

AJKAR TYRUS FASLURIN

Prince of Rhakhaan (Zorian Fighter)

Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin («Ty») would provide significant muscle for the group. A front-line fighter, he is a skilled and hardy warrior. Though a youth, he already has an imposing presence.

Background

The third son of Emperor Jerrin Arej Malvion Faslurin III, Ajkar Tyrus (his friends call him «Ty») is itching for adventure. Because he is the third in line, he is not closely supervised. This allows him the freedom to travel the countryside in relative anonymity. Ty is frustrated at home, the Imperial Palace a warren of intrigue and politics. While intelligent and boyishly handsome, he lacks social skills. He is also somewhat uncoordinated right now (except when in melee), having so recently grown into his size. The young prince is also haunted by strange, terrifying dreams (see back side).

Traits/Demeanor

Ty is outwardly cocky, but actually rather shy. He is confident in his swordsmanship, but is also interested in history and fascinated by Loremasters. His tutors have almost convinced him that he is stupid, however, so he is hesitant to speak up when intellectual topics are discussed. He also has a slight stutter which grows worse when he is nervous, adding to his reluctance to speak.

As noted above, Ty is usually an awkward youth, incapable of even walking without bumping into something. This apparent lack of grace does not add to his popularity around court. He has the usual contingent of young female followers, but he covers his shyness by behaving boorishly around them. But when in combat, he becomes as confident as a seasoned warrior and graceful as any dancer.

Personal Statistics

Race: Zorian

Height: 6'4

Weight: 210 lbs

Build: Muscular, big boned.

Eyes: Emerald Green

Hair: Blond/straight

Age: 18

Profession: Fighter

Languages: (s/w) Rhaya (8/7); Erlin (5/5); Iylar (2/3); Shay (3/1); Kugor (2/2)

Stats: Temp Pot Stat Md

CO 90 99 +4

AG 45 98

SD 66 80

ME 75 82

RE 45 90

ST 99 100

QU 86 94

PR 80 90

EM 58 76

IN 60 60

Spells: None

Special Skills/Abilities

Ty has one «special ability», if it could be called that. It is a knack for knowing completely random trivia. This knowledge comes from extensive reading he did as a boy; not the texts he was suppose to read for his tutors (and thus his reputation for being a dullard) but arcane histories and essays found in the deep recesses of the ancient Haalkitaine Palace libraries. Ren Thryask, a Loremaster known to visit Haalkitaine, steered the eager Ty towards many of these tomes. As a result, Ty's head is full of fascinating but fragmented tidbits of potentially priceless information.

Possessions

Ty has the following special possessions when he starts out. Note that the sword, armor and shield are enchanted and part of a set made for him as a prince of Rhakhaan. All are of a red-gold metal; the armor and shield are very lightweight but strong, and bear the crest of the Phoenix. Ty polishes his equipment religiously every night.

Ring: A gold signet ring bearing the crest of the Phoenix. It adds +10 to DB and +10 to RRs vs Channeling.

Sword: Harbinger, +10 Bastard Sword of a red-gold alloy, glows red within 100' of Undead.

Armor: Metal breastplate and greaves (AT 18). The breastplate is beautifully made with an enhanced form-fitting design. Because of the special alloy, the Quickness penalty is halved (-10), and the maneuver penalty is also halved (55 max, 10 min)

Shield: Protects as a full shield but weights only 8 lbs. Halves all damage (reduces criticals 2 steps) from directed fire attacks.

The bedroom was dark and silent ... absolutely silent.

The boy lay unmoving in his bed. His terror rendered him unable to move or even breathe.

Ty felt silly for being so afraid. Eleven-year-old princes should not be afraid of dreams. But still, he was afraid.

That shadow by the wardrobe — did it have substance or not? Darkness seemed to move and flow around the polished wood doors.

There was something there!

Standing at the foot of his bed, not a shadow, but a shrouded figure! Ty's heart thumped in his chest, but he remained motionless. How had this intruder gotten in? By magic? The palace had many wards against even such intrusions.

Then the shadow spoke. The boy felt every his muscle tense as the silence broke.

«Greetings Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin, Lord of Elchar, third son of Emperor Talus Arej Malvion Faslurin VII.» The visitor had a soft, unexpectedly melodic voice.

Realizing that there was no point in hiding under the covers, Ty sat up to face his visitor. «*What do you want?*» he asked, proud that he managed to keep his voice steady. Sweat ran down his sides in warm trickles, yet he shivered.

The visitor stepped forward so that he stood in a shaft of moonlight cast from the tall windows. With a long-fingered hand he slowly pulled back the hood of his cloak. His face was white in the pale light, white and beautiful. His hair was raven-black, and fine pointed Elven ears protruded from beneath the thick locks.

«*To see you.*»

The dead hearth-fire leapt up to light the visitor in angry red.

