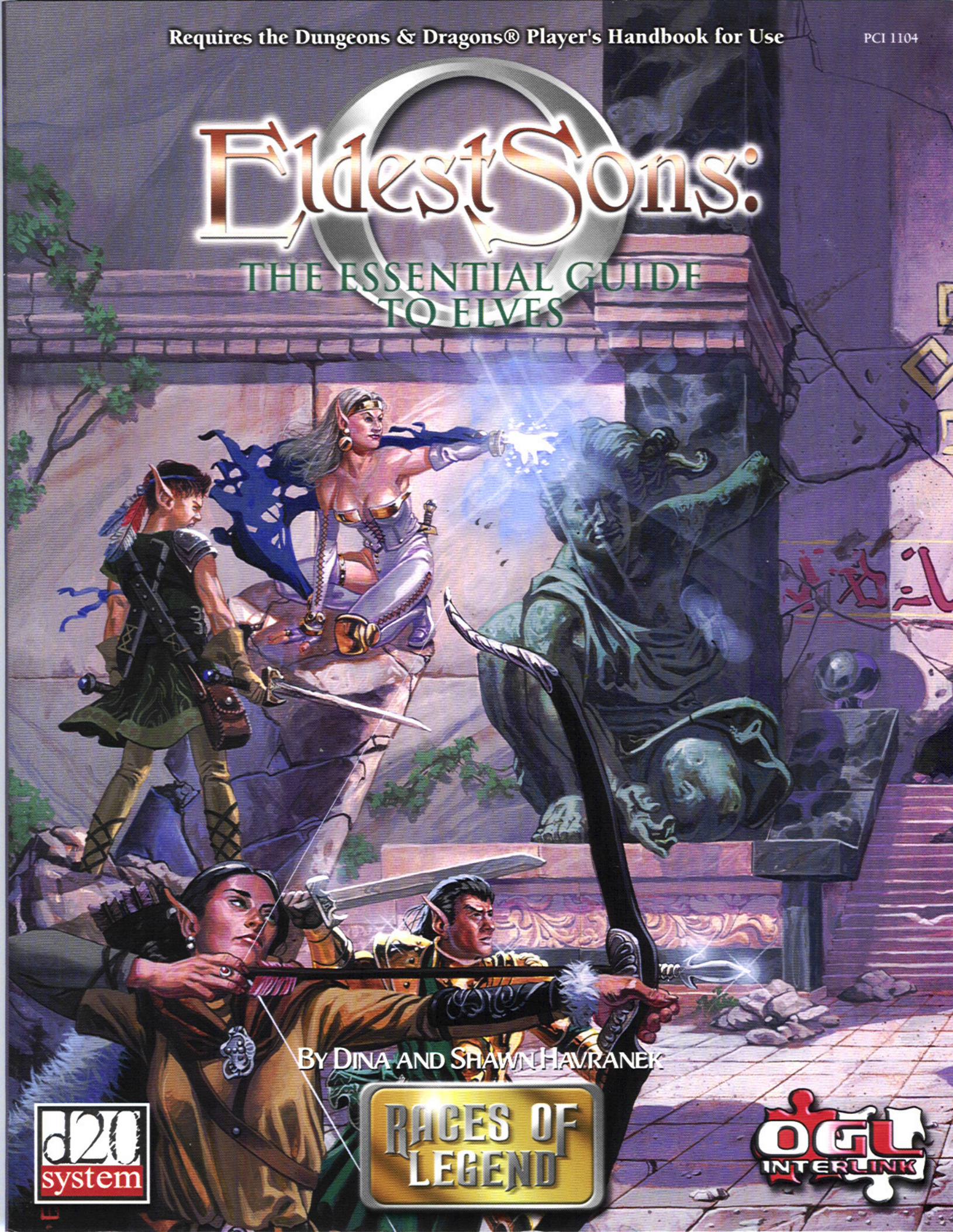


Eldest Sons:

THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE
TO ELVES



BY DINA AND SHAWN HAVRANEK



Eldest Sons: THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO ELVES

by Dina and Shawn Havranek

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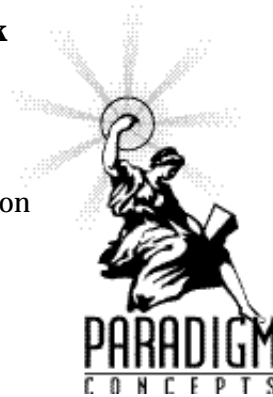
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The publisher would like to offer the sincerest apologies to Shawn Havranek for omission of his authorship credit for *Forged in Magic*.



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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to The Eldest Sons, the first in a series of sourcebooks that will explore the races of the D20 fantasy universe. Unlike other similar products on the market, the Races of Legend series takes a toolkit approach. We don't want to tell you what an elf should be in your campaign, or who an elf should be as your character. Those decisions should be yours alone. Eldest Sons merely lays out the options and gives advice.

"Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere"

- A fairy – A Midsummer Night's Dream

"So they laughed and sang in the trees; and pretty fair nonsense I daresay you think it. Not that they would care; they would only laugh all the more if you told them so. They were elves of course."

- J.R.R. Tolkien – The Hobbit

"Elf me! Elf me! Elf me!"

- Carson the Muskrat – Dork Tower

WHAT THIS BOOK IS

This book is a toolkit. It is designed to help a referee define the elves in his world in an internally consistent and logically thought out manner – the better to aid his players' suspension of disbelief. It provides possible insights to a player who struggles with the difficult role-playing challenge inherent in choosing a non-human character. Hopefully, within these pages, the reader will find ideas and options that never occurred to him, allowing him to stretch the bounds of what in many games can devolve into nothing more than pointy eared humans who live in trees.

In addition, Eldest Sons provides D20 rules for elven concepts not covered in the core books, making it easier for GMs to incorporate the elves of literature and legend into their campaigns, as well as a few examples of new ideas that show a creator the path to further customize his own world.

Last is a mini-setting – the city of Fairvus -- a fully realized location with NPCs and adventure possibilities that explore many of the themes and options discussed throughout the rest of the book.

WHAT THIS BOOK ISN'T

What The Eldest Sons is NOT – a straightjacket for your campaign, a holy writ that defines what elves have to be, or how they must act. It's not a new world background, aimed at exclusively redefining the elf, moving it into a modern day gaming setting, or taking it back to its roots – but there are instructions for doing all these things. Bottom line – it's your game. Only you get to define the elf, and heaven forbid we try to tell you how best to do it. We do hope this book gives you some good ideas around which to shape and mold your elven character.

Happy gaming!

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

Dina Havranek is a news producer in New Haven, Connecticut and a former Texas news reporter and anchorwoman. Viciously corrupted by her gaming husband, Dina is now a part-time gamer herself. She's also working to publish two books and several short stories.

Shawn Havranek is a teacher and sometimes writer, or writer and sometimes teacher who at the moment is writing role-playing games. By an amazing coincidence, he is married to his co-author, and we both would like to dedicate our second joint venture to our first – our new daughter Tatyana Faye Havranek. We even named her after an elf...twice.

CHAPTER 1 – GETTING INTO CHARACTER

And this is where I will die, Erin thought. He had his back to the wall and the greasy smell of the orc's breath hot in his face. The orc's ax, dripping with blood and the fat, pearly lump of flesh he'd carved from some human victim, rubbed against the skin of his neck. His heart raced with human instinct – telling him to run and the truth was that there was no avenue of escape.

That was when it happened – a long, straight blade swung through the air, cleaving with such force that it sang. It glowed brightly, sinking into the orc's dark, leathery skin severing muscle and splitting bone. Uncertainty flashed in the orc's dark eyes, then horror, then the beast howled and Erin cried out, and the ax blade sank blessedly away, a pressing thing of metal and gore that would find him later in nightmares.

His savior, a man whose name he could not recall, stood even with him, the blade of the glowing longsword held eye level and even, the flat turned upward so that now it also caught the rays of the sun. The man's eyes were bright green and dangerous. Very, very dangerous was this slight figure that had saved Erin's life. *I will memorize this face. I will never forget it. He will be the one I owe and I will make it up to him.*



The stranger stood frozen, breaths heaving his chest, as though waiting for the orc to rise. Then very slowly he lowered his blade and turned his back on Erin. Erin held his heart, collected the first of his wits, and said, "Your name, sir?"

The man made no reply. He was unconcerned with Erin, having turned his attention to the bodies of the dead and dying orcs that lay all around them. This was the end of the battle for the human city of Vaston. The orcs had lost, but Erin had lowered his guard too soon and not seen this last one creeping from around a building. But now, seeing all the other soldiers going across the bodies, touching and pressing on them, now he believed they could finally take a breath.

He put his back to the wall and took a drink of water from his travel flask. "Sir, I beg of you. I need to know the name of the man who saved my life."

The man lifted his blood-soaked, blond head and regarded him for only a moment. "Laribo."

"Laribo," Erin repeated. "My thanks for—"

The man was ignoring him now, stepping over the bodies, sword held down at a perfect angle to stab and kill. There was something odd about the way he walked and his agility.

"I would drop a sword that heavy if I danced around with it like that, not the way you do..." and here he trailed off, because the man was looking at him with those dangerous, unreadable eyes. "Most men would. All I'm saying is that's amazing that you can do that."

The man inclined his head again and knelt down, stripping a dying orc of something about his neck. He held up a necklace that contained a tooth and looked at it for a moment before making a series of odd and very fast signs with his left hand over it. Then he tied it about his neck, all the while maintaining a fast grip on the heavy sword.

"Precious pearl?" Erin asked, thinking he'd seen wrong, thinking also that he was going to annoy this man to whom he owed so much. Yet, he couldn't stop his questions until he'd wrung something more out of him. Erin's life had never been saved before. Perhaps others more used to battle, but not his. It was paramount he make this man understand the debt.

"Tooth," Laribo corrected in a flat voice. Then his eyes seemed to focus on Erin for the first time. He flashed a quick grin. "A charm against me. Now a charm against his kind."

"So you're a mage?" The only mages Erin knew were slight old men who, in devoting a life to their craft, had allowed their body to go to waste. This was not Erin's picture of a powerful wizard or sorcerer.

From far away, Erin heard the raucous bellow of familiar laughter. Riley, his patron, friend, and the very person who'd recruited him to help save Vaston, was making his way around the bodies, kicking orc arms and legs with spike-toed boots.

"I see you've met Laribo. Good, ain't he?" And Riley came and slapped Erin on the back, a knock that nearly sent him reeling. Erin noticed he didn't slap Laribo's back. Erin wondered if it was all right for any man to touch Laribo.

"I was just trying to explain to him that I owe him a great debt of gratitude. But he's...busy!"

At this Laribo paused and turned. All of the sudden he lowered the sword and put it in the long hilt at his side – an easy move that took all of a half second. "A great debt?" the man asked lightly.

"You, sir, saved my life."

Laribo closed the distance between them. He cocked his head, an odd, bird-like move. Those eyes...those eyes were so strange when he said, "And when did I do that?"

"Just-Just now!" Erin couldn't believe it. This man had not realized what he'd done! Riley was laughing harder.

"The orc would have killed me!"

"Oh. Well." Laribo seemed to smile again, an odd crooked gesture that was more grimace than cheer. "Orcs... do that." And he lifted a hand to his hair, which was long, fine, and very blond, and ran it back out of his eyes.

And Erin saw one long, delicate and decidedly pointed, non-human ear, and said only: "Oh. Oh... now I see."

Riley's laughter seemed unending.

"You humans are all the same. In the day, you toil without thought, mindful of profit whilst laying bare the land of her riches. By night, you slap your ale mug in disgust and yell at the world that makes you suffer. "Is nothing sacred?" you cry. I tell you now it is all around you, in the trees you have felled, in the heavens where upward rises your belchings and oily pipe smoke. Why, what is sacred is all around you, and you have failed to notice."

Ethereal yet visible, fragile yet unconquerable, knowledgeable yet sanctimonious, nonmaterialistic yet powerful, rustic yet persuasive, tethered to nature yet with one foot up on a godly plain. Elves. Whether you love them or hate them, they're here to stay, the integral and unstoppable heart of any traditional fantasy campaign.

So, what do you do with them? You can't play the traditional elf – or can you? Is there a take on the elf that hasn't been done before, a spin that keeps the integrity of the character without changing it into just a 'human guy with pointy ears'? Does traditional have to mean boring – or can you bring back that spark that made you think elves were the coolest thing the day you opened that first boxed set?

To find the answer, let's first examine what makes an elf...an elf.

THE OFFICIAL ELF!! – THE D20 REFERENCE DOCUMENT

Dozen of interpretations of our pointy-eared friends have been detailed in games, stories...movies, but the number of variations can be intimidating. Where do you begin? On what should you base your beloved character – hopefully to adventure in your stead all the way through 20 levels? For those who don't want to reinvent the elven wheel, d20 has thoughtfully provided a template – what the original designers had in mind when they thought of 'elf'. Unfortunately, the elf provided in the Player's Handbook is long on mechanics, and a little short on role-playing possibilities. But those same mechanics offer a surface on which to build a good character. Just like our own human forms by necessity influence our psychology, each rule can provide a clue to the way your elven character thinks. Nothing is writ in stone, and just like humanity, the elven people have almost infinite variety. Use what follows as a guide and remember there are always exceptions.

Unearthly Grace

Elves receive a +2 bonus to Dexterity

For an elf, acts of physical skill come easily. They are quick, deft with their hand, and when compared to clumsy humanity possess a supernatural grace. This grace as much as their legendary physical beauty is why so many members of the human race react with attraction and jealousy when confronted by a being that is so obviously superior.

Or at least that is how the elves view it.

A recurring facet of elven personality is arrogance. They have so many obvious advantages, that it blinds them to their natural disadvantages, and those who are not blinded dismiss elven faults as inconsequential, or at least over whelmed by their virtues. Their natural dexterity is one facet of this, but it is an important part. It is difficult to NOT feel superior when the average member of your race prove more generally skilled than the average member of the others. Among the races detailed in the Player's Handbook, only the halflings are as deft with their hands – as quick on their feet.

And perhaps they are right. Individually, by all objective standards, the average elf is superior to the average human. Is it arrogance if it's true? Still this attitude can lead to over-confidence when an elf confronts an exceptional human (or dwarf, or orc, etc.). This genuine incredulity only serves to reinforce the elven reputation for arrogance. Hubris is the fault that eventually lays low every elf that fails to look beyond his own talents to see the talents of others.

As a more practical matter, having the advantage of speed, elves are loath to lose it. Heavy armor and heavy loads slow the quick reactions out of proportion to those who are naturally clumsy. And those who are used to more mundane reaction speeds have had the experience to compensate for it. It is for this reason even the greatest elven warriors of legend

and game tend to wear only the lightest armor and carry only what they need. An elf would tell you that it is because their skill is so great, they do not need the protection; he trusts more to his own abilities than the capabilities of his equipment. But the more honest would admit their lack of comfort in giving up a natural advantage.

Slim and Slight of Form

Elves receive a -2 penalty to Constitution

The first and most crippling disadvantage that elves share is their penalty to Constitution. They are small and slight – their frame fragile. They receive one fewer hit point per level than any of the other player races, and almost all of the non-player races. A blow that would wound a human can cripple an elf. A crippling blow can kill one outright. But aside from the obvious disadvantages in combat, the Constitution penalty goes a long way in explaining why the elves are usually portrayed as a marginal people, even considering their tremendous natural talents.

Constitution adjusts more than just hit points. Constitution is an indication of a character's health. This means that elves not only fear sword blows that a human might shrug off, but the resulting penalty to Fortitude saves puts them in mortal danger of poisons and diseases that might only sicken the hardier races.

Individually, a minor penalty like this might impact a character only slightly. But as a race and society, the impact can be staggering. It should be remembered that the standard d20 fantasy takes place in a pseudo-medieval setting. Most games gloss over the problems of disease, infection, poor nutrition, infant mortality, and death in childbirth. But, even if they occur only in the background – out of sight of the larger-than-life adventures of our heroes, logically they should still leave an impression. Clerical magic can mitigate many of these problems, but elves are no more adept in the divine arts than humans. Their talents are arcane – and the arcane has no dominion over disease or access to healing spells.

With that in mind, and a literary history of low fertility, most elves grow up in an envelope of protection unlike that experienced by any other race. Elven parents cannot take the risks with their children humans do. A simple fall, a cold or infection, the chance ingestion of the wrong flower will kill with more likelihood than for other children. This protective attitude explains the enormously extended childhood that elves serve. Minimum starting adventuring age is 114, more than seven times that of humans. Elves are as intelligent as humans; even if physical development is actually that slow, experience should create an individual ready to take his place in society in much less time – unless an elven child is not allowed to gather that experience.

For safety's sake, an elven child is required to learn all possible dangers of a situation before being allowed to experience it. This careful, methodical approach to life often carries on as the elf ages. The dangers inherent in not understanding an event or new possibility are too great a risk.

This explains what the quick races view as the elven tendency to inaction, even in the face immediate danger. An elf is trained from childhood on to understand a danger fully before confronting it. Unfortunately, this is not always possible. The dependency on full understanding before action is another of the classic elven faults.

POSSIBILITIES!

Ability Bonuses and Penalties

While d20 gives us one good view of elves, the Player's Handbook lacks the room to explore the countless variations that have appeared in fantasy literature over the years, but then again, that is what this book is for. +2 Dexterity/-2 Constitution works admirably as a mechanical framework for their personal view of the elves, but what about yours?

Here are a few ideas on where an elf should put his points to match some of the other traditional views of the eldest sons.

Any referee deciding to switch an elf's ability bonuses and penalties around should be aware of the game designer's bias toward the physical stats (Str, Dex, and Con) over the mental (Int, Wis, and Cha). The Player's Handbook places greater weight on the physical – especially Strength. Referees who wish to remain true to that feel should consider doing the same.

Strength

Elves are depicted physically in two ways – always thin and lanky, but either possessing a height that towers over a man or as short a stature as their build is light. The player's handbook chooses short. Elven height ranges from 4'7" to 5'5" (vs. 5'0" to 6'6" for equivalent humans). It seems logical that a smaller creature with a lighter build would possess less physical strength than the larger more robust human.

Many stories of the elves comment that their slight frames contain strength surprising in one so small. It may be because of these stories that d20's designers chose not to penalize elves in this way, but how more unearthly would they seem if they received a bonus instead. Referees, who wish to emphasize the fey nature of the elves or are fond of tall elves instead of short, may wish to give the elves in their campaign a few extra points of Strength.

Conversely, those who are de-emphasizing the magical nature of the elves and retaining their small size might consider a penalty. If they do so, the importance of natural elven dexterity will only increase.

Dexterity

Elven reflexes and speed have already been discussed in detail, and while few, if any, stories tell of clumsy elves, some referees may feel a +2 bonus isn't enough to simulate the supernatural reactions they envision for their game. So be it. Only be careful, too great of

a bonus can turn elves from a playable balanced race into campaign-busting caricatures.

Constitution

The declining race: Elven Constitution lends itself to that classic interpretation, and many stories – as far back as Tolkien – support that vision. But is that the best way to send a race into its dotage? Elven longevity is slightly at odds with the image of the ‘sickly’ elf. Elves have supernatural speed and strength, why was health neglected. If that doesn’t make sense, it doesn’t have to be true. Numerous stories of elves, especially of the tall variety, enjoy tremendous stamina along with their other physical talents. An elven decline can be laid at the feet of low fertility, a divine curse, or even a racial weariness from being caretakers of the world. Plus, elves have enough enemies that it is conceivable no amount of advantages will be able to save them.

Or if you want to go from a declining race to a DYING race, pump the penalty up a few points. Once great warriors can snap like twigs when confronted with the blades of the next dominant race. Plagues can wipe the ancient citadels and cities clean for the new age of man. This option works best for the decadent elves – a race drowning in its own centuries of rule. Everything discussed about Constitution earlier is true tenfold. The elves, individuals and society alike, would stand paralyzed at the swift changes rolling over the world at the hands of the quick races, and they would soon pass from irrelevance into extinction.

Intelligence

D20 intelligence measures the ability to learn and reason. Elves may be smarter than the rest of us – they think so. Considering how most modern stories with elves have the heroes running to them for advice, this could very well be true. Referees who believe this might give their elves a bonus, but they should be forewarned. Doing so will make the elven wizard almost certainly the only wizard your adventuring parties will contain.

But consider a second the evidence. It takes an elf 100 years to learn what a human learns in fifteen. Magic flows through an elf’s blood, yet all the most powerful wizards are human. In the stories, the elves can never help our heroes beyond a few scraps of ancient knowledge shrouded in riddles they never bothered to write down in understandable form in the first place.

What if the elves are (gasp!) stupid?

A referee or player who enjoys a more tongue-in-cheek game can turn the classic elven stereotypes on its ear by giving the elves a penalty – maybe a significant one – to Intelligence. This would explain a great deal. Why, if the elves are caretakers of the world, does it always fall to a group of motley adventures to save the universe? If you lived for centuries, wouldn’t you make contingency plans?

Wisdom

Age brings wisdom and the elves have age in abundance. With the years at their disposal, elves have made and know the consequences of every mistake they can make. Post-Tolkien, most stories have emphasized the serene wisdom of the long-lived race. For this reason, a Wisdom bonus seems obvious.

But pre-Tolkien elves were very different, more akin to the fey. They were creatures of magic, chaotic and untamed – fairies. They could remember but they could not learn. Being immortal, they never suffered the consequences of their mistakes, and therefore ignored them. Elves inspired by the ‘good folk’ or the ‘little people’ – the classic sidhe of Celtic legend are not what most would consider ‘wise’ beings. For the capricious forest children, a referee should consider sizable wisdom penalties. Elves are eternal children and look on the world as children do with innocence and naivety.

Charisma

Charm and grace – more than magic, more than wisdom, more than martial prowess – are the legendary birthrights of the elven people. So much so, in fact, it is surprising the designers did not bow to the weight of history and legend and give the official elf a bonus to his Charisma. (Though it is likely not a coincidence, no race in the Player’s Handbook receives a bonus to any of the three abilities that govern spell-casting.)

Still, Charisma governs force of personality. Charisma governs personal magnetism. Charisma governs physical attractiveness. In legend, book, and movie, the elf has all three, regardless of the interpretation. Perhaps the elves of stories gathered this inner power with age, but an increase in Charisma is not without justification for those referees that want to emphasize this elven trait.

Never a Closed Eye

Elves are immune to magic sleep spells and effects

Though it is difficult to find, the Player’s Handbook is clear about elven sleeping habits. Elves have little need of rest, and no need for sleep at all. Each night they spend four hours in a meditative trance, and that serves to refresh them for the next day. (Just to be clear, elven spell-casters still need 8 full hours of relatively uninterrupted rest before they can prepare spells or recover spell slots. This time just doesn’t have to be spent in sleep; four hours of meditation is plenty. The balance can be spent relaxing) What’s more, the clear implication of *sleep* immunity is that an elf CAN’T sleep. His brain just isn’t wired for it.

Because of this, elves have a full four more hours of useful time with which to occupy themselves. What does this mean other than the fact your elven character will be stuck on first watch until the end of his adventuring career?



An elf has 25% more time to accomplish any specific task lasting more than a day. He can take his time. He can be meticulous, or lazy, as he so chooses. In the perception of an elf, the other races hurry through life, failing to enjoy their short spans. In contrast, elves appear to the quick races to take life at a languid pace. Centuries at their disposal and hours more in each day give no impetus to rush tasks. Rash speed breeds mistakes, and the beauty goes out of a life that is not savored.

What do elves give up for this freedom? Dreams.

A creature that does not sleep cannot dream and that has repercussions beyond mere game mechanics. First the practical matters, aside from their immunity to the 1st-level spell sleep, an elf may not be targeted by any spell that relies on sleep or dreams to fuel its effects. *Dream* and *nightmare* are but two examples. Because of their unfamiliarity with dreams or sleep, elves are unlikely to know or cast spells that utilize their effects.

It is the metaphysical ramifications that are interesting. In many stories, fairies including elves lack the ability to be creative. The supernatural spark that gives them so many advantages robs them of the ability to innovate. They can plot, they can be very clever, but all their ideas are variations – no matter how complex – of inspirations stolen from other creatures. It is this fundamental lack that many authors use to explain the elves decline in the face of so many outward advantages over their competitors, and their need to turn to human heroes when times are bleak.

The lack of dreams can be extended metaphorically into drive and ambition. Humanity dreams, as a species and as individuals, of great things for themselves. Elves may lack that capability. One of the most overlooked aspects of the d20 elf might be the key to understanding the elven paradox.

Will of Iron

An elf receives a +2 racial saving throw bonus against Enchantment spells and effects

His ability to resist personal temptation is as fallible as a human's. His susceptibility to torture or intimidation is no greater or worse. But an elf shines in his resistance to artificial mind-affecting effects. Why is that?

It seems the elf's mind is his own. An elf has no more willpower than normal. What he does have is an indomitable sense of self. While an elf, like a human, can be drawn into a self-destructive spiral by addictive chemicals or lulled into false complacency by flattery, any attempt to impose those faults artificially comes only after a greater struggle. An elf accepts his faults as a part of him. He knows they are there. His weaknesses make up an important part of the whole. What an elf cannot abide is someone compromising that whole – intruding alien fragments into his perfect self. His very being rejects the outside influences, and he more easily shakes off the effects.

The benefits reach beyond those provided by the rules. Because an elf knows his own faults, he is aware when they are ruling him. Humans often labor under self-delusion – not recognizing their own self-destructive actions. An elf knows what he is doing. He may lack the ability to stop, but the awareness can give him the opportunity to ask for help.

Night like Day

Elves can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. They retain the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

The night is not an obstacle to the eyes of the elves. The dark spaces beyond the campfire hold fewer mysteries, and the few that remain are more distant. Better night vision may not seem like much, but the impact on elven society and psychology is significant.

In medieval times, a rough approximation in which most d20 fantasy campaigns occur, artificial light is expensive. Candles need wax; lamps need oil; torches are smoky and ill suited indoors. Magic helps but that is even more expensive. An ever-burning torch costs 90 gp – more than 10 times that of a donkey and three times that of a pony. Under such conditions, most civilizations exist only between dawn and dusk. Elves do not suffer that problem. In any but the darkest conditions, elves see as well as in twilight. The elven day need not end when the sun sets.

It is for this reason also most elves live outdoors, or when gathered in cities the buildings remain open to sun, stars, and moon. It is a mystery to them why humans can close themselves off from what little light remains to them at night and huddle in the deepest dark. Elves do not avoid buildings or caves because of claustrophobia; they avoid these places because they cannot see. Dwarves and their kin can see in perfect darkness. Humans and halflings see little difference between the dark of midnight and the dark of their homes.

Psychologically, elven nightvision aids elven security. One of the greatest fears of man is the fear of the unknown – what lurks beyond the safety of the campfire. Elves know what is out there. They can see it. That which is known is less of a danger – this is a core component of elven belief. And because what lurks beyond is more obvious, elves, unlike men, feel less drive to find out what it may be. Elves are secure. They have less to fear, and because of this, they appear to men to be brave.

for it and are ready to bone up on your thermodynamics, infravision makes for an interesting variant for elven nightvision.



POSSIBILITIES!

A New Kind of Sight

Before there was d20, there was another game, and that other game had elves. These elves had something ours do not – a mysterious ability, now lost, called infravision. Infravision was replaced in d20 by darkvision – simply, the ability to see in natural darkness as if it were daylight. This has several benefits over infravision, but most importantly, it is simpler.

Infravision was hard to nail down as far as mechanics were concerned. Because it was defined by science – the ability to perceive heat as visible light – and not game mechanics, the referee was forced to make constant rules adjudications.

"When the temperature is 98.6 is my character invisible?"

"How long does the lizard have to move before I can see him?"

"He left heat traces through his footprints. Can I track him?"

"Wait! My boots have extra-thick soles, they shouldn't leave a trail."

Etc...Ad nauseam.

Still, some miss the flavor of infravision. If you are up

A TRADITION OF WAR

Elves receive two free martial weapon proficiencies: longsword or rapier; and longbow, shortbow, composite longbow, or composite shortbow.

Granted, the elves have enemies. Granted, they have fought wars over millennia – against their darker selves, against the stubborn dwarves, against the goblinoid hordes, against the evil nations of the humans. But they are hardly alone. In fact, most elven nations are described as enjoying long periods of peace. The elves claim they are a peaceful people, but every man, woman, and child with the strength to lift steel trains with the sword; and every man, woman, and child with the strength to pull a string trains with the bow.

These are not the acts of a peaceful people.

They are the acts of a practical people.

They may not desire it, but the elves are prepared to go to war at any time. They have been attacked too many times in the past to expect history to stop repeating itself. Even if they had been surprised only once a century – sometimes by an unknown enemy, sometimes by a supposed ally – that is seven times within the lifetime of the eldest. If our nation had suffered the equivalent of seven Pearl Harbors in the

course of your grandfather's lifetime, the US would be far more military-minded than it is today.

The elves don't trust the other races. Their memories are long, and they have made mistakes before.

This distrust is carried by every elf. It is ingrained in them as they train for war through 100 years of childhood. Those who leave the safety of the elven nations leave knowing they will not stop looking behind their back until they return. They know from constant indoctrination that the lesser races are jealous of elven talents and accomplishments, and it is a rare elf that calls a member of another race friend and means it honestly.

Those exposed to the full rigors of elven distrust often leave the fair folk unsettled. They accuse the elves of paranoia. The elves know the old proverb. *'Destrecaah toman sidh jyltuda id lo gitchim.'* – It's not paranoia if they really are out to get you.

POSSIBILITIES!

The Bow/Sword Straightjacket

Elves use bows. Everybody knows that. At least everybody knew that after J.R.R Tolkien told them.

The martial tradition is a part of the elves. There is no reason to change that. But there is no good reason why the weapons of choice must be the longbow and longsword. D20 takes it one step further and gives players the choice between a longsword and rapier, and your choice of bows. Why not take the next one? There is no game-balance reason why an elf cannot be proficient in the flail and throwing knife, or the battle-axe and sling. It is an artificial restriction put in place because of tradition. Tradition is not a bad thing, but do not constrain your campaign unnecessarily. It is also the easiest quick and dirty way to differentiate between any elven sub-races. If your campaign features Bedouin elves rampaging across the sandy desert, arm them with scimitars and javelins – the sea elves need tridents and nets.

The only thing to be careful of is the exotic weapon. Most require a feat for a reason, but even then, it is unlikely such a choice will upset the balance of a campaign.

Eye of the Fox, Ear of the Hare

Elves receive a +2 racial bonus on Listen, Search, and Spot checks. An elf who merely passes within 5 feet of a secret or concealed door is entitled to a Search check to notice it as if she were actively looking for the door.

Those who meet an elf for the first time usually come away with the impression the elf was distracted. As their familiarity with the eldest sons grow, they soon realize the truth is just the opposite – the elf was concentrating on EVERYTHING.

Because they never close their eyes or shroud their ears from what goes on around them, an elf is constantly picking up clues that those who focus on only one thing at a time miss. This perception sometimes leads them to discover hidden objects and secret caches even when not expecting them. When asked why he thought to look there, an elf replies, "It should have been there." as if the answer was obvious. Of course for an elf it was.

This attention to minutia, especially subjects considered inconsequential to others, stems from the elven fascination with details. Everything fascinates an elf. The older he gets, the more details can consume him. As he ages, the desire for new sensations grows with him, and as the elf plums the depths of his surroundings, novelty can be found increasingly only in the details.

Ancient elves will often seek solace in obscure difficult pastimes or bizarre collections, and in a trait they share with dragons, relate every detail of their obsession to those foolish enough to show an interest. It is when an elf becomes convinced that there is nothing new to be found in the expressions of his obsessions, that he finally dies – happy in the knowledge that he experienced all that life had to offer.

A Tradition of Power

The elves favored class is wizard

Elves are not masters of magic; they are magic. But it's not only that. Elves are timeless, or nearly timeless, and with great age comes countless generations of handed down knowledge.



The average player would do well to remember that. In elven society, magic is commonplace. Wonders that astound human villages would garner no notice in an equivalent elven vale. But while the expression of magic does little to awe an elf, the existence of magic and their ability to wield it is a realization of constant joy. And it is a pleasure to be savored.

Elven mages don't pull spells out of thin air, no matter how good they are. They choose exactly what spell is needed – using only the power necessary to complete the task. Even in the heat of battle the careful elven wizard might pause, risking life and limb to everyone around, to recall the perfect arcane incantation. Players shouldn't be afraid of letting their elven wizards take their time in sorting through the countless libraries of information contained in their heads, and spell preparation should be treated with the same relish an expert gourmet feels when preparing the menu for a fine meal.

Always remember the wizard is the 'favored' class. Elves don't just use magic – they enjoy it. Many the stoic elf has probably broken a grin on the battlefield upon seeing his enchantments wreak havoc on his ill-prepared foe. Players shouldn't shy from letting elven mage characters show their feelings when it comes to delightful magical exploits. After all, even the most dour fey, is still a fey.

And what of the elf who abhors magic, who curses his fate and longs loudly for a more normal existence? There's a place in wizardry for the unwilling mage. Elves may view magic as a duty or a way to pay back a debt to society. This would work well with the elf who wanders the world looking for something it's taken three or four lifetimes to find. Elves are nothing if not patient, and magic is a wonderful tool by which to achieve almost any means, no matter how long it takes.

Above all, wizardry shouldn't eclipse the elf himself. A strong elven character who could stand on his own without any spells becomes all the more entertaining once he starts to really use them.

Time Enough for Everything

An elf reaches adulthood at the age of 110, middle age at 175, old age at 263, and then becomes venerable at 350, finally dying 4d% years later.

Elves average lives of more than half a millennia long. Some reach 750 years. This is a long time to live. The greatest danger in such a long life is not, finding enough time to accomplish all you wish, but finding ways to occupy the endless days and nights. This, more than any other, is the reason elves do not hurry. Boredom is the bane of the near-immortal.

Long life creates a timeless quality around the elves, at least from the point of view of the quick races, and change only comes slowly when leaders can rule for centuries. But change does come. Unfortunately, elves are slow to react to it and resist it as strongly as the aged of other races. The

resultant generation gap can put stress on the entire community. Imagine the differences between you and your grandfather – born before the start of World War II. Now imagine the difficulties relating if he had been born before the discovery of America. The worst of these differences resulted in the conflict that led to the fragmentation of the elven race into light and dark. No one remembers if the Drow were the elders or the young rebels.

Modern elves deal with this stress through informality – the elders still rule, though they rule loosely – and by strengthening the bonds of family. The most rebellious are encouraged to leave their homes for the wider world to return when their blood has cooled. It is from these ranks that most elven adventurers are found.

POSSIBILITIES!

Immortality

D20 elves get old, verry old. But other elves are older still. Previous editions of the game topped elven lifetimes beyond two millennia and many stories count them as ageless or even immortal.

Unless every player has an elven character, the actual lifespan of elves is largely irrelevant. The rest of the party will be long dead before the elves reach middle age. (The possibilities to be found in playing generations of humans to a single elven adventurer would make for a different, though interesting campaign.)

That leaves the elven lifespan as a merely cosmetic concern. And cosmetic concerns should never be allowed to get in the way of a good story. Set maximum age as high as you like, or don't set it at all and let elves live until they are killed.

SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ELF

Congratulations! You want to be an elf. You may have picked a name. Hopefully you haven't ignored the rest of the book, and you have some idea about what an elf should be. But the devil is in the details. Here are a series of questions designed to help you form an image of your character. You don't need to answer all of them, but give each some thought.

Who are you?

Who is your family? What do they do? Brothers? Sisters? What do you do? Do you enjoy the company of other races, or do you just tolerate them? Why? Do you have as many prejudices about them as they do you, and can you name them all?



Will you return? And When?

Do you have a family waiting for you? If so, why did you leave them? What obstacles stand before you and the completion of your task? Are they of your own making – or is it something beyond your control?

FINDING YOUR NICHE

"O.K. Bob. You're a human cleric. Jill. You're an orc sorcerer. Dan's a halfling multi-class fighter/mage with gray... no wait... blue eyes. Steve?"

"Oh... huh?"

"What's your elf do?"

"Oh. He elfs."

"He what?"

"He's an elf."

"I know. But what does he do?"

"He elfs really well."

In the beginning, there was the box set. And from the boxed set came the elf. And the elf was good – all by himself.

Early D20 rules had no class system for elves. Who needed them? Wasn't it cool enough that you got bonus points for dexterity, wisdom, charisma and magic? Wasn't it good enough that your character looked pretty darn great in a poet's shirt and made all the barmaids swoon? The elf was too busy being elfish to find employment, and wasn't that really just fine?

Once, yes. But now, at a time when Lord of the Rings sets box office records and the box set has been replaced with unique modules and countless 'lands' and prestige classes, the simple elf character is asked the question– so what else are you?

So here's a few classes you may have read about in the Players Handbook. Before dismissing them as either too traditional or completely non-elfish, take a closer look:

Barbarian

"Fair? Fair! I beg you, I beg you, be not deceived! His eyes, his eyes, his hate-filled eyes!" -- Witness.

"It's always the quiet ones." -- Lord Castor, Imperial Guard of the Fourth Regiment.

Most histories of the elves place them at continual war. They have been rival with or fought – in turn – themselves (the dark elves), the dwarves, the goblinoids, and, most recently, humanity. Each time their nations have been whittled away, until in most campaign's histories, the very idea of an 'elven nation' is an oxymoron. Most often, the elven homelands are found in isolated wilderness location – impassible forests, hidden valleys untouched by man, high peaks of mountain ranges. Men, their fellow 'good' race, have forced the elves

Where did you come from?

