendar, the end of the epidemic coincided with the beginning of the Great Joke. Pretending to be the keepers of the only remedy against the Scarlet Vengeance, they made the epidemic resurface from time to time whenever they needed either as an expedient to carry out a scam or to sell their remedy again. For those who, like them, could alter their appearance at will by resorting to magic, it was not difficult to pass as members of other Tribes affected by the disease. All the Oscurians of Dejama know about the Great Joke, as do a few Oscurians from abroad, but no one else does. Any foreigner discovering about it would become the target of every knife of the Son of Shadows.

The Guild of Free Trade

The origins of the Guild are rather exceptional when compared to those of the other Ways. No influential person maneuvered his connections to establish its basis, nor did strong ideals bond whole populations. It was a simple matter of convenience. Everything started from the small mixed town of Jundali, founded to support the various trade routes.

Characters

Frequented mostly by Oscurians, as well as Menoosh and Janahs, who all concentrated in the surrounding areas, it was a meeting point for all sorts of merchants in need of supplies or just a rest before resuming their journeys. Over time, it grew and, adapting to the growing demands, it provided assorted goods and hosted markets regularly, aimed at satisfying itinerant vendors more than direct buyers. Little by little, Jundali began to attract the interest of all the Tribes until it became an important mixed city where all the Royal Races were represented and a common meeting point for those who were not interested in the popular fashion of affiliating to this or that noble cause that went beyond merely following the dictates of one's Kami. And there were even those who did not care for those dictates either. More Ways developed on Enascentia, more people felt obliged to take sides, cultivating their connections and forming alliances. The idea of a Way that had no ideals, in which the members were united only by personal interest, took shape in Jundali, where it took form from tavern to tavern, one mug of beer after another. From being just a constant joke, the idea began to take root among the people until the most powerful merchants of the city, mostly Oscurians, met to discuss the matter in earnest.

So, in 536 P. G., Jundali became the capital of the fifth Way, a sure path for anyone who did not want to fight for an ideal but just wanted



to find friendly banners in the next city he reached, a privileged channel to enjoy special discounts and in general, a group of kindred people ready to support each other or at least to frighten off any prowler with the strength of their numbers. It did not take long for it to take hold all over Dejama first and then on the four continents. Right now, all the most sought-after exotic goods are in the hands of the Guild, as are the maps for the busiest merchant roads.

Oscurians of Artanty

In the northern lands, there are many mixed cities and a good number of capitals—those of two Tribes and five Ways—and this without taking into account awe-inspiring Legis, crossroads for all the five officially acknowledged Ways. This is all fertile ground for Oscurian activities, so prosperous it brought about the nearest thing in living memory to a structured Oscurian organization.

The spider weaving its web of information in that area is the Whisperer of Secrets, a woman so feared and well-known that she does not need an escort. No one would be insane enough to ever harm one hair of her head. Countless threads emanate from her, linking her to the main contacts in the most important cities. If a valiant warrior dies in battle, she knows about it before his body touches the ground, and if any information becomes public

knowledge, it is most likely she gave the orders. The most influential—and shrewdest—people turn to her for the most delicate assignments and tell her their secrets. It might seem foolish to give even more power to someone who already has so much of it, but the truth is that she would learn about it all the same, sooner or later, and it is therefore wiser to earn her gratitude by being the source of that information than to become an easy target for blackmail. It seems the secret of her present success lies in the discretion she applies to her sources and the cold-bloodedness with which she eliminates enemies or competitors.

One of her direct underlings—called Aranxes, like the spiders that weave cylindrical spider webs so similar to the structure of her information network—is called Sakima, and over the centuries she has dealt with one or two of the most delicate situations, such as the First Elemental War and the slave trade in Vesir. In order to keep a low profile, she is active in Erelidia, where it is commonly believed Erte is the local Aranx, and working in the shadows, she provides new slaves by exposing unwary travelers to skillfully disguised toxic substances.

Erte, for his part, is more than happy to be regarded an important element in the convoluted power plays of Artanty and pays the Whisperer under the counter for the trouble he is causing. Besides that, he manages the most important athletic activity

on Enascentia, the Earth Hammers, keeping a keen eye on bookmakers and athletes so that nothing escapes his control within his jurisdiction. At times, he resorts to the co-operation of Wise-Much-Feather, a Gromsh who saved his life and since then has lived in the richest district of the city.

Obscurians of Dejama

One should not be misled by the position of the Obscurian capital, because this Tribe is not concentrated in the south. On the contrary, it is spread all over the continent and tends to be more numerous in the north, where the richest, more colorful cities—or the greater profits, if that is what you prefer to all it—can be found.

A clear example is the presence of Oolo, proud representative of the Tribe, at the table of the Four Merchants, the rulers of Vesoelm. He first went there to accompany Sijang, at the beginning of the fifth century, and then decided to stay in the area when he sensed the possibility of being there for the birth of a merchant mixed city and being among the first to claim a piece of the action for himself. He reached an agreement with his travel companion immediately, builder of the famous and homonymous Sijang Road, the most important trade route on the continent which—accidentally, of course—would go through the city he controlled. Buy Oolo was clearly not

Sijang's only influential connection. He also had a very good relationship with Jundali's upper echelons, who would later leave a place at the table free for him, where decisions were made in exchange for the privilege of his road going through Jundali. He had also established good relationships with the Menoosh, the other large Tribe of the continent, who were rather interested in trade and exotic goods, whether they buyers coming from the nearby capital, Menuria, or Falusa Do'Mirr, in Kartali. It took decades to build the road, but in spite of the amount of work it required, it did not cost one single kronling to Sijang Torah. In fact, it earned him thousands of kronlings in the centuries that followed, which is living proof that at times all it takes is to reach an agreement with the right people to live off private income for the rest of a life that never ends.

In the list of eminent people, we must not forget to add Kishe, the only bard without any kind of fame who has built his fortune on his obscurity. And on his zither. Mostly on his zither, to tell the truth. The Composer of Lies owes his name to his centuries-old habit, wandering about all the taverns of Dejama in search of the next target of his tricks. But who could blame him? Owning such a powerful object that can penetrate the mind of any listener and play with it, anyone would be tempted. As the proverb goes, 'Opportunity makes an Obscurian.' No one knows who Kishe is or what his real name is. The only

certainty is that on the continent there is a bard whose instrument can manipulate people so that none of his victims can remember him.

Oscurians of Si-An

Not all Oscurian business is based on information and favors. At times it is necessary to get one's hands dirty to gain a bagful of tingling kronlings. This is well known to the inhabitants of Si-An, where the most lethal assassins of Enascentia hone their skills. This art was developed at the time of the Ferua domination, in the fortresses scattered in the desert and by the Lakes of the Skull, and it was then handed over to the Newly Generated. Right now, the most sought-after homicide artists are still those from these lands, such as Feoz, the most renowned among them. Hired during the liberation by the Resistance, in the second half of the third century, he went to the eastern part of the continent to lead the Oscurian storm troops.

Their military tactics were extremely elaborate, leaving nothing to chance. They acted in elite teams of five, with at least one enchanter in each who would guarantee a cloak of invisibility to each member right before going into action and mental communication between them all to better co-ordinate their efforts. The real attack lasted just a few seconds. They only struck the commanders, a knife in the heart of each of them, and

then the troops would attack while chaos reigned in the camp. Often, the soldiers who would carry out that phase of the attack were not even Oscurians. After all, frontal attacks were not their specialty.

Not all the Sons of Shadows on the continent are involved in the military activities of the Tribe. Spies and merchants can be found from Melvor to Mesa Atminas, and there are always some on the koopash carrying Dunesia on its shell. Here their network of information is less complete than in other, more civilized continents. However, trading routes prosper and export many traditional goods that become luxury goods on the markets of the largest cities, where mutoranges and cidered pears, for example, are in great demand.

Oscurians of Si-Neb

There are continents where information is handsomely rewarded, and others where hard-to-find raw materials abound. Si-Neb is neither. Considering it is mostly deserted territory and populated mainly by the two only enemies of the Tribe, namely Feruas and Lumians, the natural instinct of the Newly Generated to leave it behind is hardly surprising. The few Elders who have stayed there hand down teachings about the only profitable activity they have discovered: archaeology. Finding artefacts that belonged to lost cultures is extremely difficult

anywhere on Enascentia, but the southern continent is one of the few places where some can still be found. Rich in magic and enchanted places right up to that hapless council held at the beginning of the seventh century, it still hides under heaps of rubble or soil, evidence of when all this was at its peak. Moreover, all the wars and cataclysms that raged over these lands have increased considerably the number of finds and objects belonging to 'no one' scattered everywhere. Oscurians are seldom driven to archeology for scholarly reasons, which explains the nickname the other races have given them, seeing them focused on digging and recovering find after find. They call them Pickers.

The most famous among them is undoubtedly Cortelia, who has been active for eight centuries and is well known in those circles. Even though she has been concentrating her efforts on this area for centuries, she did not previously limit her search to Si-Neb and actually has a wide knowledge of all the continents, even Sit-Tabthi, despite having spent a few days there before being forced to leave. She dreams constantly of the day she will be able to return, and it is the common opinion that she might be planning a new expedition right now, gathering those who are interested in joining her. What is not public knowledge, however, is that she is among the few who possess a Door shaped like a little wooden box complete with a Key, made by a Key

Keeper. In it is a plush palace where she keeps her private collection of finds, a priceless treasure.

Appearance

With their complexion, as dark as the shadows that embrace them, the Oscurians blend into the darkness quite easily. They also take advantage of their slender and nimble physique, which gives them the agility necessary for their 'line of work'. Their average height is between two and a half and nearly four feet (taller individuals are quite rare), and their weight ranges from forty to one hundred pounds.

Their hair is as dark as their skin, and their pupils and irises are whitish in color. The Children of Shadows also dress in various shades of black and dark gray, and their clothing is usually close-fitting but also comfortable and practical...even women prefer leggings to skirts. Bags, purses and sacks of every kind are always part of a Master of Deceit's normal attire, often hidden under his clothing. Should you manage to grab one of them by the feet and turn him upside down and shake him, among the many objects that would fall to the ground would probably be quite a number of daggers.

Genesis

The Oscurians are perhaps the only Tribe who does not welcome a Newly Generated who takes the usual

approach. At times, there might not even be an Elder present, which makes one wonder if they are aware of the new Genesis at all. If asked, they will simply say each Oscurian feels his nature running in his own blood and does not need any explanation. Likewise, a Master of Deceit can always look after himself, and if he does not want to be found, nobody will ever bother him.

Civilization

There are very few Oscurian single-Tribe villages in Enascentia, mostly because of the way their Newly Generated, who are usually the most inclined to settle in a village belonging to their own Tribe—are virtually ignored. The few exiting single-Tribe villages are a law unto themselves; for example, the doors have no locks and chests have no padlocks. Their only use would be to give the young people of the Tribe something on which to practice. On the basis of that same principle, in those villages, the concept of theft does not exist. All things change hands again and again—so much so they are considered the property of the whole village rather than of an individual. If you visit a house in a village and then return a few days later, you will find it furnished in a very different way... and even the occupants may have changed.

However, the Tribe much prefers to prosper from—er, in step with—the other Tribes: the more chaotic their

surroundings, the less likelihood of being noticed. In a mixed-Tribes village, an Oscurian will seldom try to cheat another Oscurian. It is not a matter of loyalty or anything like that but of mere interest. Oscurians are often gathered in guilds running the most disparate activities, usually as useful as they are troublesome. Another activity they monopolize in most settlements is running a constantly updated information network. The right buyer may pay handsomely for the right suggestion at the right moment. The Oscurians value any kind of information: not only can it most probably be sold, but it could also become the basis on which to fabricate their next lies.

Not all the Oscurians do 'field work'; some of them—the females in particular—find an outlet for their mercantile spirit as producers or simple traders. The jobs they tend to prefer are as alchemists, jewelers and craftswomen. They travel often, either joining itinerant markets or a wagon train.

Behavior and Customs

Two words are perfect to describe a Child of Shadows' behavior: self-serving and venal. Oscurians maintain everything has a price, and theirs is the best available.

They always try a job before declining it. Their prices change according to the difficulty of the jobs themselves but most of all on the

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basis of how much they think they can rip off their customers. They can charge very different prices for the same kind of job depending on who makes the request: a rich merchant or a simple city guard, for example. Even if they are not successful in finishing the job, Oscurians still ask a fee—albeit lower—for the time they devoted to it.

The Oscurians lend a totally new meaning to the term 'greed'. They savor every single moment of a favorable negotiation and get very excited at the idea of striking a once-in-a-lifetime bargain. At the same time, however, they do not get too upset when faced with a disadvantage...for example, if the place where they keep their accumulated riches is destroyed by fire.

These Masters of Deceit do not know what an honorable fight is; they always try to strike first, preferably in ambush. If confronted, they try to run. To them, a wound in the back is a story worth telling, but a wound on the front is proof of sheer stupidity.

Game Features

Greedy

An Oscurian always tries to make as much profit as possible in any given situation. He gets the Greedy additional Hindrance.

Charismatic:

Every good salesman knows how to introduce himself to any potential customer...and to the Oscurians, anybody is a potential customer. They get the bonus Edge Charismatic.

Curious

Because of their innate curiosity, Oscurians always find themselves in dangerous situations and tend to ignore their common sense. They get the Curious additional Hindrance.

Gift of the Gab

Have you ever heard the saying 'sell a shell to a koopash'? Well, it is based on a true story, or at least all Oscurians swear it is true. At character creation, an Oscurian gets Smarts, Streetwise and Lying d6.

Light-fingered

Whether they have to improve their luck at a gambling table, or successfully pick a lock, or maybe steal a passerby's purse, an Oscurian's innate talent is equal only to his daily efforts to perfect himself. At character creation, an Oscurian gets Stealth, Gambling and Lockpicking d6.

Small

The Oscurians are smaller in size than most of the other races. They get the Small additional Hindrance.

Player's Guide

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Gromsh:

"You have no idea how many bargains I strike with them...or how many jobs I get to put right something that went wrong because of them. The only thing that matters is that they're sources of income."

Allied with the Kronoss:

"Excellent buyers, really a flawless Tribe."

Allied with the Menoosh:

"Hey, friend, do you need paper? Ink? I can give you the best. You know you can trust me!"

Allied with the Senduars:

"Oh, what a wonderful Tribe. Why, you ask? Listen, friend, they're always on the move, right? Do you know how much they can collect from traveling so much? And they ask very little in exchange. Right, as I told you, they're wonderful!"

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"They place few orders, but also tend to mind their own business. They're fine where they are."

Indifferent to the Rok'Nars:

"Luckily enough, the Children of the Earth never get in our way. Whoever allows us to work undisturbed is our friend...until somebody hires us to kill or betray him, of course."

Indifferent to the Whisplings:

"We exchange goods and favors willingly for news carried by the wind...we always manage to resell them at twice the original price. It's a pity they don't often buy things, but then finding customers is part of the fun, isn't it?"

Enemies of the Feruas:

"They trust in their physical strength too often for us to deal with them. If they do everything by themselves, what services can we offer them?"

Enemies of the Lumians:

"Their darned honor, their cursed faith and their obstinate ethicality! How can you bargain when they're around? I'll give a discount to whomever hires me to thrust a dagger in their backs! Well, on a second thoughts...no discount."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Guild of Free Trade:

"You're asking me? Come on, seriously. Who do you think founded the Guild?"

Indifferent to the Defenders of Free Will:

"I'm self-sufficient. I have no need to think about any Kami. If you want to follow me, I'll drink to your choice."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"They're good customers when it comes to buying information, most of all about the Lost Tribes. I have to

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remember to add a little truth to my usual repertoire, however, so that I don't lose a customer."

Prejudiced against the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"Hunters chase their prey. Good, but what profit is there for me?"

Prejudiced against the Warlords:

"Do you see that guy lying there on the ground? He used to buy four pounds of meat from me every week. Are you going to compensate me for my loss?"

Famous Characters



Sakima

Involved in the First Elemental War, she has since been following the affairs of Kronoss, Whisplings and Rok'Nars closely. Among the first to learn about the bounty on the heads of the Dervishes, she hunts them down personally until, years later, she manages to catch one of them, Diyu. Meanwhile, she contributes to the creation of the slave market in Vesir because she is well aware of the intentions of the Kronoss and that they would pay handsomely for Whispling slaves, especially those who could keep their flying fortresses in the air. When she finally manages to capture Diyu, she is not happy with just the original bounty and tries to get more. Using one of the leaves of Parvati Mina that the Whisperer of Secrets gave her as a reward for the excellent

job done during the Elemental War, she extracts the Dervish's memories to sell them too. Then she sells him on the slave market as a bodyguard for Siros, the most influent Kronoss in Vesir, for a much larger sum than the original bounty.

Tribes: Oscurian; **Rank:** Heroic; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6 (+2), Crafting – Potions d10*, Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (alchemy) d8, Knowledge (Artanty) d10, Knowledge (poisons) d8, Lockpicking d10 (+2), Lying d10 (+2)*, Notice d10 (+2 traps), Persuasion d8 (+2), Stealth d10 (+2 urban), Streetwise d10 (+2), Taunt d8, Throwing d8.

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

Toughness: 3

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

Edges: Connections, Thief.

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



Feoz

Preferring action to trade, he finds all the friends he needs in his knives. For decades, he has been selling his services to the highest bidder, and in the second half of the third century, he was hired to help in the liberation of Si-An and lead the storm troops through forests and jungles to the heart of the Ferua headquarters.



Characters



Composer of Lies, lvl 5

The creator of this zither, a Harmonic called Nyly, was well-known by the people of her generation as the first real bard in living memory, and according to real connoisseurs, she is the only one really worthy of the name. Her memory is now lost, together with the lives of her fellow Tribesmen, killed during the Overthrow of the Royal Races, but her legacy still survives, even now. Originally known as the Composer of Tales, in modern times, the zither has been renamed the Composer of Lies. The reason for this is the use her actual owner—the alleged bard Kishe—is making of it, enriching himself by debasing the original purpose of the artefact. The new name has been given to the instrument by its countless ‘victims’, who have discovered the scam only after hearing tales about it from third parties. By now, it is so renowned in all the taverns of Dejama

that the ritual question, ‘This isn’t the Composer of Lies, is it?’ asked every time a bard picks up his zither is fully justified. Of course, every bard will always laugh at this question, Kishe included.

When playing the Composer, one of the effects listed below may ensue, according to the time elapsed. Each trial requires a Perform roll with the specified malus, and the target can make a Spirit roll to endure the effect. After playing for ten minutes and generating at least three successful effects, all the patrons forget the music, the instrument and even the bard playing it. If he stops playing, he will appear out of nowhere in front of the astonished patrons..



Duration	Effect	Perform	Spirit
1 minute	Simple auditory illusions	0	0
3 minutes	Articulate auditory illusions	-1	0
5 minutes	Articulate visual illusions	-1	-2
10 minutes	Minor compulsions (sit, drink)	-2	-2
1 hour	The onlookers cannot leave	-2	-4
3 hours	articulate visual illusions	-3	-4
5 hours	Major compulsions (attack, defend me)	-3	-6
10 hours	A memory is substituted or removed	-4	-6
1 day	Memories can be created at will	-4	-8

Player's Guide

After the war, he stays in the Lakes of the Skull area and then moves to the fortresses in the Varnha Desert, perfecting his deadly techniques and withdrawing into himself even more, so much so that he started to talk to his knives whenever he feels lonely. In the past, he proved to be an excellent assassin but a terrible commander, and now he no longer works with others, accepting assignments of only four or more figures. Constantly searching for ways to escape boredom—the only danger that really troubled him over the centuries—he makes frequent use of star videnya and is by now addicted to it. Since star videnya is a powerful hallucinogen, one can never know how it will alter his mood or behavior. When he has an important assignment to carry out, however, he still has enough self-control to give in to his addiction only after his task is done.

He does not have a fixed abode, moves from tavern to tavern looking for his next assignment. Often, however, his customers follow his fame and find him first. If you are social climbers, remember Feoz: stop before becoming his target, or hire him first to aim him at your adversaries.

Tribe: Oscurian; **Rank:** Legendary;
Way: None

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12+1, Knowledge (military) d10, Lockpicking d10, Lying d8*, Notice d10, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d12+2 (+2), Streetwise d8, Throwing d12+1.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6;
Toughness: 4 (1)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Habit (star videnya), Mean, Quirk (talks to knives), Small.

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, Assassin, Dodge, Extraction, First Strike, Frenzy, Improved Dodge, Improved Extraction, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Rapid Recharge, Level headed, New Power (x2), Power Points x2, Quick Draw, Rapid Recharge, Two-fisted.

Powers: *Boost/lower trait, Disguise, Invisibility, Mind Communication, Shadow Globes*; **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Killer of legends knife, Lightning quick knife (Str+d4), leather armor of concealment (+1 to Toughness, +2 to Stealth), throwing knife (3/6/12, Str+d4) x10.

Poisons: Liquid Nightmare (ingestion) x2, Pembur Poison (inoculation) x3, Red Cloud (inhalation) x2.



ROK'NARS

Childrens of the Earth, Disciples of the Mother

View of the Kami

Everything exists because this is the will of Mother Earth. She generates us in a different way to plants and animals, but we are still her creatures. In her infinite goodness, she forgives those so blind that they do not recognize her as the Mother.

“When I saw him surface in the water, I couldn’t believe my eyes. He looked like us but was much larger. One leg was taller than the giant sequoias, the seagulls had to swerve in flight to avoid crashing into his torso. On second thoughts, it is not quite right to say he came from the water, because it looked more like the shore itself was rising and taking his shape. Exhausted, he headed for the Mehara Mountains to the south, and I gradually lost sight of him. A couple of days later, I heard the Mother groan. The Earth was shaken by an unprecedented impact, and I knew he had finally stopped, but I never found his huge body.”

Narration by Mawu, a Rok’Nar Elder

Player's Guide

In the span of a few hourglasses, the coming of Rok'Nar to Sit-Tabthi changed the whole shape of the continent. He had the same appearance and was the same size as the Elders, but he did not keep either for long. All around him, Mother Earth embraced him, clumps of earth became part of him, whole mountains were uprooted to join the natural mass that was taking shape—so did forests and hills and anything else around him. When that process

ended, the Disciple of the Mother was her proud representative, a colossal monument of rocks, grass, mud and wood. high enough to pierce the sky. The Lost Tribes of the central continent had to face the wrath of nature itself and die before its magnificence. His strides alone left ruins and dead bodies in their wake, even his formation marred the face of the Mother he should have defended irreparably. Then he started doing actively what all First Generated



initially have to do, and he struck the ground, firmly, again and again. The earth shook, and there were all sorts of cataclysms. Mountains collapsed, dormant volcanoes erupted, and earth itself divided, forming most of the small, jagged islands of the Inner Archipelago. Earthquakes followed in an eerily regular succession of tremors, so violent they were felt on the coasts of the other four continents.

At the dawn of the eighth day, Rok'Nar's enormous shell began to crumble, but the remains of this gigantic creature, scattered everywhere, were far from enough to fill the craters originated by his Genesis or return a semblance of natural balance to the region. Their collapse reduced his size, which was still over-large but downscaling gradually. It was then that the survivors struck. They had taken refuge on the islands of the Central Archipelago, protected by the defensive methods of Bearers of Peace, Key Keepers and Molders; from there they counterattacked, choosing the moment when their enemies were most vulnerable. Rok'Nar was an easier target than Lumian to find and strike, so much so that most warriors concentrated their efforts on him. While not at the peak of his strength, the First Son of the Earth could still defend himself quite well, and headed toward the nearest sea—that is, southward in an extreme effort that was unnatural to him to solve the situation. Along the way toward the hated water, he tried to find as many Newly Generated as

possible, harboring them inside his body, sculpting his outer rocks so that they could hold and protect them, but in spite of his efforts, he could save only a dozen of them.

When he reached the shore, he walked straight into the water and merged with the seabed, traveling on in full communion with the Mother until he reached the nearest land, Si-Neb. When he disappeared from their sight, his pursuers stopped chasing him and started celebrating the liberation of Sit-Tabthi. For the first time, the Lost Tribes had got the better of a First Generated and survived his coming, albeit at the cost of heavy losses. From that moment on, they organized themselves with the aim of keeping control of the only land free from the rule of the Royal Races, ready to do their utmost to defend it when they eventually returned.

When he finally emerged from the sea on the rocky shores of the southern continent, Rok'Nar was exhausted, drained by his immense effort and the progressive loss of his powers. He forced himself to keep going for a few more miles, heading inland until he reached a place where contact with the Mother was strongest, and there he collapsed. He fell to his knees, and the land shook as far as the Wenma Archipelago and the eastern plains, then he leaned forward until his head and arms met the ground, making it shake again. He curled up against the surrounding rocks, forming the huge cave now known as Nu'Rok, and finally let go of the Elders he had

picked up in Sit-Tabthi, who became the first to inhabit his capital. Its main hall is still dominated by that face carved upside down on the wall, a mystery to many and a source of pride to those who know the story of the First among them, who himself became a safe environment to protect his people.

In spite of lacking a real guide, the Rok'Nars immediately became a close-knit people who could act spontaneously with common aims on all the continents, with no need for actual co-ordination of their efforts. Their blind devotion to the Mother was certainly what allowed them to act as a single entity. In the immediate aftermath of the slaughter of the Overthrow of the Royal Races, they strove to free the earth of the bodies covering it. They buried the dead so that they could be part of nature's cycle again and disposed of the materials that would hamper the process while their enchanters helped to speed up its recovery with rituals of purification. Within a few years, all the continents were free of the grim memories of former tragedies. The place that caused the most problems was Dejama because of the outbreak of the Scarlet Vengeance in the first three years Post-Genesis, a disease that made the Rok'Nars' task far more difficult. Being in constant close contact with the contaminated earth, they suffered greater losses than the other Tribes.

Having completed that task, the Rok'Nars began to settle in natural environments more congenial to them, such as forests, hills and mountains, shunning mixed cities as much as possible. It did not take long for them to reach an agreement with the Feruas and join forces with them to defend the vegetation and nature in general. The first Rok'Nar settlements were single-Tribe villages or, at most, shared with the Felids. In Artanty and by the snowy peaks of Si-Neb, they also developed a special understanding with the Whisplings, who were admittedly far more difficult to understand but also ready to listen and fight in their defense of the surrounding natural heritage. The two Tribes had many misunderstandings as well as reasons to argue, but with a common interest in a fruitful coexistence of Sky and Earth, they also complemented each other somehow. This idyllic relationship lasted six centuries until it was severed by the maliciousness of those who acted only out of personal interest.

The First Elemental War

The spokesperson of the Mother in Artanty in the second half of the sixth century was Andora, an enchantress well known for her skills. Under her guidance, both the Rok'Nars and the Feruas prospered in the forests of the northern continent

and communicated with the Sons of the Sky; their relationship was not without misunderstandings, but at the same time was fruitful, at least up to then. There were areas in which the intervention of both parties was necessary, such as an abundance of eranx near the Peaks of the Moon and, in general, any issues related to the mountains, born of the earth and surrounded by the sky.

In the first months of 581 P. G., however, the misunderstandings turned into differences of opinion and then into real disagreements. Andora heard rumors about which group of Whisplings was actively looking for a way to detach whole cities from the ground and float them in the sky with the powers granted them by their Kami. She hurried to Windy Peak, where Amgriim—the head of the village accused of these plans—lived. He denied ever having thought of such a thing, thus putting her mind to rest but at the same time starting a discussion about the fact that, after all, there would have been nothing wrong in allowing his people to be cradled in the hands of his Father. Days later, Amgriim's lifeless body was found in his house, choked to death by a powerful poison derived from the snake apple, a fruit typical of the Moon Forest, territory of the Sons of the Earth. The door to mutual distrust had been opened.

Serious accusations were made. It became common practice to be armed at any diplomatic meeting, and a few hotheads took the law into

their hands. Guerrilla warfare began at the borders of the forests and at the foot of the mountains where the two peoples lived. The main consequence of this was that the relationship continued to deteriorate and it was difficult to mediate. Now that they had fired up everyone's emotions, the Oscurians' task became much easier: they fed the guerrillas, set the ever-restless Feruas against their common enemies, inflated the news about the imminent take-off of the flying cities that they had scattered a few weeks before. With the engineered collapse of Windy Peak, finally, they put an end to any possible arbitration and started the First Elemental War.

The Whisplings attacked first, led by their First Generated and his Dervishes, eight infallible killing machines. They advanced mercilessly, forcing the Rok'Nars and the Feruas to withdraw into the forests south of Whisp and to Lake Lenali in the east, and then they shot flaming arrows all over the area, surveilling it from above, ready to swoop on the fleeing enemies scattered by the flames fed by the wind. It was a slaughter, which also explains the absence of woods in the east of Artanty, all destroyed by that cruel plan.

The Disciples of the Mother counterattacked, but they did so respecting the environment, ready to lose the battle if necessary but not to sacrifice their Kami to victory. They fought bravely, built and used nets made of vines and flexible bushes successfully, raised barriers

against flaming arrows and gathered the enchantresses who were most skilled in the art of creating water to counter the danger of fires. In 582 P.G., when they were finally on the verge of forcing their enemy back and out of the Wood of the Moon, a new alliance changed the course of the war: Kronoss and Oscurians joined the enemy ranks and in a few days determined the outcome of the battle. Rather than lose the last manifestation of the Mother on Artanty, her Disciples acknowledged their defeat and left the Peaks of the Moon to their enemies as a proof of surrender. Since he just wanted to take revenge of the insults received by the other—by now hostile—Tribe, Whispling was satisfied. Satnio had obtained the alliance he wanted, so he had no reason to lose time or men in a fight by now useless. Hired for the task, the Oscurians had finished their assignment, so they would have retreated in any case.

The war caused a clean break with the Whisplings, so deep it affected all the continents and had serious repercussions in the years that followed. When the Whisplings actually raised the Kronoss cities in the air, uprooting them from the ground and leaving behind debris of craters and rubble, that was the last straw. From that moment, the Rok'Nars were never going to have anything to do with the Whisplings again.

The Relationship with the Veil

Bound by tradition and the preservation of nature, the Rok'Nars are the most typical example of the term 'conservative'. Any change is a problem to them, and they need years of adjustment before they can address a new phenomenon as a community. When the first Ways were born, for example, they played a rather marginal role, reluctant to affiliate with one another. They were convinced that the Ways would soon disappear and dismissed them at first as a 'passing trend' that could only detract from the only real philosophy: the worship of the Kami. Over the years, they have reassessed the concept, accepting the Ways as legitimate and, in some cases, worth considering. Soon one of them, Honsu, founded his own Way: the Followers of the Mosaic. Now, centuries later, one can often see Disciples of the Mother affiliate with them and the Warlords. A few can also be found following the other Ways.

The relationship they developed with the Veil is somewhat different. Being an integral part of nature as much as water, earth and animals, the Veil is just one of the elements in the natural cycle of things and must be understood and protected. This is why there are more than a few skilled enchanters among the Rok'Nars, even though it is mainly a female skill. When it comes to using the Veil to

Characters

create magical objects, however, the Rok'Nars' are completely different: on the one hand, the act in itself—while against their principles—is acceptable within limits, as it is killing animals for food or cutting down trees to build shelters. On the other hand, they vehemently defend those environments generated by a tear in the Veil. When the Tribes manipulate nature, it takes a new shape to meet their needs and her own. In the same way, nature changes according to precise—albeit apparently obscure—patterns when the Veil is molded to create an artefact, a waterfall flowing backwards defying gravity is just as worthy of protection as an ordinary one to the Rok'Nars. Because of this, they tend to misunderstand the original task of the Weavers.

When they reach places where the oddest phenomena can be found—the same places where the tears in the Veil run deeper—the Weavers try to re-establish the original balance by destroying the mutation produced in the landscape. Unable to start a conversation with them, the Rok'Nars just saw hostile supernatural beings threatening the new face nature had taken in an attempt to adapt to the change it had suffered. For this reason, the Sons of the Earth are the Weavers' oldest enemies, ready to fight them around the perimeter of the places they tend to threaten the most.



The Second Elemental War

The first natural adaptation the Rok'Nars protected was the Black Desert of Dejama. They first rushed there to aid the victims of the Crystal Plague, and then they remained in the area for a long time when they realized it suffered sporadic attacks by the Weavers. Later on, they decided to concentrate their attention on the eastern continent, too, and on the intense activity of the Breath of Gromsh. This caused clashes with the locals, so the Rok'Nars just watched over their activities from a distance, preferring not to get involved once they realized the chaotic nature of that unusual geyser.

In the first half of the fifth century, Sennonga became a real worship place for the Tribe, a required stop for the pilgrims venturing this far to the south, who at times went there specifically to seek Barrog Mòr, the Great Embrace of the Mother that leads to eternal rest in communion with her. In the second half of the sixth century, Mesa Atminas was surrounded by Rok'Nar villages, too, with the Sons of the Mother ready to protect it from the Weavers, in spite of the confusing rumors about what happened inside the woods. Silencing the wind of madness was all it took to prevent visitors from falling prey to it. The barriers raised to stop the flow of the wind did not go unnoticed, however. The Whispling Elders living

in the vicinity were outraged by it, but had to withdraw because they were clearly outnumbered. The Sons of the Sky rallied their forces and in 804 P.G., attacked the barriers to free the Dero M'ashan, the wind they held sacred which blew periodically through the Parvati Mina leaves to feed the wood itself. Before anyone was aware, the Second Elemental War had broken out.

The causes of the second elemental conflict were trivial, compared to the first, but were also fueled by two centuries of hostility, which started in Artanty and spread all over Enascentia: each Tribe had lost all hope of a mutual understanding of the concepts of sacredness each race held dear; on the contrary, it saw a specific attack against those values in each malicious action. So it was that those prejudices they had tried to keep in check at the time of the first war found a violent outlet in the second, as unstoppable as a flood. Mesa Atminas was where the dam finally collapsed, but it was not the only place where battles were fought between Whisplings and Rok'Nars. Suspecting that other foul actions—such as suffocating the wind of folly—were being perpetrated in the other places the Disciples of the Mother protected so fiercely, the Whisplings also attacked the Breath of Gromsh and later the Temple of Sennonga. All they achieved was spreading their forces too thinly and coming up against decidedly organized foes, who had settled around those places

in anticipation of events like this one and were ready to repel any threat. Their enchanters had honed their magic and could now tackle flying enemies, forcing them to the ground, striking them in flight and taking advantage of the lay of the land, as well as their ability to mold it into a shield, if necessary.

Sennonga was the Sons' of the Earth first victory. Later on, they said that the temple itself had given its champions the strength they needed to repel the invaders, a half-truth that has its roots in the Inim'Ur artefacts scattered all over the continent, with which the Rok'Nars had unconsciously developed an affinity, more or less like the Lumians in Fourth Dream had done with their Obelisk. The few surviving Whisplings withdrew beyond the sea and concentrated their efforts on the other two battlefields, counting on their enemies' aversion to traveling by sea and on the extreme vulnerability to which they would have exposed themselves if they had. At the Breath of Gromsh, they were the victors, but they certainly could not count it among the conquered countries. In fact, it was still firmly in the hands of the Disciples of Chaos, who rose up against both armies deployed at the borders of their lands but concentrated their natural fierceness only against those they found on the battlefield. The other Whisplings simply enjoyed the sight floating comfortably in the air.

The location of the first skirmishes was also the one where the fight was at its fiercest because of the interest both parties had in preserving the site. Five months later, the conflict was brought to an end by the joint intervention of Lumians and Menoosh. The first wanted to bring two Tribes back to the Light, who, while worthy, were now blinded by circumstances; the Menoosh, instead, were allied to both Tribes and wanted to preserve balance among all the Tribes. They also took the opportunity to urge the First among them to gather the representatives of the ten races again in a Council of negotiation, so that they could leave behind the resentment born of the war, a ploy that had already worked in the past in the case of the Feruas.

The Second Elemental War ended with the area surrounding Mesa Atminas divided into two settlements: Rok'Nars to the south and Whisplings to the north, the former to watch over the vegetation of the sacred wood, the latter to contain the Dero M'ashan within its boundaries, so that it would not damage other peoples. Of course, the friction between the two Tribes did not disappear with the conditions imposed on them but at least remained unvoiced for another couple of centuries.



Rok'Nars of Artanty

After the First Elemental War, the Rok'Nars of Artanty have become a minority in comparison to the other Tribes, gathered into small communities in the mountain ranges of the continent from which they sometimes reach the borders of the large northern glaciers. The only real still-existing settlement is in the Woods of the Moon, where they live together with the Feruas. Both races share a common interest for the study of magic and have obtained some surprising results, most of all in the medical field. They are trying to prevent resentment from blinding them, but not all of them find it easy to move on and forget the atrocities perpetrated by the Sons of the Sky;



the Rok'Nars cannot forget them so soon and they are still far from forgiving their enemies.