The Elf smiled. With a terrible crash, the windows splintered outwards in whirling glass shards, and a gust of wind exploded through the room, causing papers to fly and bedcurtains to furl in the maelstrom. Amidst this fury of wind and sound and fire, the visitor casually stepped closer around the bed. Ty scooted up towards the headboard, but suddenly the Elf was next to him. He seized one of the boy's hands in his own. The visitor's flesh was cold and hard as marble.

«*Let go of me! The guards will be here any minute!*»

«*Brave little lord,*» the Elf smiled, exposing perfect white teeth. It was a leer of total malice, somehow ... inhuman.

The visitor dug his fingers into Ty's hand, and he gasped as sudden pain lanced up his arm. His hand felt like it was being stabbed by knives.

«*Look!*» The Elven man whispered, his face close, his breath cold and dead like wet ash.

Young Ajkar Tyrus tore his blue eyes from the pale amber ones of the Elf and looked down. Blood oozed from around his fingernails, pooled at the tips, and began to drip onto the white bedsheet.

Slowly the Elf raised Ty's trembling hand to his lips and licked up a few droplets of bright blood. To Ty's horror, the Elf's eyes began to glow with an inner red light.

Then he vanished.

It was as if he had never been there. The boy's bloody hand fell to the bed, numb and tingling. A cold wind swirled through the room, causing the curtains to furl lazily.

Ty realized with a start that a huge white owl was sitting on the broken windowsill, amber eyes staring fixedly at him for a long moment. Then it spread its great wings and was gone.

Tyrus cried out as he awoke from the nightmare, his shirt soaked with cold sweat. He frantically looked about the room, but the fire was out, the window intact. It was only a dream! Shivering, he raised his hand to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Dark red stains rimmed his fingernails. He looked up. A huge white owl stared at him as it sat on the outer windowsill. It spread its great wings and was gone.

It was just the first of many visits by the Pale Man.

A Dream of Ajkar Tyrus Faslurin

Prince of Rhakhaan

TA'A NÆR

Amazon of Sarnak (Rogue)

Ta'a Nær is a female warrior: an Amazon from the coastal realm of Sarnak in western Emer. Her training includes weapon skills, some martial arts, and a variety of abilities which make her at home scouting in the wilderness as well as skulking in urban environments.

Background

Ta'a Nær, daughter of a respected noblewoman, showed great promise as a youth, and soon made a name for herself in the sparring court. She had few rivals, though her arrogance was also rarely matched. But Ta'a's rise to prominence met with tragedy. Ta'a was fifteen when, while involved in a wilderness trial with a fellow Warrior-initiate, her error in judgement led to an accident in which her co-dependant warrior was killed. Ta'a was not directly responsible, but her «sister» would not have died had Ta'a not been careless.

Stricken by horror and grief, she panicked. Ta'a was unable to face the tribunal which would lead inevitably to discommendation (expulsion from society such that all record of your existence is wiped from records, considered worse than death), and she couldn't bring herself to commit ritual suicide. She fled before anyone discovered the death, and has lived in exile as a mercenary since then.

Traits/Demeanor

Ta'a is typical of her culture: beautiful in a severe way, arrogant, disdainful of all men. A competitive relationship between Ta'a and Tyrus Faslorin is almost inevitable; whether it is friendly or antagonistic is up to the PCs. She is not afraid of combat, and in Ta'a's case she almost seeks it out too eagerly: driven by the nagging guilt of her crime as a youth.

Personal Statistics

Race: Shay/Laan

Height: 6'0

Weight: 160

Build: Lean/muscled

Eyes: Green

Hair: Brown

Age: 22

Profession: Rogue

Languages: (s/w) Arlak (7/6); Erlin (5/2); Shay (4/2)

Stats: Temp Pot Stat Md

CO 88 97

AG 94 100

SD 55 80

ME 47 79

RE 80 82

ST 94 98

QU 99 100

PR 71 85

EM 69 80

IN 100 102

Spells: N/A

Special Skills/Abilities

Sailing: 3 picks

Swimming: 4 picks

Stalk and Hide: 3 picks

Forage: 3 picks, useful in forest/mountainous regions

Possessions

Spear: A beautiful +10 weapon, it has an alloy tip and a shaft of rare black Dír wood. It is unbreakable by normal means.

Shield: Very lightweight, it protects as a full shield but only encumbers as a target shield. It is reinforced hide (stained black) stretched over a lightweight metal frame.

Leather Breastplate and greaves: A finely made set of armor, the leather is dyed black and reinforced by metal straps and rings. As a result, it is AT 10 with an additional +10 to DB.

Comp Bow: A laminated bow, it is of fine workmanship.

TEREK AL-ARAIN

Dúranaki Mystic

As one of this reclusive, nocturnal race, Terek has unusual skills and attitudes. Part of the nature of a Mystic is that they are solo operators, and Terek's cultural background only reinforces this tendency. But Terek is driven by a desire to learn about the larger world, and the mystery of the pendant hanging around his pale neck also drives him.

Background

As the eldest son of Zerin Al'Arain (a member of the Jyaad Council and cousin of the famous warrior-mystic T'kaal Arain), Terek is considered something less than nobility, but more than a mere aristocrat. This is the nature of the class/caste system of the Dúranaki: classes among their own people, the absolute distinction between them and the Myri.