Do you consider yourself the member of a tribe or clan, or are you nomadic? When at home, did you fulfill some integral purpose that dictates your eventual return – or are you one of many, free to roam at will, with nothing tying you down?

Why did you leave?

Was it voluntary, or were you forced out? Was it for the sake of this mission? Are you planning on returning, and if so, to what?

What are your goals?

Do you seek something you couldn't find at home? Will you find it on this mission? Are you looking to better yourself, or are you running away from something? Do you desire family, power, or both?

Where are you going?

Is it your new home, or are you just visiting? Is your journey short or long? Will it end after the mission, or will you continue on to another location?

from a place of prominence to the sidelines of the world, and because of the elves tremendous lifetime, probably within the living memory of their elders.

Wouldn't this make you mad?

Yet, most societies made up of the elder folk are described as sedate, peaceful, and even more civilized than those of the grubby races that have supplanted them. Even if this is the case in your campaign, there is ample room for the elven barbarian. While most barbarians are described as huge hulking behemoths, wielding weapons larger than their foes, the main concern of a barbarian character is his rage. An elf who has seen – or heard stories – of his people driven into seclusion, hounded from their sacred sites and forced to live on scraps of what once was their dominion by right of age, purity or divine trust, would have rage in abundance.

And while the barbarian's rage is most often described as a foam-mouthed berserker frenzy, the same mechanics can be used to simulate a red-hot core of hatred and anger, controlled and released at need by an otherwise outwardly civilized and peaceful forest warrior. Combine this point of view with the classes' natural woodland skills, and the barbarian suddenly becomes a perfect choice for an elven character. A player need not sacrifice the classic idea of the suave and controlled, civilized and peaceful elf to enjoy the benefits of the class.

Bard

"I asked for comfort. You gave me a song, and in it sweet memories of my life prior to war's ravage. How can I repay such visions, when I see my pain so clearly echoed in your eyes?"

Few examples of elves in literature, legend, or the countless examples penned into RPGs of every stripe fail to mention the fey race's love of song and music. The second line of their description in the Player's Handbook emphasizes this. With an elf's long life, the importance of diversion only grows as he does – from a means of relieving boredom to a means of staving off madness. For this reason, the arts, especially the entertainers who perform those arts, have a special place in elven society.

Long life also leads to a need for historians – or more precisely, a need for professional memories. A thousand-year-span holds more than a single brain, even one as refined as an elf's, can fathom. Those who tell the stories, sing the ballads and perform the plays serve as a spark to the recollections of the ancient of their own race. These tales have all the more importance to the elves, for the stories are of themselves, their fathers, and their grandfathers, not the stories of ancestors so far removed as to have no relevance to those who listen. This need for entertainment, and the need for a caste to hold the collective elven memory, falls to the bard. For all the frippery – the bells and jangles of the fool – the elven bard is a sacred part of the elven culture, not a luxury but a necessity for survival.

Of all the classes described in the Player's Handbook, the bard is the only one that takes advantage of all the elven strengths without the need for multiclassing. Moderate spell-casting combines with a minor martial bent, and a host of class skills and skill points to model the sometimes supernatural competence of elves in stories and film. A well-crafted elven bard can be a party of one and is the epitome of a creature who studied centuries before considering himself worthy to venture into the world.

Cleric

"Move! saith she. "Or wilt thou suffer the wrath of the Lord?" And he would move not, and scoffing saith, "What canst thou do, slight woman?" And saith she, "Thou wilt be sorry." And moveth he not from the sacred territory. And so lifted she her staff to the heavens, and saith again, "Wilt thou move or be sorry?" And so again scoffed he. "Wilt thou makest me?"

And so did the bolt of heaven's fire rain down upon he, and in so making pain and darkness as one.

And so saith the scripture, he was sorry indeed.

They are but one step away from the gods, and a few of the eldest may remember their creators personally. Many campaigns claim the elves were the first created, and most favored of the gods – a literary and gaming tradition that they share only with the dragons. From this unique vantage point,



the elven people do not have to maintain their faith. They KNOW! Because of this unique perspective, an elven cleric's relationship with his religion and his god(s) bears some looking into.

Familiarity breeds contempt. From the point of view of other churches, informality and a lack of true reverence characterize elven clergy. An elven cleric is more likely to interact with his god through a father-son relationship – a bond of mutual respect for those who follow good and chaotic deities, and an abusive co-dependant relationship characterizes the evil and more militantly lawful gods. The older the cleric, the more informal the interactions, and much like adult children, the high priests may feel comfortable arguing directly with dogma, or (in evil or chaos'case) even seek to supplant their deity's place in the 'family.'

Counterpoint, the elven church, and therefore the elven priest, often KNOWS what his god desires. And as the favorite sons and daughters, it falls to the elves to carry out their parent's wishes. These wishes can range from protection of the sacred wilderness, but more often revolve around petty restrictions, such as never allowing harm to come to a spider; any and all of these edicts carry the same force. An elf does not argue interpretation of the holy writ; his god may arrive to correct it personally.

All told, this leaves an odd contradiction in the elven people, particularly in the priests, that meshes well with depictions of elven religion from Tolkien onward. Elves tend toward strong spirituality, but seldom seem very religious. A good elven cleric reflects these differences.

Druid

"My life for the tribe, but my soul for the wood."

The most enduring stereotype – no, cliché – surrounding modern fantasy elves likens them to nothing more than ecological fanatics. Some of the more philosophical and politically correct RPGs of the 90s reduced the soul of the elf (or the Native American, or the lycanthrope) to a one-dimensional parody of nature activists, dedicated to nothing more than preserving the sanctity and untouched splendor of nature. Hunt for more than food – a crime! Bind a river with dam or mill – a crime! And may the balance preserve you from elven retribution when a living tree is cut for nothing more than wood to pass a cold night in comfort.

This has colored even the most politically incorrect game's portrayal of elves, to say nothing of middle-of-the road games such as d20. Does this mean that your elven character must bow to the sometimes-tired clichés that have forced themselves on people's collective unconscious?

For the elven druid, in a word – yes.

No other class in the Player's Handbook encompasses the stereotypes surrounding elves more completely than the druid, save perhaps the Ranger (more on that below), and extricating oneself from that quagmire of assumptions and

preconceptions is nigh impossible. So don't. But fortunately there are new ways to interpret the classic stereotypes.

An elven druid is one who has – for whatever reason – expanded his definition of family of people to include all of nature. To his point of view, the tree is a brother – nothing else lives long enough to be a sibling. The ferns, flowers and other growing things are favored nieces and nephews. The peaceful creatures of the wilderness are daughters. Even the vicious wolves or the cranky bear are the sons they wish they could change, but know they can't. With that in mind, an elven druid will take it PERSONALLY if you damage his domain. He won't care if you are hungry, or tired, or cold, anymore than a mother can forgive the mugger who killed her son for money to buy bread. And even if the rabid boar had destroyed a village and gored old men in the fields, beware the elven druid who watched over him. Family takes care of family.

This is not to say all elven druids are identical, or even happy with their burden. They just have to know that all of nature is inextricably intertwined; they don't have to be happy about it. Consider any dysfunctional family. An elven druid can be the domineering matriarch, demanding respect and service from all her family beneath her. Or he could be the meek weak-willed younger son, doomed to serve the whims of every second cousin who needs a place to stay or two hundred bucks 'just until he gets back on his feet.' The key is family, and while a druid, especially an elven druid, will always put family over others, he does not need to put family first, or even second. More people use their family, than serve it. Why should druids be any different?

Fighter

"He moved so quickly it was as though the air bore him, blade and blood in glint of sunlight. I admit I was afraid to face him in the arena."

Battle is the birthright of all elves. Whether through training from the womb, a gift from ancestral spirits, or a survival technique bequeathed by the gods at first creation, all elves are born knowing how to fight. All elves, from the lowest assistant stable hand to the most foppish spoiled aristocrat, can at need wield sword and bow at least as well as a basic man-at-arms. They are, in fact, the only race to possess this ability. The stumpies train years to learn axe and hammer. The brutal and war-like orcs have no skill at all, just wave heavy objects until they connect with a living head – foe or friend alike. And while certainly ambitious as a people, a human who does not apply himself lacks the time to learn to tie his own sandal, let alone wield a blade with any competence. What wonders an elf can accomplish then when he dedicates his long life to polish his racial gifts.

With their slight build and quick hands, elven fighters favor finesse over brute strength, and with the years that their supernaturally long lives give them, this is easy to achieve. A human (or dwarven, or halfling, etc.) warrior that faces an elven student of the blade should be amazed by the precision



of their foe's bladestrokes, the perfection of his footwork. An elven swordsman can, and likely has, taken years to master each swing and step in turn. Every attack is matched with a defense, and if it can be trained, the elf has mastered it.

Why then don't true elven fighters win every battle they enter? Most teachers will tell you, martial as well as academic, that no amount of training can prepare a student for practical use. Furthermore, a highly trained warrior will react to each attack with the defense best suited for its deflection – the same defense for the same attack each time. While an elf's fighting style may resemble a dance, like a dance the moves are choreographed and therefore predictable.

While the lesser races marvel at the elven perfection of form, an elven student soon marvels at, and grows frustrated with the lack of perfection and inherent unpredictability of his foes. As the saying goes – "The greatest swordsman in the world does not fear the second greatest, he fears the worst, for he can never predict what the worst will do." Elven fighters would do well to remember that.

Monk

"Every great warrior stands before a window, and looking through it, sees what he must become. Would you endeavor to break yours – or will you try to open it?"

Perfectly controlled, perfectly at peace, his body is a weapon – a reflection of that control and peace. He is spiritual without the cloud of religion, with powers that draw on the innate magic of the soul, not the crass spells and charms of petty conjurers. From a certain point of view, elves are already monks, and the skills and powers of the monk class mesh easily with the way the eldest sons are depicted in legends and literature.

But the skills and techniques that take a human a lifetime to master can be a passing fancy to the elves. And while most young monks from the short-lived races will possess the rigidity of new conversion and passions of youth, a 'young' elven monk is likely to share the detachment and passivity that characterize the 'old men of the mountain' and other stereotypes of the aged master.

With that in mind, the self-sufficiency of the monk appeals to the philosophies most ascribed to elves, and the monk ability 'Timeless Body' only serves to strengthen the image of the fair folk as ageless and untouched by years.

POSSIBILITIES!

Monk multi-classing and the elf

The spiritual aspect of the elves is so prevalent, a GM may wish to lift the multi-classing restrictions for monk from elven characters. With lifetimes measured in centuries, it makes sense that an elf would enter periods of acetic contemplation possibly several times in his life. Doing so would not unbalance them as a race, plus it would give players and referees an excuse to retire elven characters from the game for long periods and bring them back without having to explain what the long-lived folk were doing during their absence.

Chaotic monks

While monks are noted for their self-control and their dedication to acetic ideals, this may put them at odds with the more chaotic interpretations of elven culture. But is a chaotic alignment truly such an obstacle to acquiring such self-control? From a purely mechanical standpoint, the d20 system does not support this. Chaotic alignment does not provide penalties to Will saves or wisdom scores, nor does Lawful alignment provide bonuses. A dedication to Chaotic principles does not preclude personal discipline. With this rationalization in place, the Lawful requirement of the monk class makes less sense. Replacing it with a code of conduct produces the same advancement restrictions, and does not put an artificial reliance on the characters ethics.

If that still isn't enough for suspension of disbelief, even if chaotic – an elven life is measured in centuries, might his whims not be measured in decades. An elven monk need not be impossible, or even uncommon, no matter how chaotic his culture may be. What might be rare are elves that STAY monks.

Paladin

"You will not!" he told me, and lowered the point of his glowing blade from my throat. And I with my blade, laughing, said, 'Why should I listen to you?'

And his smile grew tight and his mouth trembled, and in his eyes I watched as the same light of that sword grew there as well. 'Because you will fear the lifting of this again.'

They are the champions of good. They are the shining blade that smites evil wherever it rears its dark and stinking head. In every story that contains them and a battle of Good vs. Evil, they stand unequivocally on the side of Good. Unfortunately, they are also naïve or arrogant when confronted with the powers of darkness. They are slow to act for fear their action might have some hint of darkness itself. They are the always traditional and often out-of-touch Boy Scouts of fantasy adventure.

Are we talking about paladins or elves?

Does it really make a difference?

When evil (with a capital E) surfaces in literature, the heroes go off to seek the advice or help of the elves. In fantasy d20, the party seeks the help of a paladin. In the next game, why not try both?

An elven paladin should differ from his human counterpart, focusing on elven strengths and shoring up elven weaknesses – less armor, more distance (for the rain of arrows that are the hallmark of elven warfare), less distrust in the arcane power that is their heritage. The one thing that should not differ is the indomitable dedication to the ideas of a good and ordered society – only this time it's an elven one.

While Good is considered by many to be fairly universal in its concepts, paladins are just as fanatical about the other component of their alignment, and just law is fully in the eye of the beholder. A human city – the cradle of culture and the human gods of peace and harmony – would receive no more mercy from the paladins leading a crusade against clear-cutting of the forest, than a crusade to end slavery. Heresy is determined by dogma, and dogma is the law that a paladin, even an elven one must serve.

Ranger

"He appeared on the horizon, a thin man with a long blade in one hand and a crude ax in the other, and he was spinning both of them as he descended toward us. Neither the rocks nor the slippery slope seemed to impede his steady and rapid progression. Suddenly poaching seemed like a really bad idea."

The wilderness is his home. He hunts. It may be vengeance; it may be duty. His chosen prey sees only a flash of blue eye, hears no more than a rustle of leaves, feels nothing after an ashen shaft pierces their heart or two slim blades spill life's blood in a second grisly smile. He is the forest's protector. He is the reason to fear the deep woods. He is the ranger.

And he has been the stereotypical elf since the creation of the ranger for AD&D's first edition. Because of this, players either embrace the elven ranger, or more commonly despise it as a hackneyed cliché that holds not a morsel of role-playing challenge for the experienced or discriminating gamer. The trope has been ground into the earth, and nothing new can be gleaned from plowing a barren field.

Hogwash! **"A cliché is just a timeless idea trapped by bad writing."**

Those who claim the elven ranger has been played out haven't examined the possibilities. True, the combination is obvious. Wilderness protector and wilderness dweller, a better match is hard to find. But an obvious combination does not equate to a tired one. The average player of an elven ranger suffers from the same problem players of any elf must beware. He or she is not an elf.

A human ranger chooses to live his life in the wilderness, policing it against its enemies. He turns his back on the comforts of civilization, the comradery of fellow men. He becomes a stalker – a predator of those that focus his enmity or hatred, and dedicates his life to the study of his enemies' strengths and weakness, the better to kill them.

An elven ranger does not choose. He is chosen. Other races have the luxury of rangers and scouts. Without them, the elven race would be lost. Elves do not live in impregnable mountain strongholds. Their people do not dwell in great cities surrounded by miles of tamed and cultivated land. They cannot hide in burrows, safe and warm under hills and meadows. The elves live in the untouched wilderness, surrounded on all sides by the green races, the aberrations, great beasts able to decimate a village of commoners and warriors in minutes. Without the ranger's knowledge, they would not know how to defend themselves. Without the ranger's duty, they would be overrun. And often, without the ranger's sacrifice the elven people would be nothing more than another humanoid nuisance picking away at civilizations edges.

Humans become rangers to get away, because they desire freedom from their civilization; elves become rangers because they love their home, because they desire freedom for their civilization.



Rogue

"I thought elves were fast, but his fingers flew so quickly I couldn't even focus on the tools in his hand! My purse is next to my heart – but is it even safe there?"

Skill. The hallmark of the rogue is skill. Though the class grew out of the thief of first edition and retains trappings of its pedigree, the rogue's most valuable asset is the host of skill points he receives each level. An elf is a perfect recipient of these points. It is only logical, despite how capricious the elves of your campaign world, that they would acquire tremendous experience in their centuries of life, and the natural elven bonus to dexterity benefits many of the rogue's most useful skills.

Most portrayals of the elven rogue are still colored by the larcenous history of the class, but the flexibility of d20 allows the creation of highly skilled rogues without the need to dip into illegal activities. This meshes well with the classic elven depiction as one of the 'goodly' races. Elven rogues are seldom criminals; they are more secret agents – individuals that can get into and out-of anywhere unseen. The legendary elven martial prowess is focused on taking out obstacles quickly, quietly and from surprise. And much like cinematic secret agents, an elven rogue should seldom encounter a situation for which he hadn't had a few skill points squirreled away.

Sorcerer

"Neither cave nor river, stone nor earth nor fury of wind could have masked the elf child's untamed fiery nature, the heat of which, if harnessed, we could have used to drive back armies. Alas, we had to send her to some experts of her elder race for training, lest she one day snuff out the life around her."

Their blood boils with excess eldritch power. And while popular lore ascribes the power of sorcerers to the legacy of the dragons, the heritage of the fey is no less magical and runs through the blood of the eldest sons thicker than the ichors of the scaly kind. Different sources of power should in turn lead to different expressions of magic. The now classic image of fireball flinging masters of elemental death that fills the minds of those who play and face sorcerers is slightly at odds with the popular perception of what elven magic does.

Requiring little more skill and just as effective is the subtler magic, enchantments and abjurations instead of crass evocations and conjurations. These are the hallmarks of natural elven charms. Magic can aid an endeavor, rather than finishing it; enhance a weapon rather than sending an eldritch bolt through the chest of a foe. Both get the job done, but the former seems so much more elegant than the latter.

Furthermore, sorcery is the best way to add the touch of arcane to what would otherwise be a wholly mundane character. An elven barbarian or monk with a single level of sorcerer can make great use of jump and expeditious retreat. All the martial classes could use a true strike or three during the course of a day, and an elven rogue's judicious use of obscuring mist makes escapes a trifle easier. Even a wizard can

find a use for another handful of 1st-level utility spells that need not be prepared each morning. The sorcerer is the easiest way to express the natural elven talent for magic without compromising concept with the more studious wizard.

POSSIBILITIES!

More Fundamentally Arcane

Descriptions of elves often describe their innate magical nature. In legend, the gift of magic is as universal to them as high birthrate is to the humans and exceptional craftsmanship is to the dwarves. Why then is wizard the listed preferred class? Why do elves have to scabble and study to access their magical gifts?

Many sources say that magic comes as easy to the elves as breathing. Let the rules reflect this. For a campaign where the elves are thick with magic and every elven farmhand and midwife can spin a dweomer or two, replace wizard with sorcerer as the elves' preferred class

Wizard

"They sent me to Carcis, the finest human wizard I know, who referred me to his master, Danian Gayscer, who spoke of an elder who once maintained a library, wherein contained knowledge of where to find a certain elf. It is he I must seek."

Individually, elves have centuries of research – collectively, generations of millennia of seeking. If elves have not mastered the arcane arts, no race can or will. They have the talent. They have the time. They have the inclination. When human wizards seek out lost lore, it is elven lore they find. It goes without saying, that elves are the finest wizards. The player of an elven wizard would do well to remember that.

Why then are there not more tales of elven arch-mages? Adventures abound detailing the cracked and twisted towers of human mages, both inhabited and empty due to meddling with powers greater than themselves. The simple truth is time.

Wizards of the short-lived races are forced to take shortcuts to master the fundamentals of arcane power – gambles that elven wizards have no need to risk. With the years at his disposal, the elven mage can take every precaution. He can fully master each spell or eldritch technique before moving on to the next. In order to garner the power they desire (often including a lifespan that matches their elven brethren), human and other wizards push the boundaries of what they can control or understand while racing the clock to their own decrepitude and death.

This elven advantage leads to a marked decrease in the powerful wizard stereotypes of megalomania and insanity in his people. Elven wizards tend to be less driven than their human counterparts – more laid-back. The powerful among them do not need the isolation that is endemic to other mages. As they take fewer risks in their work, they have less to fear from a chance interruption. And because they share fewer of the stereotypical trappings of wizards, their lack of

appearance in adventures is less of a mystery. An elven wizard is more likely to be found puttering in his garden than in a demon-shrouded den.

Player's wizards should demonstrate the same sensibilities – a more relaxed attitude toward the arcane arts. For elves, magic is not a marvel; it is a part of their lives. From the cradle to grave, an elf is surrounded by wonders that spark mobs in human villages. Magic flows through their veins. An elven wizard is just a specialist.

CHAPTER 2 – ELVES IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

"Fine one, isn't he?" They were speaking over a campfire. They'd freed Vaston, but three days of orc occupation had taken its toll. Only a handful of humans had survived by hiding. The rest lay dead, ravaged and hacked to pieces in the city. Vaston was not the idyllic portside trader's town anymore, but an open grave and torture chamber, where bodies had lay stretched out for days, baking in the heat of spiky iron racks, moveable devices of pain and terror the orcs lovingly called 'our maidens.' Erin had spent the better part of the evening after the battle dragging his own blood-soaked form around the city, tiredly dragging down the bodies of men and women, and every time stiffened arms fell to embrace him he thought *I will never get rid of this. I will never cleanse my brain of this memory. I will die remembering hell.* And somehow, somehow, the day was over and they



were away from the bodies and the stench and the city – even if it was only for a little while. They would be back at morning light to get down the rest of the bodies and give everyone a decent burial.

So it was that he badly needed the wine that Riley had. It flowed freely, a small consolation that they'd arrived too late to do any better, though Riley told him over and over that the orcs had probably killed everyone their first day.

There was one who did not drink. It was Laribo, whom Erin knew now to be an elf. Laribo had left earlier, saying he would go to 'a river' though Erin knew no river to be within walking distance. He'd returned some time later, clean and good smelling. It distressed Erin to be in debt to an elf for he'd no idea how to repay a being that didn't even seem to care he'd saved his life, let alone remember it. The elf sat still, a frozen picture in the firelight. Not a muscle on his lithe body moved, and yet the position could not be comfortable, for he sat upright, legs bent high against his chest, arms on his knees and chin resting. The sword -- which was atrociously heavy, Erin had tried to lift it when he'd gone -- lay at Laribo's side unheeded, orange licks of firelight highlighting the grooved runes on the hard leather hilt.

"Saved Erin today. Good for you!" Riley lifted a found goblet to Laribo, as did the others, but they only got a flicker of a grin from the elf before he turned his head back to the fire. Erin again could think of nothing to say.

"Did you see that fat one that tried to—you know – what's the thing they do when they swing that double-axe up high, like so?" Riley's face was flushed. He lifted his arms up high and clapped them together, then drew them back in a pantomime swing that started over his shoulder and ended at the ground, fists striking dirt, spewing ashy embers.

They laughed. "I forget what they call it, but it kills you."

"Well I kicked one of them when they tried that."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Knocked him so good that..."

"Yeah."

"Well, you'll see him tomorrow." That got a laugh.

"I killed one as he tried to kill me. Killed him..." said one man, and the words trailed off, a cup hovering to his stained lips. "Killed him dead."

They all nodded. "Here's to life with them out of it... and to wine, which kills everything else."

"Laribo?" The elf arched an eye and turned attentively. Riley lifted his goblet. "Wine for you?"

Laribo looked at the goblet for a long moment, as if contemplating. Then his lips twisted. "How much wine did you bring?"

"There's the spirit! Ten bottles, two apiece."

Laribo lifted out his long arms and sighed, an exaggerated gesture. "Then I'm afraid I'll have to pass. You see, I have so many lifetimes in me that it is like being so many men. And in keeping with that, I fear it would take all the wine you have and all the wine you keep in your home to drown my heart and deaden my mind."

They laughed. Hard. And Erin, having not had so much as he would have liked, was one of the few people to look carefully into Laribo's dark green eyes and think that maybe that wasn't very funny at all.

Elves are not men with pointy-ears.

As simple as this concept is, many campaign and player's portrayals of elves devolve into just that. And it is understandable. Not one of us has ever seen an elf, let alone spoken with one long enough to plumb the depths of his soul. We are human and we see things from a human's perspective. It is difficult enough to view the world with the eyes of our neighbors. How can we realistically portray the alien thoughts of the eldest sons?

There is nothing wrong with running an elf, or creating an elven society that mirrors human thoughts or institutions. If your game isn't broken, don't fix it. But the challenge of thinking a different being's thoughts is part of what role-playing is about. While difficult, it can be very rewarding.

The previous chapter delved into how the rules might influence an elf's thoughts. This chapter gives suggestions about the kind of societies those thoughts could inspire with a heaping helping of the most recognized stereotypes to more easily fit the eldest sons into your game.

As always, these are suggestions. And many of the options are mutually exclusive. It would be impossible to use all the concepts below in a single game. Don't try. Pick and choose. Let what you read inspire what your elves will be, not set walls around what elves SHOULD be.

THE CLASSIC ELVEN ARCHETYPES

The elves have a long legendary and literary tradition behind them, recently strongly influenced by the scores of novels written based on this and other role-playing games. While each author has, in turn, tried to put his own spin on the fey-touched race of elves, several broad themes have emerged. These themes, while not exhaustive, cover most portrayals of elves seen so far. For those who wish a truly unique spin on the eldest sons, none of the following tropes are gospel. But for those who wish an elven race that is easily accessible to a wide variety of players, here is a brief run-down of the five most popular visions of our pointy-eared friends.



The Custodians of the World

"Even in dark a little light still clings. Someone must guard its fragile casement from the mouths that would consume it."

They were the first. They are the favored of the gods. And like the eldest child of most families, the burdens of responsibility fall heaviest on their shoulders.

The other races rise and fall, their fortunes waxing and waning with the tide of millennia, but through it all, the elves remain. They have watched evil threaten to overwhelm the world countless times, and each time they do their duty. They seek out those who can stop evil's reign, provide the clues from prophecy and ancient lore, and use just enough of their power to nudge the balance in the favor of good. They seldom take direct action, always influencing the quick races to win this age's battle with the darkness.

They are often criticized for this careful minimal approach – condemned for their naivety and their unwillingness to risk all with their allies for the fight to win the earth from the forces of evil. But the elves know the truth. They are not naïve; that flaw lies with the quick races. The races of man and dwarf see only the danger to this age. They do not care for what their ancestors, dozens removed will deal with in their time. The elves have the wisdom to take the long view.

What danger for the next generation, if the elves reveal all their secrets? What doom for the world if, when next darkness rises, the elves are not there to nudge the balance?

To safeguard the world, not just this time, but for countless

times in the future, the elves husband their power. They guard it from not only their enemies, but also their allies, who would spend it too freely. For this they endure the dislike of the younger races. They accept the accusations of greed and arrogance. They make this sacrifice – like the eldest child should – for the good of the rest of the family.

The Feckless Fey

"O'er hill and dale and wishing well, down stream and snow, where might we go? None will know."

Older than us all, they are still but children. They are the blessed of nature – eternal innocents. But they have power within them, and like children, they use it recklessly with no thought to consequence.

The earliest elves were the fey of the British Isles. These elves had no souls, and without souls, they existed in the simple innocence that was man's in the Garden of Eden. Unfortunately, they had great power. They could curse with a whim, they changed shape with a thought, and they clouded the minds of simple folk with but a wave of their hand. Even the best fey folk were feared, and the unseemly took sport in torture and death. D20 elves have only a fraction of that power, but their whims are as unpredictable.

Fortunate for the other races, the elves spend most of their time with song and dance. The younger races obsession with toil confuses them for the few moments they give it thought. They seldom interact with the practical world of man, and even when the elves are needed, their aid will not always be forthcoming or of any use. The fey are more a hazard than a race.



Though some rare individuals approximate self-discipline enough to venture among the younger races, even those few do not understand. Why does no one do as they wish? Why are they unhappy? What is that shiny thing? Any companions find themselves more babysitters than comrades, as they strive to lead their capricious ally away from self or property destructive whims.

The elves are a marvel from an earlier age, but the realities of the modern world have left them behind.

The Dying Race

"May we leave you something by which to guide you and keep you to the true path."

When the world was young so was the elven race, and they were young and vital. As the earth aged, so did the elves. The earth birthed new children – dwarves, men, goblins. The elves still aged. Now the elven race is old. And like all things that age and grow old, it will someday die.

The elven race has reached its decrepitude. Its people show the effect of their age. Even the few new children born are born tired.

Man's short life is made bearable by the thought of those he leaves after him. For some it is their children. For others it is great works or memories in the hearts of friends. The elves, for all their long life have none of this. For each that is born two, maybe three die. Their lands are slowly being overrun. They are too few to keep them. The stones of their cities are pulled down for fences and bridges – bindings on a land that was at the same time theirs and free. There will be a time, not in the lifetime of a man but within the lifetime of their youngest, that the elves and their works will be forgotten. The elves will be lost and their only legacy will be in stories told by men to their children – fictions to the races that come after.

This sure knowledge saps at the will of the eldest race. It hastens the decline. Individuals wrestle with the demise of their people in different ways. Most continue with daily life – fighting for another decade of life for themselves and their race. Others burn themselves out, living like the quick races, trying to fill each moment with life and vitality. They delude themselves that their efforts can rebirth the elves, and they might rise again. But in their hearts, deep in their spirits, each elf knows the futility of what they do. Everything will end.

The Ineffable Mystery

"Where shadows fall we have laid our cloaks. Great men have tried and failed to lift them. So shall you, mortal, fail to untangle strings knotted by us."

The elves were witness to the birth of creation. They have knowledge of things that men have yet to ask questions about. All that can be known is buried in the halls or minds of the elves. And that is where it will remain.



None of the younger races can understand the elves. The elves have moved beyond the petty concerns of their younger cousins, and seek new mysteries. They have evolved.

The elves spend their time either contemplating the mysteries or engaged in pursuits that baffle the minds of lesser beings. They walk through the world, moving a rock here, saving a life there, or blasting a seemingly random person with eldritch energies – all the time with a small knowing smile on their face.

Young elves, those who have yet to master the secrets of their elders, scour the earth on obscure quests for their betters. Sometimes these are tests. Sometimes the direction of reality turns on the journey's outcome. The ways of elves cannot be understood.

The Decadent Empire

"Come dine with us and have sweet ambrosia, and think of nothing more on this night! The wine, the lights, the dance... live and forget, for what is worth saving?"

Elves have ruled since the memory of man. They were born to rule. They are more beautiful, more graceful. They can make the forces of reality dance at the beckoning of their fingertips. They rule, but they do not rule well.

Centuries of life have made the elves jaded. It has made them



bored, and the greatest danger for those that rule is boredom. Elves seek their pleasure in increasingly decadent pastimes. Novelty is their new god. The slaves over which they rule cringe when the gaze of one of their masters fall upon them. They know that soon they might star in a new distraction or fuel a new obsession, and they know the pleasant possibilities were exhausted centuries before.

To the elves, form is more important than substance. Society keeps from falling only because of the iron grip of tradition. No one, even the elves, remembers the origin of their rules, but the forms must be followed, or an elf will be shunned or killed by his peers. The laws are convoluted, in fact are designed to be so, and each word carries equal weight with the decadent fey. Right or wrong has no place, only who has played their role with greater skill. Fashion is more important than virtue.

Below the elves labor the 'lesser' races. Some are slaves. Some are merely servants. All know it is the elves that control the destiny of the world. Many believe it is a responsibility the elves have abused for too long. The elves are powerful, but as time passes, more of their energy fuels their pleasures. Less is used to maintain their supremacy. The old eventually will fall. The time of the young races will come.

The Combination Platter

None of the classic elven backgrounds have to exist in a vacuum. Those depicted above are only the most extreme examples of each stereotype. Mix and match to taste. The

Decadent Empire may be the façade the Dying Race puts on to deny to themselves and those they rule the fact of their race's decline. The Feckless Fey might be the shattered remains of the Ineffable Mystery which learned one secret too many. The Custodians of the World might, weary of their constant vigilance, decide to rule the world instead of safeguard it, finally becoming a Decadent Empire. Or several societies of elves might embody different elven concepts within the same world – maybe along the sub-racial lines. The dark elves make a perfect Decadent Empire. The high elves might be the Custodians of the World. The gray elves have left their brethren behind to become the Ineffable Mystery. The wild elves of the wilderness are the Feckless Fey of myth, while the wood elves watch their Dying Race vanish slowly under the cultivated fields of humanity.

Spices

Beyond the five archetypes are spices that can alter the main dish that is elven society. They do not change the basic composition, but they do provide added flavor to what is often portrayed as what it is to be an elf.

Warmongers

To add a more martial flavor to the mix, emphasize the elven talents in battle. All elves can fight; why don't they bring the battle to their enemies? The more aggressive the race becomes, the fewer there are likely to be, though those that remain will be more visible.

Warmonger elves put a particularly tragic cast on the Dying Race. They may win every battle, but they know they will inevitably lose the final war of attrition.

Environmentalists

By far the most common elven spice, elves are often portrayed as the most rabid of environmentalists. Sometimes practical – the elves alone realize what the destruction of nature will do to the world – the more common reasons for their zeal is spiritual. The more modern portrayals of Native American beliefs are good inspiration for reasonable environmentalist elves. More exciting is to model elves behavior on eco-terrorists and violent environmental splinter groups. For a more amusing take, have the elves embody all the worst stereotypes of vegans and PETA members.

Pacifists

It may be necessary to trade the elven bonus proficiencies for a few extra ranks in Diplomacy and Sense Motive, but pacifist elves can be an interesting challenge both for players and for referees. This option provides another excuse for why the Custodians of the World never become directly involved in the fight against evil, and the Ineffable Mysteries may have evolved beyond physical violence. (Think pointy-eared science fiction

ances.) The Feckless Fey may not understand why one creature might want to hurt another, and pacifist elves can make for a twisted and hypocritical version of the Decadent Empire.

Exiles

Tolkien himself authored this variation. Overwhelmed by the press of the younger races, the elves are leaving – whether to an ephemeral ‘land to the east’ or to a new plane of existence, the destination does not matter, only that the elves are leaving. The reasons could be manifold. The dying race may seek one last chance for survival in isolation, or maybe they just wish to die alone. Having plundered this world of all that holds value, the Decadent Empire may plan to descend on another, leaving the shattered wreck of the first to the slaves. The Ineffable Mysteries may simply be vanishing without explanation, and the Custodians of the World may discharge their duty to another race and pass into deserved retirement.

Or, in worlds without elves, the exile ‘spice’ can be the perfect excuse to introduce them. Yours might be ‘the land to the east’ or new empire builders might fall on your peaceful villages.

WHAT THEY ARE NOT – DEFINING THE ELF THROUGH HIS OPPOSITES

For many it is easier to imagine what something is not, rather than what it is. A thing is defined by its opposites as much as by its likes, and the elven race is no different. Perhaps by examining the antithesis of elves, you can find some clue to their alien way of thinking.

In literature, and especially in d20, the elves have three great rivals. One is a barely friendly rivalry, kept from flaring into more heated conflict only by lack of contact between kingdoms and a host of mutual enemies. The other two are hatreds fueled by years of genocidal war. The three are the dwarves, the orcs, and the drow.

Dwarves

The dwarves observe an uneasy peace with the elves. In many histories, they warred between themselves with all the ferocity of their other enemies. But in most d20 campaigns the dwarves and elves stand with the humans as the core triumvirate against the monster races and the forces of darkness. This trio creates a spectrum of types. The elves and dwarves are the physical and emotional extremes of the human bell curve.

What is a dwarf? That answer would take an entire book (and will get one!!), but the stereotypes are easily found. Dwarves are short, stout, fiercely strong and hardy beings with a lust for gold and craft. They are dour, stubborn creatures that find pleasure only in war

and ale. They are hairy, calloused beasts that hate magic and frippery, and trust no one other than their clan and their axe and hammer.

If the dwarf is the end of a spectrum that has humanity at its center, what does that say about the opposite end?

The opposite of a dwarf would be tall, willowy, and fragile. They would deny the material and spend much of their time seeking joy instead of toil. They would be a happy and flighty people, slipping from whim to whim, fighting only at need, and finding solace in life – not a tankard. They would be smooth and untouched by time, magical creatures alive with song, dance, and play. They would open their hearts to others, and their weapons, when needed, would be the slim shaft of an arrow or the elegant blade of a rapier.

If elves are truly the opposite of dwarves, this is what they would be.

Orcs

The green races are exemplified by the orcs. They sweep in hordes across the civilized world. They are the fears of barbarism personified. The enmity they hold for the faerie is legendary – literally. The elves and orcs share a legend; that the orc’s patron god once did battle with the head of the elven pantheon. That during the battle, elven treachery (or wit, from the elven perspective) stole from the orc god one of his eyes. The orcs have had a special hatred for the elves ever since. And the elves, a special fear.

The orcs are brutal, ugly, stupid, and clumsy. They breed like rats, then boil forth from their nest in waves of destruction. They strive for power over each other and all other things, sacrificing their children then themselves to the grinding wheel of constant war. They live an endless cycle – father begets child, child becomes father, father begets child. They are the locusts of the races.

The orc’s place in the world is as the perfect enemy. They are a reflection of all that is dark and twisted in humanity – a metaphor for the darkest part of the soul. If orcs are the perfect enemy, what would be the perfect ally? If orcs are the dark reflection, what would be the bright?

They would be gentle, and quick. They would possess both wisdom and an unearthly beauty. They would be timeless, never aging – always the same – a constant to be counted on. As a people, they would strive not for supremacy, but try to live at peace with their world and leave it untouched by their presence once they left. They would be the gardeners of the world.

If the elves are truly the opposite of orcs, this is what they would be.

Drow

So long ago that both sides have forgotten the details, the elves suffered a civil war – a war for the race's collective soul. How it started no one knows, but after centuries of battle one side rose triumphant. They chose a path of purity and purged the dark portions of their society from the race. The vanquished fled to the depths under the earth and became the drow.

The drow are dark fey personified. They are elves but not elven. They are not true reflections of elves at all. They are nothing more than shadows.