They have few representatives in the mixed cities because they are not at ease among the other peoples and have extended their resentment to the Kronoss as well, whom they hold responsible for driving the Sky Tribe away from its original search for freedom, having made it their willing prisoner. They usually avoid the Oscurians but do not really blame them for the role they played in the events of the end of the sixth century because they think the Oscurians, characteristically, simply sided with their enemies toward the end for an easy win. If they knew the truth about those years, they might change their mind about them.

On the continent, another, far more worrying tendency is evident: in Artanty, the number of Rok'Nars Liberated by the Faceless Ones in order to force them to join their ranks is much greater than elsewhere. According to some, the reason for this is the eagerness to be recruited on the part of the Rok'Nars, generated by their premature bitterness toward the idea of Kami, a denial that usually follows the traumatic Overthrow of the Royal Races but which in their case began to surface after the First Elemental War.

Rok'Nars of D'zjama

From 5 P.G. onward, the Tribe's Newly Generated found themselves in a situation similar to that of their predecessors and had to make do without the help of their Elders. Claimed by the Scarlet Vengeance in greater numbers than the other peoples, they found it difficult to re-establish their presence on the continent. Since they were interested in settling only in places where the Mother's generosity better asserted itself, their aims were hindered by the birth of so many cities and trade routes. Many of them retreated into the forests or on mountain peaks in an ascetic re-union with the earth, but many more forced themselves to migrate toward Si-Neb, even if this meant facing their old enemy: the sea.

Nowadays, it is still possible to find a good number of Rok'Nars along the borders of the Black Desert, in a number of villages born to safeguard the bizarre natural phenomenon of those dark dunes. They often travel through the desert, setting up caravans together with the Senduars, the other usual visitors of that place. As a matter of fact, the high market price for the purple crystals scattered among the black sands is due not so much to the danger of the lethal rakars blending in with the sands themselves as to the Sons of the Earth keeping tireless vigil over the desert. Undoubtedly, they are mostly on the lookout for Weavers, but an Oscurian does not go unnoticed, either.

Rok'Nars of Si-An

Allied with the Feruas in their war of conquest at the beginning of the millennium, they defend the wooded territories at times of war. In peacetime, they are never truly forgiven by the survivors belonging to the Resistance, who see them as traitors who crossed over to the enemy at the first opportunity. The individuals generated after the fourth century do not share that resentment which, over the years, has become the prerogative of just a few and is disappearing.

There, Rok'Nars are divided into two groups, in the north and south of the Varnha Desert, seldom inhabited by them. In the north, they are still close-knit under the guidance of wise Nyame, Voice of the Mother and protector of the woods, tireless servant of nature. She is said to be the one who found one of the first Kronoss flying fortresses, between the Lakes of the Skull and the Rijia jungle, in the northern areas of that hilly country. Now turned into a mass of ruins that blend with the earth after it crashed to the ground, the fortress has become the lair of many a wild beast and a warning for the unbelievers: what the Mother claims will return to her embrace.

The southern group is more fragmented, scattered among the woods surrounding Lake Garemas, the forests growing along the coast, and the large community in the vicinity of Mesa Atminas. Those

Rok'Nars never forgot the ungracious attack by the Gromsh and, while understanding their chaotic nature, keep them away from their lands and try to keep them confined within their own territories.

Rok'Nars of Si-Neb

Actual motherland of the Rok'Nars, here, they are in all probability the most numerous Tribe on the continent. Divided between places of worship—such as their capital and the Temple of Sennonga—and spiritual pilgrimages in search of the Mother, they journey across these lands together with the Senduars. Before the seventh century, the continent offered another destination for their pilgrimages—a rich array of breathtaking magical landscapes that evolved naturally as a consequence of the use of the Veil. After the disaster caused by the Second Council of the Royal Races, the destination of their journey is still the same, but they are driven by a far more pressing need: fighting the threat of the Weavers. Their siding with the Laran Lumians has been critical, preventing those unholy magical beings from reshaping the whole of Si-Neb.

This land is also the home of another well-known Rok'Nar thinker: Honsu, also called 'the thoughtful'. Conservative like all his fellow Tribesmen, Honsu takes his usual reasoning to a higher level, studying the history of the continent

and reaching the conclusion that the stability and continuity they are looking for in the peoples of the Third Era is actually a short-sighted pursuit and that the bases of all natural cycles must be sought in older times they tend to forget about. It is necessary to understand the past before one can look at the future. This is the principle on which the Way of the Followers of the Mosaic is founded, and the only possible way to have a full view of the past is to put together all the tiles of the great mosaic formed by all the Kamis of all the Tribes that ever existed up to that moment.

His thinking soon finds a growing number of followers also outside the Rok'Nar Tribe, quickly gathering a large number of Menoosh, Senduars, and Kronoss. Soon, however, and with his utmost regret, Honsu realizes his noble cause needs a fulcrum that his beloved Si-Neb cannot provide in order to properly spread among the Royal Races. Therefore, he begins a difficult exodus toward Dejama to found the new capital of the Way, Durandia.

Appearance

It is difficult not to identify a Rok'Nar at first glance. These impressive beings range in height between six and a half and eight feet, and weigh between four hundred and six hundred pounds. Their skin has the same texture and color as the rocks, and some parts of their body are pointed or protrude. They tend to accumulate

little fat but weigh proportionately more than members of other Tribes. The circumference of their lower limbs is well above average: it is far easier to knock them down than to unbalance them.

Males and females are both hairless, but females tend to have hair that, when present, is as brown as their eyes.

Females are seldom more than just over six feet and weigh half as much as their male counterparts. Leaves or buds often sprout from their bodies—the Mother's gift to her beloved daughters.

Genesis

The Newly Generated are welcomed by a procession of Elders—both males and females—but are always led by a female who will officiate the rites. The newcomers are invited to climb down from the pedestal in the Garden of Life and walk on bare earth to establish their contact with the Mother. Their affinity with their Kami develops from the very beginning, but all the same customs require a propitiatory rite, which the Elders celebrate by forming a circle, burning frankincense and eating the fruits the Mother gives them to strengthen their existing bond with her. The males' initiation ends with them being sprinkled on the head with some damp soil blessed by the officiating Elder; the rite has a different level of intensity for the females. They have to lie down, in full contact

with the Mother, and are required to randomly pick a seed from a bowl. The officiating Elder will then infuse the seed with the blessing of the Kami, so that through it, the fruit of His gift may take roots inside the young Rok'Nar. The Newly Generated female must then eat the blessed seed and stay prone, in prayer, while the Elders sprinkle her with purified water. The officiating female continues the rite with words and gestures handed down only to the worthiest among the females scrupulously guarded by the few who know them until it is evident that the Mother turned her eyes to her blossoms on the body of the Newly Generated, now enveloped by the leaves or flowers of the chosen plant.

After the rite, the young Rok'Nars are entrusted to groups of older individuals who teach them about life cycles and the natural working of things.

Civilization

The Rok'Nars often live in villages occupied by members of their own Tribe only. Living as they do in complete harmony with nature, they seldom build dwellings or wear much clothing—only the minimum so as not to offend the other Tribes' sensitivities, which they respect even when they do not understand them. The few tasks seen as essential by the Rok'Nars—such as taking care of the Mother, collecting her fruits and hunting her sons according to the natural cycle of things—are entrusted

to those more qualified to execute them, and the fruits of their activities are then shared by the community as a whole. They can often be seen sharing a settlement with the Feruas, but they never climb trees: the places hosting both Tribes are always characterized by the presence of a cave.

Some Children of the Earth always live in total harmony with nature, keeping in close contact with the Mother even while they sleep.

The Rok'Nars do not totally shun settlements frequented by other Tribes, but they do not like them, especially if there are any barriers between them and their Kami, such as the ground or, worse, above-ground structures.

Behavior and Customs

Because of their love of tradition and stability, the Rok'Nars are considered the most conservative among the Tribes. The Disciples of the Mother require a long time to process any change in global interest or the balance between the Tribes. This characteristic, together with their tendency to never forget a suffered wrong or favor received, makes gossips say the Rok'Nars tend to live more in the past than in the present.

They respect every single facet of the natural cycle, even the most unpleasant or those seemingly unfair: if they exist, that means the Mother created them with precise intentions, which may not become immediately

apparent. The Rok'Nars apply this same reasoning in an inverse and restrictive way: what can be found in nature must be enough for sustenance, and if the Tribes try to meddle with it, they will do more harm than good. They do not make any sort of tools to make daily tasks easier; they favor hand-to-hand fighting and martial arts to the use of melee weapons and fewer ranged weapons, which they avoid almost all the time.

All Tribe members—the females in particular, have a special affinity with rain. They savor each moment of the magic event that puts them in direct contact with the Mother and fills with life the gift She made them, which they always carry with them.

Game Features

Rooted to the Ground

A Rok'Nar always feels uneasy in any environment that is not dry land: on a boat, in a shelter hanging from a tree, on a flying ship, etc. In such conditions, a Rok'Nar suffers a -1 to all Trait rolls.

Self-sufficient

A Rok'Nar refuses any use of weapons or crafted armors, maintaining he already has all he needs to fight. He never uses any armor and wields only weapons that can be found in nature, such as cudgels, sticks, makeshift spears and so on.

Player's Guide

Rock-Hard

Made exactly like the rocky walls the Mother has been raising for millennia to protect herself has its own advantages. At character creation, a Rok'Nar gets Vigor d6 instead of d4, his natural armor gives him Toughness +2 (countered by weapons with Armor Penetration) and adds +2 to damage when fighting unarmed.

As Big as a Mountain

Being as tough as a mountain implicates other similarities as well. The Rok'Nars are bigger in size than most of the other races, which gives them a +2 Size bonus; their body size, however, forces them to move at Pace 3, and to use a d4, instead of the usual d6, when running.

Elemental Manipulation (Earth)

Every Rok'Nar can cast this spell three times a day. If he has an Arcane Background, this spell is added to his list of known spells and can be used more than three times a day.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Feruas:

"We thank the Mother every day for entrusting her safety and health to the upkeep of two Tribes and not just to us. We will defend Her, side by side with those who care for her as much as we do."

Allied with the Janahs:

"Respectable and honorable, they make trustworthy allies. They are even more steadfast and stubborn than we are."

Allied with the Lumians:

"They share many of our principles. The word given by a Lumian has more value than a Ferua's claw. They represent Light and deserve all our respect."

Allied with the Menoosh:

"Just like animals, the Mother's favorite children take care of their primary needs first and foremost; they merely chose to add their love for all that's beautiful to them, but I see nothing wrong in this."

Allied with the Senduars:

"The trees shed their seeds so that other plants may grow. The flowers make use of the bees to spread their pollen. Perennial travelers can only be good for the natural cycle of life."

Indifferent to the Oscurians:

"Night and day alternate in the natural cycle of life. We must accept nature as a whole, and even if night is ambiguous, compared to day, we mustn't respect it less."

Enemies of the Gromsh:

"They caused way too much damage to our Mother for us to keep ignoring them. They must be stopped."

Enemies of the Kronoss:

"Brothers of the wind, don't you see they're just using you? They always crush the Mother's fruits, and what

they really deserve is punishment from all of us...not that we quarrel with each other."

Enemies of the Whisplings:

"You fell too far away from the tree, brothers. Our hearts break at the thought that Mother Earth and Father Sky may part ways, but we aren't blind and our hearts aren't made of the stone we always protect."

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Warlords:

"The animals die at the end of their life cycle. We don't. They bring our cycle to an end for us."

Inclined towards the Followers of the Mosaic:

"Some Tribes left these lands too quickly; it's a noble gesture to keep their memory alive in the presence of the existing Tribes."

Indifferent to the Guild of Free Trade:

"I have virtually no interest in any of their wares."

Indifferent to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"I understand what they do, but I can't endorse it fully. These Faceless Ones are such a new threat."

Prejudiced against the Defenders of Free Will:

"How many Tribes can say they have a bond with their Kami as deep as ours?"

Famous Characters



Faybelle

Since her Genesis, Faybelle has always been surrounded by astonishment. Welcomed with amazement by the Elders at the Garden of Life, she soon realizes she is the smallest among her fellow Tribesmen, so much so that her very membership of the Tribe might seem doubtful. Moved by that very concern, the Elders seek a link to the Mother in her, immediately revealed by her magic and healing skills. In spite of this, she is left out of village life, involved as little as possible in group activities and the object of doubting glances. A year after her Genesis, she decides to free the inhabitants of her village of the embarrassment caused by her presence and leaves it suddenly to head for the Thorny Grand Canyon, so different from her in name, yet endowed with her same ability to keep people at a distance.

Faybelle would like to continue living alone, cradled by the voice of the Mother in all her earthly manifestations, but she has to cope with the many people who, intrigued by her, travel to that narrow rocky gorge to catch a glimpse of a Rok'Nar the size of an Oscurian. Some even suspect she might have a key role in the next Overthrow of the Royal Races, just like the mixed Geneses of individuals belonging to different Tribes which have begun to happen of late. Over the years, Faybelle has

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grown more and more introverted and does her utmost to hide, taking advantage of her size and her magical skills.

Tribe: Rok'Nar; **Rank:** Veteran; **Way:** None

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Crafting - Potions d8, Fighting d4, Healing d10, Knowledge (arcane) d6, Knowledge (nature) d8, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Spellcasting d10.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (2)

Hindrances: Small.

Edges: Arcane Background, New Power (x3), Power Points (x2), Servant of the Mother *.

Powers: Bolt, Burrow, Deflection, Healing, Shape Change, Succor; **Power Points:** 20

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Rooted to the Ground*, Self-sufficient*, Unarmed (For+d4+2).

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



Sey-Lahn

The tales about the Grim Mountain, as he is called, are by now countless. There are those who maintain they had to wait more than four hourglasses before getting an answer from him, and those who are ready to swear they saw him uproot a giant sequoia to turn it into an improvised bridge over a river. Others even deem him capable of holding an Oscurian

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in his hand. They are all right. With an expression and a size that reflect his nickname, Sey-Lahn usually intimidates most people, and the skulls set in the cavities in his torso do not help matters in the slightest.

Sey-Lahn embodies all the basic principles of the Rok'Nar culture: he is conservative, thoughtful, hard, slow and potentially lethal. Besides being very well known within the Tribe, even by those members who live on the other continents, he is one of the longest-living Rok'Nars and probably also the eldest to practice Tsui'Goab, the ancient Rok'Nar martial art based on the Tribe's philosophy. Years have gone by, however, since the last time the Grim Mountain accepted becoming a master again and hand down that art. The only exception in the last century is even stranger if we consider the Tribe to which his student belonged. He was Kaito, a Janah. Perhaps it was his own nature that enabled Kaito to wait for the necessary time until the master agreed to teach him, persevering in the face of his refusals to do so, and enduring each tacit trial he had to face daily. He was not a Son of the Earth but he showed their same resistance and obstinacy, a talent most people tended to dismiss, calling it pigheadedness.

Tribe: Rok'Nar; **Rank:** Legendary;
Way: None

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d12+2, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Survival d8, Throwing d10.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 3 (running d4);

Parry: 14; **Toughness:** 19 (2)

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honor, Pacifist.

Edges: Ambidextrous, Block, Brawler, Brawny, Bruiser, Frenzy, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Martial Artist, Improved Toughasnaills, Martial Artist, Martial Arts Master (x5), Master of Arms, Toughasnaills, Two-fisted, Weapon Master.

Special Abilities: Elemental (SW, p. 162), Elemental Manipulation (earth, 3/day), Hardy (SW, p. 162), Rooted to the Ground *, Self-sufficient*, Slow Regeneration (SW, p. 165), Unarmed (Str+d6+14), Unarmed (Str+d6+14), Size +4.



SENDUARS

Travelers, Silent Ones

View of the Kami

The Kami is Movement. A static condition means death; movement generates life. In his honor, we devote our lives to a never-ending journey. Only by visiting each existing place will we be able to understand its true essence.

"Fascinating. I realize I might be misleading you on this subject, but I cannot find other words to describe him. In fact, I'm not talking about a Menoosh, as you might be inclined to think, but about a Senduar, an awe-inspiring manifestation of Discovery from traveling. It is not a given to know which discovery, however, or on what kind of journey. This is why I cannot think of any other adjective, even though I feel guilty every time I put ink to paper to compose that word. Fascinating. A dark charm, a subtle and yet compelling seduction that takes root in the meanderings of my mind with each victim falling suddenly, a smile on his lips. How could they smile at their executioner? What beatitude was hidden behind that serene gaze in the very last moment of conscious life? I, just like anyone else, cannot know the answer. My only task is to observe. And I like it, in spite of myself."

From the journals of Oricros, the Beholder

Senduar appeared in the eastern part of Si-Neb, near the glaciers. From the very first moment of existence, he concentrated on assimilating everything he could: smells, flavors, sounds, shapes, sensations. He let all creation dance before him, each external stimulus brush against him, and he was insatiable but not impulsive. Swiftly, he strode toward the west, absorbing all he could like a sponge but carefully refraining from altering that boundless sensorial vessel. As he rejoiced in the blessing of his Kami, however, like any First Generated, he also had the same treatment in store for every Tribe; anyone who happened to be in his vicinity fell lifeless to the ground. It was not a painful death, though, anything but. They would simply crumple to the ground with a serene expression on their faces. There was no fight, the souls of the fallen would fly toward their destiny peacefully, leaving behind their heavy, and now empty physical vessel.

Only a short time later, however, houses, trees, and even the mountains themselves fell to the ground, too, together with the bodies of Senduar's victims. It was Janah's handiwork, the end result of an uncontrollable fury raging all over Si-Neb, with nothing and no one keeping him in check as he unleashed the same level of desolation that required the intervention of two First Generated on other continents. And yet, he did not carry out his work to the very end because his irrational eyes fell on the other first Generated

active in those lands and instead of seeing him as a fellow being moved by a common aim, he saw the only thing he was able to see everywhere: an obstacle to overcome. Senduar just defended himself with his innate ability to teleport, which he had never used before for fear of missing some experience through that disjointed way of traveling. Finding himself pressed by his furious opponent, he had to react, thus starting a chase that went beyond the imagination even of the most imaginative thinker. In the end, he was forced to resort to a more drastic expedient, using one of his powers he had never tried before: he divided his essence into countless grains of sand which he scattered with the wind. His technique was successful, with his opponent chasing his infinitesimal parts everywhere in vain. What Senduar could not know, however, was that all his attempts to pull himself back together would be in vain, too, because meanwhile, his powers had begun to wane unexpectedly, and he needed them at their maximum power to be able to reconstruct his body. Since that day, he has been wandering all over Enascentia because his spirit is still bound to it. However, he never experienced the privilege of true consciousness or freedom of action. In a sort of bizarre retribution, the other members of his Tribe are fated to enjoy fully what was denied to their First Generated.

Trying to analyze the Senduar civilization is like trying to catch the wind with a net. Since they are nomadic by nature and have little or no inclination for gathering in large groups, to examine the history of their Tribe, it would be necessary to study the personal history of each of its existing members—impossible even for the boldest Janah. The Senduar contribution to Enascentia's past has to be found elsewhere, in the traditions they have upheld through the centuries, more by instinct than because of tradition. Most of the present natural balance the Rok'Nars and the Feruas so actively defend is also due to the intervention of these careful observers: they would know immediately if a species of animal was rare or abundant in a certain region and hunted accordingly. Their main aim was to feed without altering their environment irreparably, but as a direct consequence of this, they also prevented some animal species from overpopulating specific areas, which could have had repercussions on the neighboring territories as well.

Senduars never stopped in mixed cities for long but were ever present there. For each Senduar leaving, there was usually another one just arriving. They never carried many things with them as they wandered, but those items they traded in each village to obtain the bare minimum they needed were seen as a service rendered merely by chance to merchants and Oscurians everywhere, since they were the best means of delivering exotic objects

from far away. In the light of this, Senduars learned to collect specialties from the places they visited and keep them until they reached somewhere they would be unusual and therefore be in high demand.

They never took sides openly in any conflict between Tribes unless attacked individually or kept from travelling, which happened during the conquest of Si-An at the beginning of the millennium when they found themselves trapped in the Varnha Desert and were consequently drafted by the Resistance. It was quite difficult for them to send representatives to the Councils of the Royal Races—respectively in 400 and 600 P.G.—because they lacked any hierarchic structure or stable places in which to gather. Those of them who were present at the Councils were more 'volunteers' than real 'representatives' of their people.

Dunesia, the wandering capital

Having a capital is almost a contradiction in terms for a wandering population, which is why Dunesia was never considered a capital by the Senduars themselves but acquired that title over the centuries when other populations realized it was the only city where Senduars made up most of their number and started calling it that. In time, the Travelers heard the term, too. It amused them, and they made it theirs willingly,

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because a wandering city was the only one to which they felt they truly belonged.

It was a Senduar who first climbed onto the back of the giant koopash when it finally grew to his actual size in the Varnha Desert, and he did that for two reasons: to ride the largest mount ever seen and reach its back, a place no one had certainly ever explored before. Once up there, Olokun felt pleased with his success and decided to remain there a little longer to better understand the movements of the huge koopash. It had a steady gait, there was no swaying on the top of the shell, and the view was breathtakingly beautiful. Olokun soon realized the huge beast had the same needs as a normal koopash, namely to rest and feed every three nights, something that was not going to be easy in the desert for that poor gargantuan beast. When the koopash stopped for his first night of rest, Olokun climbed down from his back and headed for the nearest campfire. He reached a small Senduar encampment, whose occupants were in the process of heading for the moving mountain they had seen in the distance, and explained the situation to them through sign language. Each of them did something: find wood and other building materials, hunt many lahans and other game beyond the dunes whenever possible, store huge quantities of water and so on. Their constant activity drew the attention of other Travelers and soon scores of Senduars were taking care of the

gargantuan koopash, seeing to his primary needs. In order to reach the most inaccessible areas, such as the mouth or the back itself, they built a system of scaffoldings and ropes, and even rope ladders to throw to anyone brave enough to try to climb on the koopash while it was moving.

The huge beast became a great attraction for the Senduars, most of all when they found themselves trapped in the desert from the pressure the Feruas exerted along its borders. Many of them came to admire it, and none of them could refrain from climbing on its back at least once. Many of them ended up thinking the same thing: if we cannot leave the Varnha Desert because of the Feruas, why do we not change perspective and cross it again on the koopash's back? That was when they thought about building huts and other structures on the creature's shell, turning it into their temporary home but never ending their wandering. Over the years, those buildings changed from something simple to far more refined structures. Their main objective was that they had to be raised on a rigid ever-moving platform. In time, they even tried to take agriculture and the rearing of livestock there, at times with satisfying results, as with the spout eggplants, as the environment there is perfect for them to grow. Even today they are still exported from the wandering city to everywhere on the continent. The lack of water continued to be the greatest problem, but luckily Dunesia's inhabitants did

not use much. In any case, Senduar researchers and enchanters found a way to filter the koopash's urine and turn it into a drinkable—albeit still rather foul-smelling—liquid.

Thus, a stable civilization grew on the koopash's shell, while the animal moved deeper and deeper into the desert. At that point the Resistance could not ignore what was happening under its very eyes and tried to contact Olokun and the other Senduars. A delegation of the united Tribes was put up in Dunesia for the time necessary to work out a plan; they were going to use the most wonderful among the beasts as a battering ram to break up the Feruas' army and offload the armies on its back onto the Pack's rear.

The aim of this was to strike the Tribe's shamans, the only ones who had any medical knowledge, and it worked so well that Dunesia could continue to advance until the two fronts of the Resistance—the one in the Varnha Desert and the one by the Lakes of the Skull—could join forces. From that moment on, it was not so unusual to find visitors from other tribes in the Senduar capital, and the city itself was finally free to explore the whole continent instead of just the desert, even though it still has a tendency to return to the familiar sands, sooner or later.

Over the years, Olokun has never left his place, which makes him one of a kind within his race. He has developed an empathic relationship with the koopash—whom he calls

Ogun—and it is his greatest ambition to take it beyond Si-An borders to see the other continents together. Up until now, however, he has not been able to fulfill his dream.

Beyond known borders

Travelers by nature, the Senduars live to explore. They usually spend the first years of their life scouting the continent in which they have been generated from top to toe, until they are familiar with every single cave, river or animal. That is when they begin to travel to the other three continents, repeating the process. At times, they need to examine more fully than they did on their first journey, such as looking into customs and traditions of all the ten Tribes or taking a look at the full list of animal and vegetal species in the records kept by the Menoosh. Those few individuals that live long enough to get to this point, however, do not know the meaning of the word 'stop'. Instead, they usually travel beyond all known borders. It is not uncommon for a Senduar to head for the eternal glaciers in the northernmost part of Artanty and Si-Neb, just like it is not unusual to see a ship of Travelers leave from the inner ports of Si-An and Dejama on route for Sit-Tabthi or from the outer ones toward the extreme borders of Enascentia itself. This is the name given to these unknown waters, which everybody knows as the keepers of the deepest

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abysses in the whole creation, borders beyond which nothing exists. Even this definition is not dire enough to stem the Senduars' thirst for knowledge.

There are more than a few people who maintain they saw a Traveler come back from the deep sea or the glaciers, but what is hidden in those places is still a mystery all the same, and the reason for this is quite easy to guess: you will never find a Senduar who will deprive you of the pleasure of discovery. At most, he will invite you to follow his path. It goes without saying that such a suggestion is often rejected, albeit kindly, because it is common belief that nothing can be found in those places but certain death. The only reason the Senduars themselves come back is that at some point they are forced to because going farther is impossible.

Things are quite different where the sea closer to shore is concerned. The ships returning from those routes have certainly reached the area the Council declared off limits in the year 400 P. G., and some of them may have even reached the coasts of Sit-Tabthi, while every other Tribe perished just trying to. In any case, those occasions are rare. Most times, it does not matter how experienced a Senduar is when he thinks he knows the other four continents: his next voyage is usually his last. For this reason, the average lifespan of a Senduar is about four hundred years, roughly one century for each continent.



The Mnemonic Gems

In 241 P.G., the scholar Obatala founded a group of researchers and experimenters willing to be guinea pigs for some far-from-conventional magical experiments. Driven by the common aim of Discovery through travel, they did not simply record the information they collected as they traveled but went beyond that and took advantage of the gift of manipulating the Veil to gather new information which could not be obtained by any conventional method. They started as a small caravan of brave souls, but soon, other people following the same Kami joined them. Together, they periodically recorded the progress of their experiments and frequently shared their notes and the subjects of their studies, which ranged from simple magical objects to new parasitical life forms. They were soon called Servants of the Unknown by external observers, unable to understand the thirst for knowledge driving them, but as time went by, that nickname proved to be extremely fitting. One experiment in particular—known as the Mnemonic Gems—revealed its true nature only a few centuries after its creation. Those gems were created as magical objects that could store an infinite quantity of sensory data and were designed to be set in the center of a traveler's forehead, who would thus become the source of the information gathered by the artefact. Ten gems were created, which over the years developed an

even stronger affinity with each other until they ended up connecting all the carriers of a Mnemonic Gem. Soon, external stimuli and feelings blended within each of the servants who chose to analyze a gem carrying it on their forehead, to the point that they became unable to distinguish their personal experiences from those of the others. Data transmission was not immediate, however; it only happened when a given gem was not actively absorbing knowledge, that is, while the carrier was sleeping. The Senduars soon saw those gems as a curse more than an important experiment because it nullified a whole life spent searching for sensory stimuli, the discovery of the world by themselves, and went against all the principles of their Kami even more strongly than the oral tradition used by the other Tribes. They tried to remove the gems from the Servants' forehead but gave up after their first attempt, which ended with the death of the gem carrier because the gem had grown inside his brain, plunging its crystalline roots deep into his grey matter and becoming one with it. After that failed attempt, there were still nine gems and nine carriers. They all tried to fight in any possible way against their fate, and the best solution they came up with was to search for each other, gather together, and lead the same life as much as possible, thus limiting at least the different contexts in which their collective memories were trapped. That experiment worked for centuries,

until one of them, Iriko, fell victim to an ambush of the Faceless Ones, in 995 P.G., and had his symbol severed. His aggressors did not just forcefully recruit him, they also kidnapped him to carry out experiments on that gem shining on his forehead. That day, the other eight carriers woke up to the realization that Iriko had disappeared and the knowledge of every single experience he had gone through up until then. That was the beginning of a surreal chase in which the chasers knew every move of their kidnapped companion as soon as they woke up, and Iriko knew how near they were to him as soon as he opened his eyes. When they realized it, the Faceless Ones did their best to reduce Iriko's sensory experiences to a minimum, blindfolding and drugging him to confuse and inhibit his senses until the other Travelers lost his trail. The Faceless Ones were not satisfied with that, however. As soon as they reached a safe hiding place, they put together a laboratory in which to run more detailed experiments on their kidnapped prisoner, and tortured him, pushing him to the limits of his endurance to gather all the knowledge they could obtain about the Mnemonic Gem without killing its carrier. Of course, the treatment had its repercussions on the other eight carriers, who were forced to share their companion's pain at every awakening, drowning in a sea of visions and distorted perceptions. Some of them went insane because they could not distinguish between

reality, which induced madness: unable to react, they ended up embracing that multiform and impossible life. Others reacted and tried to sleep as little as possible, using stimulants to be able to sleep just one or two nights a week.

The Faceless Ones gradually improved the experiments they were running on Iriko—who by now was a little more than a ruined shell—and managed to duplicate the Mnemonic Gems. They began to set them on the foreheads of some people they had Liberated by force, thus creating a multitude of eyes scattered all over the continent. They collected information easily accessible through Iriko, who was no longer sentient by now and could not share any emotion with the other gem carriers. Today, there are scores of Mnemonic Gems, active mainly in Si-Neb and carried by members of any Tribe which may not even be Faceless Ones. Some of them, who volunteered as carriers, were recruited at the Cape of the Eagle just before they left for Sit-Tabthi.

One of the original ten carriers, Enlil, got tired of being a victim and reacted strongly, swearing he would get his revenge against the Faceless Ones. The Inquisition of the Blazing arrow welcomed him willingly among its members in 991 P.G. and created a patrol whose only task was to find the other Mnemonic Gems and kill any Faceless One they might discover in the process.

Senduars of Artanty

Here the Travelers often visit the Peaks of the Moon and the Moon Forest, but they also like to stop at Clamatis, Erelidia, or Merrinock. Among the cities, however, their favorite destination is still Legis, most of all in the sixth month of the year, when its aerial ports are open to those who do not belong to any Way, either. There is another experience many Senduars end up sharing in Artanty: exploring the northern glaciers. They are the only ones who venture beyond the Rok'Nar villages built on those snowy mountains and even the icy peaks controlled by the Whisplings. Just as the other Senduars wander across the deserts of the other continents, they venture into the depths of those frozen domains, eager to savor all the sensory stimuli the bravest among them can enjoy. These Travelers develop different traditions as they head for those northernmost lands, change their clothing and take all the necessary measures, taking weeks or even months to prepare before they set off on their journey. Among the suggested precautionary measures, there is also a study of the habits and hunting methods of the leoxams, who are among the few living beings who can survive at those temperatures. These unchallenged masters of the glaciers venture into the settlements at the foot of the mountain ranges periodically to

satisfy their cyclical hunger. Anyone aiming to travel through their lands must know their movements and how to keep them at bay.

Recently, in 912 P. G., a Senduar succeeded in an endeavor, considered impossible up until then: he tamed a leoxam. Inle, also called the Trainer, earned his nickname a few years before, when he managed to tame and ride beasts notoriously difficult to approach, such as meburuusas and eranx. A committed follower of his Kami, Inle had traveled all over the known continents and seen some among the most exotic and rare species until he developed a firm belief: the discovery of the animal world does not mean just learning about all the different species. Inle did not therefore settle for merely observing new exotic species unknown to him but tried to develop a deeper relationship with each of them. At the same time, he managed to tame even the most aggressive wild beasts, thus carrying on his travels with an animal companion always by his side. Animals, however, have a much shorter lifespan than any Tribesman, whatever his Tribe, and when each of them died, Inle concentrated his efforts on training the next one. When he reached the glaciers of Artanty, Inle finally attempted the brave endeavor to which he owes his fame: he tamed a leoxam. The ice lion became his faithful companion and followed him till his last moments of life, even keeping watch over his dead body after he drew his last breath.

This unprecedented event reveals a previously unknown characteristic of these magical beasts: after waiting for days beside his master's body, the leoxam turned into a stone statue with the same shape and traits it had in life. In spite of the extensive studies on the subject carried out by the Kronoss, the process that made such a miracle possible is still unclear and it is the only documented event of this kind. That unusual statue is not the only legacy the Trainer left behind: his journal, full of annotations regarding the behavior of the animals he studied, is still being transcribed by Menoosh scribes, on commission by numberless libraries on every continent.

Senduars of Dejama

The Travelers do not like Dejama very much. The only thing they appreciate is the variety offered by its mixed cities. There, it is often possible to find more smells, flavors and colors than in ten other cities of the same size inhabited by just one Tribe. The Senduars contribute to the prosperity of these cities by stopping there to buy supplies in exchange for those sought-after objects or raw materials they collect along the way. Vesoelm, Kartali, and Durandia would not be the same without them.

Durandia, in particular, periodically hosts many Travelers, either just sympathizers with the Way of which it is the capital, the Followers of the

Mosaic, or even important members of the Way itself. It is not uncommon to meet Senduar Followers, to whom Durandia is a reference point and the place from which to leave for their frequent missions in search of some fragment of a lost civilization hidden who knows where. What most see as a boring search is to them a strong stimulus driving them to start their next journey. Ir-e-Nor, better known as Silent Sand, is one of them, a free thinker who has developed an extremely personal theory about the Mosaic and the Overthrow of the Royal Races.

In any case, all the Ways are equally represented on the continent, and each of them counts a good number of Travelers among its members. The artefacts recovered by these unstoppable explorers are quite sought after in Jundali, and opening new trails to find more of them may itself be incentive enough to join the Way. Even though their capital is elsewhere, the Defenders of Free Will have more than a few representatives on these lands, too. A clear example of this is the Opulent Wayfarer, one of the Four Merchants who control Vesoelm. His rejection of the Kami he received when he was generated is quite evident, but what most people often misinterpret is the choice he made afterwards: his elegance and opulence, together with his artistic tastes, seem to point at the Menoosh artistic freedom, while it

is just Oscurian materialism. And he certainly makes careful use of the magic abilities as a result of that choice.

Further south, between Jandia and Braska's Volcano, everybody can still see the end result of what a Senduar enchanter, Ninsun, did a few centuries earlier, in 107 P.G.: the Black Desert. Ninsun wanted to trap a sandstorm within an object that could release it every time it was used, but he made a mistake in creating the object and ended up altering both the color and the essence of the sand he loved so much. The Dune Globe he created has become legendary, but its actual whereabouts are unknown. What no one knows is that the sand was not the only element to be trapped within the Globe: it also contains a bihar, made immortal by the magic process, and over the centuries more than an owner of the Globe has been killed by that—now eternal—creature.

There is another phenomenon that started to appear soon after the creation of the Black Desert. The purple crystals that had always been present there produced some special arthropods—the rakars—which camouflage themselves perfectly among the sand and the crystals themselves and are also the vile carriers of a terrible disease. The Crystal Plague, as it has been called, first developed among the caravans heading toward the southern coast or heading inland from the sea, and the first who had to deal with it were the villages scattered around the desert.

Once the alarm was raised all over the continent, the Janahs were the first to arrive and demonstrated their battle skills. They were not enough to stop the spreading of the Plague, however; on the contrary, they gave the crystals new bodies to infect, thus allowing them to spread boundlessly, until the infected people became a veritable army that kept growing in numbers. Finally, it was the joint intervention of the Senduars—on a pilgrimage toward the desert—and the Rok'Nars living in the area that put a stop to the threat in 111 P.G., together with the military support of all the Tribes and the cleansing of the disease in its first stage by the Daughters of the Earth. Those already in the advanced stages of the disease had to be exterminated, and the Rok'Nars' and Senduars' task was made easier by their own physiology. In the following years, the Disciples of the Mother took it upon themselves to guard the desert borders to limit future contagion, while the Travelers kept scouting its sands, motivated by fascination and duty in equal measure.

Senduars of Si-An

Landing on Si-An is an important moment in any Senduar's journey: crossing the Varnha Desert is a sacred stage of their wanderings. They are among the few who can truly appreciate the uniqueness of its landscapes and also see the challenge those dunes poses to any wayfarer

as reason enough to visit them. The fact that those same sands host their capital and guard the legacy of their forefathers, forced to a life of captivity, makes the desert an essential stage in their journey. While in the desert, many Senduars experience the blessing of mystic experiences granted them by their Kami that often drive them to the boundary between life and death. Of course, they do not care about the Kronoss theories, according to which those visions are the natural consequence of dehydration and malnutrition. No Traveler sound of mind will ever pass up climbing on the shell of the huge koopash carrying the city which is the symbol of the tribe itself on his back. This makes Dunesia the hub of exchanges between Senduars, whether they barter materials recovered anywhere on Enascentia or exchange notes about a subject they studied during their journey. In time, the capital has become a unique crucible of culture and information, an ever-evolving urban center which frequently hosts people from other Tribes, eager to obtain from the Senduars the secrets they keep but are seldom willing to share. However, it is not easy to access the knowledge kept within Dunesia's halls, so it is more likely that the visitors will stay just for the time necessary to learn a specific art or discipline

The enchanted places protected by the Rok'Nars, such as Mesa Atminas and the Breath of Gromsh, fascinate the travelers and are always included in their itinerary on the continent.