Terek is a bit of a rebel in this unusual society, and his defiance of cultural rules have led to his exile from the Dúranaki lands.

While the Myri are just as intelligent and capable as the Dúranaki, they consider them to be mentally inferior; little more than bright pets, in fact. Romantic relationships or even close friendships between the races are forbidden.

Terek is (or was) leader of a group of youths who work to break down the barrier between the races. They meet in secret with Myri friends, ostensibly educating them (but in reality the greater gain is how they learn about each other's culture).

Terek was caught teaching his Myri friend Kel how to read, and exiled for this strictly forbidden act. The rest of his circle (known amongst themselves as the «White Hand») went deeper undercover and have almost disbanded.

Meanwhile, Terek crossed the Grey Mountains and took up residence in Haalkitaine. Over the last few months he has pieced together some information about the pendant. Excerpts of the most important passage appear on the back of this sheet:

Traits/Demeanor

The Dúranaki are xenophobic, a tendency that Terek fights, though not always with complete success. He has a hard time overcoming a deep suspicion of those who look different than he does. Ironically, the Dúranaki, with their strange costumes and spiked, colored hair, stand out in a crowd of other races.

Terek is usually a quiet individual. He has a soft tenor voice and rarely speaks unless asked a question or he has something very pressing to say.

As with most of his culture, Terek is fastidious (even compulsive) and sensitive about his personal grooming. While most Dúranak men do not have facial hair (and so he has no need to shave), Terek washes thoroughly (in private when possible), his hair must be perfect, and he often dons colorful face paints.

Personal Statistics

Race: Dúranak

Height: 5'8

Weight: 140 lbs

Build: lean

Eyes: blue/green

Hair: brown (bleached white w/blue streak)

Age: 21

Profession: Mystic

Languages: (s/w) Erlin (5/4); Ranaka (7/7); Rhaya (6/4)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	75	90
AG	96	99
SD	67	79
ME	91	95
RE	83	88
ST	79	82
QU	85	95
PR	94	100
EM	96	99
IN	45	52

Special Skills/Abilities

Stone Lore: (5 picks) Because of his youth as a cave dweller, Terek has learned to identify rock formations, stone and gem types, and understand the general origins of earth and stone varieties (e.g., he can tell NW Jaiman clay from SE Jaiman clay...)

Caving: (5 picks) Terek gains a bonus for locating cave entrances and exits, and other spelunking-related skills

Trickery: (3 picks) As the regular skill.

Possessions

Kynacs: All Dúranaki receive a set of these treasured weapons, and training in their use. They are normally worn on a black leather harness: three Kynacs (throwing daggers) and one Long Kynac. For exact parameters, see chart In Emer Atlas Addendum pp 64-65 or use the Rapier table for kynac (when thrown only) and Rapier +15 for Long Kynac.

Bracer: large black leather bracer with silver studs which conveys knowledge of the Mystic Base List Hiding, and 1x a day allows free casting of one spell on that list at +5 levels.

Pendant:

1. x3 PP enhancer

2. Wearer resists Essence as a 15th level.

Excerpts from a scroll on pendants:

«For many years only petty warlords ruled the lands of Jaiman, despite the efforts of the Loremasters and a succession of powerful individuals all determined to unite at least a significant portion of the continent. Meanwhile a dark force known only as the Lorgalis the White settled on the isle of Ulor, and in but a few years fortified it and then seized the lands of Xa'ar and Ly-Aran. It was feared that this Lord, suspected to be a servant of the Unlife, would soon send his armies swarming over all Jaiman. He as yet did not have a foothold on the main shores of the continent; any action to stop him would have to come soon.

The High Council of Loremasters met and debated the problem, deciding at last that stronger guidance was needed. Loremaster Kirin T'haan objected, but the majority held the day: Order was necessary or the Unlife would prevail. Andraax took thought and travelled to the Land of Valemarna, home of the Lord Alchemist. The two united their skills and knowledge, and the Alchemist toiled for many years in the design before the Six Crowns came forth. These items were of surpassing power, empowering the wearer with arcane abilities and the insight of rulership. The Crowns were of the Essence, one with the Flows and so able to tap the unlimited forces of the World. Within each Crown was a Pattern, and by that pattern were the very Lands organized. Borders were set and maintained by the power that was within the Crowns. They could not be violated. Only the strong could tap the full powers of the Crowns, the six Lords destined to rule as selected by the Loremasters, and only the reigning Monarch's designated heirs would be able to wear the Crowns and claim their lands. With the Crowns came Swords, powerful tools of the chosen champions of the Kings; and in addition were six Pendants, amulets to be borne by appointed advisors to each monarch, men and women of wisdom to temper the fiery spirits inherent in the passionate rulers. The Crowns of course would also do this.

Varis Faslurin was first given the Phoenix Crown, and with it was granted central Jaiman: the realm of Rhakhaan.