The drow have power but no responsibility. They have intelligence but no wisdom. They have family and society but no trust. They lust but do not love. Their dark beauty is not tempered with kindness. Their desire for pleasure is not bound by restraint. Their fear is not made bearable by hope.

For all their power, the drow are defined by the things they have lost. If the elves are truly the opposite of the drow, they would have all the things drow do not.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME – ELVEN SUB-RACES

Elves have more versions of themselves than any other of the races. Not merely cultural variations, but separate species of creatures with real game differences. This might stem from the tremendous body of interpretations that float about in fantasy's collective unconscious, but as we explored in the previous chapter, the rules can have tremendous bearing on a character's personality. And what the individual thinks shapes the society in which he dwells.

With that that in mind, the elven sub-races can help provide diversity to the elves in your world. Though they are the eldest race, too often elves are described as part of a single monolithic culture. With millennia of more civilization behind them, elven culture should show variety at least as great as that of humanity. Elves have existed long enough to split into sometimes wildly divergent species. Their societies should mirror this division.

If elven sub-races exist, use that fact as a tool to use several of the concepts discussed earlier to flesh out the necessarily limited descriptions of them in the core books. Below is inspiration – the classic d20 elven sub-races as seen through the eyes of humanity. The cultures they describe are drawn from the archetypes above. Try to discover which is which.

Compiled from various historical texts, property of the coast library of the Order of the Sacred Council...

HIGH ELVES

They came to the village by our monastery, seven men and women, tall and slender and astride white horses. We took them to be noblemen, until they dismounted and began conversing with the shopkeepers. That was when we observed their ears, their fine white skin and the glass green of their eyes. They demanded to see the city manager and, upon his appearance, they unrolled a scroll in the dust. There they inclined their heads in rapt conversation from this point onward, ignoring the rest of us. Indeed, it seemed as if we were not there. Then after a while, they rolled the scroll up again. The manager shook his head as though baffled, then extended his hand to shake. But they ignored it or did not see it. It seemed a wheel had already be set in motion.

Over the next several weeks, teams of elves came in, digging and scrapping away at the sand in our streets. Cobbles were torn up, wells moved, and though it became clear to us what was happening, for the why we had to rely on rumor. A river running a quarter mile east had become poisoned by a great evil, said the strangers, and so to be cleansed needed to be diverted. Our children would become stronger as a result of the change in direction, our health much improved as well as the well being of the forest animals that provided our sustenance. I did not doubt the strangers, for they carried a ring of truth about them that was very near to god in my heart. When in their presence I found it awe-inspiring. Late at night in my bed, it disturbed me. Was it not hubris to set oneself as high as a god? I'd no doubt they believed themselves our superiors, thought they did not overtly say anything. They avoided fights, choosing to impress and befriend in the face of hostility. I wanted to help them and yet I reminded myself I had not been given a choice in the matter. Even the city manager seemed mesmerized.

Those of us who were capable labored with them. From time to time, they used magic, a woman of great cold beauty stayed astride her steed, murmuring words through pink pearl lips. My backache vanished. Harder than ever did I work for her then and grumblings in our group turned to song. Never had we labored so and never had we felt so joyous to do so.

It took half a year, but as I said I was young and hard work did not mean so very much. Then, as quickly as they had appeared, they vanished. One morning they simply rode out and into the woods. I stood there in the street by the trench that was of their making, hungering for them, longing for their smiles, their friendship, and their approval. But that evening we heard a roar and the water crested over the hill and poured fourth, cleaving our village in two. The water coursed right through what was left of our town square. It was a sight to behold.

We had to move our village after that. Though we tried to live with the rushing stream, the noise and moisture made it prohibitive. Diverting the stream took six months. Moving our village took a year, and yet I remember those times. We were happy to do it. Maybe the elegant creatures would return. They'd play games with us again, amuse us with their magic and their stories, the telling of which held any of us

rapt. But they did not come and we suffered a bit, mumbling to ourselves over dinners and before bed looking out our windows upon the road that had brought them here.

As for our health, well I must say we had fewer instances of stillbirths that year. I took ill once but it was not severe and I had been a sickly youth. So perhaps they saved my life and I did not know it. They descended like angels, but they served no one, and there lies the divide and that which unsettles my heart.

SEA ELVES

Sea Elves live in the vast depths of the ocean. Accustomed to dark depths, the sea elves eyes are wide, pale and unblinking. It's been said two things might horrify a sailor by night – the scrape of a sea serpent's fin against the hull, and the baleful blue-green eyes of a sea elf, half raised from the ocean, trident stirring as he treads the tide.

The fear of the sea elf is understandable – no one understands him. Unlike many of his land counterparts, the sea elf is the least gregarious, preferring the quiet depths to which he's accustomed. Those who do glimpse a sea elf find the experience remarkable – pale blue-green eyes with unnaturally wide irises, and hair pure white, though the strands are sometimes stained with ocean debris. The skin is another matter. It can be anywhere from pale, fish-belly white to a dark midnight blue. The secret to the pigmentation is a mystery. It may be genetic or it may reflect an elf's age or the particular ocean climate. The latter is considered the least likely, since groups of sea elves seldom look identical.

Much of what is known of sea elves come from sailor texts, though there is some reliable texts from men of the cloth in coastal parishes. One such report, dated back five hundred years, documented a friendly encounter:

"So it came to pass that the pie-thief was found out. A merman (if you could call him that – for his features were so gentle and delicate we thought him at first fey) slithered upon the sand. My spyglass pressed into my eyes so deep I thought I'd cut myself, but I saw him raise up carefully on finned feet and look about both ways. Then I watched the errant sea creature, clearly without grace on land, amble clumsily and pathetically to the stone window, whereby a neighbor was cooking pastries. He took the lot, eating furiously, then clutched his stomach and vomited up his eatings. I noted then how thin and frail he looked. I've some medical knowledge and would have liked to apply it to him, for I suspect he is starving and deprived of some critical food source. But I had not the chance for, in a bemused fit, he stumbled to the ocean and dove in with a cat-like grace. I never saw the like of it or he again, though I left many a window pastry out in vain..."

Sailor records are less kind. They report the elves in conflict with the sailors, most often describing them as effective scavengers, hurling crude tridents with great skill at the seamen's nets, breaking open a lucrative catch. Insults are hurled, followed by darts and whatever the men have on hand, but many fishermen report losses to these strange, men-



like creatures. Often they are confused for merfolk, but (and it is a grisly differentiation) some starving sailors, deprived of normal fare, have reported dining on the sea creatures following their victories. It is the suspicion of scholars that the sailors who report having snared "a thin merman, scrawny with little meat and half-human sized" and who remark on the "peculiar shade and toughness of the skin" and a sensation received when touching the creature, have in fact not killed a merman, but a sea elf, and are ignorant of the difference.

Unique Magic

One more way to distinguish the elven sub-races is through unique spells and magic. The fracturing of elven blood might have led to the fracturing of the arcane force that flows through that blood. Each sub-race can be assigned a college of magic, and their preferred class shifted from wizard to a specialist in that college. Or each race might specialize in an energy type appropriate for their preferred homelands. Dark Elves – sonic, wild elves – electricity, gray elves – cold and frost.

If you don't want to focus each sub-race too much, just assign each a few signature spells or items. For inspiration, one such signature magic is detailed below – this one appropriate for sea-elves.

Depth Touch

Many sailors have reported sensing something strange when coming into contact with a sea elf. The touch must, apparently, be skin to skin (gloved hands will

not do) and the creature must be dead or on the brink of death to cast what scholars believe is a moderately powerful last spell. When nearing death, the sea elf reacts much like a fish, flopping and twitching with spasms animal in nature. The baleful stare becomes hardened and fixed. At this point, contact with the dying elf is dangerous. An encounter with one foolish sailor went like this:

"I was kneeling with Hans on the deck as the dying thing thrashed about in our nets. I was uncertain about whether to cut it free, for it appeared we'd caught her by accident and as our food supply was fine I rather pitied the thing. Hans, laughing, seemed agreeable to this. But as he opened the net, her thin hand shot up and gripped his wrist. Hans screamed as though it were in a vise. We were several minutes freeing him and when we did his arm was read and swollen. The elf female died in the net.

Hans took sick. He stayed in his room for a day, shaking his head back and forth and muttering things unintelligible. By night, he'd broken into a fever and rash and thrashed in great pain. By morning, he was vomiting severely and before the sun was an inch up he ran to the ship's edge and threw himself over. My friend remarked on his face as he did it. He said Hans finally looked at peace as he fell over the side, smiling..."

It is the scholars' belief that the touch, having been only reported at death, may be the equivalent to a bee's sting – the single swift killing blow that, once done, is followed by the perpetrator's swift demise.

GRAY ELVES

"And where, Arul, might a High Elf seek council?" I laughed at him, for I knew the answer. He does not like to go North into the great mountains, to seek out the tall ones who look upon him with such disdain and merriment..."

In the beginning of my compilation, I must confess I was misled as to the origins of the Gray Elves. I thought them ghosts, the souls of those failed immortals who, in having passed on, gained even greater knowledge. Imagine my surprise when I found evidence of people other than High Elves actually seeking out these creatures, speaking to them, and being given lessons of great worth.

The Gray Elves live in the high mountains, where it is cold and formidable. I do not know how they bear it, for in form they are taller than most elves, and slender and skeletal as the breakable reed. Perhaps, through hardship, they gain enlightenment. If this is true, then they are closer to myself and my friends at the monastery than any of us ever imagined. And yet, they show no desire to learn religion or to even speak to us. So much is the pity, for I would love to sit in conversation with them.

I saw one in person, once, with a high elf who was my guide. He appeared on my doorstep, purporting to owe us a favor due from a 'long ways back.' In elven terms, that must have

been centuries, and I followed him, thinking he meant to pay me for some deed performed by my great ancestors.

Imagine my surprise when he took me to the base of the great mountains that rest like a row of noses pointing north. There he provided me with blankets of the finest gossamer-like fabrics, which nevertheless shut out the cold completely. "There now," he told me. "I will be back." And so he went up the mountain and paused halfway, looking down at me as if to ascertain my position. When he returned he carried with him more blankets, similar to the first one. These he deposited and I took them up greatly. I thought this the end, but he returned to his task, climbing hand over fist upward, and I in the meantime inspected his gifts excitedly. It was as I was going over the threads, and listening with one ear to the dangerously howling wind, a thought occurred to me that I might have mixed wrong a tonic meant to cure colds. From there, my logic took me to salves and potions and then the thought of a tree whose sap and leaves contained medicinal properties. Never before had it occurred to me to experiment with the bark, for it was dry and could not possibly contain much in the way of oils.

The high elf returned empty-handed and winded. He gave me a long, rather irritated look. "I have been told to ask -- feel you any wiser?" he asked me.

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

This amused him. "Well said for a human." And with a grimace, he led me back to my village. He seemed surprised when I tried to take the cloths with me. "Ah, keep them if you like. They were meant only for temporary warmth." And he turned on his heel and was gone. Never again did I see him and never do I expect to.

But the bark of that tree! Such medicinal wonders were I able to create, and such that I am beginning to find great notoriety as an herbalist. I often look back on that moment, to recall a lone gray-cloaked figure standing at the top of the mountain, covered in snow. I thought him a mere companion to my strange friend, but now I wonder at him. I recall the way he pointed again and again, making my elf climb up and down until... when? Did he only put him through such chores until inspiration struck? I have never felt the same since that day and it seems my clarity of thought increases with each passing year. A friend laughed off this story. "He must have enjoyed making him climb up and down and up again. Poor high elf. And what must frustrate him the most is he can't understand why he couldn't just grind the bark himself and hand it over."

When it is late at night, and the day's toils are over, my friends and I often speak of our forefathers tending the monastery and the difficulties they must have once faced. It is then that I think on another race, but the forefathers I imagine then are all gray-clad and tall, and their slender fingers pointing down from proverbial mountains, again and again, until it is done well, until it is done right.

And for some reason, they are all smiling...

WILD ELVES

In truth, I think I wished to adopt her when I saw her, to make her my own, precious daughter. She was so much a thing of this world and of the next. An elf child with tawny sun-golden and great eyes set into the face of an imp. One eye was bright blue and the other golden. She danced and cavorted about the branches and leaves, performing so many stunning acrobatic feats with nary an effort – she seemed blissfully unaware she was terrorizing the village.

"An elf child," I explained to the guide, and I had to repeat myself over and over again. In the end, I took her home, using pastries to lure her away from the village where I feared she would be hunted and killed, and into the safe confines of the monastery orchard. There she laughed and played for hours, eating our apples and quite upsetting my superiors. We believed she could not know who she was or where she was, for she did not speak in any understandable language and did not behave civilized at all. I know a little elven, but my halting phrases evoked only blank stares from her. Thus, I assumed she was not raised in any normal elven environment.

But on the third day, intelligence seemed not so strange a thing to her. I found her in her favorite pose: hanging upside down by her knees, carving a spear out of a long, sturdy branch. I don't know where she found the wood, as it wasn't from our trees. After a while she dropped to the ground and



starting sifting through rocks. By the day's end, she was spearing our apples instead of picking at them, sometimes divesting an entire tree of its bounty in little over a minute. My superiors insisted she must go.

I tried a variety of tempting offers before she, laughing, leapt down off the tree and onto my back. To my embarrassment, she clung there and I was forced to walk out of my own orchard courtyard, trying to pretend no one from the upper windows would be staring at this display. She weighed not a thing, I think that is where she won me, for she giggled and chortled so beckoningly in my ear that I wished nothing more than to pull her around and hug her. But I resisted and instead took my mind to getting rid of her.

It was not so difficult. After about a mile's aimless walk, she jumped off of me and skirted a tree. There she sat, chewing her thumb. I noted finally that she jangled with dozens of beaded bracelets, some of which could fetch a king's ransom in their perfection. I asked her several times if she ever thought of the worth of those things or if she'd any family to take care of her – but finally I gave up. I turned my back, believing her a competent huntress but wondering how I could leave such an innocent creature to her own devices.

A week later I heard three more of her kind were run out from the forests neighboring that same village -- same coloring and same starkly contrasting eyes. I felt oddly comforted. I firmly believe no one should be alone in this world. I do hope someday she will take the time to learn her own language. Maybe then she will visit my orchard and we can have a real conversation at last.

WOOD ELVES

I knew a wood elf of a particular 'clan' as he called his kind. One does not always refer to their race as 'tribal.' Quite civilized, actually and a very good woodworker. He once told me that never did he touch blade to a living thing, but always scavenged for his wood, for to put knife to living wood was the same as slitting a throat. He often let me watch him carve. Plain was his expression and his eyes, which were flat and brown and utterly without expression as they tracked his callused thumb across the silver, immaculate blade. He would sit outside a tiny shop where he sometimes sold wares. He'd a particular affection for puppets, which he carved, painted, and then played with, perfecting every limb jiggle -- how impressed and delighted I was to make his acquaintance!

I found him unlike other elves, for he masked his emotions perfectly. I wanted to know more of his kind to compare, but when I asked him once about his home and family I received little more than a downward glance. I've the impression he's alone, clanless for a reason he will not divulge.

He came to me once to see if I would paint a puppet he had ran out of time for. I did so and couldn't say if he liked my work or not except he returned the next week with 12 for me. Thus began a simple arrangement for us. I would like to say I did this out of friendship but I'm embarrassed to

admit it was more curiosity. This was the closest I'd ever gotten to a wood elf. In the end, I learned little of him, save one incidence that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

It was nearing the season's end and the start of market when a terrible storm wrecked the forest. Trees were uprooted, rivers ravaged and homes devoured. In the midst of the wrath came a group of foreigners looking for felled branches. Having taken all they could find that day, they proceeded to cut down the remaining living trees just outside our village, taking only the larger pieces and leaving the small branches in piles. Not a tree was left standing within a quarter mile. The cutting happened so quickly we'd not a chance to say a thing about it but, of course, we'd other problems to attend to anyway.

While I thought it rude, I was ill prepared for the reaction from my friend. He arrived on time, unpainted puppets in hand, and dropped them where he stood, staring at the tender remains of our once idyllic cove. I saw his hand reach for his blade and grip it, trembling. And in seeing that a cold twin of it twisted in my heart. He said nothing to me, but left the puppets where they were, dead, neglected things lying in the dust, and turned on his heels, vanishing marching into the distance and in the direction of the wagons of wood.

For weeks I did not see or hear of him. It was known the people who took the trees were several miles away. When he returned he brought the dusty puppets to my table and we began working in silence.

"Did you do something?" I asked him.

"An eye for an eye" he replied. His usual blade was gone and when I asked, he replied it had gone dull.

I did not press him for details and I did not seek him out the following year. I think I still fear him a little. Is it wrong that I forgive myself our past councils in lieu of my ignorance? At night, I conjure frightful visions -- twin puppets dancing, but the human one is out of tune. I shudder to think my paint is on his wares. But maybe he was not so cruel.

I cannot see a tree as equal to a human. Trees have no souls, and all the carvings in the world cannot give one to them. Does all of his kind feel so passionately? I shudder to think on it.

DARK ELVES

What can I say of the dark elves? But for a chance encounter, I might never have believed of their existence, so shrouded in folklore are they, so steeped in mystery, darker than their purported cavernous existence. Dark elves? Never have I seen one.

And yet, there was this gentleman, a poor man. He'd appeared at our doorstep dressed in beggars clothing. Rich he was, and cultured and of a bent to divest himself of all that he owned to live a pious life. As there was, you may recall,

such a religious movement at the time you may understand our skepticism. We took him in for lunch, fed him our meanest rations and hoped that he would come to his senses.

He did not, or perhaps he was in earnest all along. He became a good worker, tending to fields, developing calluses on hands that were once fine and manicured. We were very impressed. Of his background, we knew little, save he'd lost a family. It was my belief he sought to correct some error in his soul. Finances had been too much of a passion he once told me and it had cost him dearly.

But while he worked vigorously, he languished in spirit. Derrik came to me one day wanting a pilgrimage. He was plagued nightly by dark dreams the nature of which he would not disclose, but he believed more hardship was necessary to cleanse his soul. He would not wait. He needed immediate relief.

Godly missions can be difficult to come by on short notice and many a man can be contented by a half-ruse. Thus, it was with a clear conscience that I sent him to seek out the caverns far east of our village down the coastline. There had been a shrine there once, sheltered from the crushing blows of the waves. It was several days away. I thought the difficulty in reaching such a place might provide distraction. Later I would increase his chores and find more work in the village for him.

Imagine my surprise when Derrik returned a scant three days later winded, roughened, and looking terrible. He went straight to his bed without eating. He did not sleep. He lay there for days. There was not a word we could say that would get him to rise or drink. His was the first unexpected death in our monastery in five years.

While we were still in shock, I went through his things looking for evidence of his family that I might return some precious items to them. There I found several letters, penned by our departed friend, along with deeds to a land I'd never heard of. There was also a tiny paperweight of silver and a jeweled emblem containing rubies and topaz of amazing clarity. The touch of the latter piece sent a shiver through me. The jewels surrounded the likeness of a half-woman, half-spider creature.

If the accounts were true, then these items were half-payment for driving a tribe of wood elves from the forest of his land and into the wilderness and coastal area north, where trees were scarcer. I had heard of this tribe and they had vanished completely, their few remains discovered in the area's caves, women and children brutalized sadistically and hung murdered for all the world to see at the edge of Derrik's property. There was no reason for these horrible crimes, nor no sufficient explanation for how the opponent had bested the wood elves. But there were references to dark beings that hung about the property at night, silver knife-edges glinting in moonlight. I believe Derrik deliberately omitted their

name, for I sensed he could not bear to write it down.

I found out where his family still lived and arranged for the items to be returned to them via messenger in the spring. I do not know if they made it. I returned the paperweight but, on the advice of friends, discarded the emblem in the ocean, hoping it would not wash ashore in my lifetime.

Of the creatures, Derrik said little more save that they'd ruined him for his family could not look at him again. He wrote of whisperings only he could hear at night, of caverns that ran for miles beneath his property. A friend warned me not to send the messenger to that area, that the land there had been infected, a disease passing through trees, rotting wood and making leaves drip red. The wood elves had apparently protected the forest from such curses. I canceled the messenger. I pondered the letters more privately.

The acts described spoke of depravity that exceeded mere evil. I knew the acts had been done in a way to make Derrik suffer almost as much as the victims. I wondered what had become of his family and if Derrik somehow knew, and if that had destroyed him. I wondered too at the emblem I had discarded, and felt my actions wise and justifiable, for though the metals and jewels were precious their arrangement bothered me. I do not think anything forged of these beings could have been converted to good use, even melted down I think the taint of something foreign and horrible would have remained. I think, though I do not know, for as long as I live I will avoid any land of reputed curses and dripping red leaves. May God forgive me if this is cowardice, and protect and bless all those who claim shelter in the village trees and neighboring forest, man and elf alike.

May we be one in spirit, though we walk divided paths.

ELVEN RELIGION

In most fantasy games, elven religion takes a back seat to the gods of man. Or if the gods of the elves are given any thought, they get a list of human-style deities with the serial numbers filed off and elven sounding names tacked on. But after exploring the differences in the way elves think and form societies, does it not seem likely there would be differences in the way they worship?

Unfortunately, as humans we have only human visions of the divine to work with. D20 has taken the classic pantheon and made its existence the standard. But that could easily be the human standard. Some earthy beliefs seem exotic enough to the western mind to be stolen for use by an alien mind. Two in particular fit the classic view of elves well.

Animism

Our fixation on elves as warriors of the wilderness, and their natural affinity to the wilderness classes makes the ancient beliefs in animism a natural fit for elven clerics. In animism,

every object and creature has a spirit, from the smallest stone to the world as a whole. Druids serve the divine spirit of nature as a whole – a pantheon of millions in a way. Elven clerics could be more specialized priests of the same type. They merely serve a more limited collection of spirits.

Clerics of this nature would choose their domains from their alignment segments, animal, homeland, plant, and totem. They should pray for spells in areas of significance to their chosen spirits, (a character can have a great deal of fun choosing his own personal pantheon of minor deities); focuses and holy items would instead be fetishes bound with servants of those the cleric venerates.

Ancestor Worship

Elves are magical beings, and their lives are long. Most feel a great responsibility to their families. This sense of duty need not end with an elf's death. The race of elves wisdom might be supplemented with the combined wisdom of those that have passed beyond. If this is true, elven clerics may become the priests of their own ancestors.

Each spell is a call for aid to a specific hero from the past. Control of the undead is not a matter of positive or negative energy, but the spirits of allied dead interceding with restless spirits. Clerics of ancestor worship should choose their domains from their alignment segment, death, knowledge, luck, and protection. Holy symbols are replaced with treasured heirlooms or genealogy charts.

The Elder Gods

Some are not happy with anything but gods, but even if that is true, why should elves settle for human gods. Our history gives many examples of the old gods vs. the new – the Aesir vs. the Vanir of Norse mythology and the Titans and the Olympians of Greek myth are but two. In both cases, history believes new gods brought by an invading culture supplanted an older pantheon worshiped by natives. The old gods were transformed in the new myth.

Elves could be facing that predicament. Human powers and beliefs are crowding out their deities as well as their homelands.

But still the elves would need a pantheon of their own – one more suited to subtler and older philosophies. Not of gods of WAR but gods of skill in combat. The Player's Handbook provides only a single god of elven flavor who is the described head of the elven pantheon. Here then is the rest of that pantheon, allowing elven clerics the same breadth of choice enjoyed by their human brethren.

THE ELVEN PANTHEON

The Gods

Deity	Alignment	Domains
Aouri	Neutral Good	Animal, Good, Healing, Plant
Virtel	Chaotic Good	Chaos, Good, Luck, Protection
Vycress	Neutral Good	Good, Homeland, Plant, Sun
Yvina	Lawful Good	Death, Good, Law, Plant, Magic
Anarymend	Lawful Neutral	Air, Earth, Fire, Law, Water
Arabes	Lawful Neutral	Air, Earth, Law, Strength
Tvis	Lawful Neutral	Homeland, Knowledge, Law, Travel
Eckereel	Neutral	Chaos, Evil, Good, Law, Magic
Visckerwill	Neutral	Destruction, Protection, Water
Avahor	Chaotic Neutral	Chaos, Fire, Strength, War
Kaelin	Chaotic Neutral	Chaos, Knowledge, Sun
Malfiescent	Chaotic Neutral	Chaos, Luck, Travel
Feltevars	Neutral Evil	Death, Destruction, Evil
Miraamida	Lawful Evil	Evil, Knowledge, Law, Trickery
The Goddess of Paradoxes	Chaotic Evil	Chaos, Destruction, Evil, Trickery

"From everything is born a seed. Guard what you grow and it might return the favor one day."

Aouri, Mistress of Purity and Protector of All that is Green and Untouched

Time suspends itself when this goddess appears, so Aouri is constantly growing. Born of a seed herself, she appears as a greenish woman half-enclosed in a pod. She is favored by farmers and rangers. Aouri protects those who abide by nature's give and take. Her favored weapon is the javelin.

"A man can only stand so long in the rain before finding his own way to sunlight."

Virtel, lord of philosophy, drunkards, romantic verse and torrential downpours of the heart and elements

This brother to Anarymend is seen as an elf noble, elegantly decked yet soaked to the skin amid a thundershower. He is favored by those down on their luck and unfortunate in love and sometimes finances. Though favored by the sad and downtrodden, he is almost always depicted as smiling, a beacon of hope in an unpleasant maelstrom. Of all the gods, the most humans worship him, and some elves disdainfully call him a human's god fetish. But Virtel is very real, and has used his appearances in drunken visions to impart pearls of genuine wisdom to elves, humans and any other creature that appeals to his whim. The favored weapon of his priests is the dagger.

"The salt of the earth. That is where all good ideas lie, until someone chooses to raise them."

Vycress, Lady of Molded Earth, Ground Goddess, Patron of creativity, life, and inventions.



Some wood elves respect her but she is not closely bound to the forest. Vycress rarely champions environmental causes, preferring to favor unique and private inspirations. She is depicted as an elf-shaped nubile golem rising from the earth. A haphazard laurel frames her head and she appears to be smiling. The favored weapon of her priests is the sling.

"From the driest desert wasteland did her oasis spring, and from it was formed a temple of such wonders that the multitudes fell like rain before it."

Yvina, Goddess of fertility, excess.

Yvina, The Light and Child-bringer, is responsible for the births of thousands of elves and the fertility of countless fields. A danger to the pantheon, Yvina's strength threatened to disrupt the balance of life and death until the goddess accidentally trapped herself. When she can, she manifests as a bright-eyed elven woman with a golden light in her hands. She is patron of those who would give everything for land and family. Her favored weapon is the kama.

YVINA AND FELTEVARIS - AN ELVEN LEGEND

*"And where is my love with the long dark hair?
Gone to Feltevars's in his lair
Such fetching coils, Yvina keep them fair
As she waits for me in that deepest dark lair..."*

It is said an elf, bereft of children, prayed at the temple of Yvina, fertility goddess. At the end of the sixth day and night, the goddess appeared to him in a shower of silver and gold. So great was she that the elf's eyes were nearly burned at the sight. The repercussions of this would be realized later, but for now all the elf could do was kneel, turn his head, and tremble at the goddess' divine words.

Said Yvina: "Your faith is strong. I cannot deny you, for I would forsake all that I am and by doing so. You will not only sire a son, but he will be good and perfect in every way, a credit to you and a blessing to your family."

And so Yvina departed her temple leaving the elf to return to his wife. And within a week, the elf's joyous wife did indeed become pregnant. Now all that was left was for Yvina to fulfill the rest of her promise.

She needed the perfect soul. So, she made of herself a needle, long, slender, and silver against the moonlight, gold against the sun, and she drove herself deep into the earth away from the life-giving light of either celestial orb. Far below and knowing her time was short, she wandered the corridors of the afterlife, cold and shivering, looking for that which she had promised to give.

Hours passed and the light that was Yvina began to fade. Finally, she felt something - a warm glow at the end of a dark tunnel. There at its mouth stood an impossibly tall, slender elf with a dark hood over his face and a black cloak that fell like night about his shoulders and legs.

"Greetings, most revered goddess. I am Feltevars. How might I serve you?" and he bent in a sweeping bow that would have made the most skilled gentleman envious.

She was so stricken by the elf's perfect courtesy that she forgot to inquire who he was. She asked instead: "Are there any souls like you here?"

"A soul like mine? There are thousands far more golden and perfect." And with that he took a hand from his pocket. In it, a drop of light the size of a coin glimmered with a diamond's radiance. "Would you like this one?" He dipped into his pocket again. "Or perhaps this one? Or this?" At each word, he deftly plucked another spot of light and tossed it out onto the ground before him, where it laid, a most tantalizing breadcrumb.

Yvina stepped deeper into the tunnel and collected the first. She held it to her ear and listened to its soft cries, its yearning to be reborn, and sensed both beauty and purity of spirit. "Oh yes!" She cried. "This one will do!" But then she thought, "Will do? I promised no less than perfection!"

Just ahead, only a little ways deeper into the tunnel, lay another shimmering, indescribably appealing drop of light. Yvina snatched it up and listened, but found it also glowed and spoke softly of incomparable beauty and depth of heart. Torn, she ran for the third light, lying coin-like on the ground. Maybe this would be the one.

But alas, the third soul's cries were just as poignant and

attractive as the first two. Yvina wanted them all. She pocketed soul after soul, not heeding the cloaked elf's subtle chuckle. Deeper and deeper went Yvina into the tunnel. Soon her pockets were filled with souls. Their light escaped from her clothes, searing cracks of gold pouring, voices like so many thousand squeaks combined into a din. Yvina covered her ears and wanted to weep for she desired them all but had come to claim but one.

"Trickster!" She finally yelled, though the elf had said nothing to her and the trail of golden souls still stretched out, seemingly endless. "I will never find my way back, for it has grown cold and I need the light!"

"It is you who deceive yourself by assuming you would find perfection here," said Feltevars. "For all souls have something indescribably unique and pure, and therefore beautiful, to offer. You should have realized that before going on a fool's errand." He bowed to her again. "I am Age. And with age, comes wisdom."

But Yvina was a goddess and therefore could not age, or grow any more wise than she was. She shook her head. And in that moment two tears fell from her bright eyes, magnifying her brilliance. It was more beautiful than anything Feltevars had seen before and he stood for a moment, transfixed. He reached deep into his pockets and though it was forbidden for him to do so, he threw out the last of the souls so they lay scattered, a sparkle of endless golden constellations.

Though Yvina never returned to the surface, the elf she promised to help received his gift in tenfold. For every soul Yvina collected, an elf was born to that man's family line. And as his eyes had been burned by her brilliance, so do elves today see better in dark caves than they sometimes do in the light. And Feltevars', Lord of Aging, never left his constellation chamber, too weakened by his own rash act that ended the surplus of souls waiting to be reborn or preferring, perhaps, to stare eternally into Yvina's eyes. And that is why, many believe, elves do not age or die to this day, nor do their numbers increase, for Feltevars' pockets are forever empty.

"I saw her split a shaft of sunlight between her fingers, and there was a great tremor in the air, and the wind shifted and steadied, and a ray of fire broke the cloud storm above us."

Anarymend, The Elemental Divider

She is in charge of separating the four elements: earth, fire, wind and rain, so that they remain scattered and balance in the world. She is seen as aloof, preoccupied. Few have actually seen her. Seldom does she aid any being, but those elves who worship harmony worship her as well. She is enemy to discord and bad verse, and a symbol of control found through conviction. The favored weapon of her priests is the longsword.

"...and in his sight, great nobles fell as peasants, brave men split their shields and fortune cried her countenance dry across a newly born desert."



Arabes, The Multi-coiled, God of changing climates and shifting planes

Father to the pantheon, he passed its rulership and his surname to his favorite son. His appearance fills the skies. He is an immense elf wrapped in the vines of the world, bonded to the earth as though cursed. Only through his struggle are the trees, grass and mountains lifted heavenward. His disposition varies. He may writhe as though chained, shaking the earth below him or bear his burden mildly, tending his bonds gingerly as though they were children. Ones who glimpse him say they have seen how the fabric of the world holds itself together. He is sometimes called the thread-puller of the universe. He is loved and feared by all elves who worship a god or goddess in the pantheon. He most often makes himself visible before major climate changes, the intensity and duration of which shape mountains, lay waste to planes, and kill or displace thousands. The favored weapon of his priests is the greataxe.

"All I believed unique about me was at once stripped bare, torn down and laid out as if upon some great table. I felt I was in the scales and trembled, seeing in his eyes how little I weighed."

Tvis the Seeker, god of truth and divine insight

Appearing as a hoofed fey creature with a pair of great, golden ram's horns, Tvis, also called the Wanderer and Tracer of Paths, seeks truth in its most pure form. He is often found wandering the earth following nature's change of seasons. His focus gives him great power and Tvis is able to grant

amazing wishes to those who catch his interest. He is patron to all who do not trust the first version of any story. His favored weapon is the falchion.

"I thought him a humble traveler, head inclined in passing. But then I saw that darkness followed where he went. 'Shh!' urged my companion. 'You are in the presence of a Great One.'"

Eckerel, Lord of Long Shadows, Puller of Light

Eckerel is the origin of all that is elven and magical. Whether sparkling in a lake's surface, or shooting from between dark clouds, it is his responsibility to draw energies from ambient light, thus crafting the essence of magic. Eckerel walks the earth once a day and where he goes, light vanishes and the air crackles with hidden energy. Many clerics who draw upon her staff of power are unknowingly tapping into his ancient energies. Eckerel often appears as a cloaked elf with dark skin and black eyes. The favored weapon of his priests is the flail.

"And some say he came all in red, and some say green. And some say he were all night-cloaked and rising scales... though I know his face were a lighthouse. Yeh. A lighthouse he were, and he see me through and through."

Visckerwill, The bale-eyed

This silent god is depicted as a green-skinned elf, dripping with water with large, luminous fish eyes and a hook through his left jowl from which emits a light, the power of which can blind or evoke visions. Many who've seen it become prophets. Visckerwill is the patron of lost souls at sea and of wayward vessels. He is sometimes worshiped by human seamen but most often by sea elves who live near coastal human ports and see too often the horrors of shipwrecks. He is viewed as a harbinger of doom. The favored weapon of his priests is the trident.

"He that burns purest, burns brightest"

Avahor -- The Inferno. God of righteous killings

Right or wrong, it's the power of belief that matters to Avahor, as he has been known to aid crusaders, defenders, tyrants and assassins. Depicted as a white-skinned being surrounded by an intense, white-hot fire, he bears a silver dagger in one hand and never breaks expression. Those who've encountered him on battlefields say even the cries of the dying multitudes will not move him. He is worshiped by those who follow the Second Path and other elves who are forced to commit acts against their conscience to protect their people. The favored weapon of his priests is the morning star.

"Where one treads, blooms. The other - twisted weeds."

Kaelin, Lord of New Paths and Feltevars, God of Tangles.

Seldom does one god exude jealousy so over the favor of another, but such is the case of Kaelin and Feltevars. In the beginning, Kaelin was given dominion over new paths and new directions in thought. Feltevars, late in arriving, was given dominion over Kaelin's leavings, cursed to forever



follow his brother. So it is that Feltevars chooses to make those leavings his own, but his mark is cruel. It is Feltevars who causes the old to weaken before death. He is lord of decay, while his brother is forever known as lord of growth. But Feltevars was thwarted once, and many the elf has reaped the benefits. Kaelin's priests favor the scythe, and Feltevars' the halberd.

"He who can deny himself all can achieve anything."

Malfiescent, *Lord of Severed Ties, Patron to elves who leave behind their homeland to travel.*

He is depicted as an elf in a brown cloak and high boots who, in constantly turning, always finds his back to the thing he turns to. For this reason his face remains hidden. He is patron to travelers, bards, and nomadic elves. The favored weapon of his priests is the quarterstaff.

"One sip, two sips, three sips too many. Four quips, five slips, six tips aplenty."

Miraamida, *the dual-tongued, Patron to those who cherish the art of word play and power through ultimate verbal persuasion.*

Those who treat charisma as a religion and love to loosen an opponent's tongue praise her. Those who adore the written word also idolize her. Miraamida is depicted as a woman with a divided face, one half slightly different from the other, and sticking out a split tongue. She is beloved of all bards. The favored weapon of her priests is the rapier.

"Even when she lies to you, even when the point of the knife is being buried in you, you want to believe her."

The Goddess of Paradoxes, *Mistress of Self-destructive Delusions.*

She is the Lord of Webs and the Spider Queen, and all other things that find patterns in random chaos. She is worshiped by the dark elves by many names, but is called the Non-queen, or merely the Goddess by those who venerate the rest of the pantheon. She is patron to hypocrites, blessing those who lie to themselves as much as others and in doing so cause destruction. She is the origin of all the world's conflict. She is always changing, but chooses a few favorite forms. One appears as a ravishing elven maid, innocent and dressed in white. Another a massive spider with the head of an elven woman twisted in both rage and delight. The favored weapon of her priests is the whip.

CHAPTER 3 – NEW ROLES TO PLAY

After three days of tending to the dead townfolk of Vaston, Erin was more than willing to welcome the river. The crashing corners and mist-filled air surrounding the winding heart of the Carces was more than enough to bring a smile to his lips; and its water, collected through the careful lowering of buckets to its edge, would finally help him cleanse his mind. The pictures, the horror of bodies and stench, were



dimmed only briefly by wine, and today he'd the headache to go along with everything. The river's pounding and the resulting pain in his forehead was at the very least a distraction for Erin.

It was for the rest of the men as well. They cheered and yelled and jested as they approached the overhang and looked down, mist rising to caress unshaven bedraggled beards. Any distraction, even one so menial as water, was welcome. Erin laughed for the first time since entering Vaston. And he welcomed the chance to bathe and clean his clothing.