Senduars of Si-Neb

Abandoned ruins, unspoiled nature and landscapes scarred by magic: all these things are incentives the Travelers cannot simply resist. For centuries, Si-Neb has been the continent on which the Senduar usually stay longer, so much so that the number of caravans here is well above average. Si-Neb's fascinating landscapes are not the only reason they tend to spend more time wandering among these suggestive places. In fact, many of them belong to the ancient group of researchers known as the Servants of the Unknown. After the unsuccessful experiment with the Mnemonic Gems, all experiments in progress are now subjected to greater controls and the intentions of a researcher are debated in depth before his project is approved. This is probably why the Servants of the Unknown managed to leave their past failures behind and never incurred the wrath of more conservative Tribes or organizations.

While traveling in the desolate lands of the southern continent, it is possible to cross the path of one of the original carriers of the Mnemonic Gems, who have by now

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gone insane for the most part. While still faithful to Senduar ideals, they have all given in to the charm of the spoken word, a relief valve they need to endure their state. Among them, there is also Enlil, surrounded by the troops the Inquisition has put at his disposal, one of the most resolute and uncompromising divisions of the Way.

Appearance

The Senduars' custom of dressing themselves in oversized clothing that covers them from head to foot makes it difficult to see at first glance the otherwise distinctive features in their appearance. The members of this Tribe have a rough and grainy skin, akin to desert sands in texture and color, and they are the only ones among the current Tribes to be totally sexless. However, their choice of clothing also makes them easily recognizable: a hood pulled down over a face hidden by a piece of cloth with a pair of green or brown eyes peering above it is a clear sign you are dealing with a Senduar. Their hair is almost always hidden by their cowls, but when visible, it is usually quite fine and brown.

The numerous layers of clothing are not the only weight the Senduars have to bear because they usually carry with them all items necessary for their travels: torches, canteens, knives, candles, etc. They often use ranged weapons, such as bows, crossbows, and

throwing weapons. In a melee, they prefer polearms, such as spears and halberds, which they use as staffs when not fighting.

Genesis

The Genesis of a Senduar is always a deeply spiritual moment. The whole welcoming ceremony involves ritual codified gestures. Throughout the ritual, none of the officiants says a word, and the Newly Generated is forced into silence by gestures or even more direct means if necessary. In most cases, however, it is not necessary.

During this rite, the Newly Generated receives his travel gear—which will probably accompany him for many lunar cycles—which he can choose to accept, and then at the end of the ceremony, each Senduar resumes his personal journey. Left to his own devices, the new Tribe member ends up doing the same.

Civilization

There are Tribes who are inclined to settle in single-Tribe villages. The Senduars are the only Tribe who will never do this: the only thing that resembles a Senduar village is a caravan made up solely of Senduars. However, you will never find them in the same place for more than two nights in a row. Even their capital, Dunesia, is

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always moving, and greets members of any Tribe within its walls, free from constraints of any kind.

To this Tribe, hospitality is a fundamental and almost sacred value. This is also true when they extend their hospitality—as a nomad will do when helping any traveler he meets along the way—and when they receive it, they have no prejudice against anyone showing respect for this cornerstone of their culture. It is said some Senduars died because they accepted an Oscurian's offer of hospitality, even if they knew quite well what they were in for. There are few similar stories: when the sacred nature of this gesture is violated, the dishonorable host's life comes to the same end.

The Silent Ones usually travel in large caravans, which start with a single individual and gradually grow in size along the way. They do not understand the concept of community, but will never refuse to help another traveler, especially if he belongs to their own Tribe.

Behavior and Customs

In their never-ending journey to discover their Kami and his creations, the Travelers choose a new destination each time and savor every moment and detail of their journey there. They believe that if they stay put, their vantage point will never change, and the same will happen to them.

Do not expect them to be good company, however. The Senduars are not unpleasant and tend not to isolate themselves, but they have very little inclination for dialogue. Though accustomed to traveling alone for long periods of time, they have learned to listen. Silence may be invaluable, just like words always have the potential to ruin a perfect landscape, a natural and beautiful balance. A Senduar always prefers not to express himself with words: he uses gestures, writing or even actions, knowing well that an inspirational action will induce others to do the same—or to ignore it—but in any case will be understood. Only when they cannot find any alternative, they resort to using words, but they are as concise as possible and sound quite annoyed.

Game Features

Magic Trapping

A Senduar adds a particular Trapping to each magic: casting his spells never requires the use of any spoken component.

Inclined to Traveling

A Senduar always feels the need to resume his journey after a brief stay somewhere. If a Character accepts a prolonged break from his traveling with good grace, the Game Master should consider giving him a penalty for being out of character.

Survival Instinct

The Senduars are sturdy creatures: their bodies can withstand any weather and the difficult situations they may have to face on rough terrains. Likewise, their minds are highly adaptable, which makes it easier for them to find edible food or live by their wits. At character creation, a Senduar gets Vigor and Survival d6, and a +1 Toughness bonus.

Always in the Saddle

The Senduars' physical strength, gained from being constantly mobile, and being one of the races that share the deepest bond with pack animals (such as horses and koopash) predispose them to travel. At character creation, a Senduar gets Riding d6.

Keen Senses

A Senduar is a keen observer: details are extremely important to him, and he seldom misses relevant clues or details. At character creation, he gets Notice and Tracking d6.

Silent

A Senduar deems speaking an overindulgence and always tries to avoid it. He prefers to speak through gestures or directly through his actions. Should a player ignore this and act differently, the Game Master should consider giving him a penalty for being out of character.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Lumians:

"Honest, loyal."

Allied with the Kronoss:

"Hospitable, careful."

Allied with the Oscurians:

"Self-serving, well-stocked with goods."

Allied with the Rok'Nars:

"Strong, self-confident."

Allied with the Whisplings:

"Spontaneous, resourceful."

Indifferent to the Feruas:

"Tame, irrelevant."

Indifferent to the Gromsh:

"Amusing, dangerous."

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"Aggressive, stubborn."

Indifferent to the Menoosh:

"Inspiring, inspired."

View of the Ways

Indifferent to the Guild of Free Trade:

"Noisy."

Indifferent to the Defenders of Free Will:

"Incomprehensible."

Indifferent to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"Resolute."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"Day-dreamers."

Indifferent to the Warlords:

"Coherent."

Famous Characters

Ir-e-Nor,

also known as Silent Sand

Itinerant philosopher and warrior, since his first years of life, Ir-e-Nor proves to be an attentive listener. He starts quite soon on his path of research, always joining different caravans and groups as per the Senduar tradition. He embraces the dictates of his Kami with enthusiasm, developing his personal version of the concept on which his tribe is based: Discovery through travel is first and foremost a discovery of one's own self via an inner journey. In time, he realizes he is just a part of the whole, which leads him to acquire a healthy interest in the other cultures. He puts his knowledge at the disposal of people from any Tribe, as a guide, listening to their tales attentively, developing his philosophical dissertations in silence, and reading the texts he has accumulated as a reward for his services.

During his journeys, he is the only survivor of a tragic shipwreck after a violent storm, which causes him to develop a strong aversion to water. From the coast of Dejama, he resumes

his journey—rigorous on land—collecting soil samples in transparent vials with the aim of forming a mosaic with handfuls of earth from in every corner of Enascentia. His choice of a mosaic is far from casual and reflects his personal view, which leads him to become a member of the homonymous Way. And it is in making this decision that he finally reaches a turning point in his philosophy, concluding that each journey must have a destination, just like each path must have a trailblazer who opens the way to those who will follow him. In 990 P.G., he puts into place the first of ten fragments, a series of pins applied on his cloak and custom made to contain small rolls of parchment with his notes, the result of years of study. His original intent is to fill each scroll with information regarding a specific Tribe, position one of them every year along his path and finally trace a map to reach them all, using a mosaic made with the samples of soil he had collected. What he wants to accomplish is to pass on to future Tribes the knowledge about the present ones to create continuity and a precise goal in the gathering of knowledge through travel. His choice with regard to timing, however, springs from intuition based on tales he heard about the previous Overthrows of the Royal Races, which led him to believe they were not casual incidents but cyclical events that occur at intervals of one thousand years.

Characters

Now, in 996 P.G., Ir-e-Nor still has three fragments on his cloak. Two are dedicated to the Gromsh—because he still has to find a meaning for their constant wandering—and the Kronoss—because he is convinced there is a meaning behind that thousand-year interval, and they already know what it is. The last one will be dedicated to the Senduars, deliberately, because if it is necessary to know oneself before being able to understand others, it is also true that we are often misled by thinking we know best.

He prefers to fight turning his upper limbs into scimitars made of sand (Limb Shaping) and taking advantage of the mobility granted him by his enchantments (Teleport). The nature of his enchantments and the sand he carries with him, together with his usual aversion to talking, have earned him the nickname of Silent Sand.

Tribe: Senduar; **Way:** Followers of the Mosaic; **Rank:** Veteran.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Knowledge (arcane) d6, Knowledge (geography) d6, Knowledge (Tribes) d6, Notice d8, Riding d6, Spellcasting d8, Survival d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8 (7); **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Hindrances: Delusional (pins legacy), Phobia (water), Quirk (collects earth).

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, New Power (x2), Power Points, Qualified in Scimitar *, Rapid Recharge, Two-fisted.

Powers: *Healing*, *Limb Shaping* *, *Omen**, *Oasis**, *Teleport**; **Power Points:** 15

Special Abilities: Magic Appearance *

Special Attacks: Scimitar (spell, d10+d6-1) x2.

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

Enlil

Generated in the first half of the third century in a Garden of Life in Si-Neb, during one of his first voyages, he meets Obatala's caravan which immediately intrigues him. Since the moment of his Genesis, he has been aware of being able to alter the Veil, but he feels far more comfortable handling a bow or riding an animal. However, he also refuses to think the gift of magic was bestowed upon him without a specific reason. He soon comes to believe he is the perfect guinea pig for the scholars' experiments because he can manage arcane powers and at the same time his physical prowess is noteworthy. He joins the Servants of the Unknown and soon becomes one of the ten subjects selected for the experiment with the Mnemonic Gems. Over the years, that experiment turns out to be more of a curse than anything else, but Enlil keeps fighting, even in the darkest moments. The continual traumatic experiences he endures when he wakes up, however, affect his mind, and he develops a real phobia against sleeping at night. He therefore

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takes stimulants regularly, postponing the feared moment when his energies collapse for as long as possible, and he starts accumulating sensory stimuli that are not his.

After Iriko's kidnap by the Faceless Ones, Enlil develops a strong hatred against the whole Way and swears to avenge himself for the suffering inflicted on him and all the other gem carriers, which is why he joins the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow. The High Inquisitor Morken himself takes interest in his case and looks carefully into it. He then has Enlil undergo hard training to learn to use the Mnemonic Gem only as an asset, instead of enduring it as a burden. After his training, Enlil joins nineteen other Inquisitors, forming a division devoted to finding the Faceless Ones through the use of the artefact on the Senduar's forehead. It is one of the most ruthless armed handfuls of Inquisitors, who have no respect for the taboo of the symbol and will not let anything prevent them from hunting down their prey. They camp by day to allow Enlil to wake up as the sun sets and recover from his visions, and then they strike with swift night raids, when the carriers of Mnemonic Gems are more vulnerable and less prone to travel, which makes it easier to track them down through the Inquisitor's visions. Enlil's curse has him trapped in a vortex that worsens with each killing. When he next goes back to sleep, he relives the death of his victim.

Tribe: Senduar; **Way:** Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow; **Rank:** Heroic.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Noticed d12+2, Riding d12, Shooting d12+2, Spellcasting d8, Survival d10, Tracking d10.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Hindrances: Habit (stimulants), Phobia (sleeping), Vengeful.

Edges: Bow Expert *, Bow Master *, Centaur*, Extraction, Improved Extraction, Marksman, New Power, Qualified in Scimitar*, Quick, Quick Draw, Strong Shooter *, Unerring Shooter *.

Powers: *Detect/Conceal Arcana, Environmental Protection, Oasis*, Omen**; **Power Points:** 10

Gear: Scimitar(Agi+d6-2)*, composite short bow (12/24/48, 2d6+1)*, leather armor (1).

Characters





WHISPLINGS

Childrens of the Wind, Disciples of the Father

View of the Kami

The Kami is our Father, the Sky. Isn't it natural, after all, to think that's where we come from? His breath gives us life, his wrath takes it away. We are free in the Sky, and it is to the Sky we dedicate our freedom.

"Mournful being... if only I could put my past naiveté right...no one understands the nature of his affliction more than I do. How could I know the real intentions of that vile usurper...so, he came to me, full of hope, and I turned it into hollow sadness...who, among us, wouldn't want to forget the atrocities...those memories are far away now, but that lined face still struggles to find a smile. So, he came to me, full of hope, and I turned it...mournful being..."

The Eternal, about Whispling

Even the sky greeted the advent of Whispling on Enascentia excitedly. Wrapped in the darkest of cloaks, it sang full-throated, yelled and screamed passionate hymns to its most faithful servant. It danced and moved frantically over the sea and land, everywhere. A real cataclysm was unleashed on Artanty, where the First Generated opened his eyes, and on the surrounding waters. The wind swept away any object or creature on its path—nothing was left in its wake. Lightning, hurricanes, typhoons: Father Wind sent all his heralds to remind the earth of the arrival of his beloved son. Whispling took advantage of every tool at his disposal to carry out his task. He partially completed what Kronoss—active on that same continent—was doing, but while Kronoss was interested only in the members of the by-now Lost Tribes, Whispling unleashed the forces of nature with no regard for anything: living beings or inanimate objects.

When he regained consciousness, the regret for his actions overwhelmed him like a flood and never fully left his heart. He dragged himself to the place of Genesis of the Elders and was quite open with them about what he had done and his feelings about it. Grateful for the life they had just been given and fully believing in the innocence of the one who, among them, cared most for the freedom of each individual, the Elders tried to make him forget the causes of his melancholy. Together, they built a

unique place, an ode to the Father that would become their capital, Whisp, carved in a mountainside that could be only reached by flight.

Life in Whisp during the first centuries was debauched and wild as its people tried to distract their ruler, haunted by his past. After some initial resistance, the First Generated joined in the singing and dancing, drinking hard and indulging in all sorts of excesses so that the joy of a life following the teachings of his Kami would overwhelm him. This kept his people's morale high, but when he returned to his rooms, his memories would come back as a heavy cloak on his shoulders.

For more than three centuries, the Whisplings simply rejoiced in life and the other gifts of the Kami, without giving any thought to organizational, bureaucratic or military matters. As a result, they seemed more like a multitude of independent beings than as a true close-knit Tribe. The first consequence of this was the expansion of the Kronoss's dominance over the western and central regions of Artanty, with the sole exception of the east, in the vicinity of Whisp. The situation was the same on the other continents, where the Whisplings did not keep the expansionistic aims of the neighboring peoples in check and tended to mingle with the other Tribes in the mixed cities, which they found more congenial. In Si-An, however, the situation degenerated to extreme depths when the Whisplings were forced to live through those first



centuries trapped in few safe places, hunted by the Predators. It was the initiative of some enchanters among the Sons of the Sky that allowed the Resistance to contact outside reinforcements in the end and overturn the tide of the war.

The arrival of the Blue Hope in Artanty was just the beginning of the counterattack led by those minorities, but it was also what made Whispling's own spirit spring into action. He gathered those among the Elders who had been less prone to indulge themselves and more prepared to fight during those long years of continuous festivities and formed an elite body of warriors, dervishes, who would have to strike the enemy rear and the strategic points of its formation with swift and lethal raids. The rest of the army of the Sons of the Wind kept fighting as it had always done, with the archers taking position above the enemy foot soldiers and releasing the first volleys of arrows, taking advantage of the surprise element, followed by the enchanters whose task was to protect them from the counterattack that was sure to follow. Finally, once everyone's attention was concentrated on the sky, the first line of fighters attacked the enemy's rear, where the archers were usually positioned. While the main body of the joined Kronoss, Whispling and Oscurian army was fighting on the north-western coast of Si-An, the ten dervishes opened the way to supply provisions along the border of the Varnha Desert, intercepted any

messenger the Feruas sent to the Rijia jungle and in general wreaked havoc through the lines of the First Felid's army.

The Dervishes and the escape from Khrono

Those who saw the dervishes in action never forgot it. They were masters at arms of incomparable skill. Facing them on the battlefield meant facing anthropomorphic maelstroms made of wind and metal, real furies, each with a fighting style different from the others but equally skilled. Whispling himself could not be spotted among them easily, so high was the level of the others' talent. When Dunesia left the desert, it found an already-frayed barrier, easy to break through because of the war of attrition the dervishes had fought over the years. The continuous exposure to the dangers of war had its unavoidable consequences, even though the number of losses was extremely low: two of the original ten dervishes lost their lives: Iosheka, the Sharp Dancer and Heng, the Celestial Lightning.

When they went back to Whisp after the truce, in 354 P.G., Whispling did not dismiss his dervishes, who by then were just seven, the number with which they are remembered, but made them his personal guards. When he appointed them, he wanted to thank them for their outstanding service and gave them access to the treasury of the capital—considerably increased during the war—so that

they could choose one or more weapons appropriate to their fighting style or the nickname they had been given on the battlefield.

Whispling's elite selection did not simply watch his back in the inaccessible halls of Whisp but fought by his side every moment of his troubled life. In fact, the First Generated had a strange feeling of fulfillment in fighting the war in Si-An, a feeling that increased his unease and the guilt already tormenting him. Luckily, that anguish did not last as long as the original one, which would never vanish. He soon understood the cause of his conflicting feelings, which was the awareness of fighting for a good cause against enemies who had made the wrong choice...but a choice all the same. What oppressed him was the denial of freedom, the killing of unknowing people, who had no true fault nor had been allowed to take sides consciously.

Once he understood this side of his nature, he did not stop for one moment. He would frequently leave the comforts of Whisp to fight his people's battles personally, with his dervishes by his side. Not all the Tribes ever had the same privilege, and part of the blind trust the Whisplings have in their First Generated is due to this. At the head of the armies of the Sons of the Wind, those eight fighters accomplished great feats for their people. In 460 P.G., they stopped the cutrus's advance, sending the survivors running back to the Peaks of the Moon, from where they had

come in the first place. They saved the villages near the glaciers from the threat of the leoxams when they tried to migrate to the southern mountains in 498 P.G., and in 363 P.G., they went as far as Lake Garemas in Si-An to fight the monstrosities generated by the Breath of Gromsh, fighting side by side with the recently established Warlords. In 567 P.G., they ventured to the Silent Plain, in Dejama, when Triglav's Veltrians pushed dangerously to the north, crushing all resistance.

And yet, at the end of each of those feats, Whispling could not help but fall prey to his thoughts again. From time to time, he would go to Khrono, to see the First Generated nearest to him, from the geographical and personal points of view, at least judging from the things he confided to him. Posing as Kronoss, Satnio listened willingly to the Son of the Wind when he vented his tormented feelings, and on each visit, he planted the seed of doubt in his heart with the intent of forming an alliance that would make them both invincible. Whispling's agreement, though, was late in coming, and after years of failed attempts, Satnio decided it was time to speed things up. (p. 95)

After forming an alliance with the Scholars, Whispling changed his behavior. The change was gradual and therefore unnoticed by the majority of Whisplings, but it did not go unnoticed by those who had been at his side for centuries...not after they saw how he looked at them and with

whom he kept company. The dervishes gathered to discuss the problem, but they did not even have to broach the subject because they all immediately understood what was wrong with both the alliance and the transfer of Whisp's beloved halls to the now changeable Khrone. And yet, they did not know how to behave. Publicly voicing their beliefs was dangerous, at a time when all the Disciples of the Father were grateful to the Scholars of Time for their help in the First Elemental War; the present condition of the First among them made any such move even more dangerous, for Whispling was responsive and yet unrecognizable. To speak without any supporting evidence might have meant condemning themselves at their own hands, and the capital hosting them had suddenly become the most dangerous place to be. So it was that—even though without no place to go or plan to follow—they decided to disappear, to fly away from that cage and search for a solution to whatever was ailing their guide. Since they knew their disappearance would be noticed, they parted ways so that their pursuers would have to spread their forces thinly. They each knew they had volunteered for a mission, perhaps the most difficult they had ever faced since they had earned the title of dervishes. In any case, what happened that day in 582 P.G. was to be remembered by all the peoples—their own included—as 'the flight of the dervishes'.

The Elders Council of Khrone decided not to take part in the event openly to avoid rumors and turning again to the Masters of Deceit for help as it had done during the First Elemental War. Since that day, each dervish has been pursued and hunted down by the Oscurians of Artanty, driven by an unprecedented reward offered for the head of each of them. Today, it is believed in Khrone that the hunt for the dervishes has ended, since all seven rewards have been cashed in by the Aranxes in the service of the Whisperer of Secrets. However, as it is well known, the Children of Shadows do not always play according to the rules, and three of the delivered heads were just an excellent work of forgery.

Below is a description of the ten original dervishes and their fate.

Asherah: expert in martial arts and archery, she served on the front line and carried out support missions in the rear with skill. Reserved and thoughtful, it took time for her to get used to the company of the other dervishes, whom at first she considered merely an annoyance she had to endure because that was the will of the First among them and she held him in the highest esteem, even more than his other devoted fighters. When she received her reward in the treasury of Whisp, no one noticed any difference in her when she returned. The other dervishes never looked into the matter, and it is still unknown whether some of her incredible skills were the result of her discipline or

whether she had any magical help. After Whispling's drastic change, Palden and Witha dragged Asherah away from Khrone by force to prevent her from doing something foolish that would expose them all to their new enemies, whoever they were. Her companions' care was not enough, though, and she died by Palden's side soon after the healer's death.

Diyu: (see p.218)

Gefjun: together with Diyu, Heng, Witha and Whispling, he was one of the five original dervishes who could use the Veil, but he did not share knowledge of the same type of known spells. In fact, he specialized in the field of personal magic enhancement, fighting with his own limbs molded in the shape of curved blades or pole arms, depending on the circumstances. When the seven dervishes parted ways after leaving the Kronoss capital, Gefjun followed Black Whirlwind because he had always felt closer to him than the others in the years they had spent fighting side by side. In the darkest moment, however, their personal visions began to diverge until they became incompatible. They still agreed on one point, though: if they wanted to survive, they needed allies. Unlike Black Whirlwind, who started looking for help for himself but never totally gave up the possibility of saving Whispling, too, Gefjun chose to care only for himself, to the point of reneging his origins and betraying

those who had disowned him after years of honored service. He willingly joined the Faceless Ones.

Hammon: Also called the Celestial Salamander, he was the stealthiest element of the group. Reconnaissance missions were usually entrusted to him because of his natural ability to make no noise whatsoever when he moved. Because of his experience of throwing knives and any short blade, he was assigned many a solo mission and a place at the rear of the enemy, where the Salamander—the dagger he had chosen in the treasury of Whisp—could shine the most. When the dervishes left Khrone at the end of the sixth century, he chose to follow the road he knew best and parted from the others to vanish without a trace while waiting for the waters to settle. He did some research of his own on the possible causes of the sudden change the First among them had undergone and thus learned about Tamiri's experiments. Armed with this knowledge, he tried to track down the others, searching for them all over Artanty with the only result of falling into the nets of the Oscurian Araxes, meeting his death there.

Heng: Skilled dueler and archer, he owed his battle name to his speed on the battlefield and the volley of arrows he managed to pour over his enemies before his companions could come and support him. He died in the first half of the fourth century, a few years before the truce, during the first frontal fight with the shaman Maylea, who was on the run at the time.

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Iosheka: also called the Sharp Dancer, she fought by the side of the other dervishes for a whole decade before losing her life in a raid that failed because of the very efficient aerial defense put up by the Feruas. During the battle Whispling managed to neutralize it, but the first volley of arrows was fatal to Iosheka.

Palden: Together with Black Whirlwind, he was one of the Whisplings' battering rams. He coupled the Whisplings' natural agility with brute strength, a trait unusual in their race, which he displayed most in the blows he delivered with his powerful halberd, Thunderclap. He built a relationship of mutual trust and intimacy with Witha and followed her after the dervishes left Whispling. He died fighting by Asherah's side, after Witha's death.

Black Whirlwind: (see p.. 220)

Whispling: At first, numbered among the dervishes, he joined their ranks limiting his use of his magical talents so that he would not be immediately recognized by the enemies, only delivering finishing blows or intervening when his companions found themselves literally cornered. He left the group, later known as 'the seven dervishes' when he decided to appoint them as his bodyguards.

Witha: A skilled fencer, she was unrivalled with a rapier, but her skills were not limited to that. Her natural talent for magic and her interest in alchemy and healing herbs earned her the role of healer of the group. It seems she used to grip her rapier's hilt

when casting a spell, a habit seen by most people as a simple ritual gesture. After fleeing Khrone, she stayed with Asherah and Palden to better repel the Oscurians' constant attacks, but this only made the pursuers' task easier. She was the first to die, killed in a surprise attack organized with the sole aim of eliminating the group's healer before facing the two remaining dervishes.

Whisplings of Artanty

The Whisplings of Artanty are perhaps the only ones among the Sons of the Wind who maintain a vaguely hierarchic social structure. In fact, the First Generated is one of the few acknowledged rulers and lieutenants scattered all over the continent—each governing one of the most developed Whispling urban centers— to answer directly to him. This social pyramid was somewhat shaken when the dervishes escaped in 582 P.G. but soon found its solidity again. The capital, Whisp, is still inhabited, even if its actual condition is quite different from the splendor of the first centuries when the legitimate ruler still sat in the throne room. In accordance with Whispling's explicit request, most of the city's highest offices have moved to Khrone to consolidate the alliance with the Kronoss, but those who stayed behind in Whisp still hope he will soon return. Among the capital's citizens, there is also the merchant called the 'Sultan', who sympathizes

Characters

with the Defenders of Free Will and has secretly converted to the Senduar Kami. The rarities he hoards in his personal nest are so many and varied that they could be compared to the treasure kept in the royal palace.

The Tribe has settled in various villages, mixed cities and many places set at such an altitude, no other Tribe could reach them. Claw Pass and the Peaks of the Moon count an extremely high number of Sons of the Wind among their population. Most of them are still there to contain threats already repelled in past centuries by Whispling and his dervishes. Cutrus and leoxams never stopped wandering out of the valleys among the Peaks of the Moon and glaciers, even though they never attacked the settlements in such numbers as they did in their first historically documented assaults. To keep that potential threat in

check, patrols are sent periodically within their territories to monitor their growth and take the necessary measures ahead of time.

Whisplings of Dejama

Unlike their fellow Tribesmen beyond the northern sea, the Sons of the Wind of Dejama have no rules whatsoever. They are free spirits, just like the Menoosh, their natural allies, and have a tendency to avoid settling in single-Tribe villages, preferring to live in mixed cities or join the caravans traveling along the Sijang Road or through the Silent Plain. Incredible as it might seem, the passion for freedom of action and thought typical of the Painted Ones is shared in these lands by another Tribe: the Gromsh. One can often see a Disciple of the

Timeline of the Third Era

Year	Event	Where
Anno 0	The Scarlet Vengeance starts spreading	Dejama
2 P.G.	Satnio takes Kronoss' place	Artanty
3 P.G.	The Oscurians find a cure for the Scarlet Vengeance and exploit it	Dejama
12 P.G.	The Conquest of Si-An by the Ferua Pack begins	Si-An
107 P.G.	Ninsun creates the Dune Globe and, as a consequence, the Black Desert	Dejama
111 P.G.	Fight to contain the Crystal Plague	Dejama
163 P.G.	The Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow is founded	Artanty
241 P.G.	Obatala founds the Servants of the Unknown	Si-Neb

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354 P.G.	The Conquest of Si-An ends; the Feruas are isolated inside Melvor and Rijia	Si-An
359 P.G.	The Warlords are founded	Si-An
363 P.G.	Whispling and his dervishes fight side by side with the Warlords in the War of Lake Garemas	Si-An
395 P.G.	Sayeley creates the Purple Hourglass and, as a consequence, Mesa Atminas	Si-An
400 P.G.	First Council of the Royal Races	Dejama
428 P.G.	Simar creates Ku'Rak and, as a consequence, the Temple of Sennonga	Si-Neb
458 P.G.	The Defenders of Free Will are founded	Si-Neb
460 P.G.	Whispling and his dervishes drive the cutrus back in the valleys of the Peaks of the Moon	Artanty
498 P.G.	Whispling and his dervishes prevent the leoxams from migrating beyond the borders of the glaciers.	Artanty
507 P.G.	The Followers of the Mosaic are founded	Si-Neb
514 P.G.	Triglav betrays and kills Veltarr, becoming the ruler of Jandia	Dejama
536 P.G.	The Guild of Free Trade is founded	Dejama
567 P.G.	Whispling and his dervishes prevent the Veltarians from advancing on the Silent Plain	Dejama
581 P.G.	The First Elemental War begins	Artanty
582 P.G.	The First Elemental War ends	Artanty
600 P.G.	Second Council of the Royal Races	Si-Neb
621 P.G.	Braska's centuries-old challenge against the phoenix begins; Janah drives Triglav away from Jandia	Dejama
624 P.G.	Legis is founded	Artanty
627 P.G.	In-A-Heartbeat explodes; Legis is rebuilt	Artanty
747 P.G.	The expedition toward Fourth Dream begins	Dejama
765 P.G.	The Silent Expedition begins; the Return Harbors are founded	Si-Neb
789 P.G.	You-Too Much-Speak is defeated by the walls of Kor'Maresh	Si-An
804 P.G.	Second Elemental War	Si-An e Si-Neb
985 P.G.	The Faceless Ones kidnap Iriku and begin experimenting on the Mnemonic Gems	Si-Neb

Father taking part in a wild dance in one of the many Gromsh gatherings called, 'I say this is Kartali'.

Art and music are at home on the western continent, and the Whisplings living in these lands share this common passion. Among them are the best bards of all Enascentia, real masters at playing an instrument, delivering an oration or singing. They can also be dancers, jugglers, acrobats: their creative flair knows no limits.

Whisplings of Si-An

As with Lumians and other peoples usually bound by strong traditions, the Whisplings trapped in the Varnha Desert for the first three centuries of Enascentia's history developed a different lifestyle from their fellow Tribesmen on the other continents. The Feruas had soon equipped themselves with bows, crossbows and other ranged weapons built specifically to prevent the Sons of the Wind from escaping, even though sooner or later they would have been forced to land on enemy territory. Therefore, the Disciples of the Father were forced to remain in the desert, too, at least until the Blue Hope was finally built and launched. As a direct consequence of this, the Whisplings had to adapt their lifestyle to their situation, which meant they learned to fly accelerating horizontally instead of vertically so that they would avoid any obstacle while flying at an altitude low enough

to prevent the Feruas' marksmen from sighting them. Moreover, their natural ability to manipulate the wind found a practical use when applied to the most abundant element at their disposal: they specialized in creating small localized sandstorms.

The Whisplings generated in Si-An can be recognized not only from their different habits but also from their clothing and the musical instruments they use. Their clothing is usually made from light cloth but cover most of their bodies to protect their delicate skin from the heat of the sun. They favor brighter colors than the Whisplings on the other continents, usually preferring shades from yellow to red, light green and beige included. When playing, they favor wind and percussion instruments to the stringed ones and specialize in playing any type of drum.

In the southern region, there is a well-known Whispling city, Cridara, where huge wind instruments are activated periodically by the winds channeled by a nearby rocky gorge. What is never revealed about this city is that there are hard-and-fast rules regulating curfews as well as the nighttime activity of the city guards, dedicated to regulating and containing most of the winds channeled through the horns. This is due to the fact that, in the past, some inhabitants reacted to the night melodies by behaving strangely and talking about visions of creatures made of shadows before losing consciousness.

Whisplings of Si-Neb

While this continent has an abundance of the high rocky peaks usually favored by the Sons of the Wind, the massive presence of Rok'Nars in those areas, together with their capital located right in the middle of the Mehara Mountains, prevents the Whisplings from enjoying those gifts of nature as much as they would like to.

They gather mostly in medium-sized villages and contact other Tribes as little as possible, with the exception of the Senduar caravans. They always join them willingly and usually delight the Silent Ones with their musical talent.

A rather troubled Disciple of the Father has been sighted often wandering along the coast. It is Melgart, a veteran of the Second Elemental War who never fully recovered from it nor could ever accept the defeat. He still wanders on the waters separating the continents where the war took place and along their coasts in search of any unlucky person on which to vent his frustration, preferably some Rok'Nar. Melgart is an extremely experienced enchanter, and over the years, he specialized in creating hurricanes, which he unleashes on his victims. He often goes to the harbors of the cities along the coast, embarking on ships full of passengers. He waits until the ship is far at sea, then he flies off the ship and unleashes one of his hurricanes, the violence of which he has learned to endure

Appearance

The Whisplings are graceful and naturally elegant creatures. One is struck immediately by their light majestic stride. The first thing that catches your eye is their quite peculiar hair is almost imperceptible: you can tell exactly where it begins but not where it ends, because it literally vanishes into air.

The color of their skin is also quite different to that of other Tribes, because it is always quite light, often bluish. Tall and slender, the Whisplings have an average height of almost six feet and seldom weigh more than a hundred and forty pounds.

Their clothing is always eccentric and refined: the Whisplings always act according to the mood of the moment and seldom go unnoticed. This is true both for the males and females; the latter shamelessly dress even more scantily to attract the attention of rapt onlookers.

The Disciples of the Father use ranged weapons mostly because of their affinity with the winds. They favor agility and skill when fighting, a penchant that usually prevents them from using any kind of armor.

It is not unusual to see them carrying a musical instrument.

Genesis

A Whispling's Genesis can be heard easily by whomever happens to be in the vicinity. Even before the young

one appears, those who convened to celebrate the new life start dancing and singing to praise the Father. Once the Newly Generated appears, the dancing stops, the music becomes a background complement, and the Elders explain to the new Whispling the few things he needs to know about their view of the Kami and the freedom it gives.

Together, they then take part in the best demonstration of such theories, an exclusive prerogative of this Tribe: flight. Once the Newly Generated has learned to move freely in the air, the celebration resumes in the trees, in the air or wherever else they like.

Civilization

Although true that almost all the Kronoss live—or have lived for a period of their life—in the flying fortresses with the Whisplings, the same cannot be said for the Children of the Wind. There are two schools of thought among the Whisplings: the first being that the first advocates follow the same path of the brothers who were the first to choose to work together with their allied Tribe and live in the same halls; or they choose a life of isolation, and followers of this view settle in places any Tribe who cannot fly will never be able to reach and live there in communion with their Kami, away from all those who cannot fully understand him.

This totally free choice also leads to a lifestyle more or less influenced by the other races, opening the way to the use of kronlings, the inclination to socialize, the development of the musical arts, etc.

Single-Tribe Whispling villages are an incredible sight, or at least this is what the few fortunate members of other Tribes who can see them would swear. Characterized by a totally vertical development, they have many openings to the outside and resemble huge nests rather than proper cities. Should you ever manage to visit one, you would never go far without a local guide who could fly you to the most inaccessible areas.

Behavior and Customs

The Children of the Wind stood out originally because of their intense vitality and irrepressible propensity to experiment and compulsively satisfy their curiosity. Now, they trust Whisplings' choice in agreeing upon an alliance with the Kronoss. This choice meant sacrificing centuries of traditions and customs based on the lack of any ties and communion with the air in order to aspire to something greater. Right now, the Whisplings are suffering because of their captivity, but hope for a bright future shines in their eyes. The whole Tribe is torn by agonizing inner conflict: they would like to take flight as free as birds but are forced to bide their time, locked up inside huge cages, waiting for

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the moment their wings will be long enough. The sadness enveloping them quenches their natural enthusiasm. They often resort to music to express their feelings.

The females are extremely empathic and reflective. The males tend to be more impulsive and boisterous. Both compose hymns and sing their Father's praises, always ready to hold festivals and dance in his honor.

Game Features

Innate Agility

Among all the physical and mental characteristics of the Children of the Wind, the most typical is undoubtedly their agility, the gracefulness of each movement and the mastery guiding their limbs when they use a ranged weapon. At character creation, a Whispling gets Agility, Throwing, and Shooting d6.

Slim

A Whispling's body structure allows him to fly, but at the same time makes him less inclined to facing arduous physical trials. Increasing his Vigor die costs 2 points at character's creation and 2 advancements during the game.

Elemental Manipulation (Air)

Every Whispling can cast this spell three times a day. If he has an Arcane Background, the spell is added to his list of known spells and can be used more than three times a day.