All seemed to go smoothly for many turns of years. For a dozen centuries the Six Realms grew rich, powerful and secure, each country with defined borders, friendly with its neighbors and presenting a united front against any military assaults by forces of the Unlife. The Crowns were mighty artifacts indeed, but as such they tended to weigh heavily on their owners after a time. The same attributes which allowed a given ruler to maintain absolute control over his or her land also tended to restrict his thought patterns (necessary to prevent border disputes and expansionism). Of course, the entire situation was somewhat subjective and artificial. Rulers began to don their Crowns less and less frequently, realizing that while they did not wear the Crown they felt greater freedom of thought. When this occurred, the agents of the Unlife saw their opportunity to sow dissent. The Swords and Pendants were not restrictive like the Crowns, though each held a spirit of its own. Only the Crowns controlled the very land and held the borders.

Each ruler knew intuitively that, even though he or she did not wear the Crown and so could not exert the mystical Earth-Essence power over their land, while the other monarches wore their Crowns, they had no desire to assault a neighbor. It was only when two or more leaders abandoned their Crowns that strife was possible; or when there was an outside threat. All knew that the Crowns brought security, but stifled initiative. The more self-assured grew impatient and desired to expand their lands. The Crowns would not allow it. Dissatisfaction arose.

This problem was exacerbated by the arrival of certain men, seemingly with great knowledge and wisdom, from the east. They were more free with their lore than the almost grudging, always condescending Loremasters. These Wise Men counseled the removal of the Crowns, saying instead, "Who rules when you wear the Crown? Not you, my friend, but the Loremasters far away. They control you as a puppeteer manipulates a wooden dummy! Would you have such a master?"

The plans of Andraax and the Alchemist began to crumble before their eyes.

The first to fall was Zor, the largest of the Six.

The Tanarans were the next to succumb.

Even as the Tanarans were being seduced by the words of the Sorcerer Sages, Saralis and U-Lyshak were suffering similar fates. Both fell to the seduction of treachery, and once-great realms descended into barbarism.

Meanwhile the King of Rhakhaan was listening to the advice of a man who called himself the Magician. The Mage, a powerful magician and clearly a knowledgeable man, counselled King Arej Faslurin IX that there were vast lands, since left nearly vacant by the Zorians which were ripe for conquest. Arej was reluctant at first (the Crown's power still held him somewhat in thrall), but after a few years of careful maneuvering, the Magician had his way. The old lands of Southern Zor were annexed, and the Phoenix Crown of Rhakhaan was entombed in a vault. Soon other ideas came to Arej's head: he was too tolerant of Elves; those immortal creatures were taking advantage of him. Only two realms remained on Jaiman anyway, and why shouldn't Rhakhaan rule the entire continent?

All the while the Loremasters agonized over their failure and were in doubt over how to correct it. Andraax suggested drastic corrective measures while others counselled restraint: too much damage had been done already through interference; only more pain could result.

It was not long before Arej declared himself Emperor of Jaiman and attacked Urulan. The war lasted for a hundred years and was inconclusive. Though the Unicorn Crown protected the borders of Urulan, her people suffered from the isolation. In addition, there were many Elven settlements in Tanara and southern Rhakhaan, all of which were either destroyed or their inhabitants persecuted. Finally, Arej died, assassinated by an unknown murderer, his plans unfulfilled. The realm fell into anarchy, a number of heirs vying for power.

Rhakhaan declined into a small, threatened land for many years, and it was only with the Ascension of Ajkara III some four hundred years later that the country achieved unity again. Hardly had she inaugurated her court, however, when the Magician appeared. Whether a descendant of his questionable predecessor or the same man, he somehow made his way into Ajkara's inner circle of advisors. She, however, had somehow acquired the Phoenix pendant, and the aid of one Jeril Sumnari, a Loremaster. Sumnari and the Mage were frequently at odds, and Ajkara was wise enough to play one against the other. She even survived an attack by a spectral creature described (according to records) as the "Wraith Lord", apparently a powerful manifestation of the Unlife. Ajkara was only saved by the Phoenix Pendant. Soon afterward Ajkara renounced her rule and fled with Sumnari to an unknown destination. She left no heir and Rhakhaan was sundered into its provincial holdings, which warred amongst themselves until the entire fabric of the civilization was destroyed.

602 Third Era of Ire

Lerianis, Scribe of Nomikos

From a Scroll found in Gryphon College»

VANIA KIRILIN

Druid of Talaen (Animist)

Vania is of the People of the Forest.. She hails from the mystical Emerald Forest in central Emer, a shrouded place ruled by a powerful Dryad named Kel.

Background

Vania will not reveal her true home to any but close confidants. Outwardly she appears very like an Erlin Elf; only very knowledgeable and perceptive might notice the telltale signs of her dryadic nature (The People of the Forest can be considered a hybrid race of Erlin and Dryads; though they are not a true cross-breed).

Vania's master Kel has a network of semi-intelligent birds and small beasts which report the goings-on of the outside world, but his animal observers can only tell so much. What he has heard concerns him. He has sent out several human agents to learn more. Vania can report at irregular intervals when one of Kel's forest friends makes contact.