The elf did not go into the water. Having already cleaned himself the day before, he sat at the overhang in that same position, knees up to near his chin, the only movement was the wind stirring his long fine hair. He looked like a statue, and this did not seem odd to anyone bathing with Erin that the elf sat thus apart, above them, not looking down, talking, or anything. And yet, by the posture and the proximity Erin had no doubt he was very much with them, that Laribo considered himself a member of this party was evident. It was just that he did not wish to come down.

Laribo did smile a couple of times when the odd jest was thrown his direction. That lightened Erin's heart, for he'd been thinking more and more on what the elf had said that drunken evening. Would it really take a house full of wine to deaden Laribo's memory of recent events? If that were so, then he felt genuinely sorry for him.

But Laribo didn't seem any worse off than the rest of them, and when they were clean and dressed, they did not look so very different from each other. There was a boatman a mile and a half downstream, at a second lull spot in the current. Riley paid out of his pocket everything, just as he had to bring them here. And they pushed off with Laribo still standing on the shore.

"He's leaving?"

"He's not leaving. He's coming his own way," Riley said, as he and Erin's gazes tracked the elf standing on the shore.

"It's just he's got his own way of doing things. You'll do fine with his type if you recognize that and don't make a big deal of it or nothing. It's not that they don't like being with you and working – they just gotta do some things the way elves do some things." Riley shrugged. "He'll catch up. You just see."

But as they drifted further and further downstream, as the cracking waters deepened into a roar and the boatman's skill became more and more necessary to keep all aboard and afloat, it seemed to Erin that it was they who were doing the 'catching up.' For every breakneck turn they took in the swelling rapids, Laribo was there at the forest's edge, sometimes walking, but usually standing and waiting. Sometimes Laribo was in a tree, standing nimbly on a branch. Erin kept expecting the elf to break into a smug grin, but Laribo looked a little concerned, and he sometimes sprinted very quickly out across branches and leaned down off them directly over their boat in the water, taking a closer look at them. Never did Laribo say anything to

them and never could Erin tell how the elf managed to always be one curve ahead of them in the river when he never saw Laribo running by the east bank.

Ah!! Finally, the meat of the book. After all the advice and suggestions, you should have a good idea on what you want your elf to be.

The Player's Handbook is a tremendous resource for players. It holds many options for characters of every kind – including elves. But its need to cover every character broadly necessitated leaving out many options specific to an individual concept. Thank heaven for d20. This chapter introduces a new core class, feats, and prestige classes designed to cover elves depicted in stories, legends, and movies that have abilities beyond those found in the Player's Handbook. You will find elf specific feats designed to return abilities to the eldest son that were so rudely ripped away in the name of game balance. You will find a number of prestige classes that cover open niches in elven stereotypes, and you will find a new core class that is all an elf's own. Your character need not share any traits with the vulgar quick races any more.

As always, these are options only. Just because we printed them doesn't mean you are obliged to use them. Take what you like and to hell with the rest. But if you like elves, we expect you'll find more to love than to hate.

Enjoy.

New Core Classes

WARDER

He followed us for miles, though how he managed to sneak up behind us without Kvirik knowing I'll never understand. The trees fell silent, and though he never spoke, I sensed he kept us in bow range. When he vanished amid a strange fog, Obser nudged me and winked. "Don't be alarmed. Just one of the locals."

The Warder is an elf, and nothing but. All of his time is devoted to honing the skills and talents indigenous to his race. These are primarily stealth, light weapons proficiency, tracking, defense and natural magic.

Ask a Warder what he does in his spare time and you may only get a blank stare. This is not indicative of the elf's intelligence, rather his disdain toward a ridiculous question. As an elf, he has no time for petty hobbies or secondary occupations! His life is his work and if he cannot be the best elf possible, he is not worthy of his family's good name.

A Warder is dedicated to his tribe, though the occasional errand may take him far from home. He has deep ancestral ties to his homeland, and an almost supernatural knowledge of the terrain. To this end, a party could find no better guide, though they'd probably have to convince the Warder they were worth his time. His social skills may not be the best, but



those who win his loyalty will find he treats them with the same devotion given to his homeland. They will find no better fusion of fighter and mage.

Adventures: Warders seldom adventure, their focus lies in protecting their families and homeland from the ambitious and countless younger races, though a few leave their protectorates when the need is great and no one else can be trusted to put the interests of the elves first. When they do leave, it is most often to recover objects or rescue fellow elves captured in raids. They also perform the occasional “first strike” against growing populations of evil humanoids or greedy men. The rarest warders are those who have accepted the entire elven race as their charge and actively seek out evils that could one day endanger the elven people. As rare as these individuals are, these protectors of the elven people are the warders most likely to be found mingling with the other civilized races.

Characteristics: Warders combine martial training with their natural arcane birthright to protect elven lands from invasion. They gain and learn spells as a sorcerer, though at a reduced rate. Also Warders have a smaller spell list focusing on defensive magic, spells to increase combat ability, and nature spells.

Their fighting skills are most useful when defending their homelands, and are best utilized when attacking from

ambush or at range. Few warders can go toe to toe with a fighter of equal level, but a wise warder will never let such an encounter occur. Attack and flee – hit, run, and vanish. These are the tactics commonly used by this class.

The warder also has good access to a variety of useful wilderness skills, allowing the character to spend long periods of time alone or in pursuit of his nation’s enemies.

Alignment: A Warder’s alignment almost always matches that of his protectorate, and never strays further than one step away. That said, communities that produce a large number of warders tend to be lawful, so the majority of warders encountered will be lawful as well. Morally, warders range to both extremes – good and evil. The desire to protect does not have to be selfless one. Evil warders glory in the power their position can give them, and the warders that guard the entrance tunnels to the drow’s deepearth cities are some of the most feared.

Religion: Warders revere places more than gods, but most worship the same deities as the people they protect. The duties required of the class take up a great deal of time, so even those who worship are seldom the most devout. The religion chosen for the campaign will determine the specific gods, but of the deities provided in the Player’s Handbook,

the God of Elves is the most appropriate. Ancestor worship, Aouri, Yvina, Eckerel, and Avahor are the best of the options provided in this book.

Background: A young elf is trained by his whole village. The local wizards develop his arcane talents. Rogues and rangers practice his wilderness skills, and the fighters and warriors of his tribe train him in the martial arts. The child who shows promise in all these tasks is encouraged to follow the path of the protector, to become a warder. Once chosen, this path is often a lonely one, as the elf's focus will always be outward, and not within the place he dedicates his life to protect.

Races: It goes without saying that warders are exclusively drawn from the elven races. Almost all are full-blooded, but rarely a half-elf raised exclusively within his elven heritage can demonstrate the dedication required to be accepted into the warder's ranks. At the GM's option, the player of an elf may choose to make the warder his character's preferred class for purposes of multi-classing. This decision replaces wizard and must be made at first level.

Other Classes: The warder is a loner; he prefers to work alone, or in need, with others of his own class. This is not typically a matter of snobbery, but of practicality. The warder does not like to compensate for the perceived weaknesses of others. When forced to seek out teammates of other classes, he chooses like-minded, multi-talented classes. Especially divine spellcasters (for healing) or rangers.

Back in the formative days of the hobby, the ancient ancestor of what today is the D20 system had fewer player options. Of the classes found in the Player's Handbook only the cleric, fighter, rogue, and wizard have recognizable counterparts in the original editions of the game. Over time, more options were added – the monk, barbarian, druid, etc. – up to the present system we play today. But during the decades the game has grown, a few options were eliminated in the interests of playability, detail added, and (ahem...) political correctness. Some have found their way back – the assassin! – but a few are still missing. The Warder exists to provide one of those missing options.

Years ago, when choosing a class for his character, a player chose fighter, cleric, thief (rogue), magic-user (wizard)...or ELF! (or dwarf or halfling). There was no multi-classing back then, so the 'elf' was the only way to combine martial prowess with arcane might. Later editions corrected this oversight, but in doing eliminated the 'elf' class in favor of the race/class system used today. True, especially with the current multi-class rules, you can combine various levels of fighter, ranger, wizard, and druid to simulate the old elf class, but some players miss the simplicity of a single class that incorporates all that an elf should be. For them we present the Warder.

Game Rule Information

Warders have the following game statistics.

Abilities: A warder has use for almost every attribute, and cannot afford to shirk his training in any – Strength for combat ability, Dexterity for AC and stealth, Constitution to overcome the natural elven weakness, Wisdom for Spot, Listen, and Wilderness Lore, and Intelligence for spell-casting. The only non-essential ability might be Charisma, but a warder's demeanor and force of personality can aid his mission of defense.

Alignment: Any

Hit Die: d8

Class Skills

The warder's skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str*), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex*), Intuit Direction (Wis), Jump (Str*), Knowledge (Arcana) (Int), Knowledge (Nature) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex*), Profession (Wis), Search (Int), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str*), Use Rope (Dex), Wilderness Lore (Wis).

* Armor check penalties apply.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (2 + Int modifier) X4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+0	+0	+2	+2	Track, Homeland Defense
2	+1	+0	+3	+3	Bonus Feat
3	+2	+1	+3	+3	
4	+3	+1	+4	+4	
5	+3	+1	+4	+4	Homeland Defense
6	+4	+2	+5	+5	
7	+5	+2	+5	+5	Bonus Feat
8	+6/+1	+2	+6	+6	
9	+6/+1	+3	+6	+6	
10	+7/+2	+3	+7	+7	Homeland Defense
11	+8/+3	+3	+7	+7	
12	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8	Bonus Feat
13	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8	
14	+10/+5	+4	+9	+9	
15	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+9	Homeland Defense
16	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10	
17	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10	Bonus Feat
18	+13/+8/+3	+6	+11	+11	
19	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+11	
20	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+12	Homeland Defense

CHAPTER 3 – NEW ROLES TO PLAY

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the warder.

Proficiencies: A warder is proficient in all simple and martial weapons, and light armor.

Spells: Beginning at 1st level, a warder gains the ability to cast a limited number of spells. Intelligence is the warder's spell-governing ability. To cast a spell, the warder must have an Intelligence of 10+spell level, and the DC for saving throws against his spells are 10+spell level+Int modifier. Bonus spells, if any, are also governed by Intelligence. A warder learns and casts spells spontaneously, as a sorcerer, and uses the spell list below. He learns and casts new spells according to the following table.

Warder Spells/day

lvl	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	3	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	4	2	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	5	2	-	-	-	-	-	-
4	5	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
5	6	2	2	-	-	-	-	-
6	6	3	2	-	-	-	-	-
7	6	3	2	1	-	-	-	-
8	6	3	2	2	-	-	-	-
9	6	4	3	2	-	-	-	-
10	6	4	3	2	1	-	-	-
11	6	4	3	2	2	-	-	-
12	6	4	4	3	2	-	-	-
13	6	4	4	3	2	1	-	-
14	6	4	4	3	2	2	-	-
15	6	4	4	4	3	2	-	-
16	6	4	4	4	3	2	1	-
17	6	4	4	4	3	2	2	-
18	6	4	4	4	4	3	2	-
19	6	4	4	4	4	3	2	1
20	6	4	4	4	4	3	2	2

Warder Spells Known

lvl	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	3	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	3	2	-	-	-	-	-	-
4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
5	4	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
6	4	3	2	-	-	-	-	-
7	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-
8	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-
9	4	3	3	2	-	-	-	-
10	4	3	3	2	1	-	-	-
11	4	3	3	2	1	-	-	-
12	4	3	3	3	2	-	-	-
13	4	3	3	3	2	1	-	-
14	4	3	3	3	2	1	-	-
15	4	3	3	3	3	2	-	-
16	4	3	3	3	3	2	1	-
17	4	3	3	3	3	2	1	-
18	4	3	3	3	3	3	2	-
19	4	3	3	3	3	3	2	1
20	4	3	3	3	3	3	2	1

Bonus Feat (Ex): The Warder may choose any of the following feats for which he meets the requirements – Ambidexterity, Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Expertise, Far Shot, Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Shot on the Run, Spring Attack, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization, Whirlwind Attack.

Track (Ex): The warder gains the Track feat.

Homeland Defense (Ex): At 1st level, the Warder chooses a homeland – a terrain type or geographical area where his knowledge of the terrain and unique conditions combine to give him an advantage over invaders. He gains a +1 circumstance bonus to attack rolls, and Spot, Search, Listen, and Wilderness Lore skill checks while in his designated homeland. He also gains a +1 circumstance bonus to all melee and ranged damage rolls within 30 ft. At 5th level and every 5th level thereafter (10th, 15th, and 20th) the warder gains another homeland for this bonus, and each previous choice increases by +1. For example, a 10th level warder would have 3 homelands, with bonuses of +3, +2 and +1 respectively. This bonus stacks with the ranger's favored enemy bonus.

Homelands can be defined as a simple terrain type (aquatic, desert, forest, hill, marsh, mountains, plains, underground, or urban) or as a fixed geographical area of multiple terrain types within area not more than 50 miles in diameter. With the exception of urban, to gain the homeland bonus a warder must be in a relatively wild example of his chosen terrain. A cultivated field is not 'plains'; an orchard is not 'forest'; and a man-made dungeon does not count as 'underground'. Any significant, intelligent inhabitation is enough to negate the bonus. To receive a bonus for an inhabited area, the warder must choose the more restrictive geographical area. Note: Each city counts as a different homeland choice.

Elven Warder Starting Package

Armor: Leather +2 AC, speed 30 ft., arcane spell failure 10%, 20 lbs.

Weapons: Longsword (1d8, crit 19-20/*2, 4lbs. Medium-size, Slashing).

Dagger (1d4, crit 19-20/*2, 1lb. Tiny, Piercing).

Composite Longbow (1d8, crit *3, 110 ft. 3lbs. Large, Piercing).

Skill Selection: Pick a number of skills equal to 4 + Int modifier

Skill	Ranks	Ability
Concentration	4	Con
Hide	4	Dex
Listen	4	Wis
Move Silently	4	Dex
Spot	4	Wis
Search	4	Int
Tumble	2	Dex
Wilderness Lore	4	Wis

Feat: Point Blank Shot
 Homeland: (Home Village) or Forest
 Spells Known: 0-level – *daze, guidance*
 1st-level – *obscuring mist*

Gear: Backpack with waterskin, one day's trail rations, bedroll, sack, flint and steel, three torches, quiver with 20 arrows.
 Gold: 2d4 gp.

SUROMAR "PSIHUNTER"

In ancient times, the Elorii were the trusted servants of the Ssethregorans, used as important servants in positions of power, not as common laborers. When the Ssanu masters of the empire desired to exterminate rival elder races, the Elorii were entrusted with this duty. The elder races of Onara were psionically talented and the Elorii suffered many setbacks in their campaigns. In answer, the Sseth began to train their servants to counteract and turn aside the psionic assaults of the rival races.

Adventures: The Suromar adventures to gain experience for the war they believe will eventually come. There are no psionic Elorii for the Suromar to test themselves against. To gain experience in confronting psionic foes, the Suromar must look outside the forests.

Characteristics: Wisdom is greatly prized by the Suromar to augment his Will saves against psionic attacks. In addition, the Suromar casts arcane spells that require Intelligence to master as well as the various physical attributes for melee combat.

Alignment: The Suromar must be lawful, the rigors of the training begin at a young age and impart a distinct discipline.

Religion: Any of the Elorii gods are appropriate

Races: Only Elorii may begin their careers as Suromar, other races could multiclass in suromar, provided an Elorii was willing to teach them the path. Thus far, only select undir and kio that worship the Elorii gods have been shown this path.

Hit Dice: d8

Class Skills: Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Knowledge (Psionics), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Profession (Wis), Psicraft (Int), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis), Swim (Str), Tumble (Dex), Use Psionic Device (Cha, exclusive skill)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (2 + int modifier) x4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + int modifier

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: The Suromar is proficient in all simple weapons and light armor.

Spells: A suromar prepares and casts arcane spells exactly as a wizard. His spell progression is detailed on the chart below. Suromar follow all spell governing rules exactly as wizards, including bonus spells, spell DCs, minimum caster levels, and minimum Intelligence levels. Exception: Any suromar spell that affects psionics is governed by the "psionics are

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort.	Ref.	Will	Abilities	Spells per Day								
						0	1	2	3	4	5	6		
1	+0	+0	+2	+2	Slippery Mind	2								
2	+1	+0	+3	+3	Weapon Focus Defense Mode	3	0							
3	+2	+1	+3	+3	Psionic Enemy	3	1							
4	+3	+1	+4	+4	Psionic Resistance	3	2	0						
5	+3	+1	+4	+4	Weapon Specialization	3	3	1						
6	+4	+2	+5	+5	Defense Mode	3	3	2						
7	+5	+2	+5	+5		3	3	2	0					
8	+6/+1	+2	+6	+6	Psionic Enemy	3	3	3	1					
9	+6/+1	+3	+6	+6		3	3	3	2					
10	+7/+2	+3	+7	+7	Defense Mode	3	3	3	2	0				
11	+8/+3	+3	+7	+7		3	3	3	3	1				
12	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8		3	3	3	3	2				
13	+9/+4	+4	+8	+8	Psionic Enemy	3	3	3	3	2	0			
14	+10/+5	+4	+9	+9	Defense Mode	4	3	3	3	3	1			
15	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+9		4	4	3	3	3	2			
16	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10		4	4	4	3	3	2	0		
17	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+10		4	4	4	4	3	3	1		
18	+13/+9/+3	+6	+11	+11	Psionic Enemy Defense Mode	4	4	4	4	4	3	2		
19	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+11		4	4	4	4	4	4	3		
20	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+12		4	4	4	4	4	4	4		

FEATS

different" rule variant in the Psionics Handbook, and do not affect magic in any way. The suomar spell list may be found in chapter 4.

Slippery Mind: If a Suomar is affected by an enchantment spell or a psionic telepathy power, they gain a secondary save, of the appropriate type, on the round immediately following their failed save. Only one extra save is allowed per effect.

Psionic Enemy: At 3rd level, the Suomari chooses a psionic race, such as yuan ti, val, or mind flayers as a favored enemy. The character gains a +1 circumstance bonus to attack and damage rolls when facing that enemy. At 8th, 13th and 18th level the character gains another psionic enemy and gains an additional +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls against previously selected races.

Psionic Resistance: The Suomari are naturally resistant to the effects of psionic creatures. At 4th level the Suomari gains PR equal to 11 + the character's current Suomari level. This resistance does not apply against psionic attack modes and is governed by the "Psionics are Different" rules variant found in the Psionics Handbook. Therefore, this ability does not double as spell resistance.

Weapon Focus: The character gains this bonus feat.

Weapon Specialization: The character gains this bonus feat. This feat must be applied to the same weapon "focused" with the bonus feat at second level. The Weapon Specialization feat is granted to this class only through this ability and may not be taken by this class at any other time.

Defense Modes: The Suomari learn mental defense techniques that mimic the abilities of psionic characters. These defense modes must be powered by arcane energy. To power a defense mode the character must expend spell levels equal to the power points required to activate the chosen psionic defense mode. Zero level spells count as 1/2 a power point for this purpose. The Suomari maintains his non-psionic "buffer" defense bonus when calculating save DCs against psionic attacks. Otherwise, the character is governed by all rules that apply to psionic combat. Each time this ability is gained, a new psionic defense mode is learned.

Elven Suomar Starting Package

Weapons: Bastard Sword (1d10, crit 19-20/*2, 10b., Medium, Slashing).

Composite Longbow (1d8, crit *3, 110 ft. 3lbs. Large, Piercing).

Skill Selection: Pick a number of skills equal to 4 + Int modifier

Skill	Ranks	Ability
Concentration	4	Con
Gather Information	4	Cha
Hide	4	Dex
Listen	4	Wis
Move Silently	4	Dex
Psicraft	4	Int
Spellcraft	4	Int
Spot	4	Wis
Search	4	Int
Tumble	4	Dex
Use Psionic Device	4	Cha

Feat: Iron Will

Spellbook: All 0-level spells from the Suomar spell list in chapter 4; plus *cause fear*, *mage armor*, *shield* plus one extra 1st level spell of your choice from the suomar spell list per point of Intelligence bonus.

Gear: Backpack with waterskin, one day's trail rations, bedroll, sack, flint and steel, three torches, quiver with 20 arrows, ten candles, map case, three pages of parchment, ink, quill, spell component pouch, and spellbook.

Gold: 3d6 gp.

FEATS

General Feats

Feat	Prerequisite
Arcane Enemy	-
Elven Blood	-
Friend of the Wild	-
Pinpoint Shot	Precise Shot
Riposte	Combat Reflexes; Mobility; BAB 8+

Metamagic Feats

Feat	Prerequisite
Contagious Spell	Any other metamagic feat
Discriminating Spell	Caster level 5+
Postpone Spell	-
Bind Spell	Postpone Spell; any ranged weapon proficiency; caster level 10+
Improved Postpone Spell	Postpone Spell
Greater Improved Postpone Spell	Improved Postpone Spell
Trigger Spell	Improved Postpone Spell, caster level 15+
Suspend Spell	Extend Spell

Elven Feats

Feat	Prerequisite
Always Ready	Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood
Years of Experience	Always Ready
Arcane Knack	Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood
Difficult Target	Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood
Hidden Presence	Difficult Target
Darkvision	Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood
Trackless Step	Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood
Weightless Step	Trackless Step

Elorii Feats

Feat	Prerequisite
Elorii Bloodline	Elorii
Improved Elorii Bloodline	Elorii Bloodline, 6th level
Advanced Elorii Bloodline	Improved Elorii Bloodline, 9th level
Major Elorii Bloodline	Advanced Elorii Bloodline, 12th level
High Elorii Bloodline	Major Elorii Bloodline, 15th level
Legendary Elorii Bloodline	High Elorii Bloodline, 18th level
Ascendant Elorii Bloodline	Legendary Elorii Bloodline, 21st level

The Elven Feats

Elven feats are expressions of an elf's ties to his fairy heritage. They are expression of the powers all elves share at a basic level. As such, they are only available to those who possess at least some elven blood – elf, half-elf, or anyone who has taken the Elven Blood feat. A few magic items also offer their user the benefits of elven blood (they say the user is treated as an elf for purposes of all magical effects). Characters who possess them may also take elven feats, but should they lose the item or have it stolen, they lose the benefit of their feats until the item is recovered. Unlike most feats, elven feats are not considered exceptional abilities; they allow abilities that are not possible without the innate magic of the elves. Elven feats are considered supernatural abilities.

The Elorii Feats

Elorii feats are expressive of the elemental nature of the Arcanis variant of the elf. Elorii are provided as an illustrative example of adapting the prototype of the standard elf and making it your own. All elorii feats that confer the ability to cast spells are spell-like abilities. Otherwise they are supernatural abilities.

Feat Descriptions

Advanced Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Improved Elorii Bloodline, 9th level.

Benefits:

Ardakene: The character is a creature of life and vitality, as a result, the character cannot hide from undead nor can he conceal his presence from them magically. Spells such as *Invisibility to Undead* have no use for the character. The Ardakene is permanently protected as if by the spell *Negative Energy Protection* cast as a cleric of the Ardakene's character level.

Berokene: Gain Water Subtype (Ex): Cold immunity, double damage from fire except on a successful save.

Kelekene: Gain Fire Subtype (Ex): Fire immunity, double damage from cold except on a successful save.

Marokene: Gain Earth Subtype (Ex): Lighting immunity, double damage from Sonic except on a successful save.

Osalikene: Gain Air Subtype (Ex): Sonic immunity, double damage from Lighting except on a successful save.

Always Ready [elven]

You always have the skill needed for a particular situation.

Prerequisites: Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood.

Benefit: You may choose not to allocate all your skill points when gaining a new level – starting with the level this feat is taken. Later, during game play, if you encounter a situation where you do not have skill ranks in a skill you need, or have fewer ranks than you think you need to succeed, you may allocate any remaining skill points you have not allocated. You need not allocate them all at once, saving the rest for another emergency later. You still must follow all other normal rules for skill point allocation. Cross-class skills still cost 2 points per rank, and class specific skills may not be purchased unless you are able to purchase them normally.

Any skill points unallocated when you reach the next level must be allocated before gaining the benefits of the next level or they are lost.

Normal: You must allocate all your skill points when you gain a level.

Arcane Enemy [general]

Your spells are more effective against a specific group.

Benefit: You may choose an arcane enemy from the list of favored enemies under the ranger description in the Player's Handbook. Your saving throw DCs and caster level checks to penetrate spell resistance gain a +2 circumstance bonus when applied against your arcane enemy.

You may take this feat more than once, but its effect do not stack. Each additional Arcane Enemy feat applies to a new enemy.

Arcane Knack [elven]

You gain a limited number of spells used as spell-like abilities.

Prerequisites: Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood.

Benefit: You may choose a number of 0-level arcane spells from the wizard/sorcerer list equal to 1/2 your Charisma modifier (rounded down). You may cast each spell once per day. You may not choose any spell with a casting time of longer than 1 full round, a spell with an XP component, or a spell that requires material components costing more than 1 gp.

You may take this feat more than once, choosing new spells each time. Each additional time you take the Arcane Knack feat, you can choose spells of one level than previously available. When choosing higher level spells, use the following formula to determine how many spells may be taken. $[1/2 \text{ Cha Modifier (rounded down)}] \text{ minus (level of spell chosen)}$. The result is the number of spells that may be taken. E.g. if an elf with an 18 Charisma takes Arcane Talent he gains $(4/2 - 0)$ two 0-level spells. If he takes Arcane Talent a second time, he may choose another two 0-level spells or he may pick $(4/2 - 1)$ one 1st-level spell.

Ascendant Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Legendary Elorii Bloodline, 21st level.

Benefits:

Ardakene: *Fast Healing* / X (X=charisma bonus), this healing only applies to subdual damage.

Berokene: *Planeshift* to Elemental Plane of Water and back 1/day.

Kelekene: *Planeshift* to Elemental Plane of Fire and back 1/day.

Marokene: *Planeshift* to Elemental Plane of Earth and back 1/day.

Osalikene: *Planeshift* to Elemental Plane of Air and back 1/day.

Bind Spell [metamagic]

You can cast spells that are bound to a ranged weapon.

Prerequisites: Postpone Spell; any ranged weapon proficiency; caster level 10+.

Benefit: The mechanics for Bind Spell are identical to those of Postpone Spell save for the differences listed below.

Bound spells are cast on any ranged weapon for which the caster has proficiency and take effect when the ranged weapon strikes its next target. The weapon must be used before the end of the caster's next initiative. If not released by that time, the spell is lost. The spell range becomes that of the ranged missile weapon, and affects as its target, burst

center, emanation center, or cone vertex anything the weapon strikes on the next round, whether that is the intended target or not. Cone effects expand outward in the direction away from the character using the ranged weapon.

The caster need not be the wielder of the ranged weapon; he need only be proficient in its use.

Bound Spells use up a spell slot 4 levels higher than the modified spell's actual level.

Contagious Spell [Metamagic]

Your spells spread to others like a plague.

Prerequisites: Any other metamagic feat, caster level 10+

Benefit: You may cast a spell that will spread by touch like a disease. A spell may be made contagious if it has a single target, requires a saving throw, and has any duration other than instantaneous or permanent. A contagious spell is cast normally. If it successfully affects its target, he becomes a *carrier*. A carrier holds the spell – in potential – in an invisible field around his body. (True seeing and see invisible reveal its existence as a sparking nimbus around the carrier.) For a number of rounds equal to the caster's level the carrier can pass on this spell to anyone he touches – voluntarily or not. Those touched by the carrier make saving throws and resistance checks as if the original caster had targeted them but with a +4 circumstance bonus to their saves and spell resistance. A contagious spell can infect as many targets as the caster has caster levels. The caster has no control over who the carrier targets once infected.

Contagious spells use up a spell slot 2 levels higher than the modified spell's actual level.

Darkvision [elven]

You can see in total darkness.

Prerequisites: Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood.

Benefit: Your nightvision becomes darkvision. You can see in total darkness up to 30'. You do not lose any benefits you might receive from your low-light vision. Use the best vision for the situation.

Difficult Target [elven]

You are difficult to target with ranged weapons.

Prerequisites: Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood.

Benefit: As long as you are aware of an attack and not denied your Dexterity bonus to Armor Class, you gain one-quarter concealment vs. all ranged attacks. If you have the benefit of real concealment, your concealment versus ranged attacks is considered one step better – one-quarter is considered one-half; one-half is considered three-quarters; three-quarters, nine-tenths; and nine-tenths is treated as total.

This feat may be taken twice; the second feat adjusts effective concealment two-steps better. Difficult Target may not be taken more than twice.

Normal: You receive benefits from concealment as described on page 133 of the Player's Handbook.

Discriminating Spell [metamagic]

You can cast area spells that affect only those you choose to affect.

Prerequisites: caster level 5+.

Benefit: Spells modified with Discriminating Spell allow the caster to choose who will be affected in an area spell. When casting the spell, the caster may choose to exclude any within the target area from any effect of the spell. Excluded objects or creatures are affected as if they had made a successful spell resistance check against the spells effects. Spells that allow no spell resistance check cannot be affected by this metamagic feat. Any number of targets can be excluded, but they must be excluded implicitly. Creatures or objects in the area that the caster is unaware of cannot be protected from the spells effects. The caster need not know the names of those he plans to exclude, but for those he cannot identify personally he must have valid line of sight. Nor may the caster shield all but a select group from the effects of a discriminating spell. He may not exclude 'everyone except the kobold'.

Discriminating Spells take up a slot 3 levels higher than the modified spell's actual level.

Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Elorii.

Benefits:

Ardakene: Cure d8 hps + 1 hp/level, once per day as a spell-like ability.

Berokene: May cast *water breathing* for 1 turn/level once per day, and locate any natural body of water within 1 mile.

Kelekene: Once per day, may perform an attack with the character's highest attack bonus as a free action.

Marokene: Gain an additional 1 hp/level. This effect is retroactive if taken after 1st level.

Osalikene: Gains a 40" base movement rate.

Elven Blood [general]

One of your distant ancestors was an elf.

Benefit: For the purposes of qualifying for prerequisites, interaction with spells or magic items, or any other d20 mechanic that requires a character to be an elf, you are considered an elf. This will not aid in purely role-playing requirements, but does give access to elf-specific feats and elf-only magic items.

This feat must be chosen at first level.

Friend of the Wild [general]

You are wise in the ways of the wilderness.

Benefit: You gain a +2 insight bonus to Wilderness Lore and Knowledge [Nature] skill checks.

Greater Improved Postpone Spell [metamagic]

You can cast spells that have their effects delayed for up to one hour.

Prerequisites: Improved Postpone Spell.

Benefit: The mechanics for Greater Improved Postpone Spell are identical to those of Postpone Spell except the caster can choose to delay the spell's effect for up to one hour.

Greater Improved Postponed Spells use up a spell slot 4 levels higher than the modified spell's actual level.

Hidden Presence [elven]

You can Hide while being observed.

Prerequisites: Difficult Target.

Benefit: You may use the Hide skill even while being observed. To target you, creatures must make an opposed Spot check as normal. All other rules that apply to the Hide skill are still in force.

Normal: You must be unobserved to begin to *Hide*.

High Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Major Elorii Bloodline, 15th level

Benefits:

Ardakene: May cast *Heal* 1/day.

Berokene: Character becomes and Outsider but can still be raised or resurrected.

Kelekene: Character becomes and Outsider but can still be raised or resurrected.

Marokene: Character becomes and Outsider but can still be raised or resurrected.

Osalikene: Character becomes and Outsider but can still be raised or resurrected.

Improved Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Elorii Bloodline, 6th level.

Benefits:

Ardakene: Gain the ability to detect the health of a living creature. By scrutinizing a living creature as a full round action, the Ardakene can determine any diseases the creature may be infected with and knows the target's current HPs reflected as a percentage of their maximum.

Berokene: Gains the abilities *Water Breathing* and *Freedom of Movement* while in water.

Kelekene: Once per day, the character gains an additional full round action, this ability is considered a haste action, and consequently does not stack with haste or other haste like affects.

Marokene: Gains a +3 racial bonus to all Fortitude saves.

Osalikene: May *Feather Fall* at will, upon the Osalikene Elorii only.

Improved Postpone Spell [metamagic]

You can cast spells that have their effects delayed for up to one minute.

Prerequisites: Postpone Spell.

Benefit: The mechanics for Improved Postpone Spell are identical to those of Postpone Spell save that the caster can choose to delay the spell's effect for up to one minute.

Improved Postponed Spells use up a spell slot 3 levels higher than the spell's actual level.

Legendary Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: High Elorii Bloodline, 18th level.

Benefits:

Ardakene: May *Regenerate* 1/day

Berokene: May *Summon Monster VI (Water Elementals Only)* 1/day.

Kelekene: May *Summon Monster VI (Fire Elementals Only)* 1/day.

Marokene: May *Summon Monster VI (Earth Elementals Only)* 1/day.

Osalikene: May *Summon Monster VI (Air Elementals Only)* 1/day.

Major Elorii Bloodline [Elorii]

Prerequisite: Advanced Elorii Bloodline, 12th level

Benefits:

Ardakene: When an Ardakene suffers damage, 1 HP/level is suffered as subdual damage.

Berokene: The character adds his Str bonus to his initiative rolls.

Kelekene: The character adds his Cha bonus to his damage rolls.

Marokene: The character adds his Con bonus to AC.

Osalikene: The character adds his Int bonus to attack rolls.

Pinpoint Shot [general]

You can ignore some effects of cover and concealment when attacking with ranged weapons.

Prerequisites: Precise Shot.

Benefit: When determining miss chance from concealment or a foe's Armor Class bonus derived from cover, you treat any concealment or cover as one step easier to hit. Total is considered nine-tenths; nine-tenths is considered three-quarters; three-quarters, one-half; one-half, one-quarter; and one-quarter is treated as none.

This feat may be taken twice; the second feat treats cover and concealment as two steps easier. Pinpoint Shot may not be taken more than twice.

Normal: A character suffers attack penalties due to cover and concealment as described on pages 132-133 of the Player's Handbook.

Postpone Spell [metamagic]

You can cast spells that have their effects delayed until the next melee round.

Benefit: Spells enhanced with this feat take effect on the casters initiative on the following round. Spells that require a target must fulfill all normal requirements to achieve that target during casting. Touch attacks, line of sight, etc. must be established as normal for the spell as it is being cast. If the target leaves range after being successfully targeted when the spell is cast, he still suffers all effects. Saving throws and spell resistance rolls, if any, are made when the spell takes effect.

A spell in potencia can be dispelled by *dispel magic* before it takes effect. Magical or mundane precautions taken after the casting, but before the spells onset, will provide full protection as if they were taken before the spell was cast. Example: The victim of a postponed *flame arrow* makes a spellcraft check and recognizes his danger. He casts a *protection from elements (fire)* before the effects of the *flame arrow* are felt, and enjoys the full protection of the spell even though it was cast AFTER the *flame arrow*. All caster decisions must be made during the initial casting. Any spell that requires concentration will remain in effect for one round then fail, and any spell that requires continued direction from the caster will act in a random manner. (Nearest appropriate additional targets will be chosen and changeable effects determined by a die roll.) This may result in the caster being targeted by effects from his own spell.

Effects that occur in a series, such as the initial damage then arcing of a *chain lightning* do not begin until the spell takes effect. In the example above, when the postponed *chain lightning* went off, the initial target would take damage, then the spell would arc to the nearest targets under no control of the caster.

Postponed spells use up a spell slot 2 levels higher than the modified spell's actual level.

Riposte [general]

When an opponent misses you with a melee attack, you may make an immediate counter attack.

Prerequisites: Combat Reflexes; Mobility; BAB 8+.

Benefit: Once per round, if fighting defensively or using the expertise feat, you may make an attack of opportunity at your highest attack bonus against any creature who attempts and fails a melee attack against you.

Suspend Spell [metamagic]

You may cast spells and suspend their duration for reactivation at a later time.

Prerequisites: Extend Spell.

Benefit: A suspended spell can be halted before it expires as a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. Its remaining duration is then saved in case of later need. To remain suspended, the caster must remain within the spells original range. If he moves out of range from the original target or original area of effect of the spell, the suspended spell is lost. Mobile targets can travel with the caster to remain enspelled.

A suspended spell can be held for up to twice its normal duration before fading on its own. Metamagic feats that increase or decrease the spell's normal duration likewise increase the length of time a spell may remain Suspended by the same factor. Any effect that would have dispelled the spell normally, will end it while Suspended.

Reactivating a Suspended Spell is a standard action that follows all normal rules for spell-casting (i.e.: provokes an attack of opportunity, requires a Concentration check if disrupted, subject to counter spell, etc.) but requires no components. Anything that would prevent the casting of the original spell keeps it from reactivating. Once reactivated, the spell uses the stored, remaining duration. A spell may not be suspended a second time unless the caster had modified the original spell with multiple Suspend Spells. The target of a Suspended spell may NOT be changed after casting.

Suspended Spells uses up a spell slot 3 levels higher than the spell's actual level.

Trackless Step [elven]

You can travel through wilderness without leaving a trail.

Prerequisites: Elf, half-elf, or Elven Blood.

Benefit: You are considered to be under the continual effect of a *pass without a trace* spell. This is considered a supernatural ability and cannot be dispelled.

Triggered Spell [metamagic]

You can cast spells that take effect after a specific trigger event.

Prerequisites: Improved Postpone Spell, caster level 15+.

Benefit: The mechanics for Trigger Spell are identical to those of Postpone Spell except for the following differences.