Thrown to the Ground

Not only do the Whisplings yearn for as frequent a contact with the Father as possible, but they also literally suffer from the absence of His touch. If forced or thrown to the ground (for example, if held down forcibly on his back), a Whispling is automatically Shaken.

Fly

The Wind holds each of his Children in his hands and grants them the gift of soaring through the air. According to his Rank, each Whispling can fly in accordance with the corresponding spell. As a Novice, a Whispling can cast the spell on himself once every hour; as a Veteran, he can do this twice an hour and can choose whether to cast the spell on himself or on another target. Upon reaching Heroic Rank, he has no limit whatsoever to the number of times he can use this spell on himself, and at Legendary Rank, he can use his Boating skill to pilot flying ships.

Relationships with the other Tribes

Allied with the Gromsh:

"Honestly, I haven't yet understood whether they are totally free from bonds or whether they bear the heaviest burden of them all. In any case, they offer an entertaining show... at least seen from up here."



Allied with the Kronoss:

"We need to learn from them and they from us. Can you imagine? Being able to be anywhere in any given moment: this is the ultimate expression of freedom."

Allied with the Menoosh:

"They understand us best when we speak about freedom. We just look for it in different places, but the end result is the same."

Allied with the Senduars:

"To travel, make discoveries: I really understand them! If they were just a little more companionable, they would be perfect."

Indifferent to the Feruas:

"Ascending from earth we put more distance between us and them, and we really do not miss them."

Indifferent to the Janahs:

"I like their attitude. Sooner or later we might find them flying at our side."

Indifferent to the Lumians:

"Among them all, theirs seems to be the sturdiest cage. It's golden, but it's still a cage."

Indifferent to the Oscurians:

"We don't mind using any means to pursue our intents. And I believe they hold all the means in their hands."

Enemies of the Rok'Nars:

"We never disapproved of you for clinging to the ground you love so much. Why, then, do you now take exception to our wanting to fly beyond peaks we couldn't even see before?"

View of the Ways

Inclined towards the Defenders of Free Will:

"This really is a Way expressing the concept of free choice. Find some creed to be of your liking? Follow it without concern. If it's the same I believe in, I'll be happy to explain it to you."

Indifferent to the Guild of Free Trade:

"It certainly is the most free among the Ways. Anyone can do business with them. I prefer to keep doing so and feel free from any ties."

Indifferent to the Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow:

"They're free to seek vengeance if it's what they want. Personally, I find it such an unproductive undertaking."

Indifferent to the Followers of the Mosaic:

"They chose a very particular way of expressing themselves, searching for their own identity in other people."

Indifferent to the Warlords:

"Let it be clear...I don't think their theories are wrong. However, such a regimented way of thinking might end up overcoming the view of the Kami within each individual."

Famous Characters



Diju

Generated halfway through the second century, Diju was already one of the guards serving in the royal palace in Whisp, when the First among them decided to appoint him as a dervish. Devoted to duty as he was, Diju willingly accepted the office also because he held Whispling in the highest esteem, which was why he tended to orbit around him. Together with Asherah, he soon became one of Whispling's most trusted servants and carved a place within the group for himself, thanks to his many talents, most of all his fighting style based on the use of two scimitars and a few spells.

After the so-called flight of the dervishes, he lost track of his companions and carried on his investigation on what had happened to Whispling by himself, following more than a few wrong leads. Centuries later, he finally believed he had found the right path when he learned about Mesa Atminas and the leaves of Parvati Mina. He went to see the greatest expert on the subject, the Gromsh collector Wise-Much-Feather, but the Gromsh gave him many reasons to doubt the validity of his theory. Disheartened but far from defeated, he went to a nearby inn to spend the night in Erelidia before resuming his wandering, and there he got caught in the net of an Aranx,

Sakima, who managed to give him some magically altered substances by controlling the mind of a subject for a long period of time. As soon as she realized how big a fish she had caught in her net, the Oscurian tried a triple cross: she trapped bits of Diju's memories inside a leaf of Parvati Mina to sell it to the Gromsh collector, kept the dervish prisoner long enough to create a passable copy of his head that would allow her to cash in the reward, then she sold him as a slave to the highest bidder. Diju is presently serving as bodyguard of a Kronoss slave trader, Siros, and his destiny might well be in the hands of those players who will decide to follow the Plot Point at the end of *Game Master's Guide* (p. 133)

Tribe: Whispling; **Way:** None; **Rank:** Legendary.

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d12, Fighting d12+2 (+2 scimitar, +2 Ghyldeptis, +2 Tag-Mag), Investigation d8, Knowledge (battle) d8, Knowledge (Whispling) d12, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6, Tracking d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 13; **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Hindrances: Loyal, Vow (saving Whispling), Wanted (Oscurian)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background, Block, First Strike, Florentine, Frenzy, Improved Block, Improved First Strike, Improved Toughasnails, Improved Trademark Weapon (Ghyldeptis), Improved

Characters



Trademark Weapon (Tag-Mag), Master of Arms, New Power (x2), Qualified in Scimitar*, Quick Draw, Scimitar Expert*, Toughasnails, Trademark Weapon (Ghyldeptis), Trademark Weapon (Tag-Mag), Two-fisted, Two-handed Scimitar Master*, Weapon Master, Whirlwind*.

Powers: *Air Globe, Armor, Bolt, Deflection, I Am Wind**; **Power Points:** 10

Special Abilities: Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Fly (1/hour), Slim*, Thrown to the Ground*.

Gear: Ghyldeptis – Scimitar (Agi+d6-2) Catalyst and Whirlwind LI3*, Tag-Mag – Scimitar (Agi+d6-2) Power Absorber and Whirlwind, leather armor (1).



Black Whirlwind

Black Whirlwind was one of the youngest—and most restless—dervishes. Unlike the others, he substituted the name received at his Genesis with his battle name. The reason for this was never made known, and it is better not to bring up the subject with him. Front-line, reckless and expert fighter, he never lost any opportunity to wield the large two-handed scimitar he always carried strapped to his back. The day when each dervish was granted a gift from the royal treasure, he set his eyes on another scimitar, just like his own but all black...it is not known if its color was due to the material it was made of or some spell applied to it... which was soon renamed Black Wind.

After leaving Khrona, he spent his first days on the run with Gefjun, with whom he often talked about their absurd situation. Their respective points of view differed in many respects, most of all whether Whispling was genuine in that situation. They agreed on one point, however, and it was the need to find someone who could give them shelter and cooperate with them in the difficult times they would soon have to face. When Black Whirlwind expressed his intention of joining Zamalki's Warlords because they were the only Way that respected his personal view of the world, Gefjun did not reply and disappeared during the last night before reaching the fortress-city.

From that day on, Black Whirlwind left his past as a dervish behind and dedicated himself to the Way he had joined, leading a life that was not very different from the one he had led before. Soon, the people in the fortress started to call him by his new name: the Black. Appearances aside, in his heart, he still nurtures the hope of being able to do something for the First among them one day, but to have a future he must first build his present.

Tribe: Whispling; **Way:** Warlords; **Rank:** Legendary.

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12+2 (+2 two-handed scimitar, +2 Black Wind), Intimidation d12, Knowledge (battle)

Characters

d12, Knowledge (Whispling) d12, Notice d6, Shooting d12, Survival d8, Taunt d12, Throwing d6.

Charisma: -; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 11; **Toughness:** 11 (2)

Hindrances: Overconfident, Stubborn, Wanted (Oscurian)

Edges: Command, Counterattack, Dodge, Expert Taunter, First Strike, Frenzy, Improved Counterattack, Improved Dodge, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Level Headed, Improved Sweep, Improved Trademark Weapon (Black Wind), Level Headed, Qualified in Two-handed Scimitar*, Strong Willed, Sweep, Tactician, Trademark

Weapon (Black Wind), Two-handed Scimitar Expert*, Two-handed Scimitar Master*.

Special Abilities: Slim*, Elemental Manipulation (air, 3/day), Thrown to the Ground *, Fly (1/hour).

Gear: Black Wind – Two-handed scimitar (Agi+d8-2, AP 2, -1 Parry, 2 hands) Lightning quick and Piercing, heavy crossbow (15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, 1 action to reload), chainmail (2).



THE WAYS

Guild of Free Trade



This Way was founded by an Oscurian, admittedly for his own gain; by some fortuitous coincidence, there are few exponents of the most virtuous Tribes among its members. Gromsh are welcome, most of all because of their tendency to get rid of invaluable objects and collect worthless ones, thus exponentially incrementing the possibilities of 'trade' and the resulting profits for the Guild itself.

Most of the Guild members behave thus for convenience's sake because they did not like any of the other Ways, but at the same time wanted to have some potential allies. Through the Guild, they are bound by a non-aggression pact and by another unwritten agreement in which they support each other in case of trouble or in a bargain. Of

course, the truth is that the only real bond they share is that of their questionable personal honor.

Origin: The Guild was not born out of some ideals but from the need to conduct one's business in peace. It was not founded by a powerful nobleman or brave warleader but originated from a joint venture of the merchants of Jundali—which used to be a mixed-Tribes city and is now the capital of this Way—who in the year 536 P.G. decided to join forces and created a social structure to protect their interests.

Hierarchy: This Way does not have any real leaders—just the members residing in Jundali. They do not have any formal power—or rights—over the other members, but they hold the key to the actual leadership of the Guild: all information converges here in Jundali. Each negotiation is carried on in the interests of the single member involved without having to answer to anybody. Of course, the smartest members manage to earn the favor of the most influential allies within the Way, but as we already said, personal interest is the rule.

Diffusion: This Way has its own representatives on every continent, but it is most prosperous in the cities. The Guild has headquarters in Si-An and Si-Neb, too, but they are mostly warehouses and handling centers used to provide and deliver those goods more in demand in Artanty and Dejama. Truth is,

wherever there are any Oscurians, it is highly probable the Guild has eyes and ears there.

Playing a Guild member: The Guild is undoubtedly the most tolerant among the Ways and forces no obligations upon its members. Since there are no real leaders, it is kept going mostly by a continuous cycle of asked-for and granted 'favors' among its members. If all the players are Guild members, they could act out of sheer personal interest or because of some tangible and material promise from some other member of the Guild. Searching for a long-lost treasure and delivering an important object to a buyer or collecting important information on behalf of a third party are all everyday activities for adventurers belonging to this Way.

Defenders of Free Will

The members of this Way do not accept the absolute and unconditional worship of the Kami 'forced' upon the Tribes by the Genesis—an opinion shared by the Defenders and the Faceless Ones. According to the Defenders, each individual should understand the precepts of each existing Kami and then freely choose the one that better suits his character and philosophy of life. However, they do not appreciate indecisive or turncoat members: each Defender



can take unlimited time to make his choice, but once it is made, he will have to follow the chosen road to the end of his days. Within this Way, it is possible to find people who pondered for years over their choices and ended up opting for the Kami usually followed by the Tribe to which they belong. Thanks to these Defenders, any new member can learn the creed of any given Kami directly from whomever would have worshipped him by Genesis. Of course, it is much more difficult to find members belonging to the Lost Tribes. This means that any document or memory pertaining to them is considered quite valuable as the only means to allow the members of the Way to learn about other possible choices they would otherwise not be able to access.

Those not belonging to the Way are always shocked by the sight of a longtime Defender, most of all if he shows off the powers acquired through his new choice. Among them all, the most shocking are perhaps the Lumians, who can become invisible and control



Playing a Defender of Free Will

Together with the Faceless Ones, this is undoubtedly the most unusual Way: managing a session or even a whole campaign as a Defender is a real challenge, both for the players and the Game Master, and it is a choice that should be fully thought out before opting for it. It is a performance within a performance, a course of action needing a solid personal background and a good knowledge of the setting.

This ruleset does not offer any specific rules to manage powers that do not belong to one's Tribe, which is the peculiarity of this Way: each Game Master will have to establish the opportune changes leading to a gradual change of one's Kami, the resulting change of all Genesis privileges and the access to spells usually specific to other Tribes. The example of the Rok'Nars, which we gave when describing the Way, clearly shows who manages the changes, which do not have to be complete either in the acquisition or in the loss of powers and privileges.



shadows. Even when they embrace another ideology, the Rok'Nars still maintain a certain measure of contact with the Mother and never lose their characteristic appearance; in the same way, the new Kami cannot influence them completely. For the same reasons, a Defender who embraces the worship of Mother Earth does not change in appearance; the only change is that he acquires the ability to cast spells unique to the Rok'Nars.

Origin: The origin of this Way is due to the inquisitiveness of its founder, the Menoosh Nankil'Slas. Intrigued by the Senduar culture, he joined one of their caravans, and before he realized it, he was so fascinated by their traditions that he made them his own. As time went by, more and more people joined the 'Siment Menoosh's' caravan, intrigued by the unusual guest. Years later, some of those travelers—Nankil'Slas being the first—were aware they were now worshipping a different Kami, a conversion that happened so naturally, there was no hint they had wavered over their choice. The Way was officially founded in 458 P.G. to give everyone a choice worthy of its name.

Hierarchy: The cities built by the Defenders of Free Will—and those which later became official seats of this Way—all have a temple for each known and worshipped Kami within their walls. Such temples may vary in shape and size, from imposing marble buildings to simple altars erected randomly along the city streets. Each

of them has a keeper called Templar, and each seat of the Way has a number of temples equal to that of the Kami presently worshipped in it, which should be 29: one for each known Kami. The highest officers of this Way are the 29 Templars of Clamatis.

Diffusion: Those who do not belong to this Way look upon its members with the utmost suspicion, to the point they are not always welcome guests. Most Tribes do not look kindly on anyone who calls their Kami into question and are not very keen on listening to the personal history of each member of the Way. The Defenders of Free Will often gather together independently from the Kami chosen by each of them: whoever chose his Kami freely is always quite respectful of those who share his fate or are going to walk his same path.

Playing a Defender of Free Will: The members of this Way seldom travel alone. Prejudice against them is usually less than that against the Faceless Ones but tends to be expressed more often because the Defenders carry the marks of the new Kami of their choice on them. For many different reasons, it is more usual to see Defenders travel in groups; they may be on a mission on behalf of one or more Templars or are trying to find someone who can better explain to them those Kami belonging to a lost past, etc. (see box).

Inquisition of the Blazing Arrow



This Way owes its origins to the Tribes' need to defend themselves from the threat of the Faceless Ones, which has become a declaration of war against them. Some Tribes are inherently inclined to join the Inquisition; others have fewer of their members among them, individuals who have usually joined the Inquisition because of personal reasons.

The Inquisition is organized in ranks and looks like a 'military' organization. The way it is set up closely reflects the Lumians' modus operandi and the Janahs' determination, since the rigid discipline of the Inquisition aims at one thing only: the total removal of the Faceless Ones' threat.

At the very top of the Way, there are three 'High Inquisitors': those who gathered around whomever shared their point of view and laid

the groundwork for a coalition of Tribes through which to pursue their goal.

Origin: The origin of this Way is due to the inquisitiveness of its founder, the Menoosh Nankil'Slas. Intrigued by the Senduar culture, he joined one of their caravans, and before he realized it, he was so fascinated by their traditions that he made them his own. As time went by, more and more people joined the 'Siment Menoosh's' caravan, intrigued by the unusual guest. Years later, some of those travelers—Nankil'Slas being the first—were aware they were now worshipping a different Kami, a conversion that happened so naturally, there was no hint they had wavered over their choice. The Way was officially founded in 458 P.G. to give everyone a choice worthy of its name.

Origin: Once the phenomenon of the defacing of the symbols by the Faceless Ones became common knowledge, nobody could rest easily. The first-known breeding ground was a mixed-Tribes village in Artanty, set in the vicinity of the Moon Forest. Since then—toward the end of the first century—the Lumian Elshian started gathering all the Lumians willing to fight to keep the threat of the Faceless Ones far from the settlements of the continent. These bands of Lumians grew in number constantly, but their opponents were even more numerous and difficult to track

down, so in the year 163 P.G. the Lumians realized they had to reorganize their ranks and lure the other Tribes into taking part to their mission to fight together under a communal banner: that of the Blazing Arrow.

Hierarchy: The Inquisition is led by three individuals known as the High Inquisitors: Elshian, Awon, and Morken. Each of them represents one of the three Tribes which, more than any other, embraced the cause of the Way...respectively: Lumian, Kronoss and Janah. Each garrison, be it stationed on neutral territory or within a city, is led by a Chief Inquisitor. He answers directly to the High Inquisitors and has to go to Merrinock at regular intervals, the length of which varies according to the geographical distance. It is also said that there is an inner council hidden in the shadows of the capital, but any Inquisitor will readily deny its existence.

Diffusion: This Way is well liked almost everywhere because it is commonly thought that it provides the much-needed service of keeping the threat of the Faceless Ones at bay. It is not unusual for mixed-Tribes cities to have a permanent garrison of the Blazing Arrow, and at times even single Tribe villages have one. This practice is more common in Artanty, where the capital of the Way is situated, whereas in Si-An and most of all in Si-Neb, the Inquisition is organized mostly in patrols that wander through the

continent, seeking shelter in the keeps the Way has built in many a strategic location.

Playing an Inquisitor: Belonging to the Inquisition is a choice that fits easily into the dynamics of a group of adventurers. Many reasons can drive a member of this Way to join such a group, the group itself requiring protection in a dangerous mission or investigation—that may or may not be undercover—into the presence of some Faceless Ones in any given area. Managing a whole group of members of the Blazing Arrow is even simpler. A few possible assignments are: collecting information about the movements of the Faceless Ones, intervening in a city that has just been hit or at risk of being hit by them, investigating on the material the blades used to deface the symbols are made of, etc.

Followers of the Mosaic

Each member of this Way respects and accepts the others' view of the Kami; in fact, they try to understand all points of view and bring them together to make them compatible. They fully believe that all Tribes exist in that time and place for a reason and that each race is but a tile of a wider mosaic, of an overall view they cannot yet quite grasp. They do not conform to the usual enmities or alliances among the different races. To them, all the Tribes are neutral or even potential



allies. This view of theirs is not always understood and accepted, however, and they have learned caution in their approaches. In particular, they search for the Lost Tribes and offer them their unconditional support because each single tassel is valuable, and the rarest ones have to be protected.

Origins: The first to formulate the theory on which this Way is based was a Rok'Nar called Honsu, also called 'the reflective one'. Honsu came to the conclusion that to fully understand the world in its entirety, it was necessary to delve into its history and understand its roots. His idea took hold within many a community, and the number of people ready to devote their existence to the task of joining past and present as parts of a whole grew exponentially. The Way was officially founded in 506 P.G., the same year in which its capital, Durandia, was built.

Hierarchy: Each seat of the Followers of the Mosaic is governed by a council of at least ten members, one for each Royal Race. The number of the council members may vary

according to how many members of the Lost Tribes have been added to it permanently. More often than not, however, they are simply invited to attend to any decision assembly without formally becoming real members; any member of a Lost Race is held in the greatest esteem within this Way. All Followers of the Mosaic are governed by the Council of Durandia, their capital, which comprises just ten officially accepted members.

Diffusion: The Followers of the Mosaic are spread everywhere, just like the mosaic tiles they are trying to put together to get the overall view they long for. They tend to be secretive when they have to protect the fruits of their research, those being the Lost Tribes they host in their cities, in Durandia in particular.

Playing a Follower of the Mosaic: This Way does not have any specific enemies, and there are no great dangers in exhibiting its symbol. The only ones who could have any interest in hindering their research are those who in turn are trying to lay their hands on the Lost Tribes with totally different intentions: The Defenders of Free Will and the Faceless Ones. Groups of Followers of the Mosaic can start on a mission for many different reasons, all revolving around the Lost Tribes.

Faceless Ones



In most cases, belonging to the Faceless Ones is not a free choice but one forced upon their members. Some Newly Generated are selected by the Elders and captured immediately after their Genesis before they are even aware where they are. Then, the part of their body carrying their symbol is wounded in order to 'erase' it, a practice the Faceless Ones call 'Liberation'.

From that moment on, the new members are branded as Faceless Ones and rejected by all the Tribes because of the impossibility of distinguishing between those who made their choices when the Way was founded and those upon which that same choice was forced by others. Many times in the past, the Faceless Ones took advantage of this ambiguity to strike within the villages that fell into their snare. Now, the Tribes prefer to reject those who are innocent rather than exposing themselves to the

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treacherous ones. The most obvious consequence of this is that in the long run, most of those who did not want to become Faceless Ones are forced to embrace their cause just to survive. The most drastic among them—generally Lumians—may ultimately take their own lives.

The founders of the Way chose to remove their symbol voluntarily because they did not feel part of what it represented. By so doing,

they removed a brand forced upon them, intending to be free of any Kami-related values. This is still their intent when they increase their numbers: to free other individuals, even when it means forcing upon them a 'freedom' they never wanted and will never be able to appreciate.

Not much else is known about them other than that they also comprise a few renowned members of ancient,





Playing a Faceless One

The Faceless Ones are an integral part of Enascentia and its history and will certainly undergo further development in rulesets to come. At the moment, however, there are no specific rules to play them or manage the powers they achieved through their particular choice.

Any Game Master who may want to use any Faceless Ones as opponents in some adventure, can do so using the powers and characteristics pertaining to the usual ten Tribes: race privileges and exclusive spells can be used again by most Faceless Ones after they adapt to their new condition.

For this very reason, should any of the Heroes incur such a fate and become a Faceless One, his Character should be managed mainly at an acting level, with the powers allowed by the Kami becoming unavailable to the Character for a game period of at least a week...a span of time which could easily become months or even years.



allegedly extinguished Tribes. Finally, there are rumors about the last survivors of their Tribe, who are said to have chosen to erase it totally by 'effacing' its last existing symbol.

Most details pertaining to the Faceless Ones are unknown to Enascentia's inhabitants, which is why they appear in the section reserved for the Game

Masters. It is up to them to choose whether to use such information during the game and how to do it.

Warlords

This specific Way is not centered on the origins, like many others, but on the end. Everyone is so busy talking about the Kami and the origins of the world that no one cares about where it is all going to end. No Tribe follows the same life path as plants and animals, which means its members' lifespan is indefinite. The only event that can put an end to an individual's life is by getting killed by somebody else. But... what would happen if there were no more deaths? In the long run, resources would be insufficient, and it would be a despicable way to die. This is why the members of this Way celebrate War and sing its praises because it is the ultimate form of balance, the end of everyone's life and of what gives meaning to each individual's life. Without War, everything would come to nothing.

Origin: The first standards of the Warlords appeared in 359 P.G. by the then-neutral city of Kor'Maresh, a few months after the Elder Janah Urmen and his army got there. According to legend, at the origins of this Way, there would be an agreement with a member of a Lost Tribe, who would share with the Relentless One the credit of founding this Way and laying down its philosophy.



Hierarchy: The whole pyramidal structure of this Way is an ode to the Warlords' lady, War. Each fortress is ruled by a Herald in charge of the Vassals, whose number may vary according to the size of the outpost. The lower ranks have no specific names, and they are identified only by the number of red notches on the white blade on their emblem, which they always wear with pride pinned on their tunic. Those notches are a decoration granted after an important battle at the discretion of the Vassal or Herald who led the troops into action; upon collecting ten notches, an individual becomes a Vassal and

can be reassigned to another garrison. Each Herald answers to the Herald of Kor'Maresh, a position recently taken over by the Menoosh Genden.

Diffusion: The Warlords are more numerous in those places where the other Ways are less at ease—in Si-An and Si-Neb—where they are in close contact with the most dangerous creatures and face the most uncommon challenges. But it is possible to find them anywhere, always moved by the pretext of praising War and offering new tributes to it. Not all the Warlords are at direct orders of the Vassals: many of them serve in various armies as mercenaries or even volunteers.

Playing a Warlord: This is the most motivating Way to an adventurer: the Warlords are constantly looking for a valid reason to give thanks to their lady, War. Just try to avoid the company of diplomats who cannot stand the sight of blood.



Chapter 3

Player's Options

The traveler was alone on the forest path, his sole garment a piece of rough leather he used as cloak. His face was concealed by the hood, but nothing could hide the bulk of his frame.

Lynx stared intensely at her prey from her vantage point on a tall branch. A black shadow among even darker shadows, the Ferua was perfectly still but for her tail that kept lashing the air nervously.

"Prey," whispered the Kami in her mind. "Food. Blood. Play."

When the hunting instinct possessed her, Lynx could not think very clearly.

The traveler stopped, sniffing the air like a dog.

"Kitten," he growled mockingly, "come play with Guur!"

A black shadow pounced from the tree, lethal claws extended toward the hooded stranger's neck.

A wild, mad laughter echoed in the Wood of the Seven while the cloak, thrown against the feline woman, was torn apart in a whirlwind of claws and savage hisses.

Guur, the Gromsh, stood naked in front of the Ferua, the crude big hammer looking like a toy in his hands.

"People of village told me furry beast killed them. Guur came pay visit."

Studying her opponent from the other side of the path, Lynx replied in a surprisingly calm voice.

"This is my territory. My hunting ground. Go away or prepare to die."

"Die?" Guur laughed again. "Guur like death! He brings much of it!" he snarled.

But the mocking words had barely left the Gromsh's mouth that the Ferua was already on him, claws tearing away large pieces of skin from the Gromsh's massive arms.

He grunted. Then he kicked, fast and strong, catching the feline woman right on her legs.

Lynx fell, and Guur was upon her, one hand around her thin neck while he raised his hammer high with the other.

"Now Gromsh smash!" he growled, the madness of his Kami swirling in his eyes.

"Now... Gromsh... die," Lynx sputtered.

A creak sounded somewhere among the canopy of branches above them, then a massive shadow swooped down on both the Ferua and the Gromsh.

A hand as large as an eradicated tree slammed into the ground in the very place where the two fighters had been just a heartbeat before.

Amazed, Guur and Lynx stared at the creature that had emerged from the wood. Big as a house, with short legs, it had very long arms and a stupid expression on its rocky face covered with moss and fungi.

"A Cudru!" Lynx cursed.

"Wasn't this your hunting ground, kitten?" the Gromsh growled.

"It was, mad one. But apparently nobody told this beast," the Ferua retorted.

Meanwhile, the Cudru raised both his arms again, ready to squash both opponents.

"I go for the right flank, you for the left!" Lynx pounced, without waiting for an answer.

*

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"You, dork!" the Ferua cursed, sitting over the dead body of the Cudru. "I said I go for the right flank, you for the left and you did just the opposite!"

"Guur don't know right and left. All the same." The Gromsh shrugged.

The cat woman hissed, contemptuously. "Gromsh! May the Kami curse you!"

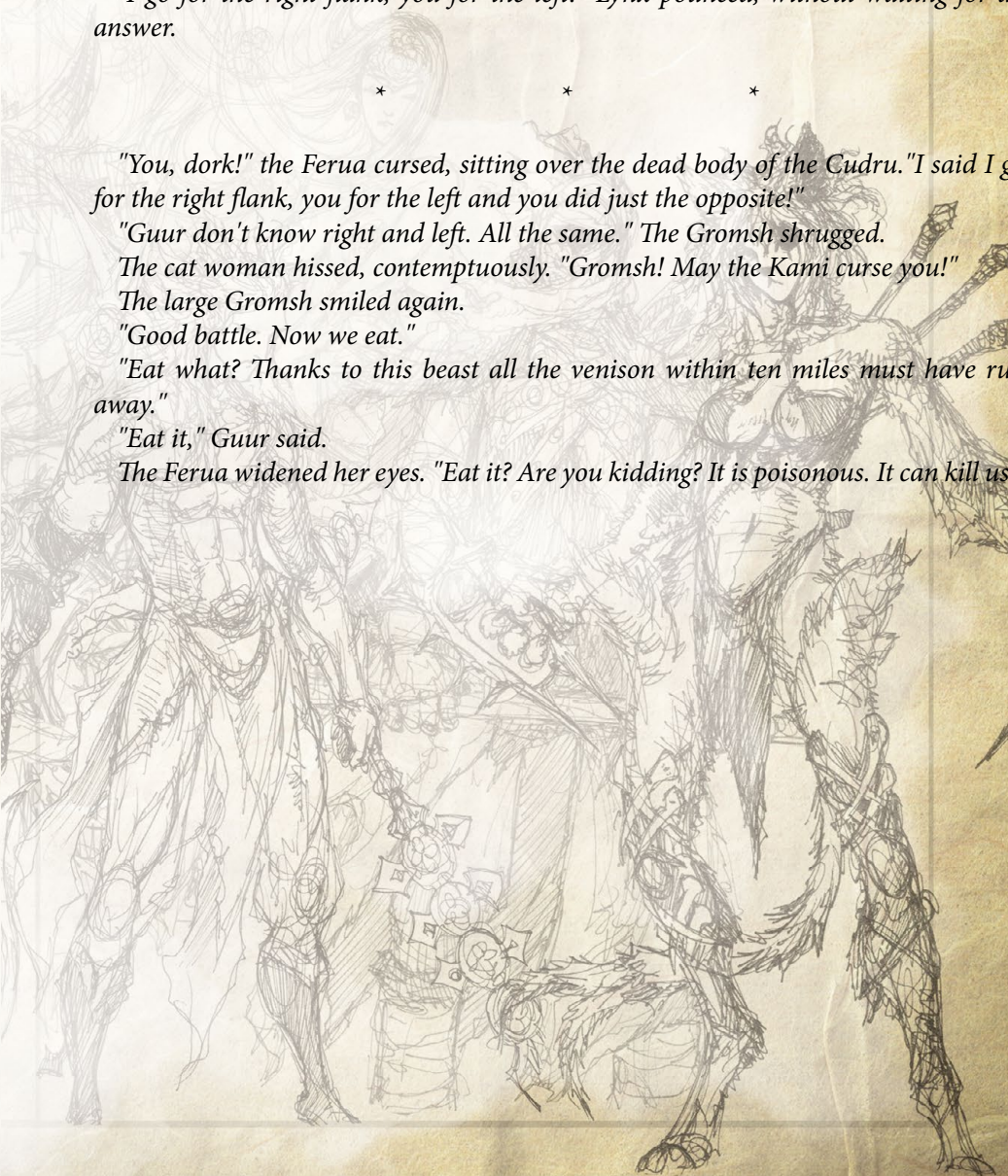
The large Gromsh smiled again.

"Good battle. Now we eat."

"Eat what? Thanks to this beast all the venison within ten miles must have run away."

"Eat it," Guur said.

The Ferua widened her eyes. "Eat it? Are you kidding? It is poisonous. It can kill us!"



ALTERED SKILLS

Boating

This Skill works just as it does in the core rules. The only difference is that it is also used by flying boat crews to do the same things; the Whisplings use it to set and direct the course of their ships when the accumulated experience allows them to (Rank, Legendary).

Knowledge

Given the diversity of the Tribes this setting offers and the importance of each, some characters may wish to delve more deeply into this kind of knowledge. All general information pertaining to each present Tribe is considered 'Common Knowledge' and is therefore regulated by one or more Smart rolls. To gather more specific information, (such as knowing exactly which are the powers of the members of a certain Tribe or its customs and traditions—for example, those pertaining the Genesis), a kind of Knowledge specific to that Tribe is necessary. For instance, everyone knows Oscurians always act out of personal gain and have no qualms about conspiring behind people's backs, but a successful Oscurian Knowledge roll allows the character to recognize that only Oscurians can become invisible, and a raise will provide further details, such as the duration of the spell and so on.

The use of this skill does not extend to one's own Tribe, since the character already has the necessary knowledge about it without having to make any rolls.

This skill can also be used to acquire knowledge about the Lost Tribes. In this case, a general knowledge will provide some information, such as to which generation a given Lost Tribe belongs, together with a general idea of its Kami and most evident physical characteristics. We suggest, however, that you give out this information a little at a time, granting more only in the case of a raise. Since the information we give in the ruleset is intentionally scant, if you do not find what you need to know, feel free to create the kind of past for Enascientia that best suits the campaign you are running or to forbid the use of this Skill completely. In any case, it is better not to give this kind of information to a Newly Generated. Similarly, acquiring this Skill or increasing the relative die type should be game dynamics connected to corresponding game actions such as the recovery of a book on that subject, or direct teaching given by someone belonging to that specific category or by a well-informed scholar.

Finally, a character who does not have the necessary specific knowledge cannot tell one poison or potion apart from another, and while he can recognize the different Menoosh tattoos, he will not be able

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to link them to the corresponding effects unless he already possesses some experience on the matter. Such observations do not apply to anyone possessing the Crafting Skill pertaining to that specific category, but this exemption is valid only for actions within his present Skill levels.

Repair

Of course, as explained in the original description, this Skill is not related to vehicles, machinery or other modern devices, but to the

expertise the character shows in repairing a broken door, a splintered shield or a broken weapon.

Survival

The description is still the same as in Savage World core rules, but there are a few additions. This Skill now makes it possible to extract poisons directly from the animal that produces it and process them. It is also possible to make a Survival roll to understand how many ingredients the hero can find in a given place, with different degrees of effort, depending on



their availability and other variables (seasonal, climatic, etc.). Such ingredients can be traded, resold or used for the Crafting Skill.

REMOVED SKILLS

Driving and Piloting

Better suited to modern settings, both these Skills have little or nothing to do with the Fantasy world we are dealing with. Should the characters, in the development of the story, have to deal with some kind of device looking like a complex vehicle, it will probably be of magical nature and therefore managed through Spellcasting or Knowledge (Arcane) rolls. Coaches, carts and wagons are all drawn by some kind of animal, usually horses or koopash; in this instance, a Riding roll is required, if necessary.

NEW ABILITIES

Crafting - Smarts

This skill encompasses all professions that require working materials to obtain the finished product: forging weapons, sewing clothes, making shoes, etc. The time necessary to obtain the desired result should be decided by the Game Master and changes considerably according

to the specified kind of Crafting. Unlike other Skills, this one is not intended to establish how well the character reacts when under stress, thereby automatically succeeding in his attempts, irrespective of the time needed. In this situation, it is always necessary to make a Skill roll, the result of which cannot be influenced by using Bennies: luck has only a marginal role in work that continues for consecutive days. For similar reasons, the use of this kind of Skill requires a considerable amount of time and is usually used in between adventures or to fill downtime within the narration itself whenever possible. In any case, it concerns everyday objects; magical objects and scrolls are excluded because they need the Magic Writing Skill. Each Crafting should require specific tools. (Cost and weight are to be agreed upon with the Game Master.)

There are also two kinds of Crafting with different rules and effects: potions and poisons. Below are their rules.

Crafting - Potions

Alchemists—famous, ancient artisans—use two different methods to make their potions: they use only herbs and natural extracts or magic. The effects are essentially the same, but there are a few differences in making and preserving the potions thus obtained. Primordial Alchemists take two hours to make their potions, but they go bad sooner, which means that after three days, their effects

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vanish. Magic Alchemists, however, must carry out a procedure that is more demanding of their time and energy—in this case, twelve hours of work and ten Power Points at the end of that time. But their potions' effects last up to a week, and they can also exclude one of the components required because they compensate its absence with their Arcane power. In both cases, once the work is done, and after using the components and spending the Power Points, Alchemists make a Crafting-Potions roll to ensure the potion will work. If the roll fails, this means both the components and the PPs go to waste and the potion has no effect (just like in any other Crafting, Bennies cannot be used). A raise, however, will double the length of the potion's effect. Crafting potions without proper alchemic tools inflicts a penalty of -2 to roll.

Below is a list of all the potions that can be made using this skill, together with requirements, components and effects duration.

Agility

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d6, Rank Seasoned

Components: 3 teaspoons finely ground green tea, 7 skimmia berries, 2 tablespoon orange juice, 10 black mulberries, 1 tablespoon spelt flour, 10 araucaria needles

Duration: One minute

Effect: The Agility die is increased by one step.

Charisma

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 tuft of Menoosh hair, 6 pistachios, juice of 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 tablespoon rye flour, 8 peppermint leaves, 1 plenulia petal, 1 teaspoon maple syrup, 1 teaspoon dried basil, 1 vanilla pod.

Duration: Ten minutes

Effect: +2 to Charisma.

Feline Leap

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d4, Rank Novice

Components: 1 tuft of Ferua hair, 5 chiodini mushrooms, sulphurous water, 2 pine needles

Duration: Three rounds

Effect: +5 to Pace, the Running die is increased by 1 step.

Greater Healing

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d12, Rank Legendary

Components: 1 teaspoon alaea salt, 1 teaspoon pink salt, 5 macadamia nuts, flesh 1 avocado, 1 teaspoon malt flour, 3 tamarisk sprigs, 12 wild rose blooms, 1 tablespoon rose honey, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon saffron.

Duration: Immediate

Effect: Heals 1 wound. The rule of the Golden Hour can be ignored.

Healing

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 teaspoon sodium citrate, 3 walnut kernels, juice of 1 pink grapefruit, flesh of 10 figs, 1

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tablespoon barley flour, 4 larch leaves, 1 Bach flower, 1 teaspoon jasmine honey, 1 teaspoon marjoram, 1 whole cinnamon stick.

Duration: Immediate

Effect: Heals 1 wound. The rule of the Golden Hour is still valid.