Traits/Demeanor

Sent by Kel to discover what is happening in the world, Vania is one of several of her kind now travelling about this region of the world. She has a warm and compassionate personality, yet conveys an air of reserve.. While she does not behave in a secretive manner, she is not forthcoming about herself, and in general is quiet and reserved among humans. While her original charge does not include becoming involved with outside politics, joining this group provides her an ideal opportunity to learn a great deal. As the adventures progress, her desire to right wrongs will slowly draw her deeper into events.

Personal Statistics

Race: Forest Being

Height: 5' 3

Weight: 100

Build: Slender

Eyes: Green

Hair: Auburn

Age: 35 (Appears ~16)

Profession: Animist

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	90	92
AG	95	100
SD	65	65
ME	70	73
RE	56	60
ST	80	88
QU	90	99
PR	83	90
EM	75	84
IN	90	96

Special Skills/Abilities

Foraging: Vania has the equivalent of five bonus picks in Foraging.

Animal Tongues: Vania can speak to any small bird, or small mammal (squirrel, rabbit), though the average bird or mammal is only intelligent enough to communicate basic images or thoughts. Vania can communicate fluently with the semi-intelligent beasts under Kel's influence, who can carry fairly sophisticated messages either to Kel, or to others of their kind. E.g., «tell all the squirrels in this wood to watch for an Elf in a black cloak.» is a request that semi-intelligent animals could handle; they would watch diligently for as long as weeks. A regular beast might remember seeing an Elf pass nearby within the last day or so, but could not be expected to remember his attire, or be expected to keep watch for more than a few hours before 'forgetting'.

Weakness near Iron: Vania, like the rest of her dryadic race, suffers in the close proximity of iron. Weapons of pure iron are Of Slaying. If Vania is wearing more than a few ounces of iron, her effective level for PPs and spell-casting is halved. Prolonged contact may even reduce her temporary Con.

Possessions

Staff: A branch of the Tree: x3 PPs for Channeling, allows Great Merging Organic (Animist Base Nature's Movements) 1x per day.

Dagger: of green laen, +25.

Familiar: A semi-intelligent ferret named Swinky.

JYMSAN IXATA-CENTARUS

Conjurer from Námár-Tol (Loar Mage)

A carefree young man, Jymsan has the body of an athlete. This is no coincidence, as he is somewhat frustrated as a Mage, having wanted to be a warrior as a boy. He trained with the broadsword and is a passable fighter. His wish now is to combine his abilities with his desires and become a Warrior-mage.

Background

Sons of Loari Nobles, Jymsan Ixata-Centarus and his older brother represent the marriage of two powerful Námár-Tol families. His mother, Marina Centarus, is indeed of the famous Centarus family and as such Jymsan is related to Prince Rylec Qaterris of Eidolon, as well as the merchant Baron Kitteran Centarus. He only brags about this association occasionally.

Jymsan shares his race's obsession with anything smacking of technology. He carries a number of semi-useless trinkets with him (including a compass which works erratically because of the planetary magnetic field fluctuations), a small clock, and an electric lamp powered by a crude chemical battery. It will operate for about 20 hours, casting the equivalent of a 'light' spell (an odd item for a mage).

Jymsan might be seeking an item known as the Magesword, an item designed for use by a Warrior-mage.

Traits/Demeanor

As an Elf, Jymsan is somewhat resistant to weather extremes. He wears a short tunic draped over one shoulder, sometimes with a purple hooded over-robe. He has an athletic build and very proud of it. He takes every opportunity to show off his beautiful body. Always desiring to test himself, Jymsan might be constantly challenging Ty (or Ta'a) to arm-wrestling or other feats of strength. He is frequently concerned about his appearance and spends a considerable amount of his allowance (where practical) on clothes.

Unlike some of the other members of this entourage, Jymsan is a fairly well-adjusted young man, self-confident and outgoing.

Depending on the nature of the campaign, he is also somewhat of a hedonistic boy, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh and the indulgence of drink. When the time comes for work, however, Jymsan knows when to be serious.

Personal Statistics

Race: Loar Elf

Height: 6'4

Weight: 200

Build: Lean; muscular

Eyes: Grey

Hair: Black

Age: 25 (appears ~18)

Profession: Mage

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	80	89
AG	93	96
SD	67	69
ME	85	90
RE	66	75
ST	90	94
QU	92	95
PR	70	84
EM	99	100
IN	53	75

Special Skills/Abilities

Engineering: 5 picks; more at 2/5. Jymsan makes a roll to get an understanding of the technology encountered. For each technology level above the characters, increase the difficulty by 20; for each level below, decrease by 20. Jymsan and the Loari are currently at level 6.5 (on the brink of level 7).

Possessions

Gold knuckles. They will fire a Shock Bolt 1x per day per level without need to prepare. They are fired by crashing them together, arms outstretched towards the target. If he spends an extra round concentrating, he gains point-blank. At 3rd level, 3 Shock Bolt 'charges' can be used as a single Lightning Bolt instead of the 3 Shock Bolts.