Triggered spells are cast on an object, symbol, or 5x5x5 ft. area and set to go off after a specific set of triggering circumstances are met. Triggering events can be as general or as detailed as desired, although only visual and audible triggers can be used. Triggers react to appearances. Disguises and illusions can fool them. Normal darkness does not defeat a visual trigger, but magical darkness or invisibility does. Silent movement or magical silence defeats audible triggers. Audible triggers can be keyed to general types of noises or to a specific noise or spoken word. Note that actions can serve as triggers if they are visible or audible. A triggered spell cannot distinguish invisible creatures, alignments, level, HD, or class except by external garb.

Triggered spells have a "vision" and "hearing" range of 10 feet.

Initial targets, if any, for the triggered spell must be determined during casting. The target can be anything the caster can put into words and has the same auditory/visual requirements as the trigger event. If a ranged attack is required, it is determined when the triggered spell goes off, using the attack bonus of the caster as it was when the spell was placed. Touch attacks are automatic, if the triggering event requires the spells target to touch the enspelled object.

In addition, Triggered Spell's casting times are extended to 10 minutes plus the original casting time of the spell.

Triggered Spells use up a spell slot 6 levels higher than the spell's actual level.

Weightless Step [elven]

You can walk without your weight triggering traps.

Prerequisites: Trackless Step.

Benefit: You no longer trigger traps and hazards that are activated by weight. So long as you are moving at least 5' per round, the surface you are walking on considers you weightless. You may walk across paper without ripping it, snow without breaking the crust, and trapdoors without falling. If you do not move for one full round, your weight has its full impact where you stand with all appropriate implications.

Years of Experience [elven]

You gain more skill points per level than normal.

Prerequisites: Always Ready.

Benefit: Starting with the level this feat is gained, you gain one additional skill point per level. This feat does not allow a character to gain skill points retroactively.

PRESTIGE CLASSES

BEROTAR

Aboard most Elorii ships there are Berotari, spell-casters specializing in magical control of wind and water. Entaran naval vessels are usually crewed by a dozen Berotari – eleven apprentices and one master, who is second in command only to the ship’s captain. Though the ships of the navies of man bristle with the firepower of dozens of cannons, it is the Elorii of Seremas that rule the southern seas, and the Berotari are the reason. Magically attuned to their vessels, they can outrun, outmaneuver, and overpower their enemies. Storms, waves, and all manner of sea creatures are at their command, and are used to crippling effect against other ships. Additionally, they can use their magic to enhance their ship and crew. The Berotari were largely responsible for the destruction of the Plexan Armada.

Requirements:

Race: Elorii

Nation: Entaris

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Profession Sailor: 6 ranks

Swimming: 6 ranks

Spellcasting: Able to cast 3rd level or higher spells found in both the Air and Water domains.

Feat: Leadership Feat

Special: Must be invited into the fellowship.

Level	Base Attack Bonus	F	R	W	Abilities	Spell Casting		
						1	2	3
1	+1	+2	+2	+2	Master of the Vessel	0		
2	+2	+3	+3	+3	Command the Winds	1		
3	+3	+3	+3	+3	Command the Waves	2	0	
4	+4	+4	+4	+4	Legion of the Depths	2	1	
5	+5	+4	+4	+4	Command the Tempest	2	2	0

Alignment: Any non-chaotic

Hit Dice: d8.

Class Skills: Concentration (Con), Diplomacy (Cha), Knowledge: Arcana (Int), Profession (Sailor) and Spellcraft (Int)

Skill Points: 2 + Int Modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiencies: Berotar are proficient in all martial weapons.

Spellcasting: The Berotar gains limited numbers of arcane spells as he advances in level. His primary casting attribute is

Constitution. The effective casting level of the Berotar’s spells is considered to be the sum of the levels in all spellcasting classes. The Berotarknows all the spells on the following list, and casts them spontaneously like a Sorcerer or Bard.

1st Level: *Animate Rope, Endure Elements, Message, Obscuring Mist, Protection from Chaos/Evil/Good/Law*

2nd Level: *Buoyancy, Fog Cloud, Protection from Arrows, Resist Elements, Water Walk, Whispering Wind*

3rd Level: *Create Food and Water, Gust of Wind, Mass Water Walk, Negative Energy Protection, Protection from Elements, Water Breathing, Wind Wall*

Master of the Vessel: The Berotar may target his own vessel with the following spells and the vessel gains the benefits of these spells as if the caster had cast them upon himself: *Death Ward, Endure Elements, Negative Energy Protection, Protection from Chaos/Evil/Good/Law, Protection from Elements, Resist Elements*. All allies aboard the vessel are also protected as if they were individually warded by these spells.

Command the Winds: Once per day the Berotar may either provide his vessel with steady wind of any direction desired for 1 hour per level of the Berotar class the character possesses or cast the spell *Whirlwind* with an effective caster level equal to thrice his level in the Berotar class.

Command the Waves: Once per day the Berotar may cast the spell *Control Water* with an effective caster level equal to thrice his level in the Berotar class.

Legion of the Depths: Once per day per Berotar class level, as a full round spell-like ability, the Berotar may call upon the aquatic allies of his people. These summoned creatures will follow the commands of the Berotar and remain for 10 rounds per Berotar class level. The character may choose one of the creature types listed below.

- 1d4 Juvenile Tojanida
- 1d4 Small Water Elementals
- 1d4 Water Mephits
- 1d3 Adult Tojanida
- 1d3 Medium Water Elementals
- 1d3 Sea Lion
- 1 Large Water Elemental

Command the Tempest: Once per day the Berotar may cast the spell *Control Weather*. This spell is cast as if by a Druid of 15th level. If the appropriate weather is summoned, the Berotar may *Call Lightning*. Each bolt does 15d10 and has a save DC of 13+ the Berotar’s Constitution modifier.

ELDRITCH CRAFTSMAN

They say of the Lor’reneran tribe that their swords are lighter than feathers yet stronger than steel. And when they cut an arc about you, the sound you hear is almost like music. A strange verse -- sweet song and the spraying out of your life’s blood!



Weapons crafted by elves are naturally imbued with elven qualities. In many parts of the world it is said you can find no superior choice than a sword or bow made by an Eldritch Craftsman. Such craftsmen are well trained, tutored by masters. But the details of that training is cloaked in secrecy, and the cavalier attitude with which elves shrug off compliments suggest perhaps they do not fully understand how they make such superior weapons.

An Eldritch Craftsman is not hard to find – look no further than the annual fair to find elves marketing strange and wonderful items. They are more likely than many of their counterparts to be comfortable in the presence of humans, with whom they do a booming business. The price of elf-crafted weapons may be high or low, depending on whether the elf merchant deems the buyer worthy. It's not uncommon to find an Eldritch Craftsman on the open road, making a supply run. Every good weapon starts with quality materials and a prospective buyer with access to such goods might get a decent deal in trade. When all other attempts fail, Eldritch Craftsmen may be sought out in their individual tribes, but woe to the traveler who's appearance is seen as intrusive. He is at risk of bringing home a magic sword that is, quite literally, double-edged.

Eldritch Craftsmen are also able defenders, believers in the school of thought that there is no point to being able to make a weapon if you can't also use it. In this regard, they are not only a colorful, but valuable, addition to any party.

Eldritch Craftsmen are most often drawn from the expert class, though warriors and fighters who craft their own weapons often seek this path as well. Spellcasters of any type

gain little from this class, and it is an unusual wizard or sorcerer that enters this class. Elves make the best Eldritch Craftsmen. They have both the time and the natural arcane connection to dedicate their lives to crafting magical weapons, though some gnomes, and surprisingly, a few kobolds have what it takes to pass the grueling apprenticeship.

Requirements

To qualify to become an Eldritch Craftsman, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Craft (Weaponsmith): 12 ranks

Knowledge (Arcana): 6 ranks

Feats: Skill Focus: Craft (Weaponsmith)

Special: Must have an arcane spellcasting class as a racially preferred class.

Special: Must serve a 10-year apprenticeship under another Eldritch Craftsman.

Class Skills

The Eldritch Craftsman's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Craft (Int), Disable Device (Int), Knowledge (Arcane) (Int), and Use Magical Device (Cha).

Skill Points at each Level: 4 + Int modifier

Hit Dice: d8

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+0	+2	+0	+0	Weapon Quality, Imbue
2	+1	+3	+0	+0	Weapon Quality
3	+2	+3	+1	+1	Weapon Quality, Efficient Enchantment
4	+3	+4	+1	+1	Weapon Quality
5	+3	+4	+1	+1	Weapon Quality, Purely Natural

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Eldritch Craftsman prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency:

Because of his inherent familiarity with the weapons that are his life, the Eldritch Craftsman gains proficiency in all simple and martial weapons.

Imbue: The Eldritch Craftsman skill in crafting weaponry has become so great he has learned to draw on his innate arcane connection to enchant weaponry. He gains the Craft Magic Arms and Armor feat and may imbue a masterwork suit of armor or weapon of his own creation with an enhancement bonus up to his class level. He follows all rules for magic item creation and must pay experience points as normal.

Weapon Quality: At each level, the Eldritch Craftsman may choose one weapon quality from the list in Core Rulebook II or from chapter 4 of this book. He may place this

enhancement on any weapon he creates with imbue without concern for prerequisites. The enhancement bonus value of the weapon quality he chooses must be of equal or lesser value than his Eldritch Craftsman level. Adding the weapon quality does not affect the maximum bonus an Eldritch Craftsman can place on a weapon, (i.e. a second level Eldritch Craftsman may imbue a weapon with a +2 enhancement bonus and the keen blade quality, even though the level value totals +3.) but he must pay the full amounts in experience and gold as normal for enchanting items.

Efficient Enchantment: The Eldritch Craftsman has grown so adept at fashioning magical weaponry he pays only 75% of the gp and XP requirements for creation.

Purely Natural: The Eldritch Craftsman has reached the pinnacle of his abilities. From this point on, the magical weaponry he creates is considered natural. It does not emit a magical aura. It cannot be identified or disenchanting through spell or supernatural ability. The weapon is just naturally more powerful. Magic weapons created to this level of perfection may still be damaged and broken as normal, and lose their abilities in this way. But for all other purposes, their enhancements are considered Exceptional instead of Supernatural. (Note: Purely natural weapons still affect creatures affected only by magical weapons as if they had their full bonus to enhancement.)

ELFBANE

"Rignor will want gold, Manhep silver, and Asrica... well... she'll do it for the simple pleasure of bringing the dead elf's head back to you on a pike."

No one hates elves more than the Elfbane. She wanders the world in search of the creatures, which she considers the foulest of vermin. Her mission is no less than extermination of the species, for there can be no good where an elf is found, and no rest until that elf is in the grave.

The reasons for the Elfbane's hatred are deep - rooted perhaps in childhood trauma or a recent, violent event. Whatever the cause, rest assured there will be no winning the Elfbane to the side of elves, and woe to any of the gentle creatures who cross her path.

Her rage does more than fester - it mysteriously aids her in her quest to slay elves, providing her with added strength, cunning, and insight into elven habits.

Elfbane are most commonly ex-rangers, though their ranks contain members of all the martial classes. Multi-class rogues also gain many benefits from being an elfbane. In fact, any class that hates the eldest sons can generate the fury to qualify, though spellcasters often seem too much like faeries themselves to receive the proper training. The rarest elfbanes of all are those that hunt their own race, but sometimes an elf that loses his family to his own inaction will turn to the prestige class to take revenge on himself because of self-loathing.

Requirements

To qualify to become an Elfbane, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

BAB 5+

Feats: Track

Special: Must have the favored enemy [elf].

Special: Must have been the victim of a perceived elven injustice.

Class Skills

The Elfbane's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Climb (Str*), Gather Information (Cha), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex*), Knowledge [arcane] (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex*), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis) and Wilderness Lore (Wis).

*Armor check penalties, if any, apply.

Skill Points at each Level: 4 + Int modifier

Hit Dice: d10

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+1	+2	+2	+0	Hatred +1; Arcane Defense
2	+2	+3	+3	+0	Fear no Arrow
3	+3	+3	+3	+1	Greensight
4	+4	+4	+4	+1	Hatred +2
5	+5	+4	+4	+1	Smite (1/day)
6	+6	+5	+5	+2	Fear no Archer
7	+7	+5	+5	+2	Hatred +3
8	+8	+6	+6	+2	Return the Fear
9	+9	+6	+6	+3	Smite (2/day)
10	+10	+7	+7	+3	Fury

Class Features:

All of the following are class features of the Elfbane prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: You gain access to no new weapon or armor proficiencies when entering the Elfbane prestige class.

Hatred (Ex): The Elfbane's deep hatred for the elves inspires him to ever-greater heights of violence and mayhem. At first level, you receive a +1 morale bonus to attacks and damage rolls when engaged in melee with any creature with elven blood. This bonus increases to +2 at fourth level and to +3 at seventh. This bonus stacks with the ranger's favored enemy bonus.

Arcane Defense (Ex): Starting at first level, an Elfbane gains Spell Resistance equal to his Base Attack Bonus. This SR only activates after the Elfbane has entered melee combat and ends three rounds after he makes his last melee attack.



Fear No Arrow (Ex): At second level, the Elfbane receives Deflect Arrows as a bonus feat. In addition, the Elfbane may use this feat while both hands are full, as long as one hand holds a melee weapon.

Greensight (Su): The Elfbane can see through foliage. Intervening leaves and branches appear as a transparent film, perfectly visible, but not obscuring what lies beyond. Foes receive no protection from concealment provided by plants or any plant material. Greensight does not extend to artificially worked wood of any kind. Cover protects normally; while the elfbane may see his target fully, solid material will still block his attacks.

Smite (Ex): At fifth level, the Elfbane gains the ability to channel his fury into a mighty blow. Once per day he gains an additional +4 morale bonus to a single attack vs. an elf. This bonus stacks with the Elfbane's Hatred bonus. If this attack is successful, damage is increased by an amount equal to the Elfbane's class level. If the attack misses, the smite is wasted for the day. At ninth level, the Elfbane gains the ability to use smite one additional time per day.

Fear No Archer (Ex): At sixth level, an Elfbane can use the Deflect Arrows feat to catch arrows instead of just knock them away. To do this, the Elfbane must have one free hand; all other mechanics are the same as the Deflect Arrows feat.

Return the Fear (Ex): At eighth level, the Elfbane becomes so adept at deflecting and catching arrows he can return them back to their source with all their original power. Treat the attempt to return an arrow as a normal use of the Deflect Arrows feat, but if successful, make an attack roll against the original firer with the same attack bonus used to target the Elfbane. If successful, the arrow returns along its original path and does damage as if the original archer had fired it.

Fury (Ex): At tenth level, the Elfbane's anger and hatred toward elves is so great he can channel it into a berserker fury. This ability functions exactly the same as the barbarian's Rage except as detailed below. It can only be activated when the Elfbane is in or about to enter melee combat with an elf. During the Fury, he must, if possible, engage in melee with an elf. If he cannot, he must attempt to get in melee range of an elf. If all elves are dead or have fled with no chance of further combat, the Fury ends immediately and the Elfbane suffers the effects of fatigue as detailed in the Rage description under barbarian in the Player's Handbook. Fury lasts a total of 5 round plus the Elfbane's Constitution modifier.

ELFFRIEND

*"Take of my air that we might breathe as one,
Take of my vein, that we might bleed as one,
Take of my skill, that bow and arrow might find true home,
Take of my fate, that woven twixt us both might we be true,
flesh and bone..."*

The Elffriend has the skills of an elf, the alliances of elves, and the open arms of an elf tribe with one marked difference: he is not an elf. How this came to be is a story unto itself, but it probably involves the Friend saving an elven life, or performing some great feat that resulted in the salvation of an elf's world. To the elves, the Elffriend is a hero, a brother, a shining example of the potential of the young races, and perhaps even reaps more benefit from his friendship than a true elf does with his own kin.

The Elffriend voluntarily subjects himself to the laws of the fey, possibly reveres elves more than his own kind, even to the extent of being an outcast to his own race. To this end, the advantages may balance with the disadvantages. He is skilled in the elven arts and weapons, speaks Elvish, and spends a great deal of his time (if not all of it) living among the elves. Such trust is atypical and not to be taken lightly.

The casual observer may notice instantly that something is different about the Elffriend. He may move with an elf's innate grace, or even seemed surprised when addressed in a manner more befitting his own kind. Wherever he goes, he carries with him a fondness and a longing for the tribe that has adopted him and a secret lamentation that he will never completely belong.

If there are several types of elves in a campaign, the player must choose what type his friendship applies to, especially for the Call for Aid.

Characters of all classes can become Elfriends, though it is unlikely that a character of evil alignment will ever generate the trust necessary to win access to the class.

Requirements

To qualify to become an Elffriend, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Diplomacy: 4 ranks

Knowledge (Elven Lore): 8 ranks

Languages: Elven

Special: Cannot be an elf; must have done a "great act of heroism" for the elven people (not just an individual).

Class Skills

The Elffriend's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Hide (Dex*), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex*), Search (Int), Spot (Wis), and Wilderness Lore (Wis).

*Armor check penalties, if any, apply.

Skill Points at each Level: 4 + Int modifier

Hit Dice: d8

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special
1	+0	+0	+0	+2	Goodwill, Touch of Magic, Call for Aid
2	+1	+0	+0	+3	Touch of Magic, Light Step
3	+2	+1	+1	+3	Touch of Magic, Hidden Presence

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Elffriend prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency:

The Elffriend gains proficiency in 2 martial weapons, one ranged, one melee (typically longsword and longbow, but should correspond with the favored weapons of Elves of your specific campaign).

Goodwill (Ex): Continued good relations with the elves are important. If you at any time lose the favored opinion of the elves, you lose access to all class abilities granted by this prestige class. It is the elves perception of you that matters, not your genuine actions toward them – misunderstandings, blackmail, or frame-ups that end your friendship still revoke all benefits of this class. Recovering elven goodwill will return lost class features immediately. The GM should give a character who lost Goodwill through no fault of his own, every opportunity to repair his lost friendships.

Call for Aid (Ex): On being accepted as an Elffriend, you are given an easily recognized token that can be shown to elves allied to your character. Once per game year, you may call on your friends for assistance in an endeavor of value to the

elven people. They will accept your word that the cause is important, though an Elffriend who abuses his Call for Aid and is found out, will almost assuredly lose Goodwill.

This assistance grants you the temporary use of the Leadership feat, with cohorts and followers of the elven race only. All normal rules for Leadership apply, including any bonuses or penalties provided by other classes. If you already have the Leadership feat, you temporarily gain additional elven cohorts and followers as if you did not.

They elves will serve you for one month, or one adventure (GM's discretion as to what constitutes an 'adventure') whichever is shorter before returning to their families. Each time you use your Call for Aid ability past the first you suffer a -1 circumstance penalty to your Leadership score for the Call for Aid ability. Any cohorts slain during their service to you affect you Leadership score normally.

Touch of Magic (Ex): Under the on again/off again tutelage of elven sorcerers and wizards, the Elffriend picks up a little practical arcane knowledge. For each level you gain in the Elffriend class, you may choose one 0-level spell and cast it once per day as a sorcerer equal to your elffriend level. All 0-level sorcerer/wizard spells are considered part of your spell list for determining if the character can use spell-completion items.

Light Step (Ex): If he does not already have it, the Elffriend gains the Skill Focus (Move Silently) feat, and Move Silently is considered a class skill for the rest of the character's career.



Hidden Presence (Ex): If he does not already have it, the Elf friend gains the Skill Focus (Hide) feat, and Hide is considered a class skill for the rest of the character's career.

THE GRANDFATHER

"I tell you, we had them at the pass! Their bows were nothing against our shields. Bloodied and battered, we but waited for official word of their capitulation. Their lines parted as he came over the hill toward me, and I thought: This is victory! But at the sight of his measured gait they suddenly squared their beaten shoulders, fastened hand to bow again and hardened their stares. And my sword faltered when I saw him, and met with my own gaze those strange, wizened, pale eyes..."

The Grandfather has been the head of his people longer than anyone can remember. His stories are more than records of his memory - they are legends. And within those legends lie hidden truths and unspoken powers.

There is only one Grandfather. He is the eldest of his race, though his exact age may be in dispute. Many believe he will never die, a question the Grandfather will never comment on, leading some to believe the ancient knows his own death date, and perhaps the future of the elves beyond.

His appearance is aged and decrepit, but the Grandfather moves as easily as a youth when it suits him. His word is law, his advice gospel, and his leadership without question. The depth of his knowledge, accumulated through countless generations, remains another mystery so that even the most eager apprentice might spend a lifetime under his tutelage and barely scratch the surface.

The Grandfather's surviving relatives, if any direct lineage can be confirmed, are the grandsons of grandsons and granddaughters of granddaughters. He has outlived brothers, sisters and wives, confirming for some what many suspect - that he will never die. Of this the Grandfather does not speak, though the asker may be rewarded with a wistful smile.

The Grandfather's unshaken presence in battle is a morale boost. His words at any time have a profound effect on members of his tribe, ill or good, depending on what he has to say.

Any elf who serves his people may become Grandfather. He has only to survive and dedicate his life to the elven people.

Requirements

To qualify to become a grandfather, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Race: Elf

Diplomacy: 18 ranks

Sense Motive: 18 ranks

Feats: Iron Will, Leadership

Special: Must have reached Venerable age

Class Skills

The Grandfather's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Gather Information

(Cha), Innuendo (Wis), Knowledge [all] (Int), and Sense Motive (Wis).

Skill Points at each Level: 10 + Int modifier

Hit dice - d4

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+0	+2	+2	+2	Charisma Increase, Aura of Respect, Ageless
2	+1	+3	+3	+3	Bonus Feat, Wisdom Increase, Detect Lies
3	+1	+3	+3	+3	Charisma Increase, Pronounce Judgment
4	+2	+4	+4	+4	Bonus Feat, Wisdom Increase
5	+2	+4	+4	+4	Charisma Increase, Immortality, Sacrifice

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Grandfather.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: You gain no new weapon or armor proficiencies when entering the Grandfather prestige class

Bonus Feat: On gaining the second and fourth level as a Grandfather, you gain a bonus feat drawn from any you have the prerequisites for.

Ageless (Ex): A grandfather no longer feels the effects of aging and is immune to magical aging effects. He does not die when he reaches maximum age, he continues - an eternal advisor to his people.

Charisma Increase: At first level and every second level following (3rd and 5th), the Grandfather gains a cumulative +1 inherent bonus to Charisma.

Wisdom Increase: At second level and fourth level, the Grandfather gains a cumulative +1 inherent bonus to Wisdom.

Aura of Respect (Su): At first level, the Grandfather gains a personal aura of wisdom and power that other creatures cannot help but recognize. All creatures with an Intelligence score, in direct line of sight and within 30 feet of the character have their initiative for that round reduced to one below that of the Grandfather. This ability disappears if the Grandfather is caught flat-footed, and this ability can be negated by anything that blocks mind-affecting effects.

Detect Lies (Su): Any time a lie is spoken in the presence of a Grandfather of second level or above, the character may make a Wisdom check with a DC equal to the character level of the creature speaking the lie. If successful, the Grandfather sees the untruth for what it is. He will know only that a lie was spoken, not what the truth might be.

Pronounce Judgment (Sp): The words of the Grandfather are law. Once per week, a Grandfather of third level or higher may cast *geas* as a spell-like ability. The Grandfather reserves the right to withdraw his judgment, and may cancel the effects of his own *geas* as a move-equivalent action at any time.

Immortality (Ex): After reaching fifth level, the Grandfather cannot permanently die until he needs to or his people no

longer have need of him. He can be captured, disabled, blinded, knocked-out – but not killed. If the Grandfather is reduced to below –10 hit points, a *resurrection* effect automatically takes hold, and a new body is formed in a place of safety. The Grandfather still loses a level, and that level always comes from his Grandfather levels. Naturally, the Grandfather loses the benefit of Immortality until he regains the level lost to the *resurrection*. As is normal for *resurrection*, the Grandfather's soul may refuse its effects, and any effect that prevents *resurrection* will prevent the effects of Immortality.

Sacrifice (Ex): At fifth level, the Grandfather can give the ultimate gift to his chosen people – his own eternal life. As a free action, the Grandfather may produce any effect possible with the *miraclespell*. One round later he dies. Nothing can prevent the Grandfather's death, and nothing can return him to life afterward. His ultimate sacrifice is permanent. The class feature Immortality will not spare him, nor will any other feature provided by another class. All that is the Grandfather is consumed to power the *miracle*.

LIFEWARDEN

The High Priests of Belisarda are known as the *Ardahiri*, literally, "Guardians, or Keepers of Life". This has been translated into the human tongue as "Lifewarden", a name that suits them well. The *Ardahiri* are the living embodiment of their Goddess, a manifestation of all the living energy of Arcanis. They preside at all important religious functions, and assist or act as proxy for Priests of the lost Elemental Gods in their rituals. Lifewardens are the spiritual leaders of Elorii society. Many serve on the Councils of Elders governing their communities, and are, in most cases, consulted on major decisions. Through use of the sacred Elluwé pools, they have knowledge of past and future events. They are held in the highest respect, and their words carry great weight.

Though Lifewardens are not particularly effective combatants, they are the bane of the undead, wielding life energy that is devastating to those entities that draw power from the Negative Material Plane.

Requirements:

Race: Elorii

Spellcasting: Must be able to cast 4th level *D i v i n e C o n j u r a t i o n* (Healing) spells.

Profession (Midwife): 5 ranks

Knowledge (Religion): 10 ranks

Scry: 10 ranks

Special: Must worship Belisarda.

Alignment: Lifewardens must be good aligned. If for any reason they commit an evil act, they may no longer advance in this class and may be barred access to the Elluwe' at the GM's discretion.

Hit Dice: d8.

Class Skills: Concentration (Con), Diplomacy (Cha), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (Arcana): (Int), Knowledge (History): (Int), Knowledge: (Religion): (Int), Scry (Int, Exclusive Skill) and Spellcraft (Int)

Skill Points: 2 + Int Modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Lifewardens gain no proficiency with weapons or armor.

Bonus Domain (Healing) (Ex): The character gains access to and the benefits of the Healing Domain. If the character is already a Cleric with the Healing Domain, he gains an additional +1 to his caster level when casting healing spells. If the character is a Cleric without the Healing Domain, he gains access to the domain as if it were selected at character creation. If the character is not a Cleric, he gains the ability to spontaneously cast healing spells and all Healing spells are cast at +1 caster level.

Cure Disease(Ex): The Lifewarden may *cure diseases* a spell like ability a number of times per day as indicated on the chart.

Level	BAB	F	R	W	Abilities	Spell Casting
1	+0	+2	+0	+2	Lay on hands Expunge Unlife 1 Bonus Domain: Healing Turn Undead Cure Disease 1/day Swim the Stream of Souls	
2	+1	+3	+0	+3	Expunge Unlife 2 Extra Turning	1 caster level in existing + divine spellcasting class
3	+1	+3	+1	+3	Expunge Unlife 3 Potent Turning +1d6 Know the Soul	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class
4	+2	+4	+1	+4	Expunge Unlife 4 Extra Turning	
5	+2	+4	+1	+4	Expunge Unlife 5 Cure Disease 2/day	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class
6	+3	+5	+2	+5	Expunge Unlife 6 Potent Turning +2d6 Extra Turning	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class
7	+3	+5	+2	+5	Expunge Unlife 7 Read the Signs	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class
8	+4	+6	+2	+6	Expunge Unlife 8 Extra Turning	
9	+4	+6	+3	+6	Expunge Unlife 9 Potent Turning +3d6 Cure Disease 3/day	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class
10	+5	+7	+3	+7	Bastion of Life	+1 caster level in existing divine spellcasting class



Expunge Unlife(Su): The Lifewarden may exchange prepared divine spells for turning attempts. The character may perform this spell-like ability as a full round action a number of times per day equal to his Lifewarden class level. To perform this action, the character may expend a non-domain spell of a level no greater than the character's level in this power to perform a turn undead check; this may only be used for turning undead, not powering other abilities. The turning attempt rolls a number of turning damage dice equal to the spell level expended.

Extra Turning(Ex): This is in all ways identical to the feat of the same name.

Know the Soul(Su): Lifewardens may use the Elluwe' to look into the past and view every past incarnation of an Elorii's soul. When at the Elluwe', the character can determine what fate befell a newly-born Elorii child's previous incarnation and can also perform research on any subject, using the character's Scry skill in exchange for any applicable *Knowledge* skill.

Lay on Hands(Ex): This power is in every way identical to the Paladin Class ability of the same name. If the Life Warden already possesses a class with this ability, then the Lifewarden class level is added to the original class level for the purposes of this power, otherwise the Lifewarden class level is used.

Potent Turning(Ex): The Lifewarden rolls the listed additional damage dice with every turning attempt against

undead. This potency is not added to any attempts to Expunge Unlife.

Read the Signs(Su): The Lifewarden can view the turbulence of the Elluwe' in order to portend the future. This process takes 1 full day. Once the day has passed, the character may ask questions once an hour. These questions are about whether an action would be advisable. The character must succeed at a Scry check (DC: 10 for the first roll, +5 for each subsequent roll) and if he succeeds, he gets one of the following answers:

- "Weal" (if the action will probably bring good results).
- "Woe" (for bad results).
- "Weal and woe" (for both).
- "Nothing" (for actions that don't have especially good or bad results).

Once the character fails at a Scry check, the turbulence of the Elluwe' has caused him to lose the thread of fate that he was following. The character must start all over (spending another full day) or consider the task finished. If the character is interrupted, he must begin again

Spellcasting(Ex): The Lifewarden advances in a previous divine spellcasting class on every even level. If there is more than one such class, the character may choose which class to advance in each time he may advance. The character's Lifewarden class levels are added to his level in his previous class to determine effective caster level.

Swim the Stream of Souls(Su):: The character may travel from any Elluwe' pool to any other pool in a single hour. The character may take 1 additional character per Lifewarden level. The character must succeed at a Scry check (DC: 10 + 5 per additional Elorii or +10 per non-Elorii) or he will accidentally travel to the incorrect portal and must either accept the new destination or travel again.

Turn Undead(Su): The character gains the ability to turn undead if that ability was not previously known. Add the effective turning levels of all classes to determine the Lifewarden's effective turn undead level.

Bastion of Life(Su): The character becomes the ultimate embodiment of Belisarda's will. The character is permanently protected as if he were affected by the spells *Death Ward* and *Negative Energy Protection*; all the characters unarmed attacks take on the *Disruption* power as presented in Core Rulebook II; the Lifewarden may cast *Healing Circle* as a full round spell like ability, this spell has an effective casting level of 10; the Lifewarden may use the *healing circle* ability a number of times a day equal to his Charisma modifier. The character generates an aura that causes *Fear* in undead creatures, all undead creatures of 5HD or less within 60ft of the character **who** can see him must make a Will save (DC 11+Charisma modifier) or flee in terror as if they were turned. Undead of more than 5HD or those who succeed at their Will save suffer -2 morale penalty to attack rolls against the Lifewarden.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

"Give me your palms. Ah! These lines are passing strange. One hand tells of men's roads paved with sweat and cobbled with stone - the other of dark, churning river waters. Both foretell power, and yet, one might easily believe they were the hands of two different men..."

The Man of Two Worlds is a half elf, only more so. He strives to create in himself a perfect whole so that society never sees the two halves in the making. His halves fuse so seamlessly that each person he meets may have trouble determining whether he is elf, human or in between. He picks and chooses between his dual bloodlines, discarding the flaws and playing up the advantages, becoming eventually more elven than elf, and more human than a man. To this end, he studies elf and human ways. His activities keep him deeply embroiled in both worlds. He has casual friends and acquaintances of either race, though no elven tribe is likely to completely trust him. The same can be said of villages and townships that open their arms, only to discover he is not completely 'one of them.' In truth, he may only find comfort with those like himself - trapped between races and belonging to neither. The Man of Two Worlds seldom makes friendships that are deep and lasting, and while he is at ease in either realm, he is equally ready to play both races against each other.

Any class can find themselves trapped between the two worlds of man and elf, though the self-discipline required to explore the deepest secrets of self are more typically found in the more contemplative and spiritual classes - monk, cleric, and druid.

Requirements

To qualify to become one of those who follow the second path, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Race: Half-elf

Knowledge (Elven Lore): 8 ranks

Knowledge (Human Lore): 8 ranks

Feats: Iron Will

Class Skills

The Man of Two World's class skills (and the key ability for each skill are) Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Disguise (Cha), Knowledge (Elven Lore) (Int), Knowledge (Human Lore) (Int), and Perform (Cha).

Skill Points at each Level: 2 + Int modifier

Hit dice d6

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+0	+0	+2	+0	Racial Quality
2	+1	+0	+3	+0	Racial Quality; Indistinct
3	+2	+1	+3	+1	Racial Quality
4	+3	+1	+4	+1	Racial Quality
5	+3	+1	+4	+1	Racial Quality; Two Worlds as One

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Man of Two Worlds prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: You gain no new weapon or armor proficiencies when entering the Man of Two Worlds prestige class

Racial Quality: Once per level, you may choose one of the racial qualities found on the chart below. Your class level plus your wisdom modifier determines the level of ability you can master with a minimum of 1. You may not take an elven ability two levels in a row, likewise with human ability. The Man of Two Worlds strives for a balance between his two halves. You must choose from one list, then the other - elf, human, elf, human, elf; or human, elf, human, elf, human. You may not choose the same ability twice unless the description indicates differently.

	Elf	Human
1	Arcane Adept	Versatility
2	Self-Control	Good-Health
3	Quick	Determination
4+	Fey Connection	Potential

Arcane Adept - You gain Wizard as a second preferred class when determining multi-classing penalties.

Versatility - You may choose a second class as a preferred class when determining multi-classing penalties.

Self-control - you gain an additional +1 racial bonus to resist enchantment effects that stack with your natural bonus received for being a half-elf

Good Health - you gain +1 bonus to your Constitution. This is not an inherent bonus, it is added as attribute gain for level increase. This Racial Quality can be taken a second time if so desired, but no more than twice.

Quick - you gain +1 to your Dexterity. This is not an inherent bonus, it is added as attribute gain for level increase. This Ability can be taken a second time if so desired, but no more than twice.

Determination - From this level on, the Man of Two Worlds gains +1 skill points to spend when gaining a level, whether from this class or any other.

Fey Connection - You gain a bonus elven feat from this book if you meet all other necessary requirements.

Potential - You gain a bonus feat of your choice so long as that feat has no prerequisite.

Indistinct (Ex): After reaching second level as a Man of Two Worlds, nothing short of magic will allow observers to determine whether you are an elf or human. Elves will see you as elven and humans will see you as human. Creatures of other races will see you as if you were of the race most



likely to get a good reaction. Once a creature decides that you are elf or human, short of evidence to the contrary he will always see you as that race.

Two Worlds as One (Su): On reaching fifth level as a Man of Two Worlds, you gain the supernatural ability to polymorph between human, half-elven, and elven at will as a free action. This follows all rules for *polymorph self* except as detailed here. No magic short of a *wish* or *miracle* will dispel the effect. A Man of Two Worlds always appears as the same elf, human, or half-elf each time he uses this ability, and his features are recognizable as his own – though distorted – to those who know him well. You may not use Two Worlds as One to disguise your face or hide your identity any further than becoming an elf or human.

THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE SECOND PATH

Jezvaar stared into the tip of the blade as the stranger spoke slowly. "First I will cut off your tongue so you cannot scream, one eye next will I pluck out and leave to hang by your cheek. Then your limbs will I part from your body, piece by small piece, and they will feed my fire. All this shall you witness until you die. And with each part of you I take I will remind you of what I intend to do to your wife, your children, so they will not follow the path you have tread upon."

Hands bound, eyes on the dancing campfire, Jezvaar wheezed out: "But they have done nothing! And you... you are an elf!"

Said the stranger: "I am no one."

It surprises no one that elves, adept warriors and mages both, have those among them skilled at defending their tribe. But some take this defense to extremes, a fanatical devotion whose methods are contrary to the virtues elven civilization exists to protect. What isn't said, what remains unspoken amongst all the elven races, are the unspoken ones, the nameless, whose deeds protect the innocent so that they may remain innocent.

Some elves become so angry at those who hunt them, so jaded by the endless struggle to safeguard their home, that they reject for themselves the values of their home. In their mind, they do the job that their fellows cannot. He is a voluntary outcast. Sworn to live forever in the shadow of his tribe, allowed to watch but never partake in village life, he fights to protect his people by becoming worse than his enemies ever were. Once on this path, the elf loses his name to his people often taking a simple descriptive term as a new name – more often the name given him by his enemies. He is effectively dead. This allows the elf greater leeway to do what he must do.

Cloaked with anonymity, he is able to protect the tribe using methods that would never be sanctioned by his people. He can be cruel beyond belief, may commit crimes, heinous acts of murder against both the guilty and innocent, and fear no repercussions from his own. For everything he does, he does to secure the protection of his people without smearing their good name. And as for his tribe, the less they know of their protector, the better.

In times of great strife, elders may suggest or gently influence hot-tempered members of their tribe to this path, but more often, it is a solitary choice. A choice made when an elf's people are losing a fight for survival with a more brutal race. It is said that there is a hidden honor here, and that the elf will reap his rewards beyond the grave in a hidden part of the afterlife.

Because his work sets him apart from his tribe, it is not uncommon to find the elf a wanderer once his people are safe from its foes, turning his skills to the protection of others too naive to protect themselves. He may do so alone or with a group. He may never reveal who he is, feeling honor-bound not to – or he might tell all. Whatever action he takes, the safety of his people always comes first, and for that safety, in the eyes of the elves, he has gladly parted with his soul.