Resistance to elements, major

Requirements: Creation—Potions d12, Rank Legendary

Components: 1 teaspoon ground pink marble, 1 teaspoon ground marble, 5 pitted medlars, pulp of 1 mango, 1 tablespoon chestnut flour, 3 poplar leaves, 6 oleander flowers, 1 teaspoon thyme honey, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon star anise.

Duration: One hour

Effect: Prevents the first two damages inflicted by an elemental source (ice, fire, water, electricity, etc.)

Resistance to Elements, Minor

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d6, Rank Seasoned

Components: 1 teaspoon ground white marble, 5 pyracantha berries, the juice of half a cucumber, the flesh of 1 pome, 1 tablespoon sunflower-seed flour, 1 mulberry leaf.

Duration: Ten minutes

Effect: Prevents the first damage inflicted by an elemental source (ice, fire, water, electricity, etc.)

Smarts

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d6, Rank Seasoned

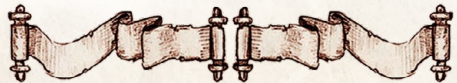


Need and Usage of the Components

In the Crafting Skills in these pages, we have listed all the components needed to make each potion. Rather than mandatory requirements, they are merely suggestions, intended to give more depth to a feature of the setting, namely: bartering. Therefore, instead of resorting to the use of precious items such as jewels or gems when trading, it is possible to use resources that may become useful later and make even the most commonplace objects become valuable assets.

But, if, in your opinion, they do not add to the game experience or even limit it somehow, by all means replace them with simpler components or ignore the components rule completely, assuming a professional will know where to find those necessary.

Conversely, if you like the rule, we suggest trying similar variations for the other uses of Crafting.



Components: 1 teaspoon clay powder, 6 white grapes, pulp of 1 nectarine, 3 tablespoons pineapple flesh, 1 tablespoon almond flour, 3 holm oak leaves.

Duration: One minute

Effect: The Smarts die is increased by 1 step.

Spirit

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d8, Rank Veteran

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Components: 1 teaspoon silver powder, 5 maqui berries, juice of 1 dragon fruit, flesh of 1 kiwi, 1 tablespoon potato starch, 1 baobab leaf, 6 wild daisies corollas, 1 teaspoon wildflower honey.

Duration: One minute

Effect: The Spirit die is increased by one step.

Stone Skin

Requirements: Creation—Potions d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 sliver of Rok'Nar skin, 5 almonds, pulp of 3 yellow plums, flesh of 3 apricots, 1 tablespoon wholewheat flour, 6 oak leaves, 4 elder tree leaves, 1 teaspoon dandelion honey, 1 teaspoon blue ginger, 1 licorice stick.

Duration: Three rounds

Effect: +3 to Toughness. It is considered natural armor, so it cannot be added to any other type of armor, whether or not it is natural.

Strength

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d8, Rank Veteran

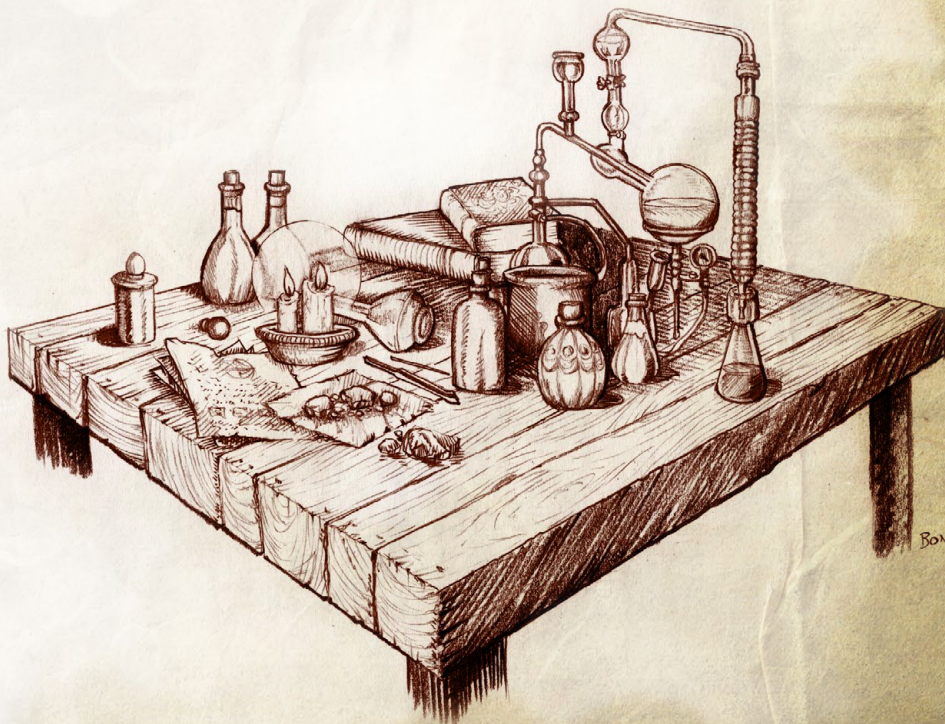
Components: 1 teaspoon pink salt, 6 blackberries, pulp of half a tomato, 2 boiled chestnuts, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 juniper sprig, the corolla of a red tulipan, 1 teaspoon chestnut honey.

Duration: One minute

Effect: The Strength die is increased by 1 step.

Surprise, Major

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d12, Rank Legendary



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Components: 1 tablespoon ground Gromsh bones, 1 Whispling hair, 1 handful dried pumpkin flowers, juice of 3 carrots, 1 tablespoon oat flour, 5 aیلanthus leaves, 3 myrobalan plum flowers, 1 teaspoon lavender, 1 teaspoon pink pepper, 1 sprig of sage.

Duration: Immediate

Effect: Make a 1d10 roll and apply the corresponding result.

- **1:** The character is the focus of an explosion and suffers 3d6 damage. Anyone within a Small Burst Template from him must make an Agility roll at -2 to avoid suffering the same damage.
- **2:** The character is Shaken and suffers 1 or 2 wounds if already Shaken.
- **3:** Nothing happens.
- **4-5:** The character adds +4 to the next Traits roll made within the following round.
- **6-7:** The character adds +4 to the next damage roll made within the following round.
- **8:** The character gets 2 Bennies.
- **9:** Removes 2 wounds from the character.
- **10:** The character chooses one of the above-listed results and applies it twice (numbers 6 and 7 must be intended as for the next two rolls made by the following round and not as a +8 to check).

Surprise, Minor

Requirements: Crafting—Potions
d4, Rank Novice

Components: Ground Gromsh bones, 2 lychees, the juice of 5 strawberries, 1 corolla of a blooming magnolia.

Duration: Immediate

Effect: Make a 1d10 roll and apply the corresponding result:

- **1:** The character is at the focus of a small explosion, suffers 2d6 damage, and anyone within a Small Burst Template from him must make an Agility roll to prevent suffering the same damage.
- **2-3:** The character is Shaken (this may cause a wound).
- **4-5:** Nothing happens.
- **6:** The character gets +2 to the next Traits roll made by the following round.
- **7:** The character gets +2 to the next damage roll made by the following round.
- **8:** The character gets 1 Benny.
- **9:** Removes one wound from the character.
- **10:** The character chooses one of the above-listed results and applies it twice (number 6 and 7 must be intended as for the next two rolls made by the following round and not as a +4 to check).

Vigor

Requirements: Crafting—Potions
d8, Rank Veteran

Player's Options

Components: 2 goji berries, 1 dozen raspberries, a piece of ginger, 1 tablespoon millet flour, 9 weeping-willow leaves, 6 abutilon corollas, 1 teaspoon blue-gum honey.

Duration: One minute

Effect: The Vigor die is increased by one step.

Will

Requirements: Crafting—Potions d4, Rank Novice.

Components: Janah blood, 5 currants, juice of half a lemon, 3 silver maple leaves.

Duration: Ten minutes

Effect: +2 to Fear checks.

Crafting - Poisons

This skill allows you to create your own poisons without having to turn to the black market or the best-stocked Oscurian. In order to prepare a poison, the necessary components—mixed and marinated—are sufficient. The whole procedure takes two hours, at the end of which it is necessary to make a Crafting-Poisons roll. The potion does not work if the roll is unsuccessful, but if successful, the potion maintains its power for three days (seven with a raise) when it is no longer considered harmful. There are four categories of poisons, depending on how they are taken: inhalation, contact, ingestion or inoculation poisons. Most of those belonging to this latter category can already be found in nature and can be extracted from the animals producing them, but this is irrelevant to the use of this

skill, and the Survival skill has to be used in its place. Natural venoms keep for three days (a raise has no effect). Crafting poisons without the proper apothecary tools causes a penalty of -2 to roll.

Below is a list of the existing poisons that can be made or extracted, with all the relative specifications:

Black Tear

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 teaspoonful black tea powder, 5 blueberry flowers, 3 blackberries, dried skin of 1 chameleon.

Effect: The target has hallucinations of a threatening nature and reacts to them rather than to what actually surrounds him. This does not prevent him from fighting and defending himself, but he suffers a -2 or -4—depending on the circumstances—penalty to all rolls.

Caress of the Kami

Type: Contact

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d6, Rank Seasoned

Components: 1 toad's skin, 5 passion flowers, juice of 1 starfruit.

Effect: A Spirit roll is required. If it fails, it decreases the Strength and Vigor die by one type.

Crested Jellyfish Poison

Type: Inoculation

Requirements: Survival d4 (extraction, Rank Novice)

Components: None

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Rank	Required Skill	Potion Name	Duration	Effect
Novice	Crafting-Potions d4	Feline Leap	3 rounds	+5 to Pace, Running die is increased by one step
Novice	Crafting-Potions d4	Surprise, Minor	Immediate	random effect (see description)
Novice	Crafting-Potions d4	Will	10 minutes	+ 2 to Fear checks
Seasoned	Crafting-Potions d6	Agility	1 minute	The Agility die is increased by 1 step
Seasoned	Crafting-Potions d6	Smarts	1 minute	The Smarts die is increased by 1 step
Seasoned	Crafting-Potions d6	Resistance to Elements, Minor	10 minutes	Prevents first elemental damage
Veteran	Crafting-Potions d8	Strength	1 minute	The Strength die is increased by 1 step
Veteran	Crafting-Potions d8	Spirit	1 minute	The Spirit die is increased by 1 step
Veteran	Crafting-Potions d8	Vigor	1 minute	The Vigor die is increased by 1 step
Heroic	Crafting-Potions d10	Charisma	10 minutes	+2 to Charisma
Heroic	Crafting-Potions d10	Healing	Immediate	Heals 1 wound in 1 hour
Heroic	Crafting-Potions d10	Stone Skin	3 rounds	+3 to Toughness (natural armor)
Legendary	Crafting-Potions d12	Greater Healing	Immediate	Heals 1 wound
Legendary	Crafting-Potions d12	Resistance to Elements, Major	1 hour	Prevents the first two elemental damages.
Legendary	Crafting-Potions d12	Surprise, Major	Immediate	random effect (see description)

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Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the target suffers -2 to Toughness for ten minutes. (Cannot be combined.)

Dart

Type: Inhalation

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d4, Rank Novice

Components: 1 cat's eye, 1 tablespoon baobab resin

Effect: A Spirit roll is required. If it fails, the Spirit, Smarts and Perception dice are decreased by two types. If successful, they are decreased by one die type only. With a raise there is no ill effect.

Embrace Of The Kami

Type: Contact

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 toad's skin, 5 strawberry tree flowers, juice of 1 sweet granadilla, 1 tablespoon ground wild thyme, 1 tablespoon oolong tea.

Effect: A Vigor roll is required; if it fails, the target suffers -2 to all Traits rolls, -1 if the roll is successful. With a raise it has no ill effect.

Ferua's Poison

Type: Inoculation

Requirements: Survival d8 (extraction, Rank Novice)

Components: None

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the target is stunned for 1d6 rounds.

Kiss of the Kami

Type: Contact

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d8, Rank Veteran

Components: 1 toad's skin, 5 yellow hibiscus flowers, the juice of 1 cherimoya, 3 ground cardamom seeds.

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. The target loses 8 Power Points if the roll fails, 4 if it is successful. With a raise it has no ill effect.

Lahan Poison

Type: Inoculation

Requirements: Survival d10 (extraction, Rank Novice)

Components: None

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the target is Shaken (this can cause 1 wound) and suffers 1 wound. If successful, the target is just Shaken (this can cause 1 wound). With a raise it has no ill effect.

Liquid Nightmare

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d12, Rank Legendary

Components: Dormouse blood, 3 orchid flowers, 5 bird-of-paradise petals, juice of 1 kiwano melon.

Effect: The target falls into a deep slumber. Only a wound can wake him up.

Lost Blood

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d8, Rank Veteran

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Components: 1 teaspoon peacock blood, 1 rafflesia flower, juice of 10 alkekengi, 1 tablespoon wheat flour.
Effect: - 1 to all Trait rolls.

Mantle

Type: Inhalation

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d10, Rank Heroic

Components: 1 bat wing, 3 Whispling hairs, 1 aristolochia flower, flesh of 1 lulo fruit

Effect: Throughout the duration of the effect, the targets must make a Spirit roll every minute or suffer a cumulative -1 to all Fighting, Throwing, Parry and Shooting rolls.

Marsh Water

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d4, Rank Novice

Components: 12 frog eggs, 3 desert-rose flowers

Effect: The targets 3 lowest skills are reduced by 1 die type.

Mind vise

Type: Inhalation

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d8, Rank Veteran

Components: 1 tablespoon badger blood, 2 solandra flowers, flesh of 1 guava, 3 tablespoons wheat flour.

Effect: Throughout the duration of the effect, the targets must make a Spirit roll every minute or suffer a cumulative -1 to all Spellcasting rolls and lose one Power Point from their stash.

Parsha spit

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d6, Rank Seasoned

Components: 1 tablespoon snail slime, 2 fuchsia flowers, juice of 1 kumquat.

Effect: The target's three lowest skills are managed as if the subject never trained to use them.

Peacemaker

Type: Inhalation

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d6, Rank Seasoned

Components: 1 rooster crest, 5 sleepy plant flowers, juice of 1 banana passion fruit

Effect: A Spirit roll is required. If it fails, the target will be easier to persuade. Throughout the duration of the effect, anyone interacting with the target gets a +4 bonus to Charisma and all Will tests. It is also possible to use again the Reaction Table that has to be used during all Persuasion attempts.

Pembur poison

Type: Inoculation

Requirements: Survival d12 (extraction, Rank Novice)

Components: None

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the target is Incapacitated for 2d6 round. If successful, the Vigor die is decreased by one die type and the target suffers a penalty of -1 to Agility Traits (cumulative, duration 1 hour). With a raise it has no ill effect.

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Red cloud

Type: Inhalation

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d12, Rank Legendary

Components: 1 anthurium flower, 3 red tulip corollas, juice of 1 blood orange.

Effect: This poison spreads as a red cloud, hence its name. Throughout the duration of the effect, the targets must make a Spirit roll every minute or being Shaken (if already Shaken, the target is wounded).

Tok'Gor poison

Type: Inoculation

Requirements: Survival d6 (extraction, Rank Novice)

Components: None

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the target suffers -10 to Pace and cannot run; if it is successful,

the target suffers -5 to Pace, and the Running die is decreased by one die type. With a raise it has no ill effect. Duration: ten minutes.

Union with the Kami

Type: Contact

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d12, Rank Legendary

Components: 1 toad's skin, 5 cherry-tree flowers, juice of 1 rambutan, 3 ground trigonella seeds, 1 spoonful of pu-erh tea, 1 tablespoon blueberry juice.

Effect: A Spirit roll is required. If it fails, the target is Incapacitated, while if successful, the duration is halved. With a raise it has no ill effect.



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View of the Kami

Type: Contact

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons
d4, Rank Novice

Components: 1 toad's skin, 5 protea flowers

Effect: A Vigor roll is required. If it fails, the Spirit and Smarts dice are decreased by one die type.

Inhalation

Grouped within this category are all the known forms of artistic expression: dancing, singing, playing an instrument, painting, etc. As with the Knowledge Skill, it is necessary to specify in which form of art one is better versed: the more specific it is, the easier it will be for the character to perform successfully.

Whoever performs before a well-disposed public gets a Charisma bonus toward them for twenty-four hours after his performance, depending on how good it was. Wide categories such as 'playing' or 'dancing' have the following progression: 1 raise = +2 to Charisma, 2 raises = +4 to Charisma, 3+ raises = +6 to Charisma. More specific categories such as 'harp' or 'belly dancing' have this progression: 1 success = +2 to Charisma, 1 raise = +4 to Charisma, 2+ raises = +6 to Charisma.

Not all the forms of Performing necessarily require Smarts. Dancing, for example, may easily be linked to Agility, to the GM's discretion. Some arts, such as music, require



Tribal Recipes

Besides those listed in this section, each Tribe may have developed specific recipes, using special components that can be found only in their settlements. (This can be changed at the Game Master's discretion). Below is, as an example, a Menoosh poison derived from a drink distilled only by them.

Without any Qualms

Type: Ingestion

Requirements: Crafting—Poisons d6
Rank Seasoned

Components: 1 owl tongue, juice of 5 blackberries, 1 drop of sunset

Effect: if asked a question, the target must answer truthfully. If magic or physical constraints prevent him from speaking, he will try anyhow and fail to do so.

Sunset: This drink is distilled by the Menoosh, who add to it some natural non-toxic pigments, and it is used mostly in great festivities. Usually, each person takes just one drop of it daily to feel cheerful and lose any inhibitions. A greater use of this substance has given rise to some of the most legendary tales about the Menoosh, which all depict some kind of embarrassing behavior.

A bottle of sunset appears to be iridescent, its color changing from orange to red, fuchsia and blue; the prevalent color depends on how much one shakes the bottle.



Player's Options

Rank	Required Skill	Poison Name	Duration	Effect
Novice	Crafting-Poisons d4	Marsh Water	Ingestion	Decreases 3 skills by one die type
Novice	Crafting-Poisons d4	Dart	Inhalation	Decreases Smarts, Perception and Spirit (Spirit to resist) by two die types
Novice	Survival d4	Crested Medusa Poison	Inoculation	-2 Toughness (Vigor to resist)
Novice	Survival d6	Tok'Gor Poison	Inoculation	-10 to Pace and Running impossible (Vigor to resist)
Novice	Survival d8	Ferua Poison	Inoculation	Stunned for 1d6 rounds (Vigor to resist)
Novice	Survival d10	Lahan Poison	Inoculation	Shaken and 1 wound (Vigor to resist)
Novice	Survival d12	Pembur Poison	Inoculation	Incapacitated for 2d6 rounds (Vigor to resist)
Novice	Crafting-Poisons d4	View of the Kami	Contact	Decreases Spirit and Smarts dice by one die type (Vigor to resist)
Seasoned	Crafting-Poisons d6	Caress of the Kami	Contact	Decreases Strength and Vigor dice by one die type (Spirit to resist)
Seasoned	Crafting-Poisons d6	Peacemaker	Inhalation	+4 Charisma when interacting with the victim
Seasoned	Crafting-Poisons d6	Parsha Spit	Ingestion	The target is considered as not trained in his 3 lowest skills
Veteran	Crafting-Poisons d8	Kiss of the Kami	Ingestion	-8 Power Points (Vigor to resist)
Veteran	Crafting-Poisons d8	Mind Vise	Inhalation	Cumulative penalties each minute (Spirit to resist)
Veteran	Crafting-Poisons d8	Lost Blood	Ingestion	-1 to all Trait rolls

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Heroic	Crafting-Poisons d10	Embrace of the Kami	Contact	-2 to all Trait rolls (Vigor to resist)
Heroic	Crafting-Poisons d10	Black Tear	Ingestion	Hallucinations and penalties to checks
Heroic	Crafting-Poisons d10	Mantle	Inhalation	Cumulative penalties each minute (Spirit to resist)
Legendary	Crafting-Poisons d12	Liquid Nightmare	Ingestion	Deep slumber until wounded
Legendary	Crafting-Poisons d12	Red Cloud	Inhalation	Cumulative penalties each minute (Vigor to resist)
Legendary	Crafting-Poisons d12	Union with the Kami	Contact	The victim is Incapacitated (Spirit to resist)

the possession of the necessary instrument for the performance to be successful.

Magic Writing -Spirit

This skill allows the character to transfer part of his magical power on a scroll for future use; if the character is a Menoosh, he can also draw magic tattoos. Unlike more complex magical objects, such a small alteration of the Veil does not really unbalance it.

To write a spell on a scroll, you must first be able to cast it; that is, you must know it. You then need a high-quality virgin scroll and a thin-pointed pen. This procedure requires three times the Power Points needed to cast the spell itself and a number of hours equal to twice that amount.

Example: writing down on a scroll the 'armor' spell—which costs in itself 2 Power Points—requires the expenditure of 6 Power Points, plus four hours.

At the end of that time, to see if the spell has worked, a Magic Writing roll is required; a Benny cannot be used to improve the result. If the roll is successful, the character must spend the requested Power Points and the scroll works correctly. With a raise, the expenditure of Power Points is halved or canceled with 2+ raises. If the roll fails, or there is a pause of one or more hours during the procedure or the character does not have enough Power Points, the procedure is a failure and the scroll becomes useless. A Menoosh can use the Magic Writing skill to carve magic tattoos on himself or on a willing target. For this procedure to work correctly, it is

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necessary to use a special ink (it can be made with Crafting Inks, using natural pigments or found in any Menoosh village) and a red-hot metal nib, whose temperature must be kept constant. Each tattoo requires an hour to be patterned correctly, excluding the time taken for its representation, and can be carved once a day only. The number of tattoos a Menoosh can carve in one day varies depending on how advanced his skill is: $d6 = 1$; $d8 = 2$; $d10+ = 3$.

Resorting to this exclusive Menoosh art form, however, is risky and not simple: a bad tattoo means that whoever bears it suffers a negative effect equal to the desired one.

Below is a list of possible tattoos, with details of requirements, duration, effects and possible contraindication:

Baobab

Requirements: Magic Writing d12, Rank Heroic

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: The target is Shaken (this can cause 1 wound).

Success: Removes a wound from the target (the Golden Hour rule is applied).

Raise: Removes 2 wounds from the target (the Golden Hour rule is applied).

Book

Requirements: Magic Writing d10, Rank Veteran

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: -2 to Spellcasting rolls.

Success: +2 to Spellcasting rolls.

Raise: +4 to Spellcasting rolls.

Kesul

Requirements: Magic Writing d8, Rank Seasoned

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: -2 to Spirit rolls.

Success: +2 to Spirit rolls.

Raise: +4 to Spirit rolls.

Koopash

Requirements: Magic Writing d6, Rank Novice

Duration: One hour

Failure: The character gains 1 Fatigue level.

Success: The character ignores any penalties from Fatigue.

Raise: The character ignores any penalties from Fatigue and wounds.

Lucky clover

Requirements: Magic Writing d12, Rank Heroic

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: No effect

Success: 1 Benny to be used while the effect lasts.

Raise: 1 Benny to be used while the effect lasts (no additional effect).

Malpa

Requirements: Magic Writing d10, Rank Veteran

Duration: Three round

When activating the tattoo, the character must choose from: Fighting, Shooting, Throwing.

Failure: -2 to chosen skill rolls.

Success: +2 to chosen skill rolls.

Raise: +4 to chosen skill rolls.

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Mountain

Requirements: Magic Writing d8,
Rank Veteran

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: -2 to Vigor rolls.

Success: +2 to Vigor rolls.

Raise: +4 to Vigor rolls.

Pandama

*(A circle with sea animals drawn
in the lower half, land animals in
the upper one)*

Requirements: Magic Writing d12+1,
Rank Legendary

Duration: 1 round

Failure: The character loses/misses
that round.

Success: For the duration of one
round, the character makes multiple
actions at no penalty.

Raise: The duration is two rounds.

Pembur

Requirements: Magic Writing d6,
Rank Novice

Duration: Ten minutes

Failure: -5 to Pace.

Success: +5 to Pace, the Running die
is increased by 1 die type.

Raise: +10 to Pace the Running die is
increased by 2 die types.

Plenulia

Requirements: Magic Writing d10,
Rank Veteran

Duration: Ten minutes

Failure: -2 to Charisma.

Success: +2 to Charisma.

Raise: +4 to Charisma.

Phoneix

(Covers the whole back.)

Requirements: Magic Writing d12+1,
Rank Legendary

Duration: 3 rounds

Failure: Incapacitated.

Success: If the character dies while
the tattoo is effective, he comes back
to life after 1d6 rounds.

Raise: When the character comes
back to life, he releases a wave of fire
within a Medium Burst Template in
that round: anyone within it must
make an Agility roll to avoid being
Shaken (this can cause one wound)
and suffers one wound; if the roll
is successful, the character is just
Shaken (this can cause one wound).
With at least one raise, there is no ill
effect.

Scroll

Requirements: Magic Writing d6,
Rank Novice

Duration: Five hours

Failure: The time required to recover
the Power Points doubles (from one
to two hours)

Success: The time required to recover
the Power Points is halved (from one
hour to thirty minutes or a minimum
of fifteen).

Raise: The time required to recover
the Power Points is halved (from one
hour to thirty minutes or a minimum
of fifteen) and the character
immediately recovers five Power
Points.

Umakin

(Tiger head drawn on the back of the character's thumb and index finger as if those fingers were the beast's jaws)

Requirements: Magic Writing d12, Rank Heroic

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: -1 to all Trait rolls.

Success: +1 to all Trait rolls.

Raise: +2 to all Trait Rolls.

Wurnug

Requirements: Magic Writing d8, Rank Seasoned

Duration: Three rounds

Failure: -2 to Strength rolls.

Success: +2 to Strength rolls.

Raise: +4 to Strength rolls.

HINDRANCES

As with the Skills, in most cases, Hindrances here are the same as in Savage Worlds core rules. In this section we will examine those that have changed or have disappeared because they are ill-suited to this setting, and we shall introduce new ones. We will also make a distinction between those better suited for campaigns which do not include the history of the Genesis and those that can be used in both cases. After each name, in parentheses, you will find the type of Hindrance: minor (m), major (M), or both (b).

Rank	Required Skill	Tattoo Name	Duration
Novice	Magic Writing d6	Koopash	1 hour
Novice	Magic Writing d6	Scroll	5 hours
Novice	Magic Writing d6	Pembur	10 minutes
Seasoned	Magic Writing d8	Kesul	3 rounds
Seasoned	Magic Writing d8	Mountain	3 rounds
Seasoned	Magic Writing d8	Wurnug	3 rounds
Veteran	Magic Writing d10	Book	3 rounds
Veteran	Magic Writing d10	Malpa	3 rounds
Veteran	Magic Writing d10	Plenulia	10 minutes
Heroic	Magic Writing d12	Baobab	3 rounds
Heroic	Magic Writing d12	Lucky Clover	3 rounds
Heroic	Magic Writing d12	Umakin	3 rounds
Legendary	Magic Writing d12+1	Phoenix	3 rounds
Legendary	Magic Writing d12+1	Pandama	1 round

Removed Hindrances

All Thumbs (m): The so-called 'high-technology' objects are non-existent here,

Doubting Thomas (m): Such a character would have a short life in a fantasy setting and an even shorter one in a place such as Enascentia which has so many out-of-the-ordinary creatures and events.

Elderly (M): Nobody ages in Enascentia.

Outsider (m): The existing differences between Tribes and Ways are already so defined and clear-cut that such a Hindrance is either superfluous or ubiquitous. Its use is very inadvisable,

although in some particular instances, the Game Master is free to use it as he deems it best (for example, in the case of a Rok'Nar being part of a Ferua hunting party from the first game session); if present, this Hindrance falls in the 'Post-Genesis Campaign' category.

Poverty (m): This Hindrance—more advised against than forbidden—is ill-suited to the most common trade instrument of the Tribes: bartering. Moreover, some Tribes do not care very much for material assets, which would make this Hindrance Hobson's choice for them.

Effect	Success	Raise
+1 Fatigue Level No Fatigue penalty	No Fatigue and wounds penalty	
Doubles PP recovery time	Halves PP recovery time	Halves PP recovery time, and +5PP
-5 Pace	+5 Pace, Running die increased by 1 die type	+10 Pace, Running die increased by 2 die types
-2 to Spirit rolls	+2 to Spirit rolls	+4to Spirit rolls
-2 to vigor rolls	+2 to Vigor rolls	+4 to Vigor rolls
-2 to Strength rolls	+2to Strength rolls	+4 to Strength rolls
-2 to Spellcasting rolls	+2 to Spellcasting rolls	+4 to Spellcasting rolls
-2 to Attack rolls	+2 to Attack rolls	-2 to Attack rolls
-2 Charisma	+2 Charisma	+4 Charisma
Shaken	Heals 1 wound	Heals 2 wounds
No effect	+1 Benny	-
-1 to all Traits rolls	+1 to all Traits rolls	+2 to all Traits rolls
Incapacitated	Special	Special
1 round lost	Multiple actions at no penalty	Duration 2 rounds

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Small (M): Each tribe has very precise physical characteristics, and besides the Oscurians, none of them, as detailed in the race description, falls within this category.

Young (M): There are no births in Enascentia; everyone is generated as an adult.

Genesis Campaign:

Existing Hindrances

All those Hindrances allowed in both the types of Campaign fall within this category: the one where the history of the Genesis is told and the one in which the story starts later.

From *Savage Worlds* core rules:

Anemic (m), Arrogant (M), Badeyes (b), Bad Luck (M), Big Mouth (m), Blind (M), Bloodthirsty (M), Cautious (m), Clueless (M), Code of Honor (M), Curious (M), Delusional (b), Greedy (b), Habit (b), Hard of Hearing (b), Heroic (M), Illiterate (m), Lamé (M), Loyal (m), Mean (m), Obese (m), Onearm (M), Oneeye (M), Oneleg (M), Overconfident (M), Pacifist (b), Phobia (b), Quirk (m), Stubborn (m), Ugly (m), Vengeful (e), Yellow (M).



Genesis Campaign:

New Hindrances

Alien Whisper (b)

Each Tribe has a precise nature and an equally precise idea of what the Kami is to its members. It is not the same for this character, however. He has been generated with an idea of the Kami which is different from that of his kin, and his personality drives him to walk other paths. When a character takes this Hindrance, he must also choose a new Kami to worship: we advise that he should pick one among the ten that exist. According to the circumstances, this can be considered either a Minor or Major (or even non-existent if, for example, the character has already become a member of the Way of the Followers of Free Will) Hindrance. It is a very specific characteristic that alters that character's gaming style substantially and probably that of the whole group. Therefore, it is not advisable for a beginner to take it, and the choice must always be approved by the Game Master.

Generated Naked [m]

Contrary to what usually happens, the character appears without any kind of gear...no weapons, clothes or kronlings. This Hindrance can be taken only in a Genesis Campaign and only if the Game Master thinks it can be considered a real Hindrance (for example, if no Elders are present at the Genesis).

Incomplete Genesis (b)

As the name itself implies, a character with this Hindrance does not have the same characteristics as the other Newly Generated of that Tribe. He may suffer from some physical shortcoming not previously described—a Ferua lacking a tail, for example or a Gromsh having no bone excrescences, or he may lack some basic notions so that he cannot speak, or run or ignores information usually considered 'Common Knowledge'. In this latter instance, this Hindrance should be assigned only to Newly Generated. The Game Master can consider this a Major or Minor Hindrance, depending on the gravity of the shortcoming.

Post Genesis Campaign:

Existing Hindrances

This section lists those Hindrances that only fit into a campaign where the characters have some past experience, memories and a history of completed missions: essentially, into a campaign that does not reveal the Genesis. The Hindrances present in the Savage Worlds core rules that fall within this category are few:

Death Wish (M) (Janahs and Lumians cannot take it), Enemy (b), Vow (b), Wanted (b).

Post Genesis Campaign:

New Hindrances

Brand of the Faceless Ones (M)

The character's symbol was effaced in the past by a Faceless One, and he still carries the scar. He is now considered a Faceless One himself, and whoever sees his symbol for whatever reason attacks him immediately. This Hindrance can be used to interpret both the role of the infiltrator within the group or that of an outcast always living on the edge. In both cases, it is advisable to describe a detailed background explaining the dynamics of the character's 'Liberation' and how he lives with it. The Game Master always has the last word on the matter.

Debt (b)

It can be anything from a simple IOU to a moral debt, but in any case the character has a debt he will have to pay sooner or later. Depending on its import, this Hindrance can be Minor or Major.

Defector from a Way (b)

At some point in his life, the hero joined a Way, but it was not a long-lasting experience. Depending on how long he remained in the Way before abandoning it, the circumstances in which he left and the Way itself,

this can be either a Minor or Major Hindrance. It is not possible to defect from the Way of the Faceless Ones.

Lost (m)

At the moment of the character's Genesis, nobody was there to welcome him; therefore, he has not been assimilated into a village or received basic teaching but has been forced to fend for himself from the very beginning. It is up to the player to decide how that influenced his development and his view of the world.

Prophet of the Kami (M)

This character does not simply explain his point of view about the Kami: he tries to force it upon others as the only possible one, and to him all the other points of view are heresies.

Edges

As with skills and Hindrances, most of the Edges are identical to *Savage Worlds* core rules. Unlike Hindrances, however, Edges can be used in a Genesis or Post-Genesis Campaign without consequence. Even Professional Edges, said to be the result of years of improvement in a specific activity, do not pose any problems. However, we still recommend that the story of a character having one of these Professional Edges be told within the

Player's Options

narration, both by means of a player's performance and the description of how he acquired it.

Just like Hindrances, Edges are divided in categories. Let us see, then, which among those that already exist have been altered and how, which Edges have been removed, and finally what new Edges this setting has to offer.

Background Edges:

Alterations

Arcane Background

Enascentia's magic works in a peculiar way, which reflects in the way this Edge works, and entails a few changes. See details in the Powers section, p. 269

Arcane Resistance

It works as shown in Savage Worlds core rules, but the bonus applies also to magic effects produced by magic objects. This does not increase damages caused by a weapon via a spell, but the effect generated by the weapon itself. Example: if hit by a Burning Weapon, the character does not gain 2 armor points but gains them with the Fire Burst effect.

Berserk

Instead of being removed, this Edge has been changed and limited to a single Tribe. If a player wants

his interpretation to be as insane as possible, he should turn his attention to the Janahs.

Filthyrich

See Rich. If the Game Master permits, the characters in some Tribes (such as Oscurians, Janahs, and Lumians) may possess an enchanted weapon, even as a Newly Generated.

Improved Arcane Resistance

See Arcane Resistance

Noble

No one can be of high birth in Enascentia. Actually, no one can be born in the conventional sense of the word.

Rich

This Edge changes somewhat, depending on whether the adventure is Genesis-related or not and which Tribe is involved. It is not advisable to use it in a Genesis Campaign. To receive more than just a weapon, simple gear or clothing at the Genesis is quite rare. In a Post-Genesis

Player's Guide

Campaign, Kronoss, Whisplings and Oscurians can carry up to five hundred kronlings (a thousand with the Filthyrich Edge) while members of any Tribe can have up to a dozen unusual, easy-to-barter objects, such as potions, scrolls, poisons, inks, etc.

Background Edges:

New

Immunity to (Poison name)

Requirements: Novice

The character reacts in a different way to the mixture of two or more key components of a manufactured poison, thus acquiring immunity to that specific poison; this does not apply to natural poisons, such as scorpion, spider or Ferua poison. The character can gain this Edge more than once, in which case it is necessary to specify to which poison he is immune.

Mystic Memory

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6

The character has an aptitude for the arcane, and his memory is out of the ordinary. Combined, these characteristics allow him to register and memorize the symbols—and keep active the magic energy of a scroll. A character with this Edge can memorize one scroll and unleash its power as a free action. It is not possible to memorize more than one

scroll at a time, and unleashing its power implies the usual deterioration of the original magic text.

Mystic Metabolism

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d6, Slowed Metabolism

The character with this Edge can ingest a potion and keep its effect latent in his body for about twenty-four hours. As a free action, the character can activate the potion's effect at will. It is not possible to use more than one potion this way, but ingesting other potions normally is allowed.

Slowed Metabolism

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d6

A character with this Edge can slow down his metabolism: it takes twice the usual time for the effects of hunger and thirst to make him Fatigued or Exhausted. The duration of any potion he takes is doubled.

Combat Edges:

Variations

Rock and Roll

Since machine guns do not exist in Enascentia, this Edge—way too modern—does not exist either.

Combat Edges:

New

Expert at (Weapon category name)

Requirements: Novice.

The character has a thorough knowledge of one category of weapons and gets +1 to Fighting, Throwing or Shooting rolls when he fights with a weapon belonging to that category. With a melee/ranged weapon, such as a dagger or a throwing axe, the character must choose which skill gets the bonus when he gains the Fighting or Throwing Edge. The relevant categories are: Bows, Flails, Blunt Weapons, Throwing Weapons, Polearms, Axes and Short Weapons, Crossbows, Staves, Swords; it is possible to choose an Unusual Weapon, but only one from this category. This Edge can be gained more than once, each time for a different category or bonus.