Earring: A gold hoop, it is a x2 PP enhancer for Essence.

Allowance Ring: Jymsan wears a signet ring which allows him to draw up to 100 gp per month from Banks of Sel-kai, Rhakhaan Imperial Banks, the Emerald Bank of Kaitaine/Haalkitaine/Lethys and Námár-Tol banks. The Emerald bank is Elven-owned; Loari in Kulthea have gained considerable wealth through bold and innovative banking, including a system which allows swift inter-branch communication.

NUKITI MELENKA

Nuyani Thief

A personable mercenary, Nukiti (his nickname is 'Keety') would make a valuable addition to the group.

Background

Fourth son of a wealthy Nuyan Khôm landowner, Nukiti Melenka has little to look forward to in the way of inheritance. He took to travelling, but his money ran out in Kaitaine. Having little other choice besides begging or pleading with his father for money, he began to take an interest in 'creative acquisition' (thievery). Since then he has made himself comfortable though not rich. He has his own moral standards of thieving, and is against physically harming his victims (he prefers institutional targets).

Although it is not at the top of his list of desires, Keety would certainly like to be the one to find the Scepter of Khôm, symbol of the rulership of Nuyan-Khôm, stolen some thirty years ago. By returning home with such an item, he would win honor and glory, and his father's approval.

Traits/Demeanor

Short, somewhat stocky, but very light-footed and agile, Nukiti bears the distinctive appearance of the Y'nar: black, straight hair, 'flattened' features, epicanthic folds over amber eyes.

'Keety' is normally a very serious young man, intent on his job. He has a weakness for Loari wine, however, and has gotten into trouble more than once after drinking too much. (He and Jymsan could be a dangerous combination in a city: they would be in the nearest well-stocked tavern before anyone else could turn around.) Hangovers can also really interfere with doing your best work: it's hard to pick a lock with your head pounding and your hands shaking.

He is loyal and friendly, and while his goal is to gain riches (and thus respect back home) he will remain faithful to the group against all but the most seductive temptation of wealth.

Nukiti actually left home because of a disagreement with his father over a trivial topic. However, he is dishonored now and feels that he cannot return without gaining wealth and fame. When asked about his family, he is evasive.

Personal Statistics

Race: Y'nar

Height: 5'5

Weight: 145 lbs.

Build: Stocky

Eyes: Amber

Hair: Black, worn in a short flat-top

Age: 27

Profession: Thief

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	90	95
AG	96	101
SD	84	89
ME	56	70
RE	84	88
ST	88	93
QU	98	98
PR	75	85
EM	67	80
IN	87	87

Possessions

Boots: Of Water, Wall and Limbwalking (all times) and Dodging (1x a day, -50 to one bow attack).

Lock Pick Kit : w/shaalk tools (+15)

Special Skills/Abilities

Basic Mathematics (5 Picks)

Star-Gazing (5 Picks)

MORDEN NÔK

Warlock of Itanis (Mentalist)

Shunned by his people, Morden is a man with no father. He is trained as a Warlock (Mentalist), but until the mystery of his conception is unraveled he cannot be allowed to enter the College of Warlocks.

Background

His mother was treated with fear and some disdain, as she became pregnant without a parenthood agreement (breeding is strictly controlled). Morden was almost killed at birth, but proved to have such potential that the original judgement by the council was set aside.

He was given training and a focus crystal, but never felt in harmony with the other warlock trainees. He also began to display errant ('wild') powers. Rather than suffer longer, he decided to set out and discover who his real father is.

Traits/Demeanor

Morden looks in all ways like an Itanian, except for his striking violet eyes. He is quiet and reserved, almost painfully shy. This comes in part from the ostracizing as a child.

Personal Statistics

Race: Itanian (chocolate skin)

Height: 5'10

Weight: 160 lbs.

Build: Lean

Eyes: Blue/violet in certain light

Hair: Straight black

Age: 24

Profession: Mentalist

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	82	85
AG	75	90
SD	89	94
ME	80	90
RE	86	95
ST	75	87
QU	95	98
PR	99	101
EM	88	91
IN	74	80

Special Skills/Abilities

1. Natural night vision allows perfect sight in equivalent to a normal clear night, 10 $\bar{0}$ even in pitch dark.
2. +10 to OB and DB (in addition to normal Stat bonuses).

Possessions

Mindstone: Similar to that of all Warlocks of Itanis, Morden's crystal looks like a piece of quartz hung from a leather thong. It has a symbiotic relationship with the owner. It has the following powers:

1. x3 PP enhancer
2. Detects Essænce: A Mindstone will respond to the presence of raw Essænce by glowing and giving off a faint warmth.
3. Keyed to owner: if any but the attuned wearer touches the stone, he takes a point-blank Lightning Bolt attack.
4. Protection: Adds +30 to wearer's RRs vs all mental attacks and probes. By concentrating (no PP use required) wearer has a +90 chance of detecting magical illusion (+50 to see through the illusion).
5. Ranging: Allows user to 'focus' mental power to extend range by +10% per extra round of concentration up to the level of the caster.
6. Aiming: Allows user to 'focus' mental power to increase potency by +5 per extra round of concentration up to a maximum of +30 for non-directed spells and +50 for non-directed spells.
7. Storing: User may store one spell up to his own level in the stone; the spell may then be cast instantly on command, or set to trigger on its own in a specific predetermined situation (situation must be general and obvious).