Followers draw from all classes. Any individual who suffered a great loss can be inspired to the depths this prestige class represents, even commoners, though most successful members are drawn from the martial classes. Some of the most tragic are ex-paladins who suffered such a loss. They abandon their vows to ensure their people do not suffer tragedy again.

Hit Die: d10

Requirements

To qualify to become one of Those Who Follow the Second Path, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Alignment: Any non-good

Intimidation: 8 ranks

Heal: 4 ranks

Feats: Track

BaB: 5+

Special: Must be an elf of a sub-race known for their civilized ways (any of the 'good' elves. No Drow!), must have been part of a battle or raid where virtue, or a reluctance to get 'dirty' resulted in significant loss of life for his people.

Class Skills

Those Who Follow the Second Path's class skills (and the key ability for each skill are Climb (Str*), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex*), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str*), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex*), Search (Int), Spot (Wis), and Use Rope (Dex).

*Armor check penalties, if any, apply.

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier

lvl	BaB	Fort	Will	Ref	Special Abilities
1	+1	+0	+2	+0	Outcast, Atrocity
2	+2	+0	+3	+0	Sneak Attack +1d6
3	+3	+1	+3	+1	
4	+4	+1	+4	+1	
5	+5	+1	+4	+1	
6	+6	+2	+5	+2	Sneak Attack +2d6
7	+7	+2	+5	+2	
8	+8	+2	+6	+2	
9	+9	+3	+6	+3	
10	+10	+3	+7	+3	Sneak Attack +3d6, Vision of Retribution

Class Features

All of the following are class features of Those Who Follow the Second Path.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A Follower of the Second Path gains proficiency in all simple weapons and the exotic weapon proficiencies whip and net.

Outcast: As One Who Follows the Second Path has turned his back on elven values in order to protect his people, so also have his people and gods turned their back on him. He loses all access to divine magic provided through the elven gods (undead turning, spellcasting, spell-like or supernatural abilities), though these can be recovered at the GM's option if One Who Follows the Second Path finds a new patron non-elven deity more suited to his vengeful nature. In addition,

beneficial divine spells never target him if cast by someone who follows an elven god (as described in the Player's Handbook, or any of the gods detailed in Chapter 2). Any such attempt will simply fail, its magic wasted. This ban extends to any divine class abilities. (e.g., an elven paladin's Lay on Hands would fail.) The caster's intent should be the guiding factor. Those Who Follow the Second Path may benefit accidentally from divine casting. The GM should adjudicate appropriately.

More so, the stain on his spirit will be apparent to any elf he meets, giving them a strong sense of unease and dislike. This causes a -2 circumstance penalty on all Cha based skill checks and nullifying any bonuses he may be due because of similar race.

Atrocity (Ex) – A Follower of the Second Path operates by destroying the morale of his enemies and sowing fear and doubt. To do this, the follower does things that the civilized world finds abhorrent, sinking to barbaric levels that shock even the jaded and cruel humanoid races. To gain the benefits of this ability, the Follower of the Second Path must kill a member of a group, tribe or raiding party and leave the corpse where that group can find it. It takes at least 10 full minutes of time to prepare the corpse. After it's found, the group or party or township suffers a minus 1 morale penalty on all saves, attacks, damage and skill checks for every 2nd level of the Follower. This penalty continues for one day per class level of the character. If another atrocity is committed, the penalties don't stack but the duration does.

Sneak Attack (Ex): As the ability of the same name in the rogue class description on pg 47 of the Player's Handbook.

Vision of Retribution (Su): At 10th level, Those Who Follows the Second Path have committed so many heinous acts the psychic stink of them is evident to any near him. To most, this provides a general state of unease when in his presence. (No game effect) But for those who attempt an attack on a foe with elven blood within 30 feet of the character, a sharp vision of He Who Follows the Second Path's past actions and possible retribution flashes in their mind. This stuns the attacker for one round and causes them to lose the action that prompted the vision if he fails a Will save (DC equal to the character's character level). A foe can be effected by the Vision of Retribution only once in any combat. Those Who Follow the Second Path cannot turn off this ability, though it is blocked by anything that prevents mind-affecting magic.

CHAPTER 4 – TOOLS OF THE FEY

Two days and still it felt to Erin like they were shaking water off their backs. First the river, then the rain and it poured and poured, soaking the wood and lingering cuplike on some lush green plants, emptying in overflowing buckets. Erin was very tired of the rain and the wet weather.



There was grumbling from everyone, even Laribo's usual stoicism had given way, and the elf grimaced, head ducking and arm raised. Erin saw his lips moving in the rain and wondered if elves cursed beneath their breath. But no, it seemed too long for a curse. He believed Laribo to be talking to himself.

After an hour, they took rest under an outcropping of rock. An ill guard, but the rain was showing signs of slacking. Erin unstrapped his boots and took out what he believed to be his last dry cloth, now moderately damp, and began to wipe his face. Laribo was standing just underneath the rock, eyes to the sky, mouth set in irritation.

"Laribo?"

"I wonder under which I was born -- stars or clouds? Was the air dry or humid or charged with energy from a storm?" He shook his head. "I never have asked."

"What would that matter?" Erin asked. Was the elf like some, believing he could read his fate in the stars?

"I put so little stock into legends," he replied. "But there are some who say an elf born at a time of water cannot control that element, nor that one at night might influence the tides. Thinking this human bunk, I have never thought to pursue my own birth case." Laribo frowned, then again mumbled words from his lips that had no meaning to Erin, save they sounded like incantations.

He had an epiphany. "You seek to end the storm!"

"The weather mocks me."

"Perhaps you are tired." It seemed reasonable to Erin. They were all exhausted, and he saw the elf's legs shake as Laribo knelt down and half-fell to a sitting position under the outcropping. The water dripped down his face from his white, fine hair. Erin tossed him a flask.

"Here," he said. "Brandy. Riley held on to this one for a while, but we wore him down. Only a sip or two."

"I do not drink." He sounded like he meant it, but the elf's green eyes stayed locked on the flask anyway as Erin took a sip. When the man lowered it, Laribo extended his hand.

The elf sniffed at the brandy like it was a foreign thing or a potentially toxic brew. But he did not wince after taking a sip. Erin smiled. Laribo grinned weakly.

"Not ambrosia," he said. "But not terrible either. You humans have little art when it comes to your distillations."

"Thanks very much," Erin said, and the elf's eyes suddenly widened.

"I did not mean to insult you," he said. "But I did, didn't I?"

"It's nothing."

"I should watch my tongue." He handed back the flask.

"I care little anyway for most wines and liquors," Erin said.

"There is something my people could brew that would leave you bedridden – yet happy – for three days." Laribo smiled thinly.

"Would I like that?" Erin asked.

"In this weather, you would like anything else."

And so they left it at that, and presently put their boots back on and walked, sloshing through mud and rain. The weather eased a bit, the sun peeking through the clouds at intervals, giving them hope. As they neared the top of a particularly slick and muddy incline, Laribo whispered: "I've had enough."

He gave his bag and sword to Erin, and the weight of the latter made the man's legs buckle, but he held on, leery of dropping it. Three seconds later the sword was suddenly a very light thing in his hand. Erin lifted it up on his palm, letting it balance.

"Magic," Laribo said. "To make thieves believe they cannot carry it."

"And to think you doubt your sorcery," Erin said in wonder. He imagined himself owning and fighting with a blade such as this.

"What are you doing, elf? Must we stop in all this rain?" Riley was asking, but Laribo ignored him. The elf squinted his eyes at the bright clouds and lifted his arms slightly off his sides, fists curling and uncurling. To Erin he looked in agony.

A moment later Laribo lowered his head and held it. He winced several times as though spasming, then shivered and turned to look over his shoulder.

"Shall we?" he asked, and the elf sounded tired, but as they took a step forward the sun appeared, the day's first good strong ray. Erin wanted to shout for joy but he had a feeling it might hurt the elf's ears. Laribo acted like he had a headache, but brushed off another man's suggestion of the brandy flask.

"I won't trade an elf's headache for a man's," he grumbled.

The storm was still there, dark and malevolent, but now it was moving north at a rapid pace, darkening the skies over an idyllic valley.

"If you can't destroy the storm, move it," the elf said, still sounding angry and tired. Erin looked down in time to see some elk crashing into the forest to take shelter.

"I didn't want to move it out of our way just for convenience," Laribo muttered.

"Then what happened?"

"I stopped caring."

"They've been rained on before," Erin said. And he thought: though not half as much as us. And he did not feel bad that someone else had to seek shelter. He found himself completely defending Laribo's actions. He wondered if all elves looked at magic as a matter of convenience sometimes. He wondered, too, that should the rain continue, how long would it take to flood the valley's gentle cup and thus drown the life that sought refuge there?

One moment of convenience in magic cannot be all that bad, he told himself. And he also told himself, not for the first time, that he was not defending the elf just because Laribo saved his life.

ELVEN MAGIC

While most of the spells and magic items in this chapter are no longer used by elves alone, they are much more commonly found in the hands of the eldest sons. Each item or spell has a distinct elven flavor, and most are geared for use with one of the elven archetypes found in chapter 2. A GM should examine the impact each of these spells and items might have on his campaign and what they say about the elves who created them.

Spells

Elves love magic. It is a rare elf who will use the same spell in the same situation. For this reason, the true elven wizard is also a collector. Crass human mages use *fireball* and *magic missile* to the exclusion of other more subtle spells. Elves should use spells never before seen, and a battle with an elven mage, regardless of his skill, is often an education for more focused wizards.

Bard Spells

2nd-level Bard Spells

Scavenge – You find needed items of little value.

4th-level Bard Spells

Improved Scavenge – You find needed items of moderate value.

6th-level Bard Spells

Great Scavenge – You find needed items of great value.

Cleric Spells

2nd-level Cleric Spells

Discern Mysteries – Hidden objects are revealed.

Unearthly Readiness – Grants one additional attack of opportunity / level.

Vigor of Youth – Makes the target younger, making him stronger but less wise.

Wisdom of Age – Makes the target older, making him wiser but less strong.

3rd-level Cleric Spells

Positive Energy Beam – A ray fills the target with positive energy.

Speak the Soul – Compels target to answer one question completely and fully.

4th-level Cleric Spells

Positive Energy Shield – Shields target from harmful and beneficial effects of positive energy.

5th-level Cleric Spells

Create Vengeance – Creates a positive energy undead.

6th-level Cleric Spells

Honor Vanishes – Changes the alignment of one creature.

Rescue – Brings a designated target back to you with only a word.

8th-level Cleric Spells

Create Eternal – Creates an elven vampire.



NEW DOMAINS

Ancestor Domain

Deity: Ancestor worship

Granted Power: Once per day, you may petition your ancestors for aid. This requires a short ceremony of one minute in length, and after the completion, you gain a +4 insight bonus to your next skill check. This bonus cannot be saved. It must be used on your very next skill check or it is lost.

Ancestor Domain Spells

- 1 *Bless
- 2 *Aid
- 3 *Prayer
- 4 *Divination
- 5 *Commune
- 6 *Legend Lore
- 7 *Eyebite
- 8 *Antimagic Field
- 9 *Miracle

*spells that appear in Corebook I: Player's Handbook.

Homeland Domain

Deity: Animism, Tvis, Vyccress

Granted Power: You must choose a homeland. (Choose from the list provided in the warder class description in chap. 3) When you are within your homeland you gain a +2 circumstance bonus to all spell saving throw DCs and a +1 circumstance bonus to caster level checks to penetrate spell resistance. In addition, all your spells are cast as though your caster level were one level higher than normal. The caster level bonus and spell penetration bonus stack. (You have an effective +2 bonus to spell penetration caster checks.)

Note: Several levels of the domain below contain 2 spells. Clerics that take this domain do not gain access to both spells. The spells before the slash are the domain spells assigned to clerics who channel positive energy. The spells following the slash are assigned to those clerics who channel negative energy.

Homeland Domain Spells

- 1 *Summon Nature's Ally I
(only animals native to homeland)
- 2 *Consecrate/Desecrate
- 3 *Summon Nature's Ally III
(only animals native to homeland)
- 4 *Hallow/Unhallow
- 5 *Forbiddance
- 6 *Word of Recall
- 7 *Summon Nature's Ally VII
(only animals native to homeland)
- 8 Safeguard
- 9 *Teleport Circle
(only to a location within your homeland)

Totem

Deity: Animism

Granted Power: You may rebuke/command animals as an evil cleric rebukes undead. You can use these abilities a total number of times per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier. Note: A few of the totem domain spells require you to choose a specific animal as your totem. This must be done when the totem domain is first chosen and may not be changed afterwards.

Totem Domain Spells

- 1 *Divine Favor
- 2 *Speak with Animals
- 3 *Polymorph Self (only to totem)
- 4 Summon Totem Beast
- 5 *Greater Shadow Conjuration
- 6 *Magic Jar
- 7 *Insanity
- 8 *Reincarnation (always to awakened form of totem)
- 9 Totem Avatar

Druid Spells

2nd-level Druid Spells

Scavenge – You find needed items of little value.

4th-level Druid Spells

Forest Friend – Target will protect the wilderness at the cost of his own life.

Improved Scavenge – You find needed items of moderate value.

5th-level Druid Spells

Vampiric Earth – The ground sucks the life from your enemies.

6th-level Druid Spells

Great Scavenge – You find needed items of great value.

8th-level Druid Spells

Greengrowth – transforms an acre of land back to pristine wilderness.

Safeguard – Allows you to monitor the creatures who enter and leave an area of your choosing.

9th-level Druid Spells

Move Terrain – Moves a section of terrain to a new location.

Ranger Spells

3rd-level Ranger Spells

Scavenge – You find needed items of little value.

4th-level Ranger Spells

Forest Friend – Target will protect the wilderness at the cost of his own life.

Warder Spells

0-level Warder Spells (cantrips)

- *Create Water - Creates 2 gallons/level of pure water.
- *Dancing Lights- Figment torches or other lights.
- *Daze- Creature loses next action.
- *Flare- Dazzles one creature (-1 attack).

- *Ghost Sound- Figment sounds.
- *Guidance- +1 on one roll, save, or check.
- *Know Direction- You discern north.
- *Resistance- Subject gains +1 on saving throws.

1st-level Warder Spells

- *Alarm- Wards an area for 2 hours/level.
- *Calm Animals- Calms 2d4 +1/level HD of animals, beasts, and magical beasts.
- Camouflage – Your coloring changes to match the background.
- *Deathwatch- Sees how wounded subjects within 30 ft. are.
- *Endure Elements- Ignores 5 damage/round from one energy type.
- *Entangle- Plants entangle everyone in 40-ft.-radius circle.
- *Entropic Shield- Ranged attacks against you suffer 20% miss chance.
- *Expeditious Retreat- Doubles your speed.
- *Feather Fall- Objects or creatures fall slowly.
- *Grease- Makes 10-ft. square or one object slippery.
- *Jump- Subject gets +30 on Jump checks.
- *Magic Weapon- Weapon gains +1 bonus.
- *Mage Armor- Gives subject +4 armor bonus.
- *Obscuring Mist- Fog surrounds you.
- *Pass without a Trace- One subject/level leaves no tracks.
- *Silent Image- Creates minor illusion of your design.
- *Sleep- Put 2d4 HD of creatures into comatose slumber.
- *True Strike- Adds +20 bonus to your next attack roll.
- *Ventriloquism- Throws voice for 1 min./level.

2nd-level Warder Spells

- *Animal Messenger- Sends a Tiny animal to a specific place.
- *Animal Trance- Fascinates 2d6 HD of animals.
- *Barkskin- Grants +3 natural armor bonus (or higher).
- *Blur- Attacks miss subject 20% of the time.
- *Cat's Grace- Subject gains 1d4+1 Dex for 1 hr./level.
- *Darkness- 20-ft. radius of supernatural darkness.
- *Daylight- 60-ft. radius of bright light.
- *Endurance- Gain 1d4+1 Con for 1 hr./level.
- *Enthrall- Captivates all within 100 ft. + 10 ft./level.
- *Hold Animal- Holds one animal helpless 1 round/level.
- *Hold Person- Holds one person helpless 1 round/level.
- *Hypnotic Pattern- Fascinates 2d4+1 HD/level of creatures.
- *Invisibility- Subject is invisible for 10 min./level or until it attacks.
- *Locate Object- Senses direction toward object (specific or type).
- *Minor Image- As silent image, plus some sound.
- *Protection from Arrows- Subject immune to most ranged attacks.
- *Resist Elements- Ignores 12 damage/round from one energy type.
- *Scare- Panics creatures up to 5 HD (15-ft. radius).
- Scavenge – You find needed items of little value.
- *See Invisibility- Reveals invisible creatures or objects.
- *Shield Other- You take half of subject's damage.

- *Speak with Animals- You can communicate with natural animals.
- *Tree Shape- You look exactly like a tree for 1 hour/level.
- *Zone of Truth- Subjects within range cannot lie.

3rd-level Warder Spells

- *Clairaudience/Clairvoyance- Hear or see at a distance for 1 min./level.
- *Create Food and Water- Feeds three humans (or one horse)/level.
- *Diminish Plants- Reduces size or blights growth of normal plants.
- *Displacement- Attacks miss subject 50%.
- *Fear- Subjects within cone flee for 1 round/level.
- *Greater Magic Weapon- +1/three levels (max +5).
- *Gust of Wind- Blows away or knocks down smaller creatures.
- *Haste- Extra partial action and +4 AC.
- *Keen Edge- Doubles normal weapon's threat range.
- *Magic Vestment- Armor or shield gains +1 enhancement/three levels.
- *Major Image- As silent image, plus sound, smell and thermal effects.
- *Nondetection- Hides subject from divination, scrying.
- *Plant Growth- Grows vegetation, improves crops.
- *Protection from Elements- Absorb 12 damage/level from one kind of energy.
- *Sleet Storm- Hampers vision and movement.
- *Speak with Plants- You can talk to normal plants and plant creatures.
- *Water Walk- Subject treads on water as if solid.
- *Wind Wall- Deflects arrows, smaller creatures, and gases.

4th-level Warder Spells

- *Control Plants- Talk to and control plants & fungi.
- *Control Water- Raises, lowers, or parts bodies of water.
- *Discern Lies- Reveals deliberate falsehoods.
- *Freedom of Movement- Subject moves normally despite impediments.
- *Hallucinatory Terrain- Makes one type of terrain appear like another (field into forest, etc.).
- Improved Scavenge – You find needed items of moderate value.
- *Polymorph Self- You assume a new form.
- *Repel Vermin- Insects stay 10 ft. away.
- *Shout- Deafens all within cone and deals 2d6 damage.
- *Solid Fog- Blocks vision and slows movement.
- *Status- Monitors condition, position of allies.
- *Stoneskin- Stops blows, cuts, stabs, and slashes.

5th-level Warder Spells

- *Control Winds- Change wind direction and speed.
- *Dream- Sends message to anyone sleeping.
- *Ice Storm- Hail deals 5d6 damage in cylinder 40 ft. across.
- *Insect Plague- Insect horde limits vision, inflicts damage, and weak creatures flee.
- *Mind Fog- Subjects in fog get -10 Wis, Will checks.
- *Mislead- Turns you invisible and creates illusory double.

- *Nightmare- Sends vision dealing 1d10 damage, fatigue.
- *Persistent Image- As major image, but no concentration required.

- *Tree Stride- Step from one tree to another far away.

- *True Seeing- See all things as they really are.

6th-level Warder Spells

- *Acid Fog- Fog deals acid damage.
- *Control Weather- Changes weather in local area.
- *Find the Path- Shows most direct way to a location.
- Great Scavenge – You find needed items of great value.
- Honor Vanishes – Changes the alignment of one creature.
- *Move Earth- Digs trenches and builds hills.
- *Programmed Image- As major image, plus triggered by event.
- *Repel Wood- Pushes away wooden objects.
- *Repulsion- Creatures can't approach you.
- *Transport via Plant- Move instantly from one plant to another of the same species.
- *Veil- Changes appearance of group of creatures.
- *Wind Walk- You and your allies turn vaporous and travel fast.

7th-level Warder Spells

- *Creeping Doom- Carpet of insects attacks at your command.
- *Phase Door- Invisible passage through wood or stone.
- *Sequester- Subject is invisible to sight and scrying.
- *Shadow Walk- Step into shadow to travel rapidly.
- *Spell Turning- Reflect 1d4+6 spell levels back at caster.

Suromar Spells

0 level Suromar Spells

- Daze
- Detect Psionics
- Guidance
- Know Direction
- Light
- Mage Hand
- Mending
- Read Magic
- Resistance
- Virtue

1st level Suromar Spells

- Alarm
- Cause Fear
- Endure Elements
- Enlarge
- Entropic Shield
- Expeditious Retreat
- Jump
- Mage Armor
- Magic Weapon
- Protection from Chaos/Evil/Good/Law

Reduce
Sanctuary
Shield
Spider Climb
True Strike

2nd level Suomar Spells

Aid
Blur
Bull's Strength
Cat's Grace
Darkness
Daylight
Detect Thoughts
Endurance
Invisibility
Mirror Image
Protection from Arrows
Resist Elements
See Invisibility

3rd level Suomar Spells

Blink
Dispel Psionics
Greater Magic Weapon
Haste
Keen Edge
Magic Circle Against Chaos/Evil/Good/Law
Protection from Elements
Shrink Item
Wind Wall

4th level Suomar Spells

Dimension Door
Divine Power
Fire Shield
Freedom of Movement
Improved Invisibility
Minor Psionic Invulnerability
Stoneskin

5th level Suomar Spells

Passwall
Prying Eyes
Psionic Resistance
Righteous Might

6th level Suomar Spells

Antipsionic Field
Greater Psionic Dispelling
Psionic Invulnerability

Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

1th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Illus: Camouflage

2th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Conj: Wall of Flies
Div: Discern Mysteries
Trans: Feast
 Unearthly Readiness
 Vigor of Youth
 Wisdom of Age

3th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Conj: Scavenge
Ench: Speak the Soul
Evoc: Spectral Archers

4th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Necro: Positive Energy Blast

5th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Conj: Improved Scavenge
Ench: Depth Touch
 Frivolity
Evoc: Aerial Arms
Trans: False Success

6th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Necro: Radiance
 Vampiric Earth

7th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Abjur: Link
Conj: Great Scavenge
Ench: The Great Dance
Honor Vanishes

9th-level Sorcerer/Wizard Spells

Trans: Move Terrain

SPELL DESCRIPTIONS

Aerial Arms

Evocation [force]

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 5

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Area: Emanation 10 ft. radius around the caster

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

You create sliding, spinning blades of force that surround and protect you. You cannot direct these spinning bits of force, but their random swings throughout the area of effect make it dangerous for foes (and friends) to approach you. Anyone who enters the area of effect is subject to attack by one of the whirling blades. Each time they enter a 5 ft. x 5 ft. square protected by *aerial arms* there is a 50% chance a blade spins into them. If the blade spins into them, the victim faces a melee attack made with an attack bonus equal to your caster level. If the attack is successful, the victim suffers 1d8 points of damage. If the victim ends his action still within the area of effect, he is targeted by another attack. The area of *aerial arms* moves with you, but does not endanger anyone on your action, even if your movement brings them into the area of effect.

Material Component Several flakes of mica.

Antipsionic Field

Abjuration

Level: Clr 8, Magic 6, Protection 6, Sor/Wiz 6

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Area: 10-ft.-radius emanation, centered on the caster.

Duration: 10 minutes/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: See text

An invisible barrier surrounds the character and moves with the character. The space within this barrier is impervious to most psionic effects, including powers, and psionic abilities. Likewise, it prevents the functioning of any psionic items or powers within its confines.

An antipsionic field suppresses any power or psionic effect used within, brought into, or cast into the area, but does not dispel it. Time spent within an antipsionic field counts against the suppressed power's duration.

Astral Constructs, and other psionic constructs, still function in an antipsionic area (though the antipsionic area suppresses their psionic abilities normally). If such creatures are



summoned or conjured, however, see below.

Creatures summoned or conjured by Psionic powers or items wink out if they enter an antipsionic field. They reappear in the same spot once the field goes away. Time spent “winked out” counts normally against the duration of the power that’s maintaining the creature. If the character casts *antipsionic field* in an area occupied by a conjured creature with power resistance, the character must make a caster level check (1d20 + caster level) against the creature’s PR to make it wink out. (The effects of instantaneous powers are not affected by the antipsionic field because the power itself is no longer in effect, only its result.)

Normal creatures can enter the area, as can normal missiles. The spell has no effect on constructs that are imbued with psionics during their creation process and are thereafter self-supporting (unless they have been summoned, in which case they are treated like any other summoned creatures). The field, however, may temporarily nullify these creatures’ psionic or supernatural abilities. Artifacts and creatures of demigod or higher status are unaffected by mortal magic such as this.

Note: Should the character be larger than the area enclosed by the barrier, any part of the character’s person that lies outside the barrier is unaffected by the field.

Buoyancy

Transmutation

Level: Wis/Sor 2, Druid 2, Berotar 2

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Targets: Object touched, no more than 500 lb per level of caster

Duration: One hour/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Buoyancy causes any substance to float on water. This spell is a favored spell of the Berotari of Entaris as it gives heavily armored warrior a chance to survive if they are cast into the water and can be used to keep heavily damaged ships afloat so that they can either be salvaged or at least beached to spare the crew. There are two ways this can be applied, either positive or neutral buoyancy.

Positive buoyancy: This causes the affected item to always remain afloat on the surface of the water, this item will not sink regardless of mass placed atop of it. Bear in mind that it can still be tipped over and any objects or creatures atop of it may still fall off.

Neutral buoyancy: This causes the affected item to remain at its current level within the water, this item will neither sink nor rise unless force or weight greater than its own weight is applied.

Camouflage

Transmutation

Level: Warder 1, Sorcerer/Wizard 1

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

When this spell is cast you seem to fade into the background, your coloring changes to a haphazard mass that matches whatever colors surround you. As you move, those colors change to match your surroundings. This gives you a +5 circumstance bonus to all Hide checks for the duration of the spell. This spell provides no bonuses in combat; you are perfectly visible. Only your coloring has changed.

Material Component A handful of sand and three leaves, each of a different color.

Create Eternal

Necromancy

Level: Cleric 8

Components: V, S, M, F, DF XP

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Touch

Targets: Any creature eligible for the eternal template

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Through the use of this spell and the expenditure of some of your own vital life force, you can create an eternal, the positive energy undead more commonly known as the elven vampire. The spell requires a complex ritual and must be performed in a ritual space that costs at least 5,000 gp to outfit. The ritual itself requires anointing oils and incense costing an additional 5,000 gp. While the ritual space can be used repeatedly, the oils and incense are consumed in the casting. When complete, you spend 1000 XP and transform the target, which may be you, into an eternal. The target gains the eternal template (described in chap. 6) and has full use of all powers immediately.

The target must be willing and alive during the casting. The spell cannot be cast on a creature who is under mental compulsion or is restrained in any way. If the target leaves during the ritual, or the ritual is interrupted, the oils and incense are wasted, but the caster spends no experience points.

This spell was first used by the priests of Avahor to create new allies for a great war against the undead. The knowledge of its use has spread to the rest of the elven pantheon since then, but those who cast it are still rare. The spell and the origin of the elven vampire are unknown to the priests of human gods.

Material Component: Oils and Incense costing 5000 GP.

Focus: Ritual Space costing 5000 GP to outfit.

XP Cost: 1000 XP

Create Vengeance

Necromancy

Level: Cleric 5

Components: V, S, M, DF, XP

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Touch

Targets: Any once living, non-animate creature.

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell allows you to create the positive energy undead known as the Vengeance. (Statistics for a Vengeance may be

found in chapter 6.) Each casting of the spell animates a single vengeance, which follows your spoken commands. The resultant undead may be left in a location as a guard, or may accompany you on adventures, but they follow all normal rules for the command of created undead. You may control a total of 2HD of undead per caster level – whether they are positive or negative energy based. Any Vengeance you create remains under your control until they are destroyed or you release them; released Vengeance act as described in their monster description. If you attempt to create more undead than you are allowed to command, the new undead enter your service as normal, and any excess undead from previous castings become uncontrolled.

Even though they are positive energy based undead, most good societies frown on the animation of the dead. The source of their motive force makes little difference to the naïve. Creators of Vengeance should be wary of being lumped together with the creators of more baleful undead.

Material Component: 500 GP worth of incense sprinkled over the corpse to be animated.

XP Cost: 100 XP

Depth Touch

Enchantment

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 5

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: Any creature

Duration: 1 day/level (D)

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell, invented by the sea elves, simulates the effects of nitrogen narcosis (the bends) in the target, though of greatly increased duration. Its effect is primarily mental; though if the target fails his saving throw, his own belief in what is happening produces visible physical effects. If affected, the target's smaller blood vessels begin to burst, especially around the region where the spell was delivered. He experiences painful cramps throughout his body, and develops a mild fever and nausea. Together these effects inflict a –1 circumstance penalty to the target's Strength and Dexterity. The real danger, however, is not the physical effects.

Soon after the onset of the spell (1 minute) the target begins experiencing dementia, becoming erratic, and unable to focus. (–4 circumstance penalty to Intelligence and Wisdom.) If the spell is allowed to continue, the dementia increases to include suicidal tendencies. Each day the target continues to suffer from the effects of the *depth touch*, he must make an additional Will save (taking into account the penalties listed before). If he succeeds, he is able to ignore the desire to kill himself. If the

save fails, the target attempts to take his life to end the torment. If he fails to kill himself, he will attempt the act again and again until freed from the spell, or the duration ends.

The spell cannot be removed with a simple *dispel magic*. *Remove curse* or more powerful magic is required to break the *depth touch*.

The sea elves use this horrifying spell on fishermen and others who carelessly kill the underwater elves by trapping them in nets or traps, then show little remorse.

Detect Psionics

Divination

Level: Suromari 0

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 ft.

Area: Quarter circle emanating from the character to the extreme of the range

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

The character can detect the presence of Psionics. The amount of information revealed depends on how long the character studies a particular area or subject:

1st Round: Presence or absence of psionic effects.

2nd Round: Number of different psionic effects and the strength of the strongest effect.

3rd Round: The strength and location of each effect. If the items or creatures affected are in line of sight, the character can make Psicraft skill checks to determine the discipline involved in each. (Make one check per effect; DC 15 + power level, or 15 + half manifester level for a nonpower effect.)

Psionic areas, multiple types of psionics, or strong local psionic emanations may confuse or conceal weaker effects.

Effect Strength: An effect's power and strength depend on a power's functioning power level or an item's manifester level.

	Functioning Power Level	Item Manifester Level
Strength -----		
Dim	0-level or lingering aura	Lingering aura
Faint	1st–3rd	1st–5th
Moderate	4th–6th	6th–11th
Strong	7th–9th	12th–20th
Overwhelming	Artifact or deity-level psionics	Beyond mortal manifester

If an effect falls into more than one category, detect psionics indicates the stronger of the two.

Length Effect Lingers: How long the effect lingers depends on its original strength:

Effect Strength	Duration
-----	-----
Faint	1d6 minutes
Moderate	1d6 X 10 minutes
Strong	1d6 hours
Overwhelming	1d6 days

Note: Each round, the character can turn to detect things in a new area. The spell can penetrate barriers, but 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt blocks it.

Discern Mysteries

Divination

Level: Cleric 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 2

Components: V, S, F

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Effect: Emanation 10ft. radius

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Discern mysteries causes you to glow with a pale blue light. This light reveals secret, hidden and concealed doors, compartments, and traps within its radius. All hidden objects glow with the same blue light that surrounds you, and their outlines clearly defined. The spell reveals the hidden objects, not only to you, but also to any others who can observe the blue light. *Discern mysteries* provides no information on how to open or avoid any of the traps it reveals, in fact it doesn't even discern between traps and hidden passages, only that 'something' hidden is there. Further spells, or careful experimentation is required to learn more.

Focus: Any mechanical puzzle you have personally solved.

Dispel Psionics

Abjuration

Level: Suommar 3

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Target or Area: One manifester, creature, or object; or 30-ft.-radius burst

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

The character can use dispel psionics to end ongoing powers that have been manifested on a creature or object, to temporarily suppress the psionic abilities of a psionic item, or to end ongoing powers (or at least their effects) within an area. Some powers, as detailed in their descriptions, can't be defeated by dispel psionics. Dispel psionics can dispel (but not counter) the ongoing effects of psionic abilities as well as powers. Dispel psionics affects power-like effects just as it affects powers.

Note: The effects of powers with instantaneous duration can't be dispelled, because the psionic effect is already over before the dispel psionics can take effect.

The character chooses to use dispel psionics in one of two ways: a targeted dispel, or an area dispel:

Targeted Dispel: One object, creature, or power is the target of the spell. The character makes a dispel check against the power or against each ongoing power currently in effect on the object or creature. A dispel check is 1d20 +1 per caster level (maximum +10) against a DC of 11 + the power's manifester level.

If the manifester targets an object or creature who is the effect of an ongoing power (such as an astral construct summoned by astral construct), she makes a dispel check to end the power that conjured the object or creature.

If the object that the character targets is a psionic item, the character makes a dispel check against the item's manifester level. If the character succeeds, all the item's psionic properties are suppressed for 1d4 rounds, after which the item recovers on its own. A suppressed item becomes nonpsionic for the duration of the effect. Remember that a psionic item's physical properties are unchanged: A suppressed psionic sword is still a sword (a masterwork sword, in fact). Artifacts and creatures of demigod or higher status are unaffected by mortal magic such as this.

Area Dispel: The spell affects everything within a 30-foot radius.

For each creature who is the target of one or more powers, the character makes a dispel check against the power with the highest caster level. If that fails, the character makes dispel checks against progressively weaker powers until the character dispels one power (which discharges the dispel so far as that target is concerned) or fails all the character's checks. The creature's psionic items are not affected.

For each object that is the target of one or more powers, the character makes dispel checks as with creatures. Psionic items are not affected by area dispels.

For each ongoing area or effect power centered within the dispel psionic's area, the character makes a dispel check to dispel the power.

For each ongoing power whose area overlaps that of the

dispel, the character makes a dispel check to end the effect, but only within the area of the dispel psionics.

If an object or creature who is the effect of an ongoing power, such as an astral construct summoned by astral construct, is in the area, the character makes a dispel check to end the power that conjured the object or creature (returning it whence it came) in addition to attempting to dispel power targeting the creature or object.

False Success

Transmutation

Level: Sorcerer/wizard 5

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Personal

Duration: Instantaneous (see spell description)

Saving Throw: Special

Spell Resistance: None

Only the most unscrupulous elven wizards, as well as those who have confidence they can defeat any number of enemies use this spell. You gain 1d6 x caster level x 100 gp each time you cast the spell. This wealth is not created out of thin air; another must lose what you gain. It comes to you by a fortunate, though always legal means within the next 24 hours. There is no saving throw to avoid this loss of funds, but the victim gains a Will save to discover he has been swindled. A failure means he only knows the money is gone. A success tells the victim the caster has his funds, identifies the caster – providing a vision of his appearance and location if necessary – and the fact the money was gained by magical means, though no proof beyond his own convictions is forthcoming.

The caster cannot choose where his windfall comes from; the target is entirely random. The victim must be close enough that the funds will arrive within 24 hours, and he must have a CR of at least the caster's character level. If the spell is cast multiple times, a different victim is targeted by the spell each of those times, potentially creating a new deadly enemy with each casting.

The reaction of the victim will vary with his powers and standing. A powerful merchant will use his influence to drive the offending wizard out of town. A dragon whose hoard was plundered would go on a mad rampage to punish the perpetrator. The GM is encouraged to be creative.

Material Component: Mummified heart of a mongoose.

Feast

Transmutation [charm]

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 2

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft + 5 ft./2 level)

Effect: Enough food to provide 1 meal/caster level

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

You can transform anything remotely edible into a sumptuous meal. This spell does not create food, but it does make the food you have more palatable. The source material need only be organic. Any poisons or disease in the source material is removed as the spell is cast. Assuming enough organic material is available, enough food can be transformed to feed one person per caster level. The meal will remain edible for 24 hours after *feast* is cast, then it will begin to rot; though another *feast* spell will make the leftovers just as tasty as the meal was the night before.

Anything organic can be transformed, including the dead bodies of your enemies, though only the most brutal of casters resort to those extremes.

Material Component: Organic material to be transformed into food.

Forest Friend

Enchantment [charm]

Level: Druid 4, Ranger 4

Components: V, S, F

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft + 10 ft./level)

Target: Any creature with an intelligence score

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

"Nor'd came back but he came back touched in the head. He speaks of nothing but loving the woods and nature and what-not – load of rubbish! Man gets lost in the forest a few nights, can't eat, can't sleep... lousy end to a fine lumberjack."

Forest friend creates a new defender for the wilderness – albeit a temporary one. For the duration of the spell, the target considers trees, the forests and nature in general as equal in value to his own life. A new forest friend who normally despises the woods will suddenly never want to leave them. One who views trees as a source of firewood will cry at the thought of cutting one down. A being whose mill is polluting a stream will abhor his actions, and cease immediately. The spell will not change the basic nature of the target; it will only alter his priorities. A pacifist will not suddenly draw a sword and wade into battle, but any creature willing to use violent means to defend himself will use those same means to protect nature.

Focus: Any musical instrument made of silver; the instrument is played while the caster sings a short ditty about the pleasures of the undisturbed wilderness.

Frivolity

Enchantment [compulsion]

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 5

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft + 5 ft./2 level)

Effect: One creature/2 caster levels no two of which may be further than 20 ft. apart.

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

You cause target creatures who fail their saving throw to giggle, dance, and generally behave ridiculously for the duration of the spell. Those affected cannot concentrate to cast spells, cannot make ranged or melee attacks, and move randomly until the spell wears off. While those affected may not make attacks, they may defend themselves by avoiding attack. Held items have a 50% chance to be dropped sometime during the course of the spell.