Master at (weapon category name)

Requirements: Seasoned, Expert at (Weapon category name)

The character is a real master at using the weapons belonging to the category he has chosen and adds another +1 to the skill chosen as Expert at (category name) when fighting with a weapon belonging to that group.

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Qualified in (Unusual Weapon name)

Requirements: Novice.

This Edge allows the character to use the specified Unusual Weapon without suffering the usual -2 penalty to Fighting, Throwing and Shooting rolls. It can be gained more than once, specifying a different Unusual Weapon each time.

Strong Shooter

Requirements: Veteran, Strength d6, Throwing or Shooting d8

When the character carries a ranged attack, his blow is particularly forceful. The character adds +2 to damage against targets hit within Short Range.

Unerring Shooter

Requirements: Novice, Agility d6, Throwing or Shooting d8

The character applies the following range penalties: 0/-1/-3 (instead of the usual 0/-2/-4).

Leadership Edges:

New

Fury

Requirements: Heroic, Command, Spirit d8, Fervor

Any allies within the 'command range' add +1 to melee damage.

Inspiring Courage

Requirements: Seasoned, Command, Spirit d8

Any allies within the 'command range' add +1 to Fear checks and tests of Will.

Power Edges:

New

Concentration

Requirements: Seasoned, Spellcasting d6

The character can spend 2 additional Power Points when casting a spell, in which case he gets a +1 bonus to that Spellcasting roll.

Deep Concentration

Requirements: Veteran, Spellcasting d8, Concentration

Just like the Concentration Edge, but the character can spend 3 Power Points to get a +2 bonus to roll.

Professional Edges:

Variations

Acz

This Edge has been adapted to the means and skills applicable to this setting. The +2 bonus applies to Boating (both traditional and flying vessels) and Riding.



Adept

Since Arcane Backgrounds work differently in Enascentia, having any of them instead of Miracle, which does not exist, is adequate; likewise, the d8 requisite refers to a more generic 'Spellcasting'.

Champion, Holy/unholy warrior

These Edges have been removed because in this setting, the concept of 'good' and 'evil' has been replaced with the more complex view of the Kami. Deceiving a passerby can be seen as 'right and proper' by an Oscurian and as an 'immoral act' by a Lumian. The 'extraplanar' concept does not exist here.

Inventor, Mr. Fixit

Both these Edges have been removed, because of the absence of the Weird Science Arcane Background; they are both better suited to a setting that makes use of modern technology.

McGyver

Another Edge more suited to a modern setting, not suitable for Enascentia.

Mentalist

Removed because of the absence of the Psionic Art Arcane Background.

Professional Edges:

New

Artisan

Requirements: Novice, Crafting (any two) d8

An Artisan adds +1 to roll to craft something using the selected skills.

Bulwark of the Light

Requirements: Novice, Lumian, Spirit d8, Vigor d6, Fighting d8

The character gets an additional +2 to Fear checks and applies this bonus to tests of Will, too. This Edge is usually chosen by male Lumians.

Celestial Archer

Requirements: Novice, Whispling, Agility d8, Smarts d6, Shooting d8

There are many bowmen of great experience among the Whisplings, and the Celestial Archers are the best of them. When shooting an arrow, they double the normal-range intervals allowed by the bow. They can also use *elemental manipulation (air)* as a free action to help the arrow flight and get a +2 bonus to Shooting roll.

Centaur

Requirements: Novice, Senduar, Agility d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8

Trained to use their bow while mobile, centaurs become one with their mount, be it a horse, or a koopash or any other means of transportation that would normally make it more

Player's Options

difficult to take aim. A character with this Edge applies the following changes when Fighting Mounted: he does not suffer a -2 penalty to actions if his mount is running; if the character or mount are wounded, the character gets +2 to Riding roll to prevent falling; he adds +2 to damage inflicted to targets on foot within a 5" range.

Champion of Chaos

Requirements: Novice, Gromsh, Strength d8, Fighting d8, Throwing d6, Improvisational Fighter

The Champions of Chaos usually allow themselves to be carried away by the inspiration provided by their Kami and can fight at any moment, using any object: improvised weapons can be thrown at a shorter range than the one allowed by their category, down to a minimum of small (large objects are considered medium, medium objects are small). They also get +1 to Fighting and Throwing rolls, and +1 to damage when fighting with an improvised weapon. The Champions of Chaos never carry weapons with them, because any object near them is a better weapon than a blade or maul.

Chronomancer

Requirements: Novice, Kronoss, Smarts d10, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Knowledge (time) d8, Concentration
Chronomancers specialize in spells altering the flow of Time, largely devoting their studies to such spells and managing to use the Veil surrounding them more easily through them. A

Chronomancer spends 1 Power Point less in casting such spells and adds +1 to his Spellcasting roll. However, he spends 1 additional Power Point to cast all other spells. The spells in this category are: *Temporal Anomaly*, *Stopping Time*, *Window on the Future*, *Window on the Past*, *Quickness*, *Slow*, *Time Jump*, *Speed*.

Crowd Charmer

Requirements: Novice, Menoosh, Perform (any) d10, Persuasion d8, Spellcasting d8, Arcane Background

According to the Menoosh, art is magic and magic is art, but nobody can master both as well as a Crowd Charmer. When performing the art form a Menoosh knows best (usually dancing, oratory, singing or playing an instrument), bystanders are so mesmerized with the quality of his performance, they do not realize a spell is being cast. After the first minute of his performance and until it ends, the Menoosh can cast any of the following spells on one or more members of the audience (in the case of multiple targets, the description and number of Power Points of the spell itself must be used), using his performance as a physical and verbal element, with no other visible consequences: Confusion, Dispel, Puppet, Fear, Mind Reading, Stun. The spell must be one the Charmer knows. If Perform is successful, the people who have been attending since the beginning of the performance do not notice anything; with a raise,

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the effect extends to absent-minded nearby people, passersby or anyone else.

Disciple of Determination

Requirements: Novice, Janah, Spirit d6, Vigor d6

Nothing and no one can stop a Disciple of Determination when he abandons himself to it. The character acts freely during his round, whether he fails or has just one success in his Spirit roll to recover from being Shaken. If he fails, he is still Shaken, which means he has to make another roll in the next round and may suffer wounds if hit.

Entertainer

Requirements: Novice, Perform (any two) d8

An Entertainer adds +2 to any Perform roll in the two chosen specialties.

Light Bringer

Requirements: Novice, Lumian, Healing d8, Spellcasting d8, Arcane Background, Healing.

The character is specialized in healing spells: he spends one less Power Point to cast Healing, Luminescence and Radiance. This Edge is usually chosen by female Lumians.

Master Apothecary

Requirements: Novice, Oscurian, Agility d6, Crafting - Poisons d6, Knowledge (poison) d8, Smarts d8

No one makes poisons as well as an Oscurian, and among them Master Apothecaries are probably the best in this field. They can process any poison among those they know how to craft and turn it into one they prefer. This alters the way the poison is administered and the duration of the effect depending on the chosen category.

Example: A Veteran Master Apothecary with Crafting-Poisons d8 can make one dose of Mind Vise, which is administered by contact instead of inhalation.

Master Tattooer

Requirements: Novice, Menoosh, Magic Writing d10, Spirit d8

All Menoosh can infuse their Tattoos with minimal magic power, drawing from nature's supply, but Master Tattooers can do it with an expertise difficult to emulate. It takes them ten minutes—instead of the usual hour—to carve a tattoo, and they can make an additional one every day (d6 = 2, d8 = 3, d10 = 4). When they carve a second different tattoo on the same person, they can choose to link it to the first one, which allows them to activate both with just one action.

Night Shadow

Requirements: Novice, Oscurian, Agility d8, Knowledge (arcane) d10, Smarts d10, Stealth d10

Some Oscurians studied the arcane skills granted by the Kami to their Tribe's enchanters for so long that

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they managed to partially extract their essence. They have a supply of Power Points equal to the sum of their Smarts and Knowledge (arcane) dice, which can be used only for the Invisibility spell. As with Power Points, they are recovered regularly at the rate of one an hour.

To cast the spell successfully, a Night Shadow must be successful in a Knowledge (arcane) roll and cannot select additional targets. Apart from this, the spell works exactly as described in *Savage Worlds* core rules.

Overwhelming Enchanter

Requirements: Novice, Janah, Smarts d6, Arcane Background, Knowledge (arcane) d8, Spellcasting d8

Not all Janahs are fighters, and they do not all have an object as their favorite weapon: some of them may rely primarily on their minds. Such a character Abandons himself to Determination in a slightly different way: he gets a +2 bonus to all Spellcasting rolls, damage from magical sources (from bolt, for example), and Toughness. He can also cast both the usual damage spells against a target, and enhancement and healing spells on himself. However, he suffers all the remaining penalties and restrictions.

Protector of the Mother

Requirements: Novice, Rok'Nar, Fighting d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8, Martial Artist

When fighting unarmed, the character gets +1 to Parry and adds +1 to damage. This Edge is chosen usually by male Rok'Nar.

Servant of the Mother

Requirements: Novice, Rok'Nar, Knowledge (nature) d8, Spellcasting d8, Arcane Background, *Succor*

Every time the character casts *Succor*, the spell removes any negative effects of poison or any illnesses from the target. It can also dispel the effect another spell is having on the target by making an opposed Spellcasting roll to the Spellcasting roll made by the enchanter who cast a spell on the target. This Edge is chosen usually by Female Rok'Nar.

Sorcerer of Chaos

Requirements: Novice, Gromsh, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Arcane Background

The Gromsh who have bonded with their Kami accept all the gifts and challenges he offers them. When they make a Spellcasting roll, the result is not simply success or failure but what is listed below:

1. Gromsh Explodes: The Sorcerer is at the center of an explosion: he suffers 3d6 damage, and anyone within a Small Burst Template range has to make an Agility roll to -2 not to suffer the same damage.

2. Gromsh Explodes a Little: The Sorcerer is at the center of a small explosion: he suffers 2d6 damage, and

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anyone within a Small Burst Template must make an Agility roll not to suffer the same damage.

3. Gromsh Suffers: The Sorcerer suffers 2d6 damage.

4-7. Gromsh Strong: The spell is cast normally.

8-11. Gromsh Can: The Sorcerer casts the spell normally and adds two Power Points to his supply; however, he can never exceed his maximum allowed limit.

12+. Gromsh Can All: The spell is cast twice, the first normally and the second without spending any Power Points and choosing new targets (Spellcasting roll to be repeated only if the spell requires an attack roll.)

Stealthy Predator

Requirements: Novice, Ferua, Agility d8, Fighting d8, Stealth d8

When hitting an opponent in a sneak attack, the character adds +2 to the Fighting roll.

Time Disciple

Requirements: Novice, Kronoss, Fighting d8, Spellcasting d8, Martial Artist

These Kronoss combine the study of Time's secrets and its arts with a monastic lifestyle based on those teachings, acquiring a deeper knowledge of their bodies and of the limits they can reach. It works just like the Adept Professional Edge, with the exception that *Temporal Anomaly*, *Stopping Time* and *Quickness* must be added to the list of spells whose Trappings can be changed.

Unerring Predator

Requirements: Novice, Ferua, Agility d8, Shooting or Throwing d8, Unerring Shooter

As a free action, a Ferua can coat the ammunition she is going to use with her natural poison. She gets a +2 bonus to the roll when making a called shot.

Warrior

Requirements: Novice, Strength d6, Fighting d8, Expert at (weapon category name)

The character does not just have knowledge of a single category of weapons, but follows a path that gives him a deeper knowledge of many of them. Every time he attains a new Rank, he gets one of the following bonus Edges: Expert at (weapon category name), Master at (weapon category name), Qualified in (weapon category name), Qualified in (Unusual Weapon name).

Wayfarer

Requirements: Novice, Senduar, Climbing d6, Survival d6, Swimming d6
Some Senduars are more restless than the others: they are more at ease when traveling than resting and have learned to keep moving whatever the circumstances. They add +2 to Climbing, Riding, Boating, Swimming and Survival rolls.

Whirlwind

Requirements: Novice, Whispling, Agility d8, Fighting d10, Strength d6, Florentine

The speed with which a Whirlwind wields two weapons at the same time is without equal. When he gets through his opponent's Parry with both hands, he can carry out a third attack with his main hand, with no penalty to the roll.

Social Edges:

New

Expert Taunter

Requirements: Veteran, Intimidation or Taunt d8+

The character is so used to threatening or intimidating other people that he can make two tests of Will within the same round with the usual penalties for multiple actions in one round.

Orator

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d8, Intimidation or Taunt d8, Charisma +2 or higher

Those who know how to use words also know they can be an invaluable tool to distract, intimidate and rouse their listeners, as well as to persuade, properly oil the wheels of social machinery and lie. Orators add their Charisma bonus to Gambling, Intimidation and Taunt.

Weird Edges:

New

Expert Apothecary

Requirements: Seasoned, Crafting—Poisons d8, Qualified Apothecary
The Apothecary gains more experience and reduces the necessary time by one quarter (half an hour). He can also use one Benny for each Crafting-Poisons roll.

Expert Magic Writer

Requirements: Seasoned, Magic Writing d8, Qualified Magic Writer
The Writer gains more experience and reduces the necessary time by one quarter. Moreover, he can also use one Benny with each Magic Writing roll to produce magic scrolls.

Expert Poisoner

Requirements: Novice, Qualified Poisoner

When the character successfully poisons an opponent, he adds an additional +1 to the effect duration (whether it is rounds, minutes or hours).

Expert Pourer

Requirements: Seasoned, Crafting—Potions d8, Qualified Pourer

The Pourer gains more experience and reduces by one quarter the time to prepare a potion (respectively, half an hour and three hours). He can also use one Benny for each Crafting-Poisons roll.

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Qualified Apothecary

Requirements: Novice, Crafting-Poisons d6

It takes the character half the usual required time (an hour) to prepare a poison. He also adds +1 to his Crafting-Poisons roll.

Qualified Magic Writer

Requirements: Novice, Magic Writing d6

It takes the character half the usual required time to write a magic scroll. He also adds +1 to the Magic Writing roll necessary to craft magic scrolls.

Qualified Pourer

Requirements: Novice, Crafting—Potions d6

It takes the character half the usual required time (one hour for Primordial Alchemists, six hours for Magic Alchemists) to prepare a potion. He also adds +1 to the Crafting-Potions rolls.

Qualified Poisoner

Requirements: Novice

When the character poisons an opponent successfully, he adds +1 to the effect duration (whether it is rounds, minutes or hours).

One's Own Body Map

Requirements: Novice, Agility d6

Once per round, the character can activate one of his tattoos as a free action. Further activations generate the usual penalties for multiple actions in the same round.

Preserver

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6, Survival d6

The character has a minimal knowledge of alchemic and poisonous substances which allows him to preserve the substances he has with him in the most careful way. He can make a Survival roll every day following the expiry date of the substance to see if he can find any herb or other natural substance to help him lengthen the potion's duration. Each success and raise gives an additional duration day, but it is not possible to make it last more than twice the original duration time.

Legendary Edges:

New

Alter the Veil

Requirements: Legendary, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Spellcasting d12

The character has acquired enough familiarity with the Veil to shape it to his liking (see the paragraph 'Crafting Magical Objects', Gear section).

POWERS

Arcane Background

The use of magic in Enascentia is closely related to the Tribe symbol. In fact, it is a catalyst which allows whoever bears it to draw from the latent magic power surrounding him, shape it and use it to his own ends. The Power Points are not, therefore, related to the quantity of magic energy an individual possesses but to his ability to shape nature's inherent magic power; this is an intense, and therefore trying, process.

This has many philosophical consequences that change according to the different views of the Kami: the most accredited theory is that the symbol is the bond between the Kami and his favorite Tribe, and therefore it is the Kami himself who grants magic powers to the more deserving among his favorites. In fact, an effaced symbol causes the loss of the Tribe powers acquired through the Genesis and the inability to cast spells. However, the Faceless Ones, who are the living examples of this condition, have developed alternative ways to draw from the Arcane, as explained in the Edges section (and specifically in the Ways paragraph).

In this setting, *Savage Worlds* core rules' normal Arcane Background powers are replaced by a single version described below:

Arcane Background (Enchanter)

Arcane Skill: Spellcasting (Smarts/
Spirit)

Starting Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

The Spellcasting Attribute changes according to the Tribe, as shown below:

Smarts: Kronoss, Menoosh, Oscrurians, Senduars, Whisplings

Spirit: Feruas, Gromsh, Janahs, Lumians, Rok'Nars

Reckless Hoarding: Hoarding the right quantity of magical energy is not simple, and if not done carefully, it may be dangerous. When an Enchanter rolls 1 on his Spellcasting dice—regardless of his Wild Dice—he is automatically Shaken. This can cause a wound.

Spells

In Enascentia, 'powers' are called spells, and those using them are called enchanters, while for convenience's sake, Power Points keep the same name. The powers used are those listed in *Savage Worlds* core rules, with a few changes and many new additions, listed below:

Removed Spells

Banish: Removed because Enascentia's inhabitants do not have the concept of 'worlds' and 'planes'.

Summon ally: See *Banish*.

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Elemental manipulation: Only a few specific Tribes can control the elements and only partially; this ability is already specified within their game features.

Zombie: None of the current Royal Races can cast this spell.

Altered Spells

Beast friend, invisibility, burrow, teleport, disguise, fly: These spells have an important typecasting role in the setting and can, therefore, be used only by the Tribe more inclined to use them. They will appear in the 'exclusive spells'

listed in the following section, together with many new spells, grouped together by Tribe.

Divination: The spell is substantially the same, but the source of the answer is always the enchanter's Kami. Before consulting his Kami, the enchanter must give him a gift compliant with the Tribe's canons.

Drain Power Points: In this case, the only difference is that there is no penalty in the case of different Arcane Backgrounds, because there is just one.



New Spells (General)

Limb Shaping

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

Trappings: Axes, swords, mauls

This spell can be used in two ways, which both aim to turn the enchanter's arms into melee weapons. The enchanter joins his arms while casting the spell to obtain a two-hand weapon or keeps them apart to get two one-hand melee weapons. While the spell lasts, the enchanter can take no other action with his hands.

The spell adds +1 to the damage dice, which is determined by the chosen weapon. The character is considered armed but can apply any unarmed fighting Edge or benefit.

Mind Link

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 3

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: 10 minutes (1/10 minutes)

Trappings: Index finger pressed against the temple, thin light thread, faint screeching.

The enchanter chooses a target within the spell range and links with his mind: for the duration of the spell they can mind-talk to each other. An unwilling target gets an opposed Spirit roll to avoid the spell. Having a *mind link* does not mean sharing huge amounts of information or reading

information in each other's minds. It simply allows the involved characters to talk without being overheard or at great distances as a result of the spell being cast.

Additional Targets: The spell may affect an additional target for every additional Power Point spent, up to a maximum of five targets communicating with each other. It is not possible to send individual messages to some targets to the exclusion of the others: every sent message is heard by all.

Exclusive Spells

The following spells are a privilege the Kami grants only to his favorites. A Character can choose whether or not to take advantage of these additional choices, which are in no way binding. Novice Rank exclusive spells can be included in the selection of the three spells allowed by the Arcane Background Edge.

The only change concerns the Trappings. As they are specific effects based on each Tribe's peculiar characteristics, they do not have the same room to maneuver as general spells. A shadow tentacle is still the same whatever the Trappings, but what can change is how the Oscurian casts his spell. The following descriptions, therefore, do not provide suggested Trappings, but the Game Master or the players can suggest custom ones, provided the original nature of the spell remains unaltered.

Feruas Exclusive Spells

Abandon oneself to the Beast

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 5

Range: Self

Duration: Special

A Ferua allows her bestial nature to overcome her: she is no longer aware of her surroundings and attacks anything moving or giving out heat within a Medium Burst Template. At each round she can carry a melee attack, a ranged attack and cast a spell with no penalty for multiple actions; different actions, such as drawing a weapon or running, suffer the usual penalties. The character gets +2 to Spellcasting rolls and +2 to damage or +4 with a raise. She also suffers -2 to Parry and gets a +2 Toughness bonus. The spell lasts until the character finds or attacks a valid target for three consecutive rounds.

The Game Master should consider the character's action from the interpretative point of view: a character under such a spell will never stop to take care of a wounded companion; on the contrary, she will attack him notwithstanding, should he be nearby.

Animal Friendship

Rank: Novice

(The same as in *Savage Worlds* core rules)

Animal Kinship

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 2

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

With this spell, the Feruas become one with the animal world to which they belong and borrow some of its peculiar characteristics for a limited amount of time. They stay the same shape but for a few small mutations that differ from case to case. This spell cannot be cast again if one of its variations is active already.

- **Chameleon:** The enchanter and the things she carries assume the same color as the surrounding environment. She becomes invisible to any observer who did not witness the activation of the spell, but only if she stands still. If she moves, the spell does not end, but turns into just a +2 to Stealth rolls.
- **Hawk:** The Ferua enchanter acquires the sight and unerringness of a hawk, at no penalty to attack rolls against targets within the maximum range of a weapon.
- **Cheetah:** The enchanter's Pace is doubled; she rolls two Running dice instead of one.

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Fog Pack

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 5-11

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: 3 (2/round)

Very few Feruas can become one with nature, channel its essence and create duplicates of its inhabitants; those who reach this level of communion can materialize two Pembur Spirits by their side, beings that appear to be made of fog but can move and bite just like their physical counterparts. At each round, the Ferua controls these creatures like any NPC. When wounded, a Spirit simply disappears.

Pembur Spirit

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** For +d6
- **Claw:** Str
- **Fleet-footed:** A Pembur rolls a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Spiritual Poison:** A target wounded or Shaken by a Pembur must make a successful Vigor roll or decrease his Spirit dice by one dice type for 10 minutes (minimum d4).
- **Additional Effects:** The enchanter creates one additional Pembur Spirit per each Power Point spent in addition to the cost of the spell, to a maximum of 5.

Predator's Brand

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Smarts x5

Duration: 3

Any target within range must make an opposed Spirit roll or be branded. The brand's shape and color appear in the three following rounds. A target hit by the enchanter in the round of the brand's maximum visibility suffers three additional wounds. This spell can be used only on creatures whose vital organs are known and/or visible.

Gromsh Exclusive Spells

Gromsh Blacksmith

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

The Gromsh enchanter can channel the power of Chaos into his weapon, giving it new, random—of course—features determined by his Spellcasting roll. The Sorcerers of Chaos who cast this spell apply their Spellcasting roll result to this list instead of their Professional Edges one.

- **1:** The weapon turns into something useless (a bunch of flowers, a rubber chicken, etc.)
- **2:** The weapon turns into something useless but can still be used

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as an improvised weapon (a chair, a bucket, etc.)

- **3:** The weapon remains the same but becomes smaller, which reduces its damage dice by one dice type.
- **4-7:** The weapon damage dice is increased by one dice type.
- **8-11:** The weapon damage dice is increased by two dice types.
- **12+:** The weapon damage dice is increased by two dice types, and the enchanter adds +2 to Fighting, Shooting and Throwing rolls made with that weapon.

Gromsh Explodes

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 3

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

The Gromsh enchanter willingly becomes the center of an explosion but never knows how much the Kami will help him. The character is Shaken (this can cause a wound) as an additional cost to cast the spell. He then causes 4d6 damage to himself and anybody within a Medium Burst Template range. Any target in the affected area besides the enchanter himself can make an opposed Agility roll at -2 to halve the damage (fractions are rounded up).

Gromsh Moves

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 10

Range: Touch

Duration: Instant

The Gromsh enchanter teleports to a random area chosen by the Kami (and determined by the Game Master at his discretion).

Additional Targets: The Gromsh can take with him up to two targets at the cost of 5 additional Power Points each. An unwilling target gets an opposed Agility roll with a +2 bonus.

Gromsh Shows You Chaos

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 10

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

The Gromsh enchanter literally vomits the power of Chaos on the surrounding world, temporarily altering the structure of everything in a Large Burst Template centered on the enchanter himself. The result of this spell entirely depends on the Spellcasting roll, which, therefore, does not just determine whether the spell is a failure or a success. The Gromsh himself is never altered by his spell. The Sorcerers of Chaos who cast this spell apply their Spellcasting roll result to this list, instead of their Professional Edges one.

- **1:** The Gromsh cannot control his magic power, which wounds him. He loses Power Points, and it takes him the whole day (till the next dawn) to recover them; he is also Shaken, and suffers 1 wound (2 if already Shaken). All creatures within the affected area are altered as if they rolled 1 on the corresponding table. The effect lasts an hour.

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- **2:** The Gromsh cannot control his magic power, loses all his Power Points and cannot recover them within the day (till the next dawn). All the creatures within the affected area are altered, as if they rolled 1 on the corresponding table. The effect lasts an hour.
- **3:** All the creatures within the affected area are altered, as if they rolled 1 on the corresponding table. The effect lasts an hour.
- **4-7:** Whoever is within the affected area must make a successful Vigor roll or suffer the mutation (roll a d6 on the Mutation Table). The effect lasts a minute.
- **8-11:** Whoever is within the affected area must make a successful Vigor roll. With a raise there is no ill effect. If the roll is successful, the character suffers a mutation (roll 1d6 on the Mutation Table), and if it fails, the character is Shaken after the mutation (this can cause a wound). A NPC wounded this way suffers a permanent mu-



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tation, becoming part of the landscape: a statue, a tree, etc. Otherwise, the effect lasts ten minutes.

- **12+:** Just like the pervious result, but the effect lasts an hour.

Duration: 3 (1/round)

This spell only works as a *boost/lower trait* spell with the following differences: the only target can be the enchanter himself, and there are 2 Traits instead of 1.

Gromsh Strong!

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 2

Range: Self

Mutation Table

1d6 Mutation

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Esthetic Change: this mutation is purely esthetical and only causes -2 to Charisma. Examples: green hair, a crow beak on the forehead, a rabbit tail, etc. |
| 2 | Bulky: The character gets so bulky he suffers a -2 penalty to all Agility rolls and all skills based on that Trait. With this mutation, the character must make a successful Spirit roll to avoid being Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds). Examples: heavy bulges protruding from the belly, a koopash shell on the back, iron legs, etc. |
| 3 | Modified Sensory System: Besides the above-mentioned esthetic effect, the character suffers -4 to all sensory rolls involving the stricken sense (Example: -4 to Notice in order to see something if the eyes have been altered) and -2 to all Fighting, Shooting and Throwing rolls. The character must make a successful Spirit roll to avoid being Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds). Examples: antennae instead of eyes, sponges instead of ears, a mushroom replacing the nose, etc. |
| 4 | Useless Arm: The character cannot use one arm and must use the other as if he has the One-arm Hindrance. Randomly select an arm rolling a dice: with an even result the arm selected is the right one, with an odd number is the left one. The character must make a successful Spirit roll to avoid being Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds). Examples: the arm turns into a tentacle, becomes too short, is made unsubstantial, etc. |
| 5 | Useless Leg: The character cannot use one leg and is forced to move as if he has the One-leg Hindrance. Randomly select a leg rolling a dice: with an even result, the leg selected is the right one, with an odd number, the left one. The character must make a successful Spirit roll to avoid being Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds). Examples: the leg turns into a tentacle, becomes too short, is made unsubstantial, etc. |
| 6 | Double Mutation: The target makes two rolls on the table. If he rolls another 6, he must roll just one more time, instead of two. |



Janah Exclusive Spells

Keeping Control

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 2-6

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

Prevents the first effect of any magic control or interference, Tribe privileges included, that can in any way limit or block the Janah's actions. This category includes the effects of Fear, mind control, physical coercion, stunning, paralysis, etc.

Additional effects: For 2 additional Power Points spent in casting the spell, the caster gets an additional preventing effect, up to a total of 3.

Overpowering Will

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 3

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

Any Janah of Legendary Rank is the embodiment of determination, steadfastness and willpower. Those who can master this spell can channel these qualities and throw them at their opponents, who cannot react. The enchanter makes a single test of Will against all his opponents within a Medium Burst Template centered on the enchanter himself. Those who fail the test of Will are overpowered and cannot react for a number of

rounds equal to the successes and raises of the Enchanter. The Janah can choose his Spellcasting roll over Intimidation/Taunt, if the result is higher.

Relentless Determination

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 3

Range: A Janah 6" from the enchanter

Duration: 3 (1/round)

The target can reach a new level of Abandon, called Relentless. When in this state, he gets an additional +2 to Toughness and at the beginning of each round can choose to teleport near to his objective. This can happen only if the Janah was looking at his objective when he Abandoned himself to Determination. At the end of the spell, the Janah loses its benefits but maintains his state of Abandon, if still active.

Stubbornness

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 2

Range: Self

Duration: 3 hours (1/hour)

When a Janah expresses his point of view on an idea and uses this spell, nothing and no one will ever be able to dissuade him, not even with extremely persuasive methods or resorting to magic. The spell must be cast within a minute from expressing the idea and lasts as indicated above.

Player's Options

To mæ!

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Special

Duration: Instant

To use this spell, a Janah enchanter must have named his weapon. When he calls its name and casts the spell, the weapon appears in his hand, no matter where it was. A Janah can be bonded only to one weapon in any given moment.

Kronoss Exclusive Spells

Stopping Time

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 3-15

Range: Self

Duration: 2 rounds

Time stops and only the enchanter can act and move, thus gaining two additional rounds. The spell blocks any other existing time alteration, which makes it impossible to cumulate extra additional rounds (for example with the *quickness* spell). Each interaction with objects or people becomes effective when the time starts running normally again at the end of the last additional round.

Additional Effects: The Kronoss enchanter can make the spell last more than 2 rounds by spending 4 Power Points for each additional round when casting the spell, up to a maximum of 5 rounds.

Time Anomaly

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The touched target must make an opposed Spirit roll to avoid having one randomly chosen (or chosen by the enchanter, with a raise) limb immobilized. If it is an arm, the target drops his weapon immediately, and his arm is useless while the spell lasts. He is forced to change hands and suffers the eventual off-hand penalty (unless he is Ambidextrous). If it is a leg, in walking he suffers the usual multiple-action penalties in the same round, and he cannot run.

Time Jump

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 3

Range: Smarts

Duration: 1 (2/round)

The target must make an opposed Spirit roll at a -2 to avoid being excluded from the normal flow of events. While isolated in that time limbo, the target cannot do or suffer any kind of action as if he was not physically present. The only thing left of him is a projection of his image, totally devoid of color.

W

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 5-X

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

Player's Guide



Player's Options

The enchanter has a vision that lasts a few seconds and shows him what will happen in the next hour where he is standing, plus an additional hour with each raise. The choice of the vision depends entirely on the Game Master, but the weft of time usually sends the Kronoss visions pertinent to their thoughts, if possible. Each action influences the course of events, so what the Kronoss sees is what would happen if there were no perceivable changes in the events. **Additional Effects:** The enchanter can extend the vision by one additional hour for each additional Power Point spent. There is no limit to the Power Points he can spend this way.

Window on the Past

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 5-X

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

The enchanter has a vision that lasts a few seconds and shows him what happened in the place he is now an hour before the spell was activated, plus an additional hour with each raise. The choice of the vision depends entirely on the Game Master, but the weft of time usually sends Kronoss visions pertinent to their thoughts, if possible. Using this spell too often can disrupt the flow of time and induce the same vision.

Additional Effects: The enchanter can extend his vision of the past by one additional hour for each additional Power Point spent. There is no limit to the Power Points he can spend this way.

Lumian Exclusive Spells

Appraise the Crowd

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 2

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: Instant

The enchanter calms overexcited people making them forget the cause of pointless arguments or quarrels, such as a sharp comment or sarcastic hint. If really angry, the target can make an opposed Spirit roll to prevent the effect with a modifier based on his position on the Reaction Table: Hostile +6, Uncooperative +4, Neutral +2, Friendly +0, Helpful -2.

Leader of Men's Aura

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 3

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

The Lumian channels new energies in his allies within a Medium Burst Template. While the spell lasts, they get +1 to Parry and Fighting, Spirit and Strength rolls.

Player's Guide

Luminescence

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 3

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

Has the same effects as succor but on any ally in a Medium Burst Template.

Radiance

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

This spell heals one wound on any ally within a Medium Burst Template, the enchanter included. With a raise he also recovers from being Shaken. The spell must be used within the usual Golden Hour.

Remove the Veil

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 5

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The Lumian receives the greatest gift his Kami can grant: the vision of his refulgence. If used on a Lumian, the enchanter included, this spell envelopes him in the purest light, allowing him to have all his Traits increased by one dice type; moreover, the target is immune from Fear. A target belonging to another Tribe must make a successful Spirit opposed roll at -2 to avoid being mesmerized by the intensity of the light, rendering him ecstatic and immobile. If the spell is successful, the target is

blinded for the duration of the spell and must act as if having the Blind Hindrance. With a raise there is no ill effect.

Menoosh Exclusive Spells

Charm

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: Instant or 3 minutes (1/minute)

The enchanter infiltrates the target's mind, filling it with pleasant feelings that make him more amenable to dialogue and prone to carry out his wishes. The target must make a successful Spirit roll. With a failure, he suffers one of the following effects, depending on his position on the Reaction Table: if the target is between Hostile and Neutral, he goes up one level; if he is already Friendly or Helpful, he obeys any simple command of the Menoosh, provided it does not directly damage him or those he cares about. When the spell ends, the target remembers his actions but is not aware of the magical influence to which he was subjected. With a raise, the enchanter can make the target forget what happened during the spell.

Player's Options

Fatal Illusion

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: 3 rounds (special)

A mind stricken by *Fatal Illusion* sees and feels itself threatened and senses dangers where there are none. Whoever sees the target of this spell believes he has lost his mind or is paranoid. The target himself can act only cumulating penalties for multiple actions, since his first-round action must be the one made to react to his illusions, running away or doing senseless things. Moreover, he must make an opposed Smarts roll after three rounds from the activation of the spell, and at each following minute: he must get at least a raise to release himself from the spell. With a success, the spell lasts another minute, with a failure, the target is immediately Incapacitated (NPC dice, instead).

Irresistible Charm

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 3-9

Range: Self/Smarts x 2

Duration: Special

There are two ways to cast this spell: on a single or multiple targets. In the first case it works exactly like the *Charm* spell, but its effects extend to all targets within a Small Burst Template originating from the enchanter. In the second case, the spell works exactly like the *Puppet* spell, but with a +1 to the opposed Spellcasting roll.

Additional Effects: The spell Burst Template can be expanded to Medium, spending two additional Power Points besides the cost of the spell, and to Large, spending four; it is also possible to increase of an additional +1 the opposed roll bonus, up to a maximum of +4.

Major Illusion

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 4

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: 3 minutes (1/minute)

This spell creates a complex illusion, a mixture of illusory images and/or sounds, chosen at the enchanter's discretion. The maximum number of created subjects is equal to half the enchanter's Smarts. Some examples of practical uses can be: creating a small orchestra, a group of soldiers looking for someone or a whole medium-sized room where before there was just a garden. The objects existing in the place where the illusion is cast are hidden by it, but in fact they are still there, hindering whomever tries to get around them. Any target suspecting that what he sees is not real can make an opposed Smarts roll, with an eventual +2 or +4 bonus, depending on the reason for his doubts. Anyone who was certain the room had a fireplace when he visited it a year earlier can doubt with a +2 bonus; a person bumping into the invisible fireplace while walking around the same room would get +4.

Player's Guide

Minor Illusion

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 2

Range: Smarts 2

Duration: 3 minutes (1/minute)

The enchanter creates a simple illusory image or sound: a violin playing a melody, a person talking, etc. However, this spell does not permit creating both types of illusion, i.e. the image of the violin together with its sound or hearing a materialized person talk. The enchanter can manage his creation at will for all the duration of the spell, having the image of a person appear and disappear, for example, or moving or altering it. If the target knows the sound or the image well (for example, if he is an experienced musician or knows the materialized person), he can doubt what he is hearing or seeing is real by making a successful opposed Smarts roll with a +2 or +4 bonus, depending on the depth of his knowledge.

Oscurian Exclusive Spells

Disguise

Rank: Novice

(Apart from the Rank, the spell is the same as in Savage Worlds core rules)

Invisibility

Rank: Seasoned

(The same as in Savage Worlds core rules)

Shadow Globes

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 10-15

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

One of the enchanter's hands is enveloped by a fleeting magic shadow that leaves behind four shadow globes, one for each hollow between his fingers. These shadow globes can and are used just like a Benny. It is also possible to use up two globes to repeat a damage roll.

Additional Effects: By spending five Power Points besides the cost of the spell, the magic shadow envelops both the enchanter's hands, generating eight globes.

Shadow Globes

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 10-15

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

One of the enchanter's hands is enveloped by a fleeting magic shadow that leaves behind four shadow globes, one for each hollow between his fingers. These shadow globes can and are used just like a Benny. It is also possible to use up two globes to repeat a damage roll.