RÆK TORREN

Laan Healer

A male Laan hailing from the city-state of Kaitaine, Ræk Torren is a Channeling Healer with some fighting skills. He also has a troubling secret.

Background

Ræk is the eldest son of the Torren family of cotton traders. His mother died nine years ago soon after the birth of his sister; he also has two younger brothers. Ræk's father rules the family much like the business: with a strong and calculating manner.

Just before she died, Ræk's mother called him into her chamber. He was but a boy of eleven and did not understand much of what she said, references to the Old Empire and a beautiful order turned to evil, but he did remember the phrase *Ahn Sye Zanar*: the Order of the Cloak. She gave him an enchanted bracelet (it fit his wrist perfectly, as it continues to do, and it will not come off) and a beautiful black, red-lined cloak. She told him that it was his duty to seek out his origins and work to right the wrongs done by the evil agents now claiming to be the Order of the Cloak: the Inquisitors of Zanar. She died two days later.

The Master Healer Sheren Taas took Ræk under her wing when he was a youth of thirteen, when he displayed a strong potential healing gift. This was fortunate for Ræk, for he took little interest in the family business (to his father's disappointment). Ræk proved an apt pupil with one exception: he displayed an emotional block which prevented him from forming the bond necessary to transfer serious wounds from others onto himself. At first, Sheren assumed that the problem would work itself out, but as Ræk grew older and it did not improve, she grew concerned. It was not until the youth confessed his secret (see Traits below) that she understood. With her help he has gained some self-acceptance and access to transferring abilities. His patron god is Bæris, a Spirit of Orhan who is completely understanding and compassionate (more so than some of the Lords)

Rather than agree to marry the daughter of an allied house, whom he did not love, Ræk abdicated his inheritance and left Kaitaine to seek his fortune, and to gain a better understanding of himself..

Traits/Demeanor

Ræk Torren is a quiet, polite young man, intelligent, articulate and very handsome. While he is an imposing figure, he moves with a masculine grace. There is sometimes a vague sense of melancholy about him, which can make others uncomfortable.

Most of the time, however, Ræk is simply soft-spoken, doing a good job of remaining on the periphery of any conversation. He does have a beautiful baritone singing voice when he can be convinced to use it.

Finally, Ræk has a secret which he has told no one except his mentor. Sheren accepted Ræk for what he was, but she was unable to protect him from the attitude of intolerance which pervades his culture. Ræk has come to realize that he is what his people call a sherikaan, a lover of men.

This homosexual orientation has various levels of acceptance in Kulthea. Most Elven tribes are blasè about it (considering that few remain completely constrained to one orientation throughout their immortal lives). Interestingly, most mortal tribes also do not hold up their own prejudices against the Elves. The Dúranaki are openly supportive; most other cultures range from trying to ignore it to actively persecuting those caught 'in the act'. It is socially unacceptable and/or morally wrong but not illegal in Nuyan Khôm, Rhakhaan, most of Hæstra and the western states of Jaiman. The Rhiani cast out sherikaan tribesmen. In Sel-kai it is quietly accepted, while in Vajaar and among the Y'kin it is illegal and punishable by death. In Kaitaine it is illegal (subject to a small fine but rarely enforced, and then only against prostitutes); those known to be sherikaan (a slang, uncomplimentary term is sherk) are frequently socially ostracized, however.

Personal Statistics

Race: Laan

Height: 6'3

Weight: 220

Build: Medium (big-boned)

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black

Age: 22

Profession: Healer

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	95	100
AG	67	90
SD	65	72
ME	85	85
RE	84	89
ST	93	95
QU	98	99
PR	88	96
EM	45	79
IN	96	101

Special Skills/Abilities

First Aid: (4 picks)

Architecture: (3 picks) Ræk studied this as part of his schooling in Kaitaine

Herb Lore: (4 picks) As part of Healer training, Ræk learned the rudiments of healing herb capabilities and application.

Possessions

Armor: A full suit of black leather (does not encumber at all) with metallic fittings; it is AT 4 and heals itself.

Bracelet: x3 spell enhancer; it also allows Ræk to transfer one wound equivalent to 5th level or lower from someone up to 10' per level away, once per day. It is of silver with red inlays and bears runes in Old Emer.

LEENA ÆRIEN

Elf of Lys (Linæri Bard)

A female Linær Elf of Lys, Leena is a talented musician and scholar, but you would never guess it. She instead appears to be a somewhat dizzy young woman.