The Great Dance

Enchantment [compulsion]

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 7

Components: V, S, F

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft + 5 ft./2 level)

Effect: A single creature who may infect and additional number of creatures equal to the caster's level.

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

When you cast this spell you create a compulsion in the target to dance, what's more the target gains a compulsion to seek out partners. If the initial target fails his saving throw, he begins to dance. He may do nothing other than dance for the entire duration of the spell. The rhythmic movements also make the target easier to strike in combat. He receives a -4 circumstance penalty to armor class for the duration of the dance.

The truly insidious nature of the spell becomes apparent in its second round. The target is forced to seek out partners. He moves at his fastest movement speed in as direct a path as possible to the nearest non-dancer in direct line-of-sight. You are not immune to the effects of your own spell, though you do receive a +4 circumstance bonus to the saving throw of any *Great Dance* you yourself cast. Once in range, the initial target attempts a touch attack. If successful, the new target must make a Will save or join the dance - performing exactly as the initial target has done, and suffering all the same penalties. One round later both move out to find new partners. This continues until the spells duration is ended, there are a number of dancers equal to your caster level +1, or there is no one in sight left unaffected.

The dancers do nothing suicidal during their performance. If not seeking new partners, they may move in any direction they desire.

Focus: A pair of dancing shoes that have been worn in a public performance.

Great Scavenge

Conjuration

Level: Druid 6, Bard 6, Sorcerer/Wizard 7, Warlock 6

Components: V, S, XP

Effect: Any object or combination of objects of value: 100 gp or less

This spell is identical to the spell *scavenge* except as described here. The total value of all the objects you find cannot exceed 100 gp in value.

XP Cost: 100 XP

Greater Dispel Psionics

Abjuration

Level: Suommar 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Target or Area: One manifester, creature, or object; or 30-ft.-radius burst

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

As *Dispel Psionics* except the maximum bonus on the check is +20 instead of +10.

Greengrowth

Transmutation

Level: Druid 8

Components: V, S, XP

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Long (400 ft. + 40 ft./level)

Area: Emanation 10 ft. radius/level

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

Greengrowth is the ultimate druid's revenge against the continued spread of civilization. With this spell, you can reclaim a small part of developed land for nature. When you cast this spell, the natural processes that tear down the works of man accelerates. Damage that would take centuries to accumulate takes only a minute. Buildings fall, fields grow fallow, and a riot of new growth overtakes everything man-



made within the spells area. After a single minute of time, the area of the spell returns to a pristine state of wilderness, as if the hand of man had never touched it.

As much as they would like to reclaim the entire world for nature, druids are loath to make great use of this spell. Not only is it personally draining – a portion of the caster's own life force is spent to fuel the casting – but its use almost always provokes a backlash against the druid and wilderness in general. Still *greengrowth* is a powerful weapon, and merely the threat of its use is sometimes enough to secure concessions for the druid who can cast it.

XP Cost: 2500 XP

Honor Vanishes

Enchantment [compulsion]

Level: Cleric 6, Sorcerer/Wizard 7, Warlock 6

Components: V, S, M, DF

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature of alignment other than neutral

Duration: 10 minutes/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell was designed by decadent elves who desired to experience a conscience for a brief time. The experience was

extremely distasteful, but *honor vanishes* has found new life as a way to break the will of slaves and prisoners. The spell is also rarely used by good elves who recognize a need for some terrible act, but feel they are too emotional to accomplish the deed.

Honor vanishes reverses one component of the target's alignment, from good to evil, evil to good, lawful to chaotic, or chaotic to lawful. To change both the ethical and moral components of alignment requires two spells. Neutral creatures are immune. The target has the same mind and the same loyalties, but his actions are immediately colored by his new alignment. All actions taken while under the influence of *honor vanishes* still must be answered for when the spell's duration ends. Paladins may lose class abilities, clerics ability to channel positive or negative energy, etc. Repeated use of the spell, especially if voluntary, may lead to permanent alignment change.

Any spells or magic items that depend on alignment to function, act on the target as though his alignment was permanently shifted. If *honor vanishes* ends while the target still holds an alignment-focused item, he will be affected as per his original alignment as if he had just picked up the item.

Material Component: A holy symbol of a god of the new alignment's faith that sinks into the skin of the target as the spell is cast.

Improved Scavenge

Conjuration

Level: Druid 4, Bard 4, Sorcerer/Wizard 5, Warlock 6

Components: V, S, XP

Effect: Any object or combination of objects of value: 10 gp or less

This spell is identical to the spell *scavenge* except as described here. The total value of all the objects you find cannot exceed 10 gp in value.

XP Cost: 5 XP

Link

Abjuration

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 7

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Effect: Caster and one creature

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates (special)

Spell Resistance: Yes

This powerful protection spell allows you to transfer damage to another being. To begin the spell, the caster must choose a target and make a successful touch attack. If successful and the target fails a Fortitude saving throw, a magic conduit is

formed between the caster and the target. Until the end of the duration, you may transfer damage across that conduit to your target. You may choose to send only whole wounds. You may not split up damage, taking some yourself, and passing the remainder to the target. In addition, you must choose whether or not you will send the damage BEFORE any damage dice are rolled. Ability damage and hit point damage can be transferred through the conduit.

If the target dies during the course of the spell, the link severs violently, snapping back and causing you mental stress. After losing the target in this way, you must make three Will saving throws. The DC for these saves are 10 + the target's final hit point total below zero. Failure of the first causes 1d4 temporary Intelligence damage. Failure of the second causes 1d4 temporary Wisdom damage, and failure of the third causes 1d4 temporary Charisma damage.

This spell is used by elven wizards most often on willing bodyguards, but some of the more cruel use it on slaves and prisoners. The spell has the most utility when used in conjunction with a healthy target, so slaves roped into this duty tend to live better than most – at least until the first assassination attempt.

Material Component A pair of dolls linked by a gold chain. The dolls may be of any quality, but the chain must be of at least 100 gp value.

Mass Water Walk

Transmutation

Level: Clr 5, Berotar 3

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: close (30ft.)

Targets: Ten creatures per caster level

Duration: 10 minutes/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

Used to great affect by the Royal Navy of Milandir to allow masses of heavily armored Knights to charge across the surface of the sea to board enemy ships, this spell has recently been acquired by the Berotar of Entaris through unknown means. The effected creatures can tread on any liquid as if it were firm ground. Mud, oil, snow, quicksand, running water, ice, and even lava can be traversed easily, since the subjects' feet hover an inch or two above the surface. (Creatures crossing molten lava still take damage from the heat.) The creatures can walk, run, charge, or otherwise move across the surface as if it were normal ground.

If the spell is cast underwater (or while the subjects are partially or wholly submerged in whatever liquid they are in), the subjects are borne toward the surface at 60 feet per round until they can stand on it.

Minor Psionic Invulnerability

Abjuration

Level: Suromar 4

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 ft.

Area: 10-ft.-radius spherical emanation, centered on the character

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

An immobile, faintly shimmering magical sphere surrounds the character and excludes all power effects of up to 3rd level. The area or effect of any such powers does not include the area of the minor psionic invulnerability. Such powers fail to affect any target located within the globe. This includes psionic abilities and powers or psionic effects from devices. However, any type of power can be cast through or out of the magical globe. The globe does not affect powers of 4th level and higher. The globe can be brought down by a targeted dispel magic spell, but not by an area dispel magic. The character can leave and return to the globe without penalty.

Note that power effects are not disrupted unless their effects enter the globe, and even then they are merely suppressed, not dispelled. If a given power has more than one level depending on which character class is casting it, use the level appropriate to the caster to determine whether *minor psionic invulnerability* stops it.

Move Terrain

Transmutation

Level: Druid 9, Sorcerer/Wizard 9

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Area: A sphere of land 10 ft. in diameter/caster level centered on the caster

Duration: 10 minutes/level (D)

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates (see description)

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell can move any outdoor terrain you choose. When casting this spell, you gather everything within the area of effect and place in an extra dimensional space for purposes of transporting it to another location. Everything in the area of effect is taken, including landmarks and structures. Creatures caught within the area are likewise moved, though the caster is not caught in his spell. Any creature within the area who makes a Fortitude save is also immune from this portion of the spell.

Move terrain cannot be cast underground or while you are within any structure, although structures can be caught in the spell.

Until the duration ends, or the caster decides to end the spell. The area of effect disappears – sent to the astral plane. Those within the area see only a silvery mist where the outside used to exist. Anything that attempts to exit through the mist is ejected back into the material plane, appearing in a random spot within 10 ft. of the caster and is stunned for one round. Where the area of effect once was, appears a perfectly flat patch of bare earth remains containing nothing but the caster in the very center and any creatures who made their saving throw. No magic short of *plane shift* or a *wish* can gain access to what was in the original area of effect until the spell is ended.

As you move, the stolen land moves with you. When you choose to end the spell, or when the duration runs out, the land contained within the original area of effect returns to the material plane unharmed. The land returns to the area around your new location in the same arrangement as when you originally cast the spell. The returning terrain replaces any current terrain explosively when the spell is ended. Any structures within the new area are destroyed and creatures occupying the new location are thrown violently in a random direction suffering 5d6 points of damage.

This spell is used by powerful wizards who find it necessary to move their residence, and by druids who feel a sacred place is in grave danger.

Material Component A bit of earth taken from the earth elemental plane that has spent at least 24 hours on the astral plane.

Positive Energy Beam

Necromancy

Level: Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 4

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft. +5 ft./2 levels)

Effect: Ray

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

A ray of positive energy springs forth from your hand towards a target of your choice within range. You must make a ranged touch attack against the chosen target to affect him with the spell. (Note: a character may voluntarily give up his Dexterity bonus if he doesn't wish to avoid the spell.) The positive energy ray provides the target with 1d8+ caster level temporary hit points that last until the end of the spell's duration. Undead struck with the ray take 1d8 + caster level hit points of damage.

Positive Energy Shield

Necromancy

Level: Cleric 4

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

The target is surrounded by a faintly visible nimbus that protects him from the influence of positive energy. Until the duration ends, the target, which may be the caster, cannot be touched by positive energy. This includes special attacks by positive energy undead, 'cure' spells, and any spell or spell-like ability that's description implies the use of positive energy. Undead surrounded by the shield gain turn resistance +4, but only against clerics who channel positive energy.

Psionic Invulnerability

Abjuration

Level: Suromar 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 ft.

Area: 10-ft.-radius spherical emanation, centered on the character

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

An immobile, faintly shimmering magical sphere surrounds the character and excludes all power effects of up to 4th level. The area or effect of any such powers does not include the area of the minor psionic invulnerability. Such powers fail to affect any target located within the globe. This includes psionic abilities and powers or psionic effects from devices. However, any type of power can be cast out of the magical globe. The globe does not affect powers of 5th level and higher. The globe can be brought down by a targeted dispel magic spell, but not by an area dispel magic. The character can leave and return to the globe without penalty.

Note that power effects are not disrupted unless their effects enter the globe, and even then they are merely suppressed, not dispelled. If a given power has more than one level depending on which character class is casting it, use the level appropriate to the caster to determine whether minor globe of invulnerability stops it.

Psionic Resistance

Abjuration

Level: Suromar 5

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: Creature touched

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)

Spell Resistance: Yes (harmless)

The creature gains PR equal to 12 + caster level.

Rescue

Transmutation [teleportation]

Level: Cleric 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Unlimited (initially touch)

Effect: Any creature

Duration: Instantaneous when triggered

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell is most often used on heroes undertaking a difficult quest, or against prisoners who have been given parole. You cast the spell on the target when he is with you, an unwilling target must be targeted with a successful touch attack for the spell to commence. If the target has spell resistance, roll your caster level check to penetrate it when the creature is touched. After the spell is cast, you may at any time speak a single word (chosen at the time of casting) and the target is teleported to any unoccupied space you choose within 5 ft. of yourself.

If unwilling, the target may then make a saving throw to avoid being transported. If it fails, he appears where you desire.

Safeguard

Divination

Level: Druid 8, Homeland 8

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Anywhere within the area to be warded

Area: Any area that can lie fully within a circle of radius 100 ft./level

Duration: 24 hours

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

With this spell, you place an invisible wall around the chosen area that helps you determine if enemies are entering or leaving. After safeguard is cast, you are given mental notification every time a creature passes the border you have laid out. The information you receive is limited. You do not know the name, race, or type of creatures that pass the border. You do get an impression of their relative strength (Hit Dice), their alignment, at which point on the border they crossed, and whether they are coming in or going out. No other facts are forthcoming, though the use of other divination spells can provide more information. The sense

of location is enough to target a scry, if you have access to such magic.

The spell only discovers creatures that actually cross the border. Creatures that teleport, or that already lay within the area are not detected, unless they cross the warded border.

Scavenge

Conjuration

Level: Druid 2, Ranger 3, Bard 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 3, Warler 2

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Touch

Effect: Any object or combination of objects of value: 1 gp or less

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell calls into being any object or combination of objects that could conceivably be in the location you are looking. You must make a full round action as if you were genuinely searching for the objects you wish to conjure. This is done concurrently with the casting of the spell. At the end of the ritual, the objects you seek are magically transported to where you are looking for them. The objects in question may not be specific in nature. You may search for a nail, but not a particular nail. And the total value of all the objects you find cannot exceed 1 gp in value.

It must be possible, even if highly unlikely, for the objects you seek to find, to be where you cast the spell. The GM is the final arbiter of what is possible, but he should rule liberally.

Speak the Soul

Enchantment [compulsion] [speech dependant]

Level: Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Target: One creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

With this spell, you compel the target to answer a single question you ask, fully and completely. They may not prevaricate, and they must provide all information they know in regard to that one question. The question can consist of no more than the caster's level in words. Combination questions are not permitted. For example, you may ask a kobold, 'What dangers await us in this dungeon?' He would

be compelled to describe the dungeon to you in as much detail as he knows. But the question, 'What dangers await us in this dungeon, and where is all the treasure?' is effectively two questions, and the kobold would only be compelled to answer the first part.

But you must choose your question with care. Any creature targeted with *Speak the Soul*, whether they successfully save or not, becomes immune to further castings of *Speak the Soul* for a period of thirty days.

Material Component A parchment scribed with the full text of the question to be asked. The parchment is then read aloud as the spell is being cast.

Spectral Archers

Evocation [force]

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Components: V, S, F

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Reflex half

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell allows you to greatly increase the effectiveness of a chosen archer's next shot. After completing the spell, you touch the chosen target (which may be yourself). Immediately, the ghostly presences of several translucent elven archers appear surrounding the target. There is one ghostly elf for each of your caster levels (maximum of 10). These archers may not be interacted with. They do nothing until the target makes his next ranged attack. This attack must be made before the end of your next initiative (within one round). As the chosen target makes his ranged attack, the spectral elves, in unison, pull back on their bowstrings and let fly their arrows at the same victim. A hail of magical bolts follows the path of the chosen target's ranged attack. If the attack is successful, the victim suffers 1d6 points of damage from each of the spectral elf's arrows (half damage if he makes a successful Reflex save). This damage is considered a magical force attack, and is not reduced by damage reduction. It is blocked by any magic that would thwart a *magic missile*.

Focus: A silver charm bracelet which must have at least one arrow charm for each archer that will appear. The value of the bracelet is 10 gp + 1 gp/charm.

Summon Totem Beast

Conjuration [summoning]

Level: Totem 4

Components: V, S, M, DF

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Effect: One summoned totem



Duration: 1 round/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

You call the spirit of your totem to fight for you. (The totem's statistics can be found in chap. 6.) The totem can automatically understand you, and will follow your orders, fighting to the death if necessary. If you are unable to communicate, the totem will automatically attack your enemies, starting with the closest to where it appeared.

The totem appears wherever you choose, up to the maximum range of the spell. It may move outside that range after the spell is cast. The totem acts on the same round that it appears. When the spell duration ends, or the totem is slain, the beast fades from existence.

Material Component A few hairs or other body leavings from your chosen totem. These must have been collected non-violently.

Radiance

Necromancy

Level: Cleric 5, Sorcerer/Wizard 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Area: 30 ft. diameter cylinder 100 ft tall.

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

You create a field of positive energy radiance that streams down from above and fills an area 30 ft. in diameter. Visibly, the radiance extends as high as you can see, but the positive energy only becomes thick enough to have an effect 100 ft. above the ground. Indoors, the area extends to the ceiling and no farther. The positive energy infuses every creature within the area granting them 2d8 + your caster level temporary hit points. Undead within the area take 2d8 + your caster level hit points of damage.

Totem Avatar

Conjuration

Level: Totem 9

Components: V

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

You allow the spirits of your totem to inhabit you providing incredible bonuses in combat. For the duration of the spell, you gain a +8 enhancement bonus to Strength, Dexterity and Constitution. You gain the benefit of damage reduction 5/-. Your base movement increases by 30 ft., and gain the benefit of the following feats: Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, and Improved Critical for any weapon you use while under the effect of the spell. Your appearance takes on a feral look. Your eyes and mouth emit a bright light. You remain in full control of your actions and may choose not to engage in melee combat.

The spell is begun by releasing a great shout calling the spirits to you. This cannot be done subtly, and this spell can never be affected by the Silent Spell feat.

When the duration is ended, the spirits leave you and you become fatigued because of the great drain on your system. Until you spend at least 10 minutes at rest, doing nothing other than sitting and relaxing, you will be suffer a -2 circumstance penalty to Strength and all skill checks.

Unearthly Readiness

Transmutation

Level: Warde 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

You give the target a pool of additional attacks of opportunity equal to your caster level. These attacks of opportunity may be used whenever a normal attack of opportunity is provoked. Any number of these additional attacks may be used per round, but any attacks remaining when the spell expires are lost.

Vampiric Earth

Necromancy

Level: Druid 5, Sorcerer/Wizard 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Area: Emanation 5 ft./level

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Fortitude Negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

When you cast this spell, the ground begins to siphon the living energy from those who are in contact with it. During the first round, creatures within the area begin to feel numbness in their feet, or any other part of their body that touches the ground, and 10 ft from their base speed. Creatures whose base speed is reduced to 0 cannot escape



the area unless carried. Flying creatures can avoid the effects completely, and burrowing creatures lose 20 ft from their burrow speed, and if caught burrowing within the area suffer double damage from all subsequent rounds because of their immersion in the life draining earth.

Those that remain within the area find the numbness quickly turns to pain as the parts of their body in contact with the ground begin to shrivel and flake away. Each additional round a creature remains in the area, she loses another 5 ft from her base speed (10 from burrow), and takes 1d6 points of damage. This continues until she makes her way out of the area of the spell or until the duration ends.

Creatures who free themselves find their base speed returns to normal at a rate of 5ft./round. (Burrow returns at 5 ft./2 rounds.)

Vigor of Youth

Transmutation

Level: Cleric 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 2

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

For every 5 caster levels you possess, you may shift the target's age category one step younger (minimum of one). The age tables for the player character races can be found on pg 93 of the Player's Handbook. Age cannot be reduced below adulthood. This temporarily reverses the effects of age. Physical characteristics increase as the flush of youth returns. Mental characteristics reduce as years of experience are momentarily forgotten. This has the following effects:

Steps	Change	Effect
1	Venerable to Old	+1 to Str, Dex, Con; -1 to Int, Wis, Cha
2	to Middle Age	+2 to Str, Dex, Con; -2 to Int, Wis, Cha
3	to Adulthood	+3 to Str, Dex, Con; -3 to Int, Wis, Cha
1	Old to Middle Age	+1 to Str, Dex, Con; -1 to Int, Wis, Cha
2	to Adulthood	+2 to Str, Dex, Con; -2 to Int, Wis, Cha
1	Middle Age to Adulthood	+1 to Str, Dex, Con; -1 to Int, Wis, Cha

In addition, the target appears more youthful, adding a circumstance bonus equal to the step he was youthened to any disguise checks made to hide his appearance.

Material Component Any bound book. As the spell is cast, the pages disappear from back to front.

Wall of Flies

Conjuration (Creation)

Level: Sorcerer/Wizard 2

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5ft./2 levels)

Area: 10 ft. long/level

Duration: 10 minutes/level

Saving Throw: See description

Spell Resistance: No

With this spell, you create a wall of buzzing stinging insects that provides concealment to you and does damage to anyone who passes through. The *wall of flies* fills two 5 ft. x 5 ft. squares per level, which must form a continuous line. Those obscured by the *wall of flies* gain the equivalent of one-half concealment (20% miss chance) against attacks from those on the other side. Those who find themselves within the wall, suffer 1 point of damage per caster level per round of exposure. Creatures within the area when the spell is first cast may make a Reflex saving throw to leave the area (take a 5 ft step) before taking damage. No save is allowed for those who willingly enter the area. Creatures with a natural armor bonus of +4 or greater are immune to the damage inflicted by the *wall of flies* and may move through it freely.

Material Component A handful of dead stinging insects that are thrown into the air as the spell is cast.

Wisdom of Age

Transmutation

Level: Cleric 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 2

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

For every 5 caster levels you possess, you may shift the target's age category one step older (minimum of one). The age tables for the player character races can be found on pg 93 of the Player's Handbook. Age cannot be increased beyond venerable. This temporarily accelerates the effects of age. Physical characteristics decrease as the weight of age grows. Mental characteristics increase as years of experience are momentarily gained. This has the following effects:

Steps	Change	Effect
1	Adulthood to Middle Age	-1 to Str, Dex, Con; +1 to Int, Wis, Cha
2	to Old	-2 to Str, Dex, Con; +2 to Int, Wis, Cha
3	to Venerable	-3 to Str, Dex, Con; +3 to Int, Wis, Cha
1	Middle Age to Old	-1 to Str, Dex, Con; +1 to Int, Wis, Cha
2	to Venerable	-2 to Str, Dex, Con; +2 to Int, Wis, Cha
1	Old to Venerable	-1 to Str, Dex, Con; +1 to Int, Wis, Cha

In addition, the target appears older, adding a circumstance bonus equal to the step he was aged to any disguise checks made to hide his appearance.

Material Component A handful of fresh flowers. As the spell is cast, the flowers wilt and die.

MAGIC ITEMS

Armor Qualities

Arcane

Elves know the value of a good defense, but they are unwilling to give up their natural arcane gifts to gain mundane protection. For this reason, the elves have developed armor that interferes with arcane spell casting much less. Because they gain such an advantage from it, the elves are jealous of the secret of its construction.

Arcane armor is enchanted in a way so as not to interfere as greatly with arcane spell casting. For every level of arcane armor enchantment, the chance for arcane spell failure is reduced by 10%. Each level of arcane armor enchantment is equivalent to +1 enhancement. This enchantment can be used only on light and medium armor. Even the elves have yet to find a way to do more.

Caster Level: 2 x arcane armor level; **Prerequisites:** Elf, *freedom of movement*; **Craft Magic Arms and Armor**; **Market Price:** level 1 - +1 bonus, level 2 - +2 bonus, level 3 - +3 bonus.

Elven

Elves value their their natural speed and agility. Armor can interfere with the skills that depend on these natural elven talents. Elven armor has no armor check penalty and feels as light as cloth. Maximum Dexterity bonus is increased by 3. The elves are even more secretive about the techniques required to craft these wonders, and only the greatest Eldritch Craftsmen know the secrets. Like the arcane armor, elven armor is only found in light and medium varieties. Heavy armor will not take the delicate enchantments.

Caster Level: 10; **Prerequisites:** Elf, *levitate*, **Craft Magic Arms and Armor**, cat's grace; **Market Price:** +3 bonus.

Enhanced

This enchantment fulfills the requirement that armor and shields must have a +1 or greater magical enhancement bonus before further armor qualities may be place on it. Enhanced armor doesn't provide any magical bonuses to armor class (though the masterwork bonuses still apply), but almost always has additional armor qualities.

Caster Level: 3; **Prerequisites:** Craft Magic Arms and Armor; **Market Price:** +500 gp.

Specific Armors

Elven Chain

Elven chain is the pinnacle of elven craftsmanship. It is given to only the noblest of elves, and very rarely, to non-elven heroes who perform a great service on behalf of the elven people. It is what non-elves think of when they imagine elven craftsmanship.

Elven chain is +2, Elven, Arcane level 3, chain mail. Created by the greatest Eldritch Craftsmen and has the 'Purely Natural' quality (see chap 3 for details). This armor will never be found for sale. However, if an unscupulous player were to find a set and sell it, the market price of such armor is quite substantial. **Caster Level:** 18th; **Prerequisites:** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Elf, freedom of movement, cat's grace, *levitate*; **Market Price:** 64,350 gp; **Cost to Create:** Unknown.

Weapon Qualities

Enhanced

This enchantment fulfills the requirement that a weapon must have a +1 or greater magical enhancement bonus before further weapon qualities may be place on it. An *enhanced* weapon doesn't provide any magical bonuses to hit or damage (though the masterwork bonuses still apply); but almost always has additional weapon qualities.

Caster Level: 3; **Prerequisites:** Craft Magic Arms and Armor; **Market Price:** +500 gp.

Glass

The *glass* enchantment can only be placed on ranged weapons and is a boon to archers in heavily wooded areas. The enchantment has the side effect of rendering the enchanted weapon transparent – hence the name. A *glass* weapon ignores cover when used as a ranged weapon (though concealment bonuses still apply). A *glass* bow or crossbow causes all ammunition shot from it to ignore cover.

Caster Level: 9; **Prerequisites:** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *passwall* or *ethereal jaunt*; **Market Price:** +2 bonus.

Quicksilver

Quicksilver weapons have a shimmering quality and appear to flow through the air as they are swung. A quicksilver weapon will flow around armor to strike the flesh beneath. In game terms, it ignores all armor bonuses except natural armor. It is the poor man's brilliant energy. In combat, weapons with this enhancement are wonders to behold. Each strike is a splash and the melee weapon weaves its way through armor like rain.

Bows, crossbows, and slings may not be enchanted with this ability.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *soften earth and stone or transmute rock to mud*; Market Price: +3 bonus.

Spawning

One of the most feared of the elves' innovations is the dreaded spawning weapon. Elves who possess this weapon on the battlefield are soon surrounded by a self-made bodyguard created from the bodies of their foes, and archers who employ weapons with its powers cause havoc in enemy ranks.

Any creature slain by a spawning weapon rises as a zombie of the appropriate size with average hit points. The newly risen dead obey the verbal commands of the wielder for ten minutes or until slain again. Zombies created in this manner can be turned, destroyed, rebuked, or commanded as normal, but commanded undead become corpses again after the ten minute duration ends.

A creature is considered 'slain' by the weapon if a successful attack by it was the last external source of hit point damage to that creature. This includes, but is not limited to, the following situations. The weapon's last hit reduces a creature's hit point total to less than -10. The weapon reduces a creature's hit point total to less than 0 and the creature dies from subsequent blood loss (does not stabilize). The creature's Con is reduced and its new hit point total is less than -10 or 0 as above (as when a Barbarian's rage expires) and the spawning weapon was the last thing to deal hit points damage. A spawning weapon will not raise the bodies of foes who are constructs or already undead.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate dead*; Market Price: +3 bonus.

Speedy

This enchantment allows the wielder to attack swiftly, often landing the first blow in a fight. It provides the wielder with a +4 initiative bonus while carrying the weapon.

Caster Level: 10; Prerequisites: Improved Initiative, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *cat's grace*; Market Price: +3 bonus.

Rings

Elven Ring

This ring is never used by an elf; they have no need of its abilities. It is a reward given to non-elfen heroes who perform great deeds on behalf of the elven people. Its powers are simple. The wearer gains the following abilities:

- a +2 racial bonus to Dexterity and a -2 racial penalty to Constitution;
- immunity to magic *sleep* spells and effects;
- a +2 racial saving throw bonus versus Enchantment spells or effects;
- low-light vision;
- proficiency with 1 melee and 1 ranged weapon from the following choices: longsword, rapier, shortbow, longbow, composite longbow, or composite shortbow;
- a +2 racial bonus on Listen, Search, and Spot checks;
- and the Elven Blood feat.

All benefits are lost if the ring is removed.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: Elven Blood feat, Forge Ring, *polymorph self*; Market Price: +25,000 gp to the price of the object.

Ring of Birdsong

The ring of birdsong is a valuable tool for elven wardens and rangers scouting in enemy territory. It is often difficult to coordinate activity or deliver warnings without revealing their positions. An enterprising elven druid came up with a novel way around the problem.

Rings of birdsong are always created in groups of at least two. The rings transform any words the wearer speaks into random bird noises. Others who wear the ring have those same random bird noises transformed back into intelligible speech. The wearers may speak or even shout as loudly as they like, the volume of the birdsong does not change, though it will carry as far as if the wearer had actually shouted.

Caster Level: 3; Prerequisites: *message*, *ventriloquism*; Forge Ring, *speak with animals*; Market Price: 3,000gp. for the set.

Rods

Rod of Serenity

The rod of serenity is used most often to ensure peaceful negotiation, or to safeguard an uneasy truce. A fabulously wealthy tavern might employ one to prevent the ever-present barroom brawls. The rod itself is a pale white staff with a blunt point on one end. It is usually unadorned and its appearance gives no clue as to its power. When lifted, it projects a feeling of peace into its holder. If it is used to strike at another living thing, the attack always misses, plus the



wielder suffers 1d8+3 points of damage for his effrontery.

When placed upright the rod's true powers are activated. All within 60 ft. of the upstanding rod must make a successful Will save (DC 21) to make any hostile action. This includes casting any spell or using a spell-like ability that requires a saving throw or does damage, attempting to destroy any property, or attempting any melee or ranged attack. The effects end immediately if the rod is removed from the ground, and any attempt to do so is not considered a hostile action.

Caster Level: 15; Prerequisites: *sanctuary*, Craft Rod, *geas*, *inflict light wounds*; Market Price: 125,000gp.

Wondrous Items

Covenant Box

Given to one elven tribe by another, this small, elegant box is made of wood and gilded in gold. Its cover bears carvings representative of both tribes, with a green tree's branches binding both. The box is given in friendship and is often the symbol of a new alliance or a gift for long-standing friends. While members of both tribes remain within 100 ft. of the box, they gain a +1 morale bonus to all skill checks. The covenant box can be used only once, if it goes out of the possession of the gifted elves its powers fade forever.

There is a similar variant created by the dark elves with darker intentions. It is made of silver, embellished with onyx and

black opals, with a lid bearing the symbols of two opposing houses and an image of the the Goddess of Paradoxes between them. The interior is violet satin. Often the box is created by one drow house as a gift to a rival house, supposedly to gain favor or end a long-standing feud. Once accepted, the first part of the spell is activated and the receiving House and all its members received the normal bonuses above, but only so long as the covenant box remains within the House's possession. Should recipient of the gift destroy, lose or pass it along to someone else, all members of the house receive a -1 penalty to all saves and skill checks. Each penalty must be removed with a separate use of the *remove curse* spell.

The darker version of the box takes advantage of the Drow's natural suspicion. A House will likely accept the Covenant Box out of pride or custom but then, suspicious of its obvious benefits, eventually deem it too dangerous to keep – thereby suffering the real curse.

Caster Level: 10; Prerequisites: Craft Wondrous Item, *bles* (+ *bestow curse* for the dark elf version); Market Price: 25,000 gp. (dark version 36,000 gp.) Note these prices are provided for item creation purposes only, because of the unique nature of these items they cannot be found for sale.

Fey-catcher

A fey-catcher is a brightly colored paper box of intricate design. The box is covered in strange symbols that sometimes look like powerful arcane runes and at others, appear to be child's drawings. It can be unfolded with difficulty, taking hours if you are careful to leave the paper unturned, but doing so will release the box's innate magic.

The paper box, while intriguing to humans, especially those who enjoy puzzles, is irresistible to the fey. When shown to a creature of the fey type, the fey will become obsessed with possessing it and solving its secrets. The fey must make a Will save (DC 18) to avoid becoming obsessed with the box.

If the fey fails its save, it can be bargained with. The creature will do most anything to possess the box, agreeing to service, giving up its treasure – anything – to discover the secrets hidden at its center. Evil fey will resort to theft or even murder, but a threat to destroy the box will stop them.

Once the fey gains possession of the box, she sits in one place and becomes engrossed in solving the box's puzzle. She will not react to anything around her unless attacked, at which point the fey will defend herself. If melee stops, the fey will return to the box.

If left undisturbed for an hour, the fey will finish opening the fey-catcher, and discover nothing within. At that point, the creature will be released from the item's enchantment.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: *charm monster* Craft Wondrous Item, *sympathy*; Market Price: 6,000gp.

Pack arrows

Pack arrows are used by the elves to transport great amounts of goods across short distances with difficult terrain. They prove especially useful in siege situations, as food and water can be transported extremely easily. Even people can be transported in emergencies.

The *arrows* themselves are exceptionally long-shafted, and have a length of silk tightly wrapped around them. When this silk is unrolled and laid flat, one side is found to be permanently attached to the *arrow* shaft. The silk unrolls to a length 6 ft. long by 3 ft. wide. Any object placed on the silk can be rolled into the *arrow* shaft. Its location is magically shifted to an extra-dimensional space, where its weight has no effect on the flight of the *arrow*. This space has no air, so living things placed in a *pack arrow* immediately begin to suffocate (as per the rules in Core Rulebook II). Once full, the *arrow* can be used as normal – fired from any bow. When the silk is unrolled again, the objects appear on its surface unharmed.

A *pack arrow* and the extra-dimensional space it carries are treated as *portable holes* for the purposes of magic item and spell interaction.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, *plane shift*; Market Price: 10,000gp. Weight: - .

Paranoia Fungus

Purplish in color and smooth in texture, this mage-made fungus has a subtle, pleasing aroma and delicious flavor. It appears similar to edible fungi that occur naturally in the endless caverns beneath the surface world.

The fungus has hallucinogenic properties that build up in the system over time. After approximately a week of eating the purple fungus – which may be ground up and put in food or drink, the imbiber begins suffering nightmares that seem startlingly real. The dreams center around figures the imbiber trusts betraying him. After an additional week, the affected person needs to make a daily Will save (DC 15) to keep from attacking trusted companions. The market price reflects a one week supply of the fungus.

Caster Level: 7; Prerequisites: Brew Potion, *nightmare, insanity*; Market Price: 3,000gp. Weight: 1lb.

Portable Murder Hole

The portable murder hole operates identically to the portable hole described in Core Rulebook II, except that the entrance is hidden behind a magical one way screen that allows those hidden within to peer out while those outside see only normal ground cover. A successful Spot check (DC 25) or a Search check (DC 15) reveals its location to onlookers. All rules for extra-dimensional interaction still apply.

Caster Level: 12; Prerequisites: *rope trick*; Craft Wondrous Item, *camouflage, plane shift*; Market Price: 16,000gp. Weight: --.

Sleepstone

The elves are a curious people. They have long wondered about sleep, one of the few things the quick races can do that they cannot. This curiosity led to the creation of the *sleepstone*. The *sleepstone* is a powerful magic item; it is the only item known that can defeat the elven immunity to sleep. Elves who hold it begin to feel drowsy, a novel and interesting sensation to them, and if they so choose, they may sleep instead of meditating to refresh themselves at night. An elf using the *sleepstone* will wake after a normal 8 hours rest, and be able to continue his day normally.

Elves who carry a *sleepstone* are not compelled to sleep, but they do become vulnerable to *sleep* and dream-based spells while it is in their possession. Other races who hold the stone are subjected to a ultra-powerful *sleep* spell. They must make a Will save (DC 24) every round they hold the stone or fall into a deep slumber. No magic short of a *wish* will free the victim from this sleep so long as he still touches the *sleepstone*, and even then, if the victim still holds the stone he must make another save the following round. If the stone is removed from his hand, the victim can be shaken awake as normal.

Sleepstones appear to be nothing more than smooth river stones, but blaze with power if scrutinized with *detect magic*

Caster Level: 17; Prerequisites: Craft Wondrous Item, Heighten Spell, *sleep* Market Price: 300,000gp. Weight: 1lb.

Trinket

"First we lifted the trunk, then threw it into the air and down came casket, gold and everything. We never tried picking it up again, but left it, for that place was surely haunted."

This is a permanent enchantment that is applied to light objects you don't want stolen, most often to chests or boxes, though sometimes it is placed on jewelry. When lifted by anyone other than the owner, the object retains its weight plus half the weight of the would-be thief. The duration of this effect is only a few seconds, then, in keeping with a fairy's desire for amusement, it subsequently drops to half its original weight. The object will alternate between the two extremes until the thief drops the object.

Often the object enchanted has other magical properties, and those who steal the *trinket* can use those normally. The thief merely has to contend with the objects wildly shifting weight.

Caster Level: 3; Prerequisites: Craft Wondrous Item, *enlarge, reduce*; Market Price: +5,000 gp to the price of the object.

CHAPTER 5 – FAIRVUS

The rocks of Fairvus loomed in the distance, five thin fingers rising from the water's edge with waves lapping and thin figures leaping across the tops, grabbing at the ropes of passing vessels. Erin watched a team of them help guide a thick-sailed vessel into port.

"Aren't they afraid they're going to fall?" Erin asked.

Riley laughed. "They're elves."

Laribo coughed loudly and Riley laughed again. "Oh, keep your snotty opinions to yourself!"

"We could always pass this city by." Four heads turned to look at Laribo with disappointment. The elf shrugged. "It was just a thought."

"Warm beds! Warm beds!" the men shouted, as they ran down the coast. The sand gave way to scattered docks and ramshackle buildings, then full piers and ports. Erin's eyes widened when he got closer to the elves. They *were* leaping from rock to rock, skilled elven boatmen leading merchant vessels safely into harbor. The rocks put them level with the ships' decks. All around, he could hear the cries of the human sailors and at the other end of the piers, bright lanterns winked and bells rang as they were knocked about in the groaning sea wind.