Player's Options

Additional Effects: By spending five Power Points besides the cost of the spell, the magic shadow envelopes both the enchanter's hands, generating eight globes.

Shadow Motion

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 4

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (2/round)

Any shadow large enough to contain the enchanter becomes a gate to reach any other shadow within his field of vision. Within this totally dark environment, the enchanter can move as many yards as he wishes and even reach a specific destination, provided he can see it (for example, using the darksight spell).

Shadow Tentacles

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 3-11

Range: Smarts x 7,5

Duration: 3 (1/round)

A tentacle made entirely of solid darkness develops from a shadow within range and at a command from the enchanter, attacks at the end of each of his rounds, sharing his initiative card.

Tentacle

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Abilities: Fighting d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11 (3)

Special Abilities:

Armor: +3 natural armor



Player's Guide

Blow: Str+d6, range 2.

Constrict: +4 to Fighting rolls to grapple

Size: Large (+1)

Tentacles are considered NPCs, have no right to any Bennies and can suffer only one wound.

Additional Effects: The enchanter may create more tentacles for two additional Power Points each, up to a maximum of five. Each tentacle needs its own independent shadow area, unless the shadow is wide enough to hold more than one circular base 1" in diameter (for example, a totally dark room, a moonless night, etc.).

Rok'Nars Exclusive Spells

Burrow

Rank: Novice

(The same as in Savage Worlds core rules)

Carass of the Mother

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 3

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 (1/round)

The target gains +2 to Toughness that can be combined with any type of armor. If fighting unarmed, the target gets a +2 damage bonus.

Additional Targets: The enchanter can select up to two additional targets at the cost of two Power Points each.

Earthly Regeneration

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 3

Range: Touch

Duration: Special

The Rok'Nar enchanter touches the earth and bonds with it, drawing nourishment from it and healing his own body. After casting the spell, the Rok'Nar can spend two Power Points in each round to get one of the following effects:

- Heal 1 wound
- Remove the effect of a poison
- Remove the effect of an illness
- Remove the effect of a spell.

While the spell lasts, the character cannot make any other action. The spell ends when the Rok'Nar breaks contact with the earth or stops spending Power Points.

Embrace of the Mother

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The target can oppose a Soak roll to any blow without using a Benny. He can make only one Soak roll for each suffered damage.

Additional Targets: The enchanter can select up to two additional targets at the cost of three Power Points each.

Stability

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 2

Range: Touch



Player's Options

Duration: 3 (1/round)

While in contact with the ground, the target cannot be moved or thrown to the ground.

Additional Targets: The enchanter can select up to 2 additional targets at the cost of 1 Power Point each.

Senduar Exclusive Spells

Journey

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 20

Range: Special

Duration: Instant

It works like the teleport spell, but there is a substantial difference: the Senduar can visit any place he has been at least once before.

Additional Targets: See teleport.

Oasis

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 2

Range: Smarts x 2

Duration: 3 (1 round)

The enchanter spreads sand in the air within a Medium Burst Template. Suspended in the air, the sand is almost invisible to the naked eye, but reveals any form of invisibility or camouflage within the affected area. All the allies within the template, the enchanter included, get +1 to Parry (+2 with a raise), because the sand reacts to any attack getting thicker.

Omen

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 5

Range: Self

Duration: Special

The enchanter spreads sand on the ground and draws signs in it with a stick. He then falls into a trance for a few minutes when he is totally at the mercy of events. While in a trance, he has a vision regarding his next journey. The enchanter must have already decided his next destination in order to cast this spell. The collected information varies according to the number of successful rolls and raises. **Base Success:** Standard information that gives a +2 bonus to Survival rolls to find water or food and indicates where to find a safe place along the way.

1 raise: General knowledge of possible dangers along the road (outlaws, wild creatures, etc.) and vague omens about when the Senduar will have to face one of them. The exact type of threat is unknown.

2+ raises: Exact knowledge of the most serious concrete threat the journey will bring and vague omens about when the Senduar will have to face it.

Sand Simulacrum

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Special

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The enchanter creates a copy of himself made entirely of sand. The sand simulacrum acts during the Senduar's

Player's Guide

turn and obeys him directly. Apart from being a NPC instead of a Wild Card, this simulacrum is identical to the character in any other respect, the ability to cast spells included. (It even has the same number of Power Points the enchanter has stored away.) Traits, Edges and Hindrances are the same as those of the original, and the gear is the one he had when casting the spell. Eventual magical objects are exact replicas, but they lack any magical property.

Teleport

Rank: Seasoned

(This spell is the same as in Savage Worlds core rules)

Whispling Exclusive Spells

Air Globe

Rank: Heroic

Power Points: 5

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The Whispling enchanter surrounds the target with an air globe charged with electrostatic energy that whirls all around him and gives him +2 to Parry. Anyone coming in contact with the target, either by being touched by him, or by scoring a melee attack or for any other reason, must make a successful Vigor roll at -2, or he is Shaken. This can cause a wound.

Cyclone

Rank: Legendary

Power Points: 5-10

Range: Smarts

Duration: 3 (2/round)

The enchanter generates and controls a cyclone with Size +1 and Pace 2. (It cannot run.) During his round, the Whispling can move the cyclone with its normal Pace. Since this action requires concentration, the enchanter suffers a -2 penalty for multiple actions for any other action he makes during that round. Anyone hit by the cyclone or standing in the same spot when the enchanter's round starts, suffers the following effects, depending on the Size difference between the cyclone and the target himself:

-3 (or less): Nothing happens.

-2: The target may be hit by rubble thrown around by the cyclone; if he fails an Agility roll, he is Shaken (this cannot cause any wounds).

-1: Same as above, but the Agility roll is made at -2.

0: Same as above, but the Agility roll is made at -4.

1-2: The target must make a successful Vigor roll or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 2; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound).

3-4: The target must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 4; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound).

Player's Options

5-6: The target must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 8; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound) and suffers 1 wound.

7-8: The target must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 16; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound) and suffers 1 wound

9-10: The target must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 32; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound) and suffers 2 wounds 11+: The target must make a successful Vigor roll at -4 or be thrown the same distance he would have covered at Pace 64; he is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound) and suffers 3 wounds.

Additional Effects: The cyclone gains +1 Size or +1 Pace for every additional Power Point spent. It is not possible to spend more than 10 Power Points this way.

Fly

Rank: Seasoned

(Apart from the Rank, this spell is the same as in Savage Worlds core rules)

I Am Wind

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 4

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (/2 round)

The wind surrounds the Whispling and unleashes all its strength when he strikes. At each successful Fighting, Shooting or Throwing roll, the enchanter produces the same effect as

the havoc Power, with the target at the center of a Medium Burst Template (which cannot be raised to Large).

Whispers in the Air

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 2

Range: 1 mile

Duration: Instant

The enchanter chooses a person, a place or an object. This allows him to hear snatches of conversations about the chosen target (no more than a dozen words) within a range of a mile and held no more than three days before.



Chapter 4

Gears

The Weapon Master observed the student from the mezzanine overlooking the Eternal Forge. Below, Demien hammered the steel rhythmically. As if feeling his Master's stare upon him, the Lumien student raised his eyes, sweating.

"Is it almost done," he said.

The Weapon Master remained silent.

"Well... at least I think it is ready," Demien amended, a little unnerved by that silence.

"What was the first lesson I taught you, when you first came to the Eternal Forge?" the Weapon Master asked.

"It is not the arm of the smith that forges the weapon, it is the Kami."

"Good," the Weapon Master nodded. "At least you remember the words."

Demien blushed.

Meanwhile, the Weapon Master climbed down the stairs; upon reaching the ground level of the forge, he gently took—bare-handed—the amorphous piece of glowing steel from Demien's gloved hand.

"Take care, Master, it is hot!" he exclaimed.

But the Master didn't flinch as raised the blade and swept it right to left.

"It is unbalanced," he finally stated.

Demien lowered his eyes, ashamed.

"And dull," the Master added. Then he turned and walked away, shaking his head.

"What I must do, Master?" Demien's voice was barely a whisper.

The Master stopped and turned his head.

"Use the Kami, of course. Find it within the metal and in your soul, and meld the two of them together. This is the only way you'll forge a real weapon, one worthy of your Race."

"I tried! The Kami knows I tried, but I failed! What can I do?" Demien's voice rose in anger.

"Close your eyes," the Weapon Master whispered, "and find the Kami."

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It was very late and Demien was alone in the Forge. The hammer lay abandoned on the anvil.

The Lumian sat cross-legged on the ground, the rough piece of steel in his hands. His eyes were closed and a faint glow surrounded his body, the light of his Kami. Slowly, very slowly, the light flowed from his hand to the metal, which started to glow.

Demian widened his eyes, excited.

"Yes! The light! The light of the Kami is in the blade!"

On the mezzanine, unseen, the Weapon Master smiled and then turned away.

The sound of Demian's hammer on the anvil assured him that a new blade, and a strong one, was being forged.



arch predator of the Ferua

a Ferua is proven matured as a Hunter when she kills a troll on her own

GEAR

The following section lists all mundane items, weapons, armors and magical objects existing in enascentia. The summary tables also specify their cost in kronlings, which is the currency used by kronoss, whisplings, and—if need be—oscurians. All the other tribes barter for what they need, with services and favors often used as payment in kind. The prices are, therefore, approximate, given only to allow trade between those three tribes. However, it is necessary to specify that oscurians use kronlings only when dealing with kronoss and whisplings, as well as relieving of them any simpleton who does not know their value.

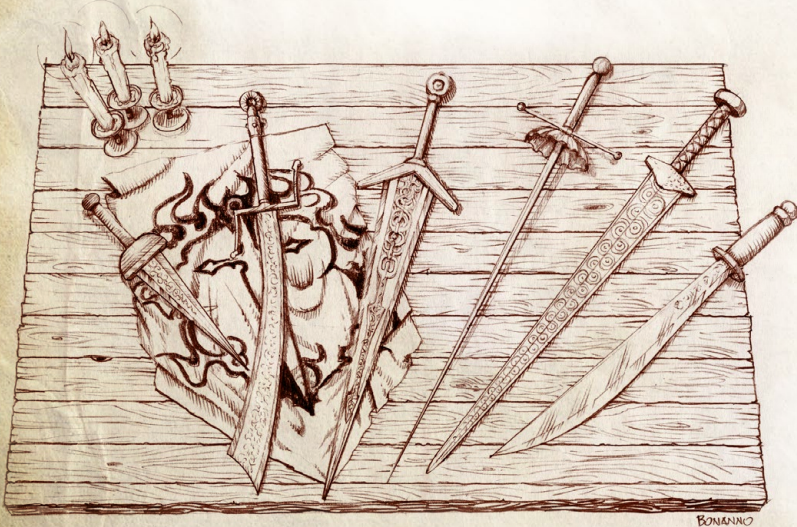
One kronling is the equivalent of one dollar, as indicated in Savage Worlds core rules, which can, therefore, be applied freely here, too.

Magical objects, potions, poisons and magical scrolls do not have a fixed price. They all are rare goods, and it is always the merchant selling them who establishes their price from time to time. This depends on the supply and availability in a given area, and he will ask for other equally rare items in exchange. It is extremely difficult to pay for something in kronlings.

Armor

Unlike weapons, the additions to the armors listed in Savage Worlds core rules have been minimal. For convenience, however, they are all listed here, together with the description of the only new addition:

Chromius: A chromius armor offers more or less the same protection as a chain hauberk and covers torso, arms and legs, but it is made of a very strange metal typical of Enascentia, the



Armors

Type	ARMOR	WEIGHT	COST	NOTES
ARMOR				
Chain Hauberk	+2	25	300	covers torso, arms and legs
Chromius	+2	20	1500	covers torso, arms and legs; + 1 to Stealth; -1 to Shooting and Throwing against wearer.
Leather	+1	15	50	covers torso, arms and legs
Plate arms (vambrace)	+3	100	200	cover arms
Plate Corselet	+3	25	400	covers torso
Plate Leggings	+3	15	300	cover legs
Pot Helm	+3	4	75	50% vs head shot
Steel Helm (enclosed)	+3	8	150	covers head
BARDING				
Plate Barding	+3	30	1250	for horses
SHIELDS				
Large shield (pavise)-		20	200	+2 Parry, +2 Armor to ranged shots that hit
Medium shield	-	12	50	+1 Parry, +2 Armor to ranged shots that hit
Small shield	-	8	25	+1 Parry

chromius. Its base price is very high, because the raw material is a much-valued exchange good, quite rare on any market for its intrinsic properties. In fact, chromius takes the same color as any object it comes in contact with. This makes it quite difficult to find a chromius lode among rocks that all look the same and makes its price rise in inverse proportion to its availability. Chromius camouflage

properties turn into a +1 bonus to Stealth rolls and -1 malus to Shooting and Throwing rolls against anyone wearing a chromius armor.

Weapons

Enascentia is a fantasy setting and as such includes all weapons listed as 'medieval' in the Savage Worlds core rules in the weapon category. The

Player's Guide

Weapons

NAME	DAMAGE	WEIGHT
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SWORDS

Bastard Sword	Str+d8	10
Dagger	Str+d4+1	3
Great Sword	Str+d10	12
Long Sword	Str+d8	8
Rapier	Str+d4	3
Short Sword	Str+d6	4

AXES AND SHORT WEAPONS

Battle Axe	Str+d8	10
Great Axe	Str+d10	15
Sickle	Str+d4	2

BLUNT WEAPONS

Mace	Str+d6+1	6
Maul	Str+d8	20
Two-Handed Mace	Str+d8+1	16
Warhammer	Str+d6	8

FLAILS

Flail	Str+d6	8
Two-handed War Flail S	tr+d8	11
War Flail	Str+d4	7

POLE ARMS

Halberd	Str+d8	15
Lance	Str+d8	10
Partisan	Str+d8+1	20
Pike	Str+d8	25
War Scythe	Str+10	13

STAVES

Long Staff	Str+d4	8
Reinforced Staff	Str+d4+1	12
Short staff or club	Str+d4	4

COST RANGE NOTES

500	0	Parry -1, +1 damage if used with 2 hands
150	0	-
400	0	Parry -1, 2 hands
300	0	-
150	0	Parry +1
200	0	-
300	0	-
500	0	AP 1, Parry -1, 2 hands
150	0	The same category includes cleaver and billhook; the only differences are in the shape.
200	0	-
400	0	AP 2 vs rigid armor, Parry -1, 2 hands
350	0	Parry -1, 2 hands
250	0	AP 1 vs rigid armor (plate mail)
200	-	Ignores Shield Parry and Cover bonus;
350	-	Ignores Shield Parry and Cover bonus; Parry -1, 2 hands; AP 1
150	-	Ignores Shield Parry and Cover bonus; AP 1
250	1	2 hands
300	2	AP 2 when charging, only usable in mounted combat
350	2	Parry -1, 2 hands
400	2	2 hands
200	1	Parry -1, 2 hands
10	1	Parry +1, 2 hands
100	1	Parry +1, 2 hands
10	0	Parry +1

Player's Guide

NAME

DAMAGE

WEIGHT

UNUSUAL WEAPONS

Bilong	Str+d10	16
Blowpipe	2d6	1
Chakram	Str+d8	2

Flamberge	Str+d10	14
Gauntlet sword	Str+d8	8
Katana	Str+d6+2	6
Ranseur	Str+d10	18
Saber	Agi+d4-2	4
Scimitar	Agi+d6-2	8
Two-Handed Scimitar	Agi+d8-2	12
War Gauntlet	Str+d4	4

RANGED WEAPONS

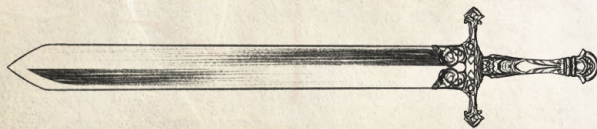
Axe	Str+d6	2
Javelin	Str+d6	5
Knife	Str+d4	1
Hammer	Str+d4+1	3
Sling	Str+d4	1

BOWS

Long Bow	2d6	5
Long composite bow	2d6+1	10
Short Bow	2d6	3
Short composite bow	2d6+1	6

CROSSBOWS

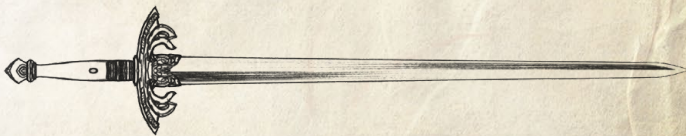
Heavy Crossbow	2d8	20
Light crossbow	2d6	10
One-hand crossbow	2d4+1	4



Gears

COST RANGE NOTES

100	-	AP 1, 2 hands
10	4/8/16	-
200	3/6/12	Returns to the owner with a raise on the Throwing roll; lacking the Qualified in Chakram Edge adds -2 to the Fighting roll
600	1	-
500	-	Unarming the wielder is impossible
1000		-
400	2	2 hands
500	-	-
550	-	-
700	-	Parry -1, 2 hands
300	-	Parry +1
200	3/6/12	
100	3/6/12	Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands
25	3/6/12	-
150	3/6/12	AP 1 vs rigid armor
10	4/8/16	-
250	15/30/60	Requires Str d8
350	15/30/60	Requires Str d10
200	12/24/48	Requires Str d6
300	12/24/48	Requires Str d6
800	15/30/60	Requires Str d8, AP 2, 1 action to reload
500	15/30/60	Requires Str d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload
300	12/24/48	AP 1, 1 action to reload

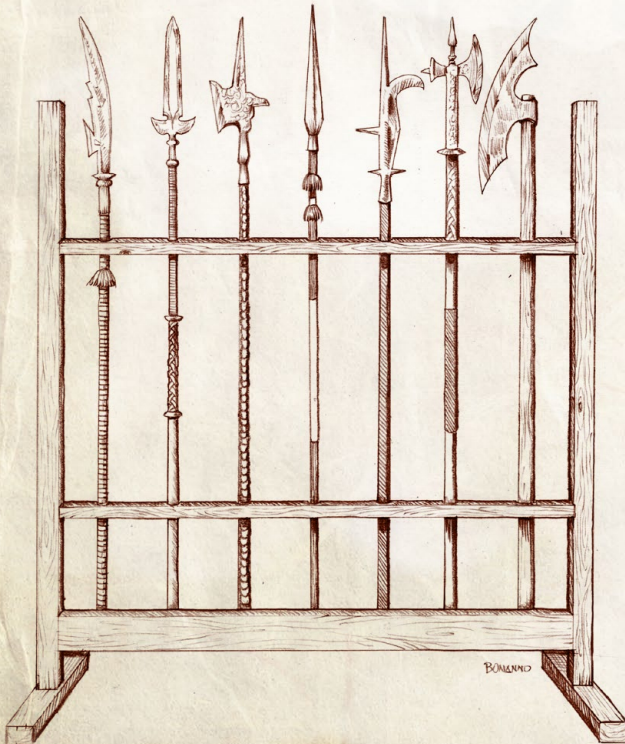


Player's Guide

technological level, necessary to build the very first fire weapons (using gunpowder), has not been reached yet, not even by the Kronoss, who are the most advanced Tribe.

Unlike the core rules, here, the weapons are divided into categories, which is extremely important where the new Edges Expert in (weapon category name), Master in (weapon category name) and Warrior are concerned. For convenience, we list all the weapons that can be used in Enascentia, both those already in the core rules and the new ones. Should there be any differences between the Savage Worlds core rules version and the one in this setting, the latter must be followed.

The Unusual Weapons category includes rather odd weapons, seldom seen and used. Over the years, only a few adventurers have specialized in their use or have been generated with a knowledge and ability equal to that given by training. Using such weapons entails a penalty of -2 to any Fighting/Shooting/Throwing roll unless the character has the Qualified in (Unusual Weapon name) Edge. In that case, the character is not qualified in all Unusual Weapons but only in the one specified when selecting the Edge.



New Weapons

Bastard Sword: This long melee weapon is a cross between a long and a great sword both in size and fighting style, which is why it is also called 'One and a half hands sword', as it can be used with one or both hands, depending on the situation. If used with one hand, it has the same characteristics as a long sword, but if necessary, it can be used with two hands to add a +1 bonus to damage (Str+d8+1), with a penalty of -1 to Parry.

Composite Short and Long Bow: The main difference between a bow and its composite version is the curved shape of the latter, which allows extra strength and draw weight to be applied to the bowstring. The energy stored is released with the arrow. A composite bow is made from wood, horn, sinew (usually from gazelles) and animal glue, often fish glue.

Dagger: Short melee weapon with a scalloped blade. It is slightly smaller than a short sword.

Hammer: The original version of the later-perfected Warhammer, a melee weapon intended for use against armored opponents. Lighter and more manageable than a Warhammer, it can be used as a melee or ranged weapon, and even as a throwing weapon.

Heavy Crossbow: Similar to the light crossbow, but larger, heavier and deadlier. It requires more strength than the other models to be used

properly without incurring any penalties, but the damage is greater as well.

Mace: A specific type of spiked mace, specifically created for riders, who usually hang it from their saddles. It has a long metal handle, and the head is made of many ribs set radially around its tip.

One-Hand Crossbow: This version of the crossbow, also called small crossbow, has been invented by the Oscurians to shoot with precision, even though they do not have the necessary strength to use a regular crossbow. All the other Tribes can use it easily with one hand, and in spite of its limited range at times, they choose it because it is more manageable. Like all crossbows, it requires one action to reload.

Partisan: This pole arm is similar to a lance. The only difference is the metal point, which presents a large central blade with two side blades, symmetrical and straight but ending in two small curved wings.

Reinforced Staff: Very similar to its wooden equivalent, this is a long staff, reinforced with iron, at both ends in particular. It is used mostly by versatile long-weapons evaluators who, unlike Rok'Nars and Feruas, have no qualms about violating the natural holiness of wood.

Short Staff or Club: This simple wooden weapon is the short version of the long staff. It is often used by Rok'Nar females.

Sickle: This type of weapon includes all similar short weapons, such as cleavers and billhooks, quite different in shape but sharing the same game statistics. Another typical common element is their humble origins: often inaccurately used as weapons, these are tools belonging to common trades, such as farmer or butcher.

Two-handed Mace: The heavy, two-handed version of the mace. It differs from a maul mostly in the shape of the head.

Two-handed War Flail: While based on the same principle as the flail, this weapon is larger because it is intended for two-handed use and can have additional bars.

War Flail: Unlike the flail, which usually has just one spiked ball, the war flail has two iron bars, commonly called 'bruisers', used to fight enemies who have a bad habit of obstructing their opponents with solid layers of metal. This weapon's peculiarities make it a perfect tool to breach an opponent's defense.

War Scythe: Just like the sickle and other short weapons, it has humble origins and is a farming tool that can be found on any farm. With proper training it can become far more dangerous than its smaller counterparts. It is far from easy to handle, which is why it is the only melee weapon incurring a -2 penalty to Parry.

Unusual Weapons

Biliong: Apart from the blade, this axe is made entirely of vegetal materials, from the strong wood handle to the creepers and vegetal fibers used to bind the pieces together. It is the only kind of axe the Rok'Nars like to use, but other Tribes use it as well.

Blowpipe: A simple pipe of variable length made of different materials, depending on its origin, devised to strike at a distance using only the force of one's breath. Often used by assassins and Feruas because it is manageable, light and noiseless, in some situations it gives the same results as more complex weapons, such as bows or crossbows, while being much easier to handle.

Chakram: This heavy metal weapon, circular in shape and with a sharp edge, has originally been devised as a throwing weapon, but with proper training it can also be used in a melee, even though it is difficult to wield at close quarters (if lacking the Qualified in Chakram Edge, the wielder has an additional, cumulative -2 to Fighting). However, anyone who masters its use can perform incredible acrobatics with it, thanks to its peculiar shape and an accurately planned trajectory: with a raise on a Throwing roll, the chakram returns to the thrower's hand.

Flamberge: Remarkable for its size and weight, this two-handed sword is usually more than six feet long. It has a characteristically undulating style of blade which gives it a flame-like look.

The Lumians value it greatly, and it is used as a service weapon in many of their villages.

Gauntlet Sword: This straight melee weapon is just like a long sword in every detail except for its special hilt, which is a steel gauntlet that covers the hand and wrist. The problem it poses is clear: while wielding it, the hand holding the sword cannot be used for any other action; taking the gauntlet on and off requires a number of actions to fasten and release the straps that lasts between five and ten minutes. However, once on, the sword stays firmly in place. It is valued greatly by Lumians, both because they feel some affinity with it and for the typically martial appearance it conveys.

Ranseur: A solid three-bladed weapon, with a longer central blade and two side blades turned outward. Devised for long-range lunges, it gives the wielder a long reach without reducing his parrying ability.

Saber: A particular kind of sword with a curved, single-edged blade sharpened on the outside and a rather large hand guard. Just like all the other curved weapons listed here, a saber can be lethal in the right hands and ineffective if used by an incompetent wielder. In game terms, a saber inflicts damage using Agility instead of Strength as its main Attribute, despite a -2 penalty to the total damage.

Scimitar: This is a single-edged, markedly curved melee weapon with a convex edge and a concave back. See saber specifics about curved weapons' general and game features.

Two-handed Scimitar: This two-handed version has the same shape and more or less the same use as regular scimitars, but just like any two-handed weapon, it is more cumbersome, harder to wield and more lethal on the target. See saber specifics about curved weapons' general and game features.

War Gauntlet: This metal glove covering both the hand and the forearm makes it possible to better parry a blow, catching the opponent's blade with the forearm (+1 to Parry). At the same time, it can be used to counter-attack by punching the opponent without being considered unarmed. It is used mostly by the Janahs for their secondary arm, while the primary arm wields their named weapons. In any case, the War Gauntlet is a real weapon, specifically devised for melee combat, far more jointed and difficult to use than a common plate-armor gauntlet.

Mundane Items

As with weapons, most of the items in this category are the same found in Savage Worlds core rules. All anachronistic items have been removed, and the whole category, including any new items, is listed below for convenience.

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Alchemist's Kit: This category includes vials, small colanders, small pots and all those tools that make an alchemist's life easier, saving him from having to make do with whatever he finds at hand. Lack of this equipment entails a penalty of -2 to all Crafting-Potions rolls.

Apothecary's Kit: This category includes vials, pestle, mortar and all those tools that make an apothecary's life easier, saving him from having to make do with whatever he finds at hand. Lack of this equipment entails a penalty of -2 to all Crafting-Poisons rolls.

Instrument (music, juggling, etc.): This category includes all the instruments an artist needs to perform using his skill. Some arts, such as oratory or dance do not require any instruments, while in other cases, such as with musicians and jugglers, it is simply impossible to perform without the required instrument or tool. The weight and cost of each instrument may vary considerably; however, that should never limit a player who wants to choose the variation of Perform that better suits his character but is impeded by lack of room in his backpack or by kronlings in his pockets. They cannot all be dancers and poets, can they?

Koopash: This animal is the most used as a mount and a pack animal, favored even over horses and used to carry heavy loads or to cover long distances because it can travel constantly for three days without ever having to eat or rest. For more data about koopash, see Bestiary.

Parsha: This animal, also called mountain dromedary, is a rather ordinary pack animal, slow and not very reliable, but sure-footed on the most arduous mountain trails. Its thick fur protects it from the cold. For more data about parshas, see Bestiary.

Scribe's Kit: This category includes nibs, inks and all those tools that make a scribe's life easier, preventing him from having to make do with whatever he finds at hand. Lack of this equipment entails a penalty of -2 to all Magic Writing rolls to write a spell on a scroll. However, these tools are not enough for a Menoosh who wants to carve a magic tattoo; he must have a specific set of tools.

Tattooer's Kit: This category includes natural pigments, needles and all those tools that make a tattooer's life easier preventing him from having to make do with whatever he finds at hand. Lack of this equipment entails a penalty of -2 to all Magic Writing rolls to carve a magic tattoo. However, such tools are not enough for a Menoosh who also wants to write magic scrolls; he must have a specific set of tools.

Scrolls

Contrary to common belief, enchanter's using magic scrolls do not really read them when casting their spell. The arcane symbols on the scroll put the scroll and its user on the same wavelength, which takes just a few seconds. To establish this connection, the enchanter must have Arcane

Background Edge or Knowledge (Arcana) d8+. He must make a Spellcasting or Knowledge (arcana) roll to know if the written spell will be used properly: with a success, the effect enclosed in the text is released and comes into force immediately; with a failure nothing happens. In both cases, the attempt consumes the text. In order to cast the spell, the enchanter must also satisfy the Rank requirements necessary to learn the spell (Novice, Seasoned, Veteran, Heroic, Legendary). Anybody trying to activate a spell without having the above-mentioned requirements releases the spell in the wrong way and the scroll consumes itself, turning into ash. Using such arcane skills also requires a substantial expenditure of energy: each additional scroll (after the first one) read within twelve hours

causes one Fatigue level to the user (removable with about eight hours' rest).

Picking up and reading a scroll are two actions, which causes the usual penalties for multiple actions in the same round. There is no list of the existing magic scrolls because it is made up by all the spells that can possibly be cast.

Potions

There are two different kinds of alchemic procedures used to make potions: primordial and magic. The results of both methods are the same. All that changes is the preservation time of the liquid, which can be three to six days for primordial potions and seven to fourteen days for magic ones.



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Mundane Items Table

ITEM	COST	WEIGHT	NOTES
Alchemist's Kit	200	5	Making potions without the proper equipment entails -2 to the roll.
Apothecary's Kit	200	5	Making poisons without the proper equipment entails -2 to the roll.
Backpack	50	2	
Bedroll	25	4	
Blanket	10	4	
Candle	1	1	Provides light in 2" radius
Canteen		5	1
Crowbar		10	2
Flask (ceramic)	5	1	
Flint and Steel	3	<1	
Grappling hook	100	2	
Hammer	10	1	
Handcuffs (manacles)	15	2	
Instrument (music, juggling, etc.)	X	X	Without one it is impossible to Perform if the chosen skill requires the use of an instrument. Weight and cost depend on the type of instrument.
Lantern	25	3	Provides light in 4" radius
Lockpicks	200	<1	Lockpicking without proper tools entails -2 to the roll
Oil for lantern	2	1	
Quiver	25	2	Holds 20 arrows/bolts
Rope	10	15	10"
Scribe's Kit	150	2	Writing scrolls without the proper equipment entails -2 to the roll.
Shovel	5	5	
Soap	1	1/5	

Gzars

Tattooer's Kit	150	2	Carving tattoos without the proper equipment entails -2 to the roll.
Tool kit	200	5	Repairing things without tools entails -2 to the roll
Torch	5	1	1 hour, provides light in 4" radius
Whetstone	5	1	
Whistle	2	-	
ANIMALS AND TACK			
Elaborate Saddle	50	10	
Horse	300	-	
Koopash	1000	-	Can carry 4 people on its shell (plus a rider on its neck) and a load of several tons without slowing down
Parsha	150	-	Mountain mount, ill-suited to cover long distances
Saddle	10	10	
War Horse	750	-	
AMMUNITION			
Arrow	5	2	Sold in bundles of 10 pieces, Cost and weight refer to one lot.
Blowpipe dart	3	2	Sold in bundles of 10 pieces, Cost and weight refer to one lot
Quarrel	2	1/5	AP 2
Sling stone	-	1/10	Stones can be found for free with a Notice roll and 1d10 minutes searching, depending on terrain.

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The actual length of time depends on getting a raise or not in the Crafting-Potions roll.

Once the potion has been taken, the alchemic process generates a specific reaction in the body, which cannot react to the same stimulus unless there is an interval of at least twelve hours in between each dose. Picking up a potion and drinking it are two actions, which causes the usual penalties for multiple actions in the same round.

For a complete list of the existing potions, see the section Skills, Crafting—Potions.

Tattoos

Although they cannot be considered real physical items in an adventurer's Gear, tattoos are still listed in this section because they always are good bartering currency when a Menoosh is involved (be it you or the person with whom you are dealing).

To use a tattoo, it is enough to touch it and say the Menoosh word that corresponds to what it represents; if

touched in combat, this counts as an action and implies the usual multiple actions penalty. The tattooer must make a Magic Writing roll, and the user applies the resulting effects, depending on the roll's success or failure. This action does not allow the use of a Benny.

For a complete list of the existing tattoos, see the section Skills, Magic Writing

Vehicles

This is, perhaps, the only category that distances itself considerably from Savage Worlds core rules and includes only new types of vehicles.

Boat: The most simple form of watercraft, usually a rowing boat.

Carriage/Coach: A vehicle intended more for people than goods, much faster than its commercial counterpart. This kind of vehicle is, therefore, preferred to the large tortoise-like koopash because of its higher speed. Usually drawn by two horses.

Vehicle Table

Type	ACC/TS	TOUGHNESS	CREW	COST
Boat	1/2	8 (2)	1+3	500
Carriage/Coach	5/1510 (2)	2+8	1.000	
Cart	1/5	10 (2)	1+5	500
Flying Ship	10/100	13 (2)	4+30	500.000
Merchant Ship	2/10	13 (2)	6+10	50.000

Cart: A common cart, used by farmers and goods transporters. It is used by those who cannot afford to buy a koopash.

Flying Ship: This is undoubtedly the most unusual among Enascentia's vehicles, and at the same time, the one that most characterizes this setting. Flying ships are vehicles designed and made by the Whisplings to enable other Tribes to travel by air the way only Whisplings can. In fact, two Whisplings are necessary to raise, pilot and hold aloft a flying ship: one counteracts gravity, and the other controls the winds to swell the sails placed underneath the hull. Therefore, it is highly advisable to fly with a crew of at least four Whisplings to allow them to take shifts manning the ship, depending on the distance to cover. Because they are partially covered and have an unusual elongated shape, such ships need a special dock to load and unload passengers. As an alternative, the Whispling skipper can concentrate enough energy on the hull to make the ship levitate, totally still, while the other Whisplings secure it to a tree with some ropes, furl the sails and prepare for the disembarkation of the passengers and unloading cargo.

Merchant Ship: Medium-sized type of ship used for trading. It often carries only its crew to leave as much room as possible for the cargo.



Other kinds of mounts

In Bestiary, you will find other creatures listed as potential mounts, but extremely difficult to tame and train, such as meburuusas and eranx. They have not been included in this section so that the reader is not given the false impression that they are commonly used as mounts. The specimens of those species currently trained and used as mounts can be counted on the fingers of both hands, so it will be extremely unlikely you will need game features for these creatures, let alone their probable high price!



Poisons

As specified in the Crafting-Poisons Skill, there are four categories of poisons, each with a different working principle and method of administration: inhalation, contact, ingestion and inoculation.

Poisons administered through inoculation must be spread on a weapon or on an arrow/quarrel if using a ranged weapon and are effective only if they come in contact with the target's blood, which requires a wound, even a superficial one (being Shaken falls within the required parameters) Spreading the poison on the weapon, which

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requires an action and therefore entails the usual multiple action penalties, must be done no more than three rounds before using the weapon, or the poison goes to waste. Unless otherwise specified, the effect is instant. More than by their color or smell, which are both present, these poisons can be identified by the movements of one's opponent, who must apply it during or immediately before the fight.

Poisons administered through inhalation must be released in the air, taking care not to release them in too large a room (to the Game Master's discretion) or in the open. It is then necessary to wait for at least a minute (six combat rounds) before they take effect. Anyone aware of the presence of the poison can hold his breath for a number of rounds equal to his Vigor roll (i.e. $d8 = 8$ rounds), thus delaying the inhalation and the poison taking effect. Once started, the effect lasts while the substance is inhaled (up to a maximum of ten minutes, after which time it dissipates) and for ten minutes after that. Releasing the substance in the air is considered a free action, and the poison itself is colorless and has no smell, unless otherwise specified.

As the name itself suggests, poisons administered by touch only have to come in contact with the target's bare skin to take effect. They are usually spread on ordinary surfaces, such as a glove, a scroll or a goblet's edge. In short, any object that has a very good chance of coming into contact with

bare skin. This is the most versatile type of poison because it can also be administered by ingestion or inoculation. Its effect is instant and lasts 2d6 rounds. Poisons in this category have no smell but leave a thin yellowish layer on the coated surface.

Finally, poisons administered by ingestion must enter the bloodstream. It is necessary, therefore, for the target to swallow them, mixed with either food or drink, and the taste might alert a target who has reason to suspect something is amiss. A Notice roll allows him to be aware of the poison. The roll has a -2 malus if the target does not know what he is eating, plus an additional -2 malus if the target has no training in the Crafting-Poisons or Knowledge (poisons) Skills. Once ingested, the poison takes effect after an hour, and its effect lasts for 1d6 hours.