Background

Leena Ærien hails from the Lys province of Elas, and wears the oak sprig symbol on all of her tunics. She is the youngest daughter of Lord Barin Ærien, who owns a palace and vineyards.

Her life has been a carefree one in Lys, never wanting for anything. Unlike most of the other PCs, her home life has been blissful and serene. The only troubling event in an otherwise pastoral life was the departure of her older brother (the middle child of three) two years ago. Ærik left Lys with two friends (brothers Kesien and Orrel Ermenel) to journey around Emer. Mainly Ærik wanted to see Námar-Tol, but agreed to go with the brothers to see other sights. Nothing has been heard from them since they departed Kaitaine over a year and a half ago and the parents are worried.

Over her mother's objections and her father's concern for her safety, Leena departed Lys to seek her lost brother (and in search of adventure).

Finding nothing at Kaitaine, Leena continued north and intended to make her way to Sel-kai. However, rough weather and storm damage in the Melurian Straits forced her ship to turn north to Jaiman. They anchored in Lethys.

Traits/Demeanor

While highly intelligent and talented, Leena's behavior might tactfully be described as 'distracted'. The less circumspect would mutter under their breath that she was a 'dumb blonde Elf girl'. Neither is true, of course; this is a facade that Leena creates to catch others off-guard. Whether she does it consciously or it is purely second nature is a matter worthy of speculation. In either case, her performance is flawless.

More specific examples of Leena's behavior follow: hair-tossing, ogling attractive males while making cooing noises, singing at inappropriate times, talking to herself about inane topics, and constantly asking anyone nearby if her hair/tunic/jewelry/etc. looks alright. When you are speaking to Leena, she will frequently stare off into space, see something that interests her, and interrupt you to draw your attention to it. She has a tendency to giggle for no apparent reason.

Personal Statistics

Race: Linær

Height: 5'9

Weight: 100

Build: Slender/shapely

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blonde, worn either halfway down her back or worn 'up'

Age: ? (appears ~20)

Profession: Bard

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	90	94
AG	95	98
SD	56	70
ME	67	85
RE	75	75
ST	85	89
QU	97	98
PR	93	98
EM*	100	101
IN	80	84

*Note: Leena is considered an Essence-based (Amthorian) Bard here; if the GM or player would rather use the Mentalism-based bard, switch her Empathy and Presence stats.

Special Skills/Abilities

Singing: 5 picks

Music: 3 picks

Play Instrument (Harp): 5 picks

Martial Arts (Sweeps & Throws): 1 pick; gain at 2/5

Possessions

Cloak Pin: a lovely oak leaf and acorn pin where the leaf is gold and the acorn a large beryl with silver cap. At a touch the wearer becomes Invisible. Useable 1x per day, lasts only 1 hour. Also a +1 PP enhancer.

Harp: Enchanted instrument, will not slip out of tune.

RÆLEN THIROK

Changramai Novitiate (Ky'taari Warrior Monk)

Rælen Thirok is a Changramai who has left the monastery in Emer to work against the Priests Arnak of Jaiman. These priests have nearly destroyed his Ky'taari people.

Background

Young Rælen left the Mur Fostisyr as a boy to become a Changramai, but now that he has earned his White Sash, he wishes to return to his devastated homeland. This goes against the nature of the Changramai, who are mercenary bodyguards. Rælen owes a considerable sum to the Changramai in return for his training, and he is therefore not an 'official' Changramai and dares not wear his white robes. He cannot remove the triangular Changramai red tattoo on the back of each hand, so wears gloves. The monastery does not wish to harm him (that is wasteful); they do want to force him to adhere to his contract: five years of service to the monastery to repay them for his elite training.

Rælen wants to fight against the Syrkakar in the Mur Fostisyr, and is en route to there from Emer when he encounters the other PCs in Lethys. He will be convinced to join them to the Library to learn more of the Priests Arnak.

Traits/Demeanor

Like most of his Ky'taari kin, Rælen is naturally friendly and outgoing. However, his flight from the Changramai order has made him more cautious and suspicious of strangers. He is a bit naive, idealistic, and selflessly loyal to his friends.

Rælen would like to find the lost Sword Ashaanaar to present to the A-Ryaan, but has no idea where it might be.

Personal Statistics

Race: Ky'taari (half-elf)

Height: 6' 1

Weight: 180 lbs

Build: Medium

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Pale Blond

Age: 18

Profession: Warrior Monk (or Monk)

Languages: (s/w)

Stats:	Temp	Pot
CO	85	95
AG	90	99
SD	86	89
ME	65	78
RE	50	70
ST	95	97
QU	100	101
PR	99	100
EM	89	91
IN	69	79

Special Skills/Abilities

Skating: 5 picks

Skiiing: 5 picks

Subduing: 3 picks

Contortions: 3 picks

BDS: 10 picks

Possessions

Headband: a band of black leather with a silver clasp, this powerful enchanted device protects as if the wearer had on an enchanted helm.

Boots: Allow wearer to run on sand or ice as normal solid ground. Also, for any Martial Arts Strike critical which mentions the word 'kick', all hits damage is tripled.