For a complete list of existing poisons, see the section Skills, Crafting-Poisons

Magic Objects

If it is true that the Veil of Magic shrouds everything and everyone in Enascentia, it is also true that it temporarily allows those tailors, who are reckless enough, to cut its fabric and make embroideries and lacework, only for them to undo their work and become whole again. However, a few individuals went a good deal further

Possession EL Table

EL	Enchantment Jargon	Permanent Distortion of the Veil
1	Minor Object	None
2	Enchanted Object	None
3	Major Object	Visual effects, such as tricks of the light, bright auras, light gusts of wind.
4	Superior Object	Anyone who uses such an object for the first time must make a Spirit roll: if successful, he suffers one Fatigue level. If it fails, the character is immediately Exhausted; with a raise there is no ill effect. For these effects to cease, the object must not be used for at least twelve hours. Anyone using the object during that time must make a Spirit roll and also extends the break time needed by the first user to recover by twelve more hours. Once the effect has stopped, additional use of the object requires a new Spirit roll, as if the character were using it for the first time.
5	Supreme Object	Just like EL 4, but the object must lie unused for seventy-two hours for the Fatigue level to be removed. The real peculiarity of an EL5 object is the volatility of the magic channeled inside it. With each use, the character must make a Spirit roll at -2 to determine if he can handle the magic or it will disperse. A successful roll is not to be repeated for the ensuing twelve hours; with a failure, the dispersal of magic destroys the object and generates an anti-magic aura within a Large Burst Template. Any spell active in that area or on subjects within the Template is automatically dissolved. Moreover, any object within the Burst Template loses its magical properties for 1d6 hours. In the case of objects whose power is always active, a roll must be made every twelve hours, independent to any active use of the object.

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than that and managed to get hold of a strip of that arcane fabric and sew it permanently onto an object.

Since Enascentia's magic never creates anything new, merely reworking energies already existing in nature, when an enchanter creates a magic object, the surroundings react according to the amount of raw power taken away from it. Some scars may take years, even centuries to heal. Others never heal and reveal how they are forced to mar Enascentia's appearance to the whole world. At times, the consequences do affect the surrounding environment. The Veil enveloping the enchanter recedes, exposing him to the most unexpected consequences: mutations, compulsions, new weaknesses, etc. One way or the other, people and landscapes involved in permanent transfers of raw magic energy can often be recognized on sight.

In game terms, magic objects do exist, but their number is very limited. They are not easily available and usually have extremely typical effects relative to the place or person enveloped by the Veil before the split.

This chapter describes the magic features of weapons, armors and common objects. Besides the name and effect, you will also find other information—the EL (Enchantment Level): this is the quantity of raw magic energy taken away from the Veil to enchant the object. In one single object, there could be multiple effects, in which case each of them adds its coefficient to calculate

the EL, plus one EL level for each enchantment after the first one, up to a maximum of 5 EL

The Possession EL Table describes the 5 possible EL levels, and the consequences of their impact on the Veil.

Example 1: The Gromsh Hot and Archaic uses a great axe containing the Burning Breath enchantment (EL 3). Since that is the only enchantment on the weapon, the axe itself is EL 3 and from time to time puffs smoke into the eyes of the Gromsh, who is quite happy to yield to the will of Chance.

Example 2: The Rok'Nar Kumadah uses a Gelid (EL1) and Devour Power (EL2) staff for the first time to hit an opponent. The total level of the weapon is therefore 4:1 for the Gelid enchantment, 1 to include an additional effect besides the first, 2 for the Devour Power enchantment. The Rok'Nar must therefore make a Spirit roll to determine whether he suffers one Fatigue level or is directly Exhausted. In both cases, that state persists until Kumadah gets out of the sphere of influence of the object, making sure nobody uses it for at least twelve hours.

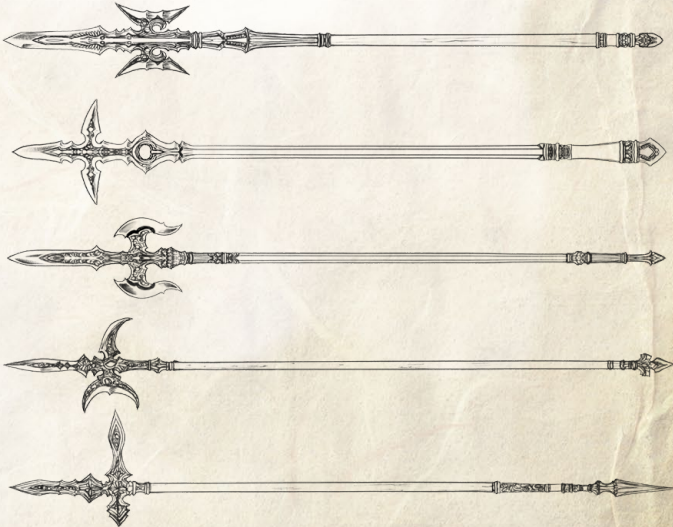
Creating an Enchanted Object

Not all enchanters have the power or skill to create an enchanted object. First and foremost, they must have reached Legendary Rank, meet all the other requirements for the Altering the Veil Edge and acquire it as an advancement.

At this point, it is possible to make a considered attempt, a feat that requires some kind of sacrifice. When playing with nature's primordial forces, danger is always right around the corner. Firstly, the character must choose the kind of enchantment with which to infuse the object to determine the EL of the magic alteration he is going to make. If the object is free from any other enchantment, it will be enough to consider the EL of the one selected, which will correspond to the EL of the magic alteration being

made. If there are already any pre-existing enchantments on the object, the new selected EL must be raised by 1 because it is an additional effect added to the first. (It is not possible to add an already existing effect a second time.)

Once the entity of the magic alteration the character must make has been determined, it is necessary to wait for a period of time equal to three days multiplied by the EL value of the alteration, time the Enchanter uses to try to bend magic's raw power to his will and decide whether to draw it from the portion of the Veil enveloping him or the surrounding world. At the end of the prescribed time, the enchanter rolls a d10: if the result is equal to or lower than the alteration's EL, the source from which he drew his magic was not the right one—actually, it was quite the opposite. If the result is higher than



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Creation EL Table

EL	Magic Alteration	Repercussion on the Environment	Repercussion on the Enchanter
1	Minor Enchantment	There are minimal alterations in the surroundings: the light filtering in is oddly colored, water reaches boiling temperature more slowly, etc.	Minor Debilitation: loss of an Edge, one Trait dice decreased by one dice type, permanent loss of 5 Power Points.
2	Enchantment	The Veil shows some flaws: a d6 must be rolled before any Spellcasting roll. Rolling an odd number gets a -2 penalty, while an even number gets a +2 bonus.	Debilitation: acquisition of a minor Hindrance, doubled Power Points recovery time, 1 permanent Fatigue level.
3	Major Enchantment	The Veil covers this area unevenly: recovering Power Points requires double the usual time and each enchantment uses up 1 additional Power Point.	Major Debilitation: acquisition of a major Hindrance, permanent physical mutation (see table p. 276), permanent loss of 10 Power Points.
4	Superior Enchantment	Flora and fauna in the surrounding area alter considerably and cross with other species or objects, or simply modify their nature. Some of the most famous among such mutations are the snake apple, the elinia nipadia, and the kasul.	The enchanter must roll a d4: if the result is 1, he dies and a Weaver (see Chapter 5: Bestiary) is generated from his body.
5	Supreme Enchantment	Most of the places in Enascentia which do not follow the normal natural rules have been created this way. Some of the best known examples are Mesa Atminas, the Black Desert, and the Temple of Sennonga.	The enchanter rolls a d4. If the result is 1 or 2, he dies and a Weaver (see Chapter 5: Bestiary) is generated from his body.

the EL, the choice was the right one. At this point, one of the effects described in the table below is applied, to the Game Master's discretion.

Example 1: Fero decides to render his knife Burning; since there was no previous enchantment on it, it is an EL 1 alteration. The Oscurian decides to draw from the Veil enveloping his surroundings, and after three days' work, he rolls a d10 and gets 4: the result is higher than the EL, which is 1, so Fero succeeds for the price of a few bluish rays of sunlight shining through his window.

Example 2: The Oscurian gets greedy and decides his knife would be perfect if he just could add the Liquefy Enchantment (EL 3) to it. This is an EL 4 magic alteration (3 for the enchantment + 1 since it is an additional enchantment after the first). He spends twelve long days trying to draw magic from the surrounding environment again, and chance decrees that at the end of that time, he gets 4 again as a result of his d10 roll. In this case, however, the result is equal to the alteration's EL: as with an equal or lower result, the outcome is the opposite to the desired one, and Fero ends up drawing from the portion of the Veil enveloping him. His life now hangs on a d4 (an Oscurian goes so often to the well...)

Objects Created by the Defenders of Free Will

Among all the existing Tribes and Ways, the one most obsessed with creating enchanted objects is undoubtedly the Way of the Defenders of Free Will. The high echelons of this Way are always on the lookout for expert enchanters who can channel the power of the Tribes into weapons, armors or assorted objects, in order to experience the gifts of the Kami even before making a choice and understand which Kami a certain member has more affinity with. They do not limit themselves to studying the theory behind the Kamis' principles and the lifestyle the choice of a different Kami would entail because they deem it right to test the practical consequences of their choices, too.

Many Defenders lost their lives trying to reach this goal, which they consider a fundamental step in their climb to knowledge and individual freedom and are now jealous keepers of the fruit of their sacrifices. Besides continuing with their search for new volunteers and expecting new creations from those who already gave life to such magical objects, the Defenders regularly organize expeditions to find similar artefacts already existing elsewhere.

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Armor Enchantments

Bulwark of Agility, EL 1: Increases the Agility dice by 1 dice step.

Bulwark of Smarts, EL 1: Increases the Smarts dice by 1 dice step.

Bulwark of Spirit, EL 1: Increases the Spirit dice by 1 dice step.

Bulwark of Strength, EL 1: Increases the Strength dice by 1 dice step.

Bulwark of Vigor, EL 1: Increases the Vigor dice by 1 dice step.

Burning Recoil, EL 2: Each time an opponent fails to damage the wearer (with a damage roll failure), the armor releases a white-hot tongue of fire. The opponent must make a successful

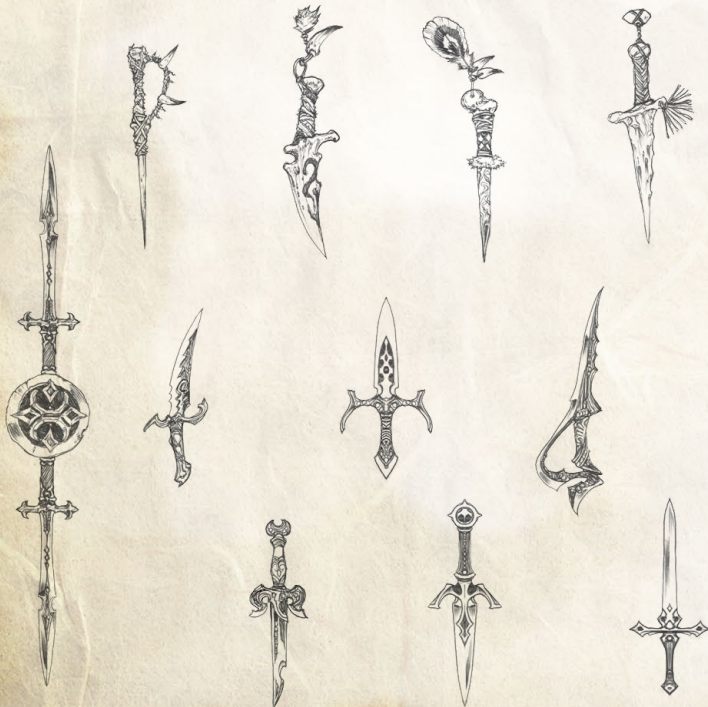
Agility roll at -2 or suffer fire damage. See the Fire section on Savage Worlds core rules.

Concealment, EL 1: Wearing this armor increases the Stealth dice by one dice type. The wearer gets a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls.

Deflecting Aura (major), EL 3: Ranged attacks against the wearer suffer a -4 penalty to Shooting and Throwing rolls.

Deflecting Aura (minor), EL2: Ranged attacks against the wearer suffer a -2 penalty to Shooting or Throwing rolls.

Gelid Recoil, EL 2: Each time an opponent fails to damage the wearer (with a damage roll failure), the armor releases a shaft of freezing energy.



The opponent must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or suffer one level of Fatigue from being cold.

Impact Absorber, EL 3: Every time the wearer is hit, he can make a free Soak roll, spending no Bennies.

Impregnable, EL 2: The Veil makes the armor material impregnable. No Armor Penetration value can be applied to it.

Invisibility, EL 3: With a raise on a Stealth roll, the wearer becomes invisible for three rounds. At the beginning of each round after the third, he can try to prolong the invisibility effect with a raise on a new Stealth roll.

Light, EL 1: The armor weight is reduced to two pounds, whatever the original weight. Moreover, while free from Encumbrance, the wearer increases his Pace by 2".

Magic Resistance (major), EL 2: All spells directed against the wearer suffer -2 to the Spellcasting roll (the same for beneficial spells).

Magic Resistance (minor), EL 1: All spells directed against the wearer suffer -1 to the Spellcasting roll (it is the same for beneficial spells).

Protection (major), EL 2: Increases by 2 the armor Toughness bonus

Protection (minor), EL 1: Increases by 1 the armor Toughness bonus.

Protection (supreme), EL 3: Increases by 3 the armor Toughness bonus

Tough, EL 1: The Veil strengthens the resistance of the armor material, making it impregnable to Armor

Penetration lower than three. Armor Penetration values equal or higher than three are still applied.

Weapon Enchantments

These enchantments can be applied to both melee and ranged weapons. If the latter are throwing weapons, each of them has a different enchantment, which means that at the end of the battle, the owner will bend over backwards to retrieve them all. Bows, crossbows and other similar weapons will transfer their specific magic properties to their ammunition. It is, however, a more complex procedure than a regular weapon enchantment, which is why any such enchantment is an EL 1 level higher than the one indicated if used on this kind of weapons.

Burning, EL 1: The weapon gets +2 to damage and the Fire Trapping. See the Fire section in *Savage Worlds* core rules

Burning Blow, EL 3: With at least one raise on the attack roll, the weapon releases a burning blow within a Cone Template; anyone in the affected area must make a successful Agility roll at -2 not to suffer 2d6 fire damage. See the Fire section in *Savage Worlds* core rules. The weapon also has all the *burning* weapon properties.

Catalyst, EL 1: With this Enchantment, a weapon can store a Novice Rank enchantment and release it as a free action when successfully delivering a blow (the victim being Shaken is enough). If the enchantment requires

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a target, it will automatically be the stricken victim. If it is an area effect (explosion or cone), the propagation point coincides with the victim. Other types of enchantment (such as *divination*, for example) cannot be stored through this enchantment. In order to store the enchantment within a weapon, casting it on the weapon itself will suffice: the effect is not instant, but it is released after it delivers a blow. There are no time limits for releasing an enchantment stored this way.

Dispel, EL 2: When this weapon hits a target (making him Shaken is enough), he must make a successful Spirit roll at -4, or one of his active enchantments will disappear. In the case of multiple spells, the one to be dispersed is chosen randomly.

Electric Discharge, EL 2: Each time a blow from this weapon hits the target (making it Shaken is enough), the victim must make a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid being paralyzed for one round.

Fire Burst, LI 2: With at least one raise on an attack roll, the weapon releases a fire burst within a Small Burst Template; anyone in the affected area must make a successful Agility roll at -2 or suffer 2d6 fire damage. See the section Fire in *Savage Worlds* core rules.

Hoarder, EL 3: Works exactly like the *catalyst* spell when releasing enchantments, but can store them up to Veteran Rank.

Ice Burst, EL 2: With at least one raise on an attack roll, the weapon releases an ice burst within a Small Burst

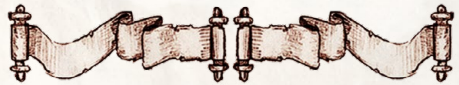


Acid Application

The player rolls d6 and applies the result as follows:

- 1: Primary weapon
- 2: Secondary weapon: if there is no secondary weapon, apply result 3
- 3: Unused weapon; if there is no unused weapon, apply result 6
- 4: Armor, from the waist down
- 5: Armor, from the waist up
- 6: Simple article of clothing

The object indicated or an object in the indicated area is dissolved within 1d4 rounds unless it is enchanted, in which case there is no ill effect.



Template. Anyone in the affected area must make a successful Agility roll at -2 or gain 1 Fatigue level due to the cold.

Ice-cold, EL 1: Anyone hit by an ice-cold weapon (making him Shaken is enough) gains one Fatigue level due to the cold. If already Fatigued, the victim can make a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid becoming Exhausted. If already Exhausted, the victim can make a Vigor roll not to be Incapacitated.

Icy Blow, EL 3: With at least one raise on the attack roll, the weapon releases an icy blow within a Cone Template. Anyone in the affected area must make a successful Vigor roll at

-2 not to gain 1 Fatigue level due to the cold. The weapon also has all the *icy* weapon properties.

Killer of Legends, EL 2: Blows delivered with this weapon ignore the Brawny Edge of a creature.

Lightning Quick, EL 3: A weapon carrying this enchantment immediately improves its wielder's fighting skills, allowing him to deliver an additional blow in one round. The hand delivering the blow is the same in both instances, and eventual secondary hand penalties are still valid. Any other blow besides the standard and additional ones still incur in eventual penalties, if necessary.

Liquefy, EL 3: The weapon can melt any kind of object, as if the part of it hitting the target was coated with acid. Anyone hit by this weapon (being Shaken is enough) must make a successful Vigor roll at -2 or suffer 1 additional wound. If the Fighting roll is successful, but the damage roll fails, the victim must make a roll on the Acid Application Table. The indicated object gets melted.

Piercing, EL 1: The weapon gets +2 Armor Penetration.

Power Absorber, EL 1: When hitting a target (making him Shaken is enough), this weapon has two effects: the target loses 1 Power Point and the weapon wielder adds 1 Power Point to those he already has. If one of the targets has no Power Points, the effect is ignored. If both targets have no Power Points, both effects are ignored.

Power Devourer, EL 2: Just like *power absorber*. With a raise on a Fighting roll, it subtracts and adds additional Power Points.

Screaming, EL 1: With at least one raise on the attack roll, the weapon emits a terrifying scream. Anyone within a Medium Burst Template must make a Fear check. The wielder must make the check too, but he gets a +2 bonus. If his roll fails, besides suffering from Fear effects, he throws the weapon to the ground.

Shock Wave, EL 1: When thrown at a victim, this kind of weapon releases a shock wave that allows it to hit from a few yards away as in hand-to-hand combat. The weapon gets +2 to Reach.

Venomous, LI 2: A *venomous* weapon can store poison, simply spreading it on the blade or the end used to strike. The enchantment preserves the poison, regardless of the time elapsed or where the weapon has been stored. The poison is gradually released with each blow and is effective for three successful blows before dissolving. The weapon can contain only one poison at a time, but can keep a different one after having delivered all the allotted blows (even against an inanimate object).

Whirlwind, EL 1: +2 to all attack rolls, if 2 or more are made in a round.

Mundane Items Enchantments

The term 'mundane items' refers to gear that is neither weapons (swords, axes, maces, etc.) nor armors (leather, chainmail, plates, etc.), which means this category includes bracelets, necklaces, earrings, rings, tiaras, belts and so on. These objects must be worn to be active. It is not advisable, therefore, for your heroes to find the Comb of Charisma or the Spoon of Vigor.

Objects having the same effect cannot be summed up when worn together. Moreover, abusing in the use of enchanted objects (usually five or more between weapons, armor and objects) attracts the Weavers' attention. [N.d.T. aggiungerei: these objects are listed below, with their properties. The term 'object' is omitted for convenience's sake]

Of Charisma, EL 1: +1 to Charisma.

Of Concentration, EL 1: When keeping the enchantment active beyond its duration, the wearer does not suffer -1 to the Spellcasting roll to cast other spells. He also spends 1 less Power Point to keep the enchantment active in the additional rounds (to a minimum of 1 Power Point).

Of Determination, EL 1: +1 to Spirit rolls to recover from being Shaken.

Of Notice, EL 1: +1 to Notice.

Of Power, EL 2: +5 Power Points.

Of Quick Recovery, EL 2: Halves Power Points recovery time (fifteen minutes minimum time).

Of Resistance, EL 3: +1 to Toughness.

Of Shadow, EL 1: +1 to Stealth.

Of the Duelist, EL 3: +1 to Parry.

Of the Enchanter, EL 2: +1 to Spellcasting.

Of the Explorer, EL 1: +1 to Tracking and Survival.

Of the Fighter, EL 3: +2 to melee damage.

Of the Marksman, EL 2: +1 to Shooting.

Of the Sniper, EL 3: +2 to ranged damage.

Of the Swindler, EL 1: +1 to Gambling and Lying.

Of the Thrower, EL 2: +1 to Throwing.

Of the Traveler, EL 1: +1 to Riding and Boating.

Of the Troublemaker, EL 1: +1 in Intimidation and Taunt.

Of the Warrior, EL 2: +1 to Fighting.

Of Willpower, EL 1: +1 to Tests of Will.

Unique Objects

Bow of the Banshee, Eb 4

The screaming, ravaged face of a woman is carved on this white, wooden, light longbow. They say it was crafted by a Whispling who swore revenge against the murderers of his beloved. It is a Screaming longbow, with the difference that the effect becomes active every time it hits a target (bypassing the opponent's Parry is enough) instead of at each raise. Moreover, the victim of the

terror induced by the scream suffers 2d6 damage (separate roll, does not add up to the arrow's damage).

Chakram of the Suruune, Eb 4

This extremely peculiar metal band made of silver flakes has three blades shaped like the tail of a suruune. When thrown, if it hits a target (making him Shaken is enough), it suddenly turns into a small suruune, with its fangs already plunged into the target's flesh and its spires coiled around his body. The target is considered restrained, as per the *entangle* Power (Strength d12 required for opposed rolls), and



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at the next round, it causes damage automatically. With a raise on the Throwing roll, the chakram not only returns to its owner's hand like any chakram, but the suruune sprays the target with a stream of acid which gives a +1d6+2 bonus to the damage caused by the chakram. The victim must also make a roll on the Acid Application table (see Liquefy spell).

Dune Globe, EL 5

This powerful artefact was created by a Senduar, a great expert at magic, who tried to lock all the huge power of an extremely aggressive sandstorm within a small object. He chose the desert south of Jandia and there, during one of its frequent sandstorms, he created the Globe. The Senduar realized immediately something was wrong: the wind roared with brutal ferocity, concentrating within the small globe, while the dunes were convulsing, as if racked with violent spasms. The screaming sand rasped his face, and the last thing he saw was a metal mask, its only feature a mouth, disappearing among those violent whirlwinds. When the storm ended, the silent traveler was surrounded by a desolate expanse of black sand, interspersed with purplish crystalline formations nearly half as large as he was. The Dune Globe was in his hand, a round sphere of about four inches in diameter, with an opaque and grainy surface the same color as the once-perfect sand in a beautiful desert.

When activated, the Dune Globe whirls round and round in the hand of its owner and immediately covers a Large Burst Template with thin golden sand (the center is where the user is in contact with the ground). All enchantments present in the affected area are immediately dispersed. From the moment the Globe is activated, the owner can perceive any creature present in the area or entering it—be they invisible, indistinct or otherwise hidden—through the grains of sand floating in the air. Since the sand physically protects the Globe owner and his allies standing inside the Burst Template, they all get +2 to Parry. Each opponent enveloped by the sand suffers -2 to all attack and Spellcasting rolls. To try to leave the affected area, he must make a Spirit roll at -2 to get out of it. He can repeat his attempt at each new round, but that roll is his standard action for that round. The hemisphere created by the Globe keeps its original position whatever the movements of its owner and lasts ten rounds or until it is intentionally deactivated by its owner. The sand then dissolves and cannot be evoked again at least for one hour.

However, it is said that all those who came into possession of the Dune Globe and used its power without any restraint were found lifeless soon after, their bodies full of thin, golden sand. In fact, within the sphere there is a bihar, trapped therein at the moment of the Globe's creation and rendered immortal in the process. Every time the Globe is used, there is a chance

the bihar will manifest itself and face the owner of the sphere. To defeat it only means temporarily chasing him back into the Globe. When activating the effect, it is necessary to roll a d10: if the result is 1 the bihar appears and attacks the Globe user.

Ku'Rak, the Steel Wild Beast, CL 5

This huge, almost seventy-two-inch-long great axe is the result of a crazy experiment attempted by a Janah blinded by his lust for revenge. Defeated for the umpteenth time by his Lumian rival, tired by now of the artificial, composed

courtesy he displayed every time, the Janah decided he would infuse his weapon with such fierceness and bloodthirstiness that he would destroy the Lumian forever. He headed south, looking for some prey, and after sating his lust for blood, he directed his rage and murderous folly into creating the enchanted object. When he had finished altering the Veil and wrapping it around the axe, an unhuman rumble, a cacophonous mixture of anguished and enraged screams, hit all the peaks of the Mehara Mountains, causing landslides and avalanches. Years later,



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when the trail leading to the wood was finally cleared of all the rubble, a small group of Rok'Nars found the profound peace of Sennonga.

Ku'Rak is a large great axe, whose unpolished blades are nicked by what appears to be centuries of fierce, ruthless fights. The whole weapon seems to catch the light and reflect the grotesque and hideous image of a dark red ghost. Anyone wielding it must make a Spirit roll at -4 to avoid being dominated by it. With a success, the character gets +2 to Fighting rolls and +2 to Size, suffers -2 to Parry, acquires the Improved Frenzy Edge (even if he cannot meet its requisites) and can make a Soak roll for any suffered damage without spending any Bennies. If the roll fails, the character keeps the above-mentioned modifiers, but Ku'Rak's independent will also becomes active. Shapeless, rusty metal bands immediately extend from the weapon's worn handle and cover the wielder's arms up to the shoulder, preventing him from being disarmed and from letting go of the axe. The character then becomes the vessel of Ku'Rak's blind rage, attacking any living thing, from his companions to a bush rustling in the wind, from the most hardened foe to a poor koopash plodding along in the rear. The character knows no relief from his unbearable burden of pain and remorse. He only craves something on which to unleash his fury. If in the surrounding area there is nothing that can sate its terrible thirst for blood, Ku'Rak makes its

puppet run in a random direction at Pace 8, forcing him to attack the first target he encounters. A character in this state can only plunge the blade of the axe in his victims again and again: any other action is forbidden. The unlucky character can make a Spirit roll at -4 every five minutes to try to escape the weapon's control, or he can be stunned or Incapacitated and the weapon will let him go. Whether he was under Ku'Rak's control or not, when the axe detaches itself from its wielder, he is Shaken (this can cause a wound) and suffers 1 wound. The *Dispel* enchantment (see description) does not work on those who are prey to this object.

Omniscient Tiara, EL 4

This extraordinary tiara of exquisite workmanship is adorned by an eye made of small sapphires. Its owner can cast any spell he knows, choosing anyone within his field of vision as a target, free from the usual reach limits and connected penalties. This effect does not extend to any enchantment with an area effect or cast on the character himself. Moreover, the Tiara gives the Power Absorber enchantment to one of its owner's weapons (this does not increase the weapon EL).

Saye's Purple Hourglass, EL 5

Saye was one of the first female Kronoss to be generated. Her innate power was so great she could block the flowing of Time after just a few springs. Saye was literally 'obsessed'

with knowledge, which to her was not just the usual geographic or mathematical concept: she wanted to understand the Kami, Time himself. She used to say she could feel his gaze—firm and eternal—every time she blended with the Veil. She decided to travel to the continent of Si-An, to a place where some powerful magic currents crossed and joined before creating the Breath of Gromsh, further to the North, where she found a small thicket. The energy there flowed so closely to the ground, the trees had turned white, almost like bones, and the leaves were light pink.

There, she wanted to get in contact with her Kami.

There, Sayele blended together present, future and past.

There, like light ribbons carried by the wind, Time both stopped and expanded endlessly in every direction

Sayele bound all this to her hourglass, the one she was holding in her hands when she had been generated, and then she vanished while still beholding the face of her Eternal Father.

After its creation, the small thicket was called Mesa Atminas, Memories Wood, a place that feeds on memories, events and lives belonging to a time long gone, desperately searching for a past forever lost in each of them.

Sayele's Purple Hourglass is a chromius hourglass about twelve inches high, with a four-inch-

diameter round base. Four thin bands protect the crystal it is made of and the periwinkle blue sand on its bottom. Anyone upturning it can see the sand flow through its narrow neck and disappear, leaving the lower half of the hourglass totally empty. The user then disappears for a split second from the present flow of time and reappears immediately in the same place. On his return, his appearance or his knowledge may be totally altered, or the time gone by for him can be either a split second or hours, even days, spent in places and times unknown (the description of what he saw and remembers is at the total discretion of the Game Master).

The hero makes a Spirit roll at -4. If the roll fails, the character suffers the effect of the time gone by as if he were a common beast or plant: decreases by one dice type all his physical Attributes (Agility, Strength, Vigor) and increases by one dice type all his mental Attributes (Smarts, Spirit). If the roll is successful, the character immediately gets an extra advancement, as if he had gained 5 Experience Points but without actually adding them to his total count. The advancement is bound by all the normal limitations. It must satisfy every Edges prerequisite and does not allow increasing an Attribute more than one time per Rank and so on.

The hourglass reacts to a new activation only when the user acquires a new Rank. Up to that moment it is just a common object in his hands. Nobody knows where that powerful

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artefact currently is: some say it is locked in the dungeons of Khrono, in the hands of the powerful Kronoss who are trying to exploit its potential, while according to others it is lost among the perennial glaciers of Si-Neb.

Staff of Eternal Ice, CL 4

This staff is entirely light blue. One end has been carved in the shape of ice points surrounding a central transparent one. It is a weapon made more for magic than melee combat, and a freezing beam can be released from its point as a normal action; the wielder makes a Spellcasting

roll, which is also an attack roll (he keeps the roll's result as a hit roll, too, as in the *bolt* Power, at range 30/60/120); if successful, the roll inflicts 2d6 damage. A target hit by this attack (being Shaken is enough) must make a successful Vigor roll or gain one Fatigue level. Releasing the icy beam does not cost any Power Points, but if the wielder wants to hit multiple targets it is possible to generate an area effect. With 2 Power Points the enchantment turns into a Cone Template, with 3 it becomes a Small Burst Template centered



on the target, with 4 it generates a Medium Burst Template, and with 5 a Large one.

Staff of the Everlasting Flame, CL 4

This staff is entirely red. One end has been carved in the shape of tongues of flame framing a transparent point. It is a weapon made more for magic than melee combat, and a burning beam can be released from its point as a normal action; the wielder makes a Spellcasting roll, which is also an attack roll (he keeps the roll's result as a hit roll, too, as in the *bolt* Power, at range 30/60/120); if successful, the roll inflicts 2d6 damage. A target hit by this attack (being Shaken is enough) must make a successful Agility roll to avoid catching fire; see the Fire section in *Savage Worlds* core rules. Releasing the burning beam does not cost any Power Points, but if the wielder wants to hit multiple targets, it is possible to generate an area effect. With 2 Power Points the enchantment turns into a Cone Template, with 3 it becomes a Small Burst Template centered on the target, for 4 it generates a Medium Burst Template, and with 5 a Large one.

Tunic of Two Faces, CL 4

Two stylized silver faces adorn the shoulders of this long ash-grey tunic almost like two base-relief masks lying upon the cloth. This tunic does not protect the wearer from attacks but interacts strangely with the use of the Veil made by the wearer. When making a Spellcasting roll, the wearer

rolls the dice twice and chooses which result to keep, just as if he had used a Benny, but without spending any. He then adds to his reserve a number of Power Points equal to the number of raises he obtained with the roll. If the number is higher than the maximum allowed to the enchanter, he adds only that amount to the maximum value and is also Shaken (this can cause 1 wound).

Wild Beast Fangs Necklace, CL 4

This tribal necklace is made of sinews holding together a dozen curved white fangs approximately four inches long. For use in battle, the wearer must detach one fang and throw it at his opponent. While flying through the air, the fang turns into the muzzle of a large, fierce wolf that bites the victim. The target must make a successful Spirit roll not to suffer 2d6+2 damage. Anyone within a Medium Burst Template range from the target must make a Fear check. The necklace appears to be made of organic material. If at dawn the next day, there are fewer than twelve fangs, a small white point appears on the necklace, and in 1d4 days, it grows to become one of the twelve original fangs.

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CL	Enchantment Name	Type	Effect
1	Bulwark of Agility	Armor	Agility dice is increased by one dice type
1	Bulwark of Smarts	Armor	Smarts dice is increased by one dice type
1	Bulwark of Spirit	Armor	Spirit dice is increased by one dice type
1	Bulwark of Strength	Armor	Strength dice is increased by one dice type
1	Bulwark of Vigor	Armor	Vigor dice is increased by one dice type
1	Burning	Weapon	+2 to damage and gets the Trapping Fire
1	Catalyst	Weapon	Can store a Novice Rank enchantment
1	Concealment	Armor	Stealth dice increases by 1 dice type; +2 Stealth
1	Ice-Cold	Weapon	Inflicts 1 Fatigue level due to the cold
1	Light	Armor	Reduces weight to 2lb; +2 Pace
1	Magic Resistance (minor)	Armor	-1 Spellcasting against wearer
1	Of Charisma	Mundane Item	+1 Charisma
1	Of Concentration	Mundane Item	Keeping an enchantment active doesn't cause -1 to Spellcasting roll and reduces by one the Power Points costs (as per the Wizard Edge).
1	Of Determination	Mundane Item	+1 Spirit to recover from Shaken
1	Of Notice	Mundane Item	+1 Notice
1	Of Shadow	Mundane Item	+1 Stealth
1	Of the Explorer	Mundane Item	+1 Tracking and Survival
1	Of the Swindler	Mundane Item t	+1 Gambling and Lying
1	Of the Traveler	Mundane Item	+1 Riding and Boating
1	Of the Troublemaker	Mundane Item	+1 Intimidation and Taunt
1	Of Willpower	Mundane Item	+1 Tests of Will
1	Piercing	Weapon	+2 Armor Penetration
1	Power Absorbe	Weapon	Detracts Power Points adding them to those of the owner
1	Protection (minor)	Armor	+1 Toughnes
1	Screaming	Weapon	A raise generates a terrifying scream (Fear check)
1	Shock Wave	Weapon	+2 Reach
1	Tough	Armor	Denies Armor Penetration lower than 3
1	Whirlwind	Weapon	+2 to all attack rolls, if 2+ per round
2	Burning Recoil	Armor	Agility -2 or 2d10 fire damage

2	Deflecting Aura (minor)	Armor	-2 ranged attacks
2	Dispel	Weapon	Dispels an enchantment active on the target
2	Electric Discharge	Weapon	Paralyzes for one round
2	Fire Burst	Weapon	Fire burst with a raise (2d6 damage)
2	Gelid Recoil	Armor	Vigor -2 or one Fatigue level due to cold
2	Ice Burst	Weapon	Ice burst with a raise (1 Fatigue level)
2	Impregnable	Armor	Denies Armor Penetration
2	Killer of Legends	Armor	Ignores the Brawny Edge
2	Magic Resistance (major)	Armor	-2 Spellcasting against the wearer
2	Of Power	Mundane Item	+5 Power Points
2	Of Quick Recovery	Mundane Item	Halves Power Points recovery time
2	Of the Enchanter	Mundane Item	+1 Spellcasting
2	Of the Marksman	Mundane Item	+1 Shooting
2	Of the Thrower	Mundane Item	+1 Throwing
2	Of the Warrior	Mundane Item	+1 Fighting
2	Power Devourer	Weapon	As Power Absorber but subtracts or adds 2 additional Power Points
2	Protection (major)	Armor	+2 Toughness
2	Venomous	Armor	Absorbs and gradually releases a poison
3	Burning Blow	Weapon	The weapon is considered Burning and releases a burning blow with a raise (2d6 damage)
3	Deflecting Aura (major)	Armor	-4 ranged attacks
3	Hoarder	Armor	See Catalyst, but up to Veteran Rank
3	Icy Blow	Weapon	The weapon is considered Ice-Cold and releases a freezing blow with a raise (1 Fatigue level)
3	Impact Absorber	Armor	Free Soak roll
3	Invisibility	Armor	Invisibility with a raise in Stealth
3	Lightning Quick	Weapon	Can strike twice in a round at no penalty
3	Liquefy	Weapon	Melts hit surfaces
3	Of Resistance	Mundane Item	+1 Toughness
3	Of the Duelist	Mundane Item	+1 Parry
3	Of the Fighter	Mundane Item	+2 melee damage
3	Of the Sniper	Mundane Item	+2 ranged attacks
3	Protection (supreme)	Armor	+3 Toughness



Name _____
Race _____

hindrances

Way _____

Edges

Attributes

Agility ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Smarts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Spirit ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Vigor ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Pec ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Toughness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Skills

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Weapon Range Damage Wt. Notes

Armor Prot Wt. Notes

Power Cost Range Damage/Effect

Fatigue -I
pp -II
INC -III
-II
-I Wounds

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Total Weight _____
Value _____
Weight limit _____
Encumbrance Penalty _____

Just imagine a world where men and women are neither born nor grow old, a fantastic place where magic pervades everything and everyone, where life's first experiences are not learnt but are something you have never been taught and yet somehow already know.

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