They walked straight past the piers and to a place where the jungle shore opened and a thriving market emerged on a sloping hill. Street performers played music, juggled objects, and blew fire. Elven maids danced with giant partners assembled from light, as mages leaned lazily against trees.

They divided quickly, and Erin soon found himself left with Laribo.

"I suppose you love it as well," the elf said.

Erin shrugged. "It's not unlike the street festivals back home. But I will say this -- I've just never seen one that was entirely elven."

There were humans, but they seemed to be the buyers, not the sellers. He was looking hard around when a female voice said, "You!"

He turned to see a lovely elven maid behind a booth, with red painted lips and eyes so blue they seemed to glow with inner fire. She chuckled as she brushed white strands of hair from her face.

"Here." She reached for something under her table. The red-glass bottle she came up with caught the light and something within flashed a rainbow. Erin had never seen more artfully painted glass.

"It's a love potion," the elven woman said. "Very rare. Usually very expensive. You can find them for sale in Arcanon or Faldvars, across the ocean. But it's cheaper here, where it comes from." She turned the pretty bottle in her hand. "Extracted from our jungle vines, perfumed with our flowers. There is magic. Here..." She uncorked it. "Try a little on your finger."

Out of the bottle it looked just like honey. Erin watched the pearl of it sparkle on his skin before putting it up to his lips.

In his mind, he saw an attractive young woman from his own city of Talington. He'd noted her before and they seldom spoke, but for once Erin knew exactly what to say to win her. When he thought about it, he knew things about her, little things he could use to his own benefit. Why not have a lady? Wouldn't he be a war hero when he returned home? Didn't he deserve a little reward for all of his hard work?

The elven maid was smiling, but concern flickered. "What is this really?" he asked.

"Just a potion to open your senses to things that are real and true," she said, still smiling, still lovely. "You humans always confuse the obvious. I am merely opening a door for you and showing you something you have wanted. Tell me --" and she winked at him. "Is this girl of yours pretty?"

"She—" he was interrupted by Laribo, who took the bottle from Erin's hands and put it back on the counter. As the elf steered him from the table, Erin craned his neck back.

But the maid was no longer there. Now an old elf with an examining glass sat there, scrutinizing gems on a velvet cloth.

Erin frowned at Laribo. "It will be difficult in all this mess to find her again."

"You didn't find her. She found you."

"And what if I'd wanted to buy that, Laribo?"

"Tell me." Laribo's lips pressed together for an instant. "Would you want to win over this girl over by lying to her?"

"I have honor. I don't lie to women."

"But with that potion honor vanishes. That's what we call it even -- honor vanishes. You may have seen it sold elsewhere, though fortunately its potency diminishes over a few days time so it's not so dangerous an export. The potion makes it easier for you to lie to get what you want by curbing your sense of right and wrong. It also gives you clarity of thought, so that you may act successfully on your desires"

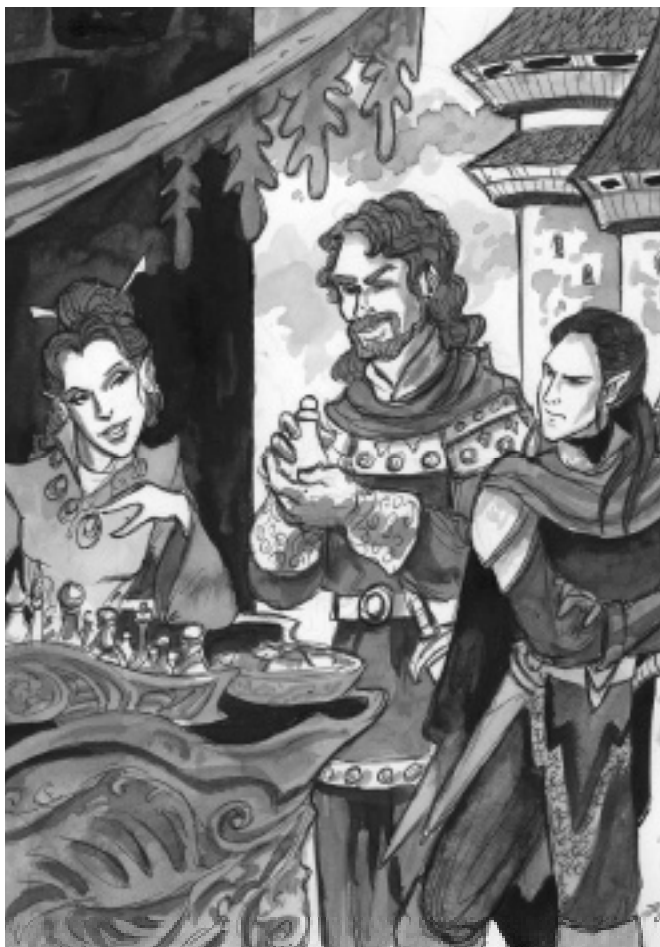
"And you weren't going to let me make that choice?"

Laribo stopped in the street. For once, the elf looked like he didn't know what he wanted to say.

After a moment, he sighed. "Point taken, friend. I overstepped my bounds." They grinned.

"So why did you come with us here?" Erin asked. "I can tell you don't like it."

"I guess there is always something to be learned here in Fairvus," Laribo said, shrugging. "Even if it is just to remind myself of all the things I never want to become. One thing I will tell you," and his expression grew dark. "Fairvus elves live in a dangerous place, and in so living with danger, have become dangerous themselves. You would do well to look and buy -- but not to cross them."



Fairvus, the Divided City

If you want it, Fairvus has it, though you risk more to get it and the cost is not always measured in gold. For the elf merchant its ports are yawning jaws of greed, and each tidal pull upon the docks steals a little more of their souls. For the visitors it is a paradise, a window to a world of inhuman delights and fey attentions. For the natives, it is a safe harbor on the brink of destruction, a bloom once isolated from mankind, now embraced by men and ripe for cutting. For all who long for Fairvus' infancy, it is a never-ending struggle of sacrifice after sacrifice, to catch a dream that is slipping out of reach.

The Seed

Seven elves came to the virgin coast where Fairvus would one day lay, bringing with them the clothes on their backs, a sapling tree, and love for the goddess Aouri, mistress of purity and protector of all that is green and untouched. There in the soil they planted their tree – an aberration of its line, unearthly white in the trunk's pigmentation and with only the palest of green leaves. There they resolved to live in its shade for the seed was a sign, a mark of favor. Here they would find peace.

And peace was difficult indeed. There were reasons this particular stretch of coast was uninhabited and the elves soon found themselves battling the stings of vicious insects and

breaking out in rashes from poisonous, unknown plants. Great rocks sprouting like teeth from the foggy coast made it unlikely ships would ever dock here or that anyone would ever come to their aid if they were in need. That didn't matter to them. Alone and convinced they were doing Aouri's will, the seven elves tended their sapling and toiled in the jungle. And the tree took root well. And it began to seed cousins.

Tesostis fly fever

It is unfortunate, but not every visitor to Fairvus has a very good time and leaves well. Though civilized, Fairvus is still in the middle of a dangerous jungle and one of those dangers comes in the form of Fever Disease, spread by the Tesostis fly.

The Tesostis fly is about three inches long and narrow, with a yellow, worm-like body and long, clear wings. The fly wriggles its body against the skin during the sting, optimizing its ability to inject venom. The sting is quite painful and once a Tesostis fly latches on it's very difficult to slap off. The usual time is three seconds.

Most of the elven natives have a natural resistance to the Tesostis fly. Human visitors are not so fortunate. In the average man, the fly sting results in an immediate red, raised area the shape of a rectangle. It spreads and dissolves, vanishing into the arm, which begins to feel stiff. At this point anti-venom, available for free almost everywhere in Fairvus, can be applied to the sting mark (if it's a salve) or drunk (if liquid) and the victim will recover within twenty minutes and having suffered no particularly disturbing effects. Should twenty minutes pass, however, the danger zone of non-recovery begins. The venom has a damaging effect on the nervous system, causing spasms and dementia within an hour. Many victims have, failing to get aid in time, simply lost their minds and forgotten the source of the problem, thus compounding the difficulty in helping them. The walk of someone approaching the fever stage becomes less coordinated, the muscles jerking slightly with each move. Most Fairvus natives are well trained and can spot a fever victim on sight and will apply anti-venom. Rarely does the case ever progress beyond an hour. If it does, the results are even worse. The victim's nerve damage may be irreversible. It is here that the fever starts, the victim turning pale and bluish about the eyes and lips. Once the fever starts the anti-venom is useless. The only treatment is to confine the victim to a bed, wait with cool water, and hope they pull through. In many cases, the victim lives, but invariably there is damage similar to that of a stroke victim. Digits and limbs may become permanently numb. The mind may be affected, the dementia returning at different intervals of the victim's life.

Occasionally an elf contracts the fever. It happens often enough for all elves to carry the anti-venom at all times and avoid the flies in general. Elves who do catch the fever suffer a milder version, usually with dementia and no nerve damage. They may not even realize they are sick.

One elf who has continued to study such cases believes there may be more, long-term effects on the mind in both elves and humans. But the views of Lelo Faas, market merchant, go largely unheard. It's well known he lost a family member to the disease and the pain leaves a bitter stain on his soul, one that aura-seeking elves have remarked on time and time again. For his part, Faas keeps an endless supply of salves and tonics to fight the disease.

In a rare exception to the commercialism that has of late gripped the city, Fairvus refuses to make a business out of 'selling' the anti-venom. Most elves believe (and rightly so) that the fever danger is prohibitive enough without Fairvus making a profit off it. For that reason, there have been some attempts to eradicate the fly, and many do continue, but none have met with even moderate success.

Many thousands of years passed. The original elves died, but their descendents tended to the white trees, growing and shaping them into a wonder – a living shrine to Aouri. Every part of the shrine was alive. No furniture existed that was not the curve of a well-trained root, the arch of a branch, the bump of a knot. The shrine existed as a living entity, and down beneath, a sparkling spring blossomed, soaking the roots in the shrine's dark depths. By moonlight, the shrine stood as an alabaster mountain; by day, it shimmered like bleached bones. The elves decorated the windows with brightly dyed weavings that sparkled like gemstones. These humble crafts, they would whisper reverently, were the only jewels they would ever need, for Aouri's light eclipsed all else in their hearts.

"There is no cove that is not navigable, nor no island jungle that cannot be conquered. One need only thirst to find water."

The first human ships to navigate the treacherous rocks in the harbor near the shrine found only misery. Many adventurous sailors sickened and died. A few made it inland and back to the vessels in time to write "of an amazing tower, standing like the finger of a god, all white, with jeweled windows and marble stairs, visible in the distance." Such early writings were dismissed as delusions of fevered men, not uncommon in that time. But time and numbers would prove there was merit to the tale, and with time came a merchant vessel with men who actually made it inland.

What the first men found amazed them. A shrine made entirely of living wood, at least two stories high and filled with inner rooms and altars set up for worship. The elves living within greeted them warmly in the spirit of Aouri, giving them gifts of bright weavings and dyed cloths. Though they thanked them heartily for being the first visitors ever, their naivety was such that the elves didn't think more would be coming, or even have interest of them.

Word of the amazing landmark spread like fire. Soon ships were lining up at the coast, peering like vultures through the rising rocks, looking for a more navigable entrance. If dyes

and clothes were to be had, what else was there? Didn't someone say something about jewels? Word continued to spread. Bards wrote ballads of the mysterious treasured temple of white and gold.

After many decades, humans became regular visitors, though most were denied entrance to the shrine, a rule set down following a tragic encounter. Soon ports were erected and elves living near, but not in, the shrine found use for themselves as port masters, or harbor engineers as they called themselves, guiding in vessels and taking roles as guides. Money and goods changed hands. Trade posts were erected. Housing became an issue when it became apparent that more elves were being born here than in other lands, further proof, some might say, of Aouri's blessing, though many were to one day wonder if Aouri hadn't turned a blind eye to her people.

A group of sailors, shipwrecked, hungry and weary, stumbled across the white branches of the Living Shrine of Aouri. Thinking it made of marble, they were quite surprised to find it was entirely formed of trees, living and green. At the valley's base they were greeted by elven worshippers, male and female, who offered them sanctuary and food within. There it was explained that they were the first humans to ever set foot in the area of the shrine and indeed the first travelers the shrine had the opportunity to house.

"Stay with us," the elves encouraged the men. "And tell us tales of the outside world!"

As they entered, the men were politely divested of their weapons.

"Many apologies, but their edges are not to goddesses liking."

Of their curious abode, the sailors were encouraged to look, but not touch, the living walls "in preservation of the goddess' purity."

The men fed and anticipating a night atop clean sheets were more than happen to share their stories with the lonesome elves. Their captain was a forceful yet kind man who kept a good rein on his men through the evening. Dinner passed blissfully, with nothing to disturb the peace.

But captains must sleep and sometime in the night one of his younger men snuck out of his room to pursue an elven maid he'd taken a shine to earlier. His advances were discreetly but pointedly rebuffed, and upon returning to his quarters, the sullen fool took out his knife and drove it into the wall of his room.

"There," he said hotly. "So much for not touching the walls!"

As the tale goes, the room's walls shimmered. Sap, reddish brown in color, bubbled up quickly around the blade and three robed elves appeared almost immediately at the door.

"Friend, if you would vandalize the very abode which gives you food and shelter then you are no longer welcome here," said the first elf.

"It's just stupid wood!" argued the youth spitefully.

The elves in unison lifted their sleeves and the startled young man say that they each bore a small matching diagonal cut on their left arms, just below the crease of their elbows.

To his shocked face the elf only said: "You have spilled the blood of Aouri. Your welcome, like this blood, has just run out."

The Captain was awakened and, deeply apologetic, promptly took his men from the temple. Before leaving, he and the highest caretaker made a promise that men would never again set foot in the shrine, as they were incapable of respecting its purity. Because the captain's remorse was genuine, men would always be allowed to pray outside. It is further said that a temple elf who went to pull out the sailor's knife found it already ejected on the floor, and the wound in the wall on the mend. A carved sign was made and hung above the temple door for all visitors to see. "Nositaras atta terris Aridora" or "Blessed be the life that is immortal."

The city came to be known as Fairvus, 'Fair' in human speech and 'vas' meaning altar or temple in an ancient elven tongue. But the city was far from the isolated place of worship its founders had intended. Fairvus was to become huge in the trade routes. Elven arts that had died in the more populous continents flourished here, handed down through generations. Fairvus became the human symbol of all that was ancient and good about the elves, and yet it was all strangely for sale. As one weathered merchant put it, "It's so easy these days to buy a piece of the ideal elf. One wonders what one is really buying."

Today Fairvus is known as the profitable city that has developed around the Living Shrine. It is a busy port of elven/human trade, just a few miles from newer, sister human cities. But the exports, many honed from sacred, secret elven arts, have forged a hatred among some natives so deep that it threatens to destroy the mantle of peace their forefathers dreamed of so long ago.

Jvedwith watched in horror as the ship, one of three merchant vessels leaving port for his own, suddenly burst into flames, an explosion sending hot red embers swirling out like so many fireflies over the night water. For several seconds he could do nothing but stare and listen to the shouts of the elf sailors as they plunged into the water. Even farther away on shore, he could see the running slips of several shadowy figures fleeing into the concealing jungle. Thousands of coins worth of goods, all going up into flames, but the merchant elf standing on deck beside him just looked irritated.

"Three ships and they pick the lightest, poorest load" the elf said slowly. "Bad luck, my friends. Bad luck indeed. Your goddess isn't smiling." Then he looked up at Jvedwith. "Don't worry. It's happened before. But you'll get your full shipment by tomorrow."

"Are you sure? The damage... the flames... that must have been a fourth of everything!"

"You'll get your cargo!" the elf whispered through gritted teeth. "And maybe you'll get a little extra... something else precious they don't want you to have. Now then." And he slapped Jvedwith upon the back, smiling. "What will it take for you to add this most profitable port city to your regular route?"

The Layout

From the sea, six solid black rocks rising like fingers or teeth from the ocean hide Fairvus. Come in closer, where the waves leap treacherously and pitch ships back in forth, and one makes out the trading posts with the hanging lanterns that sway in the sea wind. The lanterns are covered in bright weavings, reminiscent of the shrine's windows. From here on in, elven help, and sometimes elven magic, is required to get beyond the rocks and into the harbor, where the waters become suddenly calmer. Dozens of elves help usher in ships and tie them down. The elves are master seamen who know exactly what they're doing and any ship guided in by them is in safe hands.

Eight long piers lead to the coast, with walkways connecting them at haphazard angles. Because of the rough waves and lack of protected harbor, the piers have to be repaired frequently. Itinerant human sailors do most repair work, for construction is not a strong suit of the Fairvus elves. Trader's posts and lean-tos line the shore in an arcing curve. Smoke curls along with the scent of burning pitch, a key ingredient in precious Fairvus pottery.

The land slopes down just beyond the trade posts. Here one will find a market area and city shops decorated with brightly colored weavings and wind chimes. This is the 'tourist trap' and anything elven or unique may be found here. A crowded open market covers the town center, along with a few inns and community housing. From here, the tree containing the suspended homes of the natives can be seen, though many of those homes are becoming abandoned in favor of ground housing.

Hanging in a wooden arch over the market entrance are burned these words: Hothiraedae lo Tith do Warudechae, Juncith for lo Tith Lombar. It translates to "Love the day, Remember in the 'Morrow." Human travelers will learn quickly Fairvus makes everyone welcome for one day then expects them to depart the next, a little lighter in the pockets.

Beyond the city is the jungle, thick and uninviting, though there is a single, poorly cobbled road peering out from where native flowers bloom and buzzing insects hover menacingly. This road inclines sharply for a mile and a half, then dips suddenly at the mouth of a great valley. Here travelers see for

the first time the upper stories of the Living Shrine of Aouri. The shrine is still about a mile away, but from here, it appears tall, bulbous with colorful, 'jeweled' windows.

The road curves and winds treacherously downward. The elves at the shrine refuse to maintain it for they only want the faithful to take this path. It eventually ends on a plateau.

Fairvus (Large Town): Conventional; AL N(NG); 5,000 gp limit; Assets 12,650 gp; Population 3,765; Elves.

Authority Figures: The Council of 12; Darvas Clonin (Honored Council elf), male elf Ari12/Wrd4/Gfth4

Important Characters: Callwn Devymr, male elf Ari3/Sor7; Jesper Dorrae ('head' of Peace Keepers guard), female elf Wrd10; Fuorus lo Tith Belisarda (High Priest of the Living Shrine), male elf Clr8/Shri5; Yvinna Crowen (Head of the Soul of Fairvus), female elf Com4/Rog6

The Living Shrine

The shrine is divided into three levels, the upstairs, the main floor, and the basement. No furniture sits inside. There are three stone altars and a few iconic statues. Comfort was taken into account long ago, so the trees have been guided over the years to grow into some necessary formations: steps leading down to the basement and knots in the wall which provide a place to rest.

The main floor is hard ground covered with sand – the only decoration, four trees pruned to stay no taller than four or five feet. Temple acolytes maintain them daily. They catch necessary rays of sunlight from openings in the high bower, ovular in shape with pointed tips, formed where the tree trunks were guided to part. Each tree is in homage to a departed elven god. At the back of the room rests an altar to Aouri. Seeds and more weavings are typically placed here in her honor. The seeds are then planted the following morning and the weavings hung in the windows. Woven bridges connect the upper floors.

This room contains statues, most notably a striking tall statue of Aouri holding a seedling in her palm. On the floor is a stone circle in which worshipers kneel.

Many halls wind through the shrine, decorated with sacred weavings and statues. Disciples sleep on straw mats beneath rooms roofed by tightly arching branches. Windows are plugged with cloth during winter. Saplings rise, the next stage in the shrine's growth.

Two flights of stairs appear to 'melt' out of the walls of wood on the main floor and descend behind the altar to the basement, where roots curled around a sparkling enchanted



spring, called 'The Life Waters of Aouri.' The spring is for ritual bathing. Drinking the water is forbidden, and disturbing the waters is the one act that might drive the shrine's caretakers to violence.

Temple life consists of arduous physical labor and shrine maintenance. Disciples rarely enter Fairvus, preferring to get their nourishment from several fields tended westward in the valley.

Selkanar Va'an

"There is no sweeter challenge of faith than to reach for that which is set deliberately beyond you. Find comfort in that, stranger, for you are not about to pass through this door."

Selkanar knows what it felt like to set foot on the virgin soil prior to Fairvus' existence. He believes he is one of the original seven elves, reincarnated. The original desire for isolation and peace burns as passionately in him now as it did on that first day, but he feels it only for himself and for his fellow disciples. As far as Selkanar is concerned, Fairvus might as well be miles away, not up the hill from the shrine. He deals with progress with a sense of humor. And he is too intoxicated by what he believes is a secret gift from the goddess.

It is Selkanar who enforces the human ban. He won't allow anyone besides elves within, believing (rightly so) that men cannot understand the elf's natural connection to nature and their gods. But Selkanar also wants to protect the spring of life beneath the shrine. He has, on several occasions, experienced visions while bathing there. In them, he sees a city of red stone, rising like fire on a barren horizon. While terrifying, the image evokes feelings of great power within him and he believes it is the key to an amazing holy land and the future home of all elves.

Selkanar is only half right. The spring was created eons ago by a water nymph as a means of trapping those who would invade her home. It will, when given the opportunity, display truthful images of the future, but only ones that evoke a positive response in the subject. In Selkanar's case, his holy city exists but in a future so far removed from his present, he will never see it let alone lead anyone there.

Selkanar knows his failure to take sides in the growing conflict over trade in Fairvus is costing him friends and influence, but he won't change his principles. What happens in Fairvus will not be his affair, until it literally comes to the Living Shrine's door. At that time, he expects Aouri to guide him.

The Trade Industry and Callwn Devymr

"I say he's not an elf at all, but a half-man who walked too far and too long in the shoes of his ancestors, and having found no home with his name on it, built himself one." Rysse, human

merchant of the vessel "Star Streaking," in regards to Callwn Devymr:

"It is my privilege to bring you the life you have long denied yourselves." Callwn Devymr:

It's possible Fairvus could have remained isolated were it not for the hard workings of one Callwn Devymr. It was Devymr who built a vessel of felled trees to contact the humans who passed the coast daily. He brought with him many treasures of the land, including cuttings and vials of organic remedies found only in Fairvus' jungle. As luck would have it, he was not taken advantage of by pirates, but embraced on his first encounter by a ship of friendly merchants eager for something new.

Callwn first brought the delights of man to Fairvus' shore, sweet edibles, gold and silver jewelry, ornamental spyglasses and kaleidoscopes. They also shared knowledge by which one might take advantage of the valley's fertile resources.

Over the centuries, Callwn has built up a small industry and sought to 'educate' his neighbors. Many elves follow Callwn's ways and have taken positions at trade posts in the harbor and built cottages nearby. For his comfort, Callwn lives in a mansion on the northwest end of Fairvus.

Callwn Devymr

The most loved, and hated, elf in Fairvus is Callwn Devymr, owner and proprietor of the Jaded Mirror, the White Colt, and all but one other hostel in the Lodgings. His exact age isn't common knowledge, but many speculate he has one of Fairvus' oldest souls. He's definitely one of the richest, and has been the primary force behind increasing trade and contact with the nations of man. Callwn keeps a home in the elves' section of Fairvus but he's known to stay at length in a suite in the upper story of the Jaded Mirror, his favorite establishment and a large human-style mansion just outside the markets. Callwn is about 5 foot 3, with brown skin, long silken brown hair and dark orange eyes. He dresses expensively and tastefully, wearing touches of simple gold jewelry with no jewels. He occasionally throws massive parties at his home, inviting many elves, rich and poor. He pays lip service to classic virtues and traditions has been known to comment that at least the poor are interesting and therefore deserving of an invitation.

Callwn is not married and his personal life is something of a mystery. His hobbies are fleeting and many wonder how an elf with such a short attention span manages almost a dozen successful inns. Others say the hobbies are a ruse, something to throw off gossips and to distract the public from his real obsession, which is magic.

Callwn has several elven mages at his disposal, acting as bodyguards. But they live in his manor, their lives as cloaked as their master's. All are forbidden to speak of what goes on inside on Callwn's private time and



many believe, though he has never been known to cast a spell, Callwn practices magic. Callwn donates a good bit of income to charitable enterprises and has a cultivated charm that tempers an otherwise stern face and harsh-sounding voice. Occasionally he will greet guests personally at the Jaded Mirror. Those travelers who are rich, influential or both may find themselves a guest the next night in his home. Those who enter one of his businesses and demand to speak with him may find themselves quickly thrown out and perhaps even asked to leave Fairvus – unofficially of course.

Callwn acts as though he owns Fairvus, and his influence is great enough that his opinions are often enforced by the city's people. It has been under his patronage that so much wealth has come to the city. But even he chooses his actions carefully. The growing discontent is some of the population reminds him that change does not come easily to the elves.

Callwn's Undertaking

Callwn likes to keep tabs on his supporters. He's hired the best mages to enchant several 'eccentricities' about town – various fountains and monuments to Aouri that he's donated over the years. These touchstones identify enemies and friends, encircling them with an aura only his mages can see. Through this method, he has been able to privately identify several members of the Soul of Fairvus, an order led by the zealot Yvinna Crowen, dedicated to bringing Fairvus back to its roots.

Moving Problems

The council hires the party to help 'move' one of Callwn's eccentricities, an old statue that's in need of repair. Callwn does not approve, and because his influence is so great, the locals will have nothing to do with the project.

After the job is completed and the characters return to the inn one finds something stuck to the inside of his cloak -- a piece of scroll, torn faded and crumbling the tingles the skin when touched. A message sent up to the room that evening comes from Callwn Devymr himself. He is holding private interviews for work at his mansion. For some reason he only wants to talk to the people who moved the statue, and now he wants to talk to you.

The Order of the Soul of Fairvus

"Aouri lost her tongue and we will no longer hold ours."

Unfortunately, you can't please everyone. Fairvus' recent predilection for trade has sparked opposition among those who would keep the city rural. 'The Soul of Fairvus' is a group of Elorii dedicated to bringing the city back to its basics. They periodically rally around the city square, speaking quietly to the occasion passerby or seeking audience in the local taverns and inns. Publicly, they are not a violent group, and are quiet, yet persistent in their appeals. However, more is going on than any in Fairvus is willing to admit to the human traders who flock to her ports.

First, accidents began to occur at the ports. Ships never reached their homeport; cargos were corrupted and ruined. Most of Fairvus treated the incidents as a run of bad luck, and hid the details from the cargo masters and human merchants.

Then the Soul made themselves known. It occurred in the spring, during a time of high trade and festival. Kepan Reed, a bard who sang ancient hymns for the entertainment of sailors, vanished, only to be found later with his throat cut. An inquiry began, with the prime suspects being the non-elfen traders who'd entered port the night before. After careful review (and even some magical aid), mages among the Elorii agreed the culprit was not in Fairvus, or if he was, he was hiding himself quite well.

Murder is not something Fairvus usually has to deal with and the death of an elf was most bizarre. Even as arrangements were being made to honor his passing, the discreet pursuit of a culprit continued. Until about a week later, when a mage called a council meeting and arrived breathless at the stone circle.

He claimed to have cast a spell that aura-traced the footprints of elves, something that had been tried before. But on this evening, he'd found a blood-red glow around one set of steps. Excited, he'd followed it out of the city market, where it had originated, and to a section of woods far Northeast of town. He'd returned after the steps and the spell ended.

So, the council of 12 followed the young mage. There, at the site in the woods where the trail had begun disappearing, some of the council members said later they experienced a strange headache, then nausea. Then they found something that shocked them.

There, attached to a tree in simple paper and written in ink was the following, "Kegan Reed, lover of men and those non-elf, and having created and profited from a number of ballads blasphemous of the old ways, and having written with the pen of man and on the paper of man has hereby died by the sword of man, and so given one pure breath in the foulness which is Fairvus."

The message was signed 'The Soul of Fairvus.' The council's reaction was immediate outrage. The reaction of The Soul of Fairvus was immediate denial. How could one of their own, all being elf, kill another elf? Each member swore his or her group was not responsible.

In the end, Kegan's murderer was never caught, but mages who touched the paper each reported mild headaches and insisted it had been written by an elf, a mage, possibly an woman. There the trail went cold.

More murders have followed, both elves who cater to the humans and the tourists that flock to Fairvus' markets. Ships have been sunk while in harbor. Street violence – never before seen in Fairvus – occurs between elves with strong opinions about the soul.

The exact number of members of the Soul isn't known but it's estimated by the public to be merely a few dozen. In reality, almost a hundred elves carry a secret emblem in their homes signifying their alliance to the activists. They gather in disguise to hold secret ceremonies of prayer to Aouri, asking for her continued blessings as they destroy those humans and elves who would continue destroying Fairvus.

Publicly, their actions have not changed. They still walk the streets quietly, occasionally stopping someone to remark on the changes the city is experiencing and if possible to cast them in a bad light. Their demeanor remains polite. They are seldom seen in groups and shun the entertainment district. They wear white and lavender robes and sometimes the women wear flowers in their hair and wreaths on their head. They ignore non-elves, preferring to take their words to Elorii citizens but will preach their beliefs to the non-elf who politely asks. They want nothing short of the old way back, they say, the way it was before all the traders came, back to when the city was quieter, smaller, purer...

Safer.

Yvinna Crowen

Her name is Yvinna Crowen and she has been wronged. It seems Yvinna has been wronged all her life, even from the moment of her birth, when she was struck down by an illness her fellow caretaker elves could not diagnose. The sickness began as a fever then a rash and ended in boils and great weakness. It took her mother and her twin brother. No medicine from the jungle forest cured her. Yvinna survived through apparent good will and luck.

Yvinna has misidentified the disease as rubella, a human illness that does not thrive in elven tribes. She believes a ship that stopped in Fairvus when the market was in its infancy brought it to her. It is both

a blessing and a curse that she is wrong.

A blood disorder infects Yvinna's family line, materializing only as a slight anemia in Yvinna. The illness was an infection brought on by the bite of the Tesostis fly, a common insect in the jungle, and little more than an irritant to most locals and visitors. Yvinna's brother and mother suffered fatal allergic reactions.

Because of Yvinna's closeness with the shrine caretakers, her medical treatment was limited to the shrine's medics and their knowledge, which is in reality poor. Ironically a human merchant's doctor might have been better fit to diagnose the problem, but trade had not developed to the point where such a meeting would have been likely.

Yvinna is tortured with the memory of her mother and brother's painful passing. She has devoted her life to Aouri, believing her faith is the only reason she was spared.

It is Yvinna who is responsible for organizing the Order of the Soul of Fairvus. She created the Soul fifty years ago in elven terms it is a very young order. Yvinna began the order peacefully, handing out fliers and petitioning the Council for action against Callwn and the traders. But when her cries that trade was poisoning elven customs and destroying a way of life fell on deaf ears, she began resorting to violence. She began holding secret meetings in the undeveloped jungle to the northeast of the city. It was she who organized an attack that same year on the human merchant vessel "Chance Reckoning," sinking it before it could ever leave port. At the time, the elves considered it an accident. Yvinna used magic to force the merchant captain to take his own life. Before dying, he made a final entry in his logbook. "I die so that the Soul of Fairvus might live." It was that statement from which the group derives its name.

It was she who personally slit the throat of Kegan Reed, and masked her deed with the help of Nefik, her second in command.

Yvinna will do anything for what she believes is the good of her people. She longs for a powerful city council position with which to cleanse Fairvus of evil in Aouri's name. Council ambitions aside, Yvinna is wanted by the law and is being actively pursued. To this day, she is blamed for killing more than a hundred human merchants and a dozen elves. Many were captured and tortured – their remains left for Fairvus traders to find by light of day. Only the most powerful magic has kept her successfully hidden.

Yvinna's love for Aouri tests her sanity and she walks a tightrope, teetering on madness' edge. Yvinna can, and will, snap and turn on those she calls friends. But for now she is loved and trusted by those who hate the traders, and many the whispering elf has reverently elevated her to the status she secretly believes she deserves – a goddess.

Nefik

Yvinna's right hand man is Nefik, a male sorcerer of about 1500 years. Aged and graying, Nefik acts as

both council and bodyguard to Yvinna on their raids. Though he is her most trusted confidant, Nefik would take over the order in a heartbeat, see Yvinna slaughtered or driven out of Fairvus. He dreams of the day he will no longer have to pretend and has, in fact, started secretly polling for supporters. Nefik has no true love for Aouri, but he fakes it well. To those in the Order, he is a father figure to all, a trusting elder with wisdom and a love of the old ways. Nefik thinks he take control from Yvinna within the span of two years. Once he is leader, he also has ambitions for power, though his are greater. Nefik dreams of rallying the city against the Council and taking over the Shrine. Once accomplished, he believes only he can restore peace to Fairvus, by opening the doors of the shrine to everyone and allowing the city residents to bath in the shrine's life-giving waters.

No one but a handful of the highest members of the order knows of Nefik's membership. For that reason, his record is clean in Fairvus.

Night Raids – Getting away with it

A typical night raid on a port vessel will take place between three and four in the morning, right after the inns have shut down for the night and the sailors who are staying on board have returned to their ships. The coast is dark, with only a few swinging lanterns and fairie lights on poles. The Soul of Fairvus has a plan, one that meets with general success. If



they do not have enough volunteers for a raid, they may petition a member of the underground for assistance. If they go through Tre'cadar, pay a fee and earn his trust, he may give them a name: Lucalla Bearchamber, an agile elven maid who works trade posts in the evening and occasionally cleans rooms at the Jaded Mirror.

Once established the raiding party will divide itself into three small groups and position each at both sides and center of the harbor. The first group will mark the target ship with a light only the other raiders can see. Then one of the groups will set off a small explosion, usually destroying the end of a pier farthest from the vessel in question. As sailors awaken, the second group sets off another explosion, one closer to the target vessel, or either group may decide to light one pier afire. The result is that two fires will burn on opposite sides of the harbor, near or on two different ships. Now everyone in the harbor is awake and knows a ship is under attack. All sailors stumble to their arms.

The third group has already boarded one vessel and is, at the time of the explosions, hiding in the cargo area. They wrap damp cloths around the goods they wish to take and run up on deck, dressed as crewmen purporting to put out flames. In the process, they drop the wrapped and weighted goods over the side and eventually feign panic and go overboard themselves. There, the goods lay at the bottom of the harbor, to be retrieved by diving in the shallow waters later.

It should be noted that raids in Fairvus are not nightly, but happen about one every two weeks. Deaths are infrequent in a cargo raid – Yvinna insists that artifact recovery and punishment are separate missions, though more than a few men and elves have been badly burned. Most human merchants believe the Soul uses magic in the raids, and considering that not one has been successfully prevented this provides evidence to support that view. But in reality, Yvinna uses as little magic as possible for fear of alerting magical alarms or leaving traces that could be tracked back to her people. The real reason the attacks are so successful is because of meticulous planning, and the fact that all evidence to the contrary, most elves cannot believe their brethren are capable of such violence. The council has been trying to get merchants to understand this for some time, but that doesn't stop human sailors from wearing charms of warding and making signs over their vessels. To confuse matters further, the occasion human party will raid ships, seeking to pad their own cargo. When they are caught, it casts doubt that the raids are the fault of the Soul, though all but a few are.

Present Day Fairvus

With the influx of merchantmen has come the creation of two human neighbor cities. Both situated themselves three miles to either side of Fairvus on the coast and regularly compete for Fairvus' goods. The demand for elven products is high and Fairvus has only benefited from the rival cities. As the region continues to develop the cost of Fairvus pleasures and

products continues to rise. At present day, the bulk of Fairvus' human merchants come from the neighboring cities, which are in some ways dependent on the elven products. The rest of the goods are sold to merchants from lands still further away who do not mind battling the rough waters to get their hands on rare products.

A sample of what you can find in Fairvus

Unguents of professed magical nature

"You too may live as long and fair as an elven maiden!"

Fairvus is home to a variety of strange plant life. Many plants and trees have medicinal and hallucinogenic properties. Nectar and sap from these are distilled and mixed into lotions and tonics, of which Fairvus has literally thousands. They are sold in pretty colored glass bottles, often in the shape of willowy trees, to signify the Living Shrine.

The potency and quality of what you buy is, like many things, entirely dependent on the maker. Fairvus is home to talents and frauds, but a few bottled specialties are well known. Everything that may boost vitality, beauty, lengthen age, cure illness, prevent disease... may be found in the market in Fairvus.

Glasswork, beads, jewelry and pottery

Craftsmen abound in Fairvus. The original elves brought the arts with them, though the intent was to glorify Aouri. What is not offered at her shrine is now up for sale. Blown glass and jewelry from semiprecious stones and from the coral reefs are artistically and uniquely forged into ornaments. Fairvus jewelry is fashionable and often expensive.

Boxes, baskets, and any odd assortment of statuette are also very popular. Often these items are imbued with light spells to make the product more attractive.

Clothiers, tailors and cobblers

Authentic elf garb is all the rage in some human cities. One can never be sure it is 'genuine' unless it came from Fairvus.

Lodgings

At the end of the center path through the marketplace is a small cluster of buildings – the only permanent structures in the 'human' portion of Fairvus. Among them are two upscale inns owned by Callwn Devymr. In keeping with Callwn's head for business, they are copied from human inns yet offer more 'elven' flavor.

The Jaded Mirror, The Fire, and the Shifting Altar Statue

To the traditionalists of the Living Shrine and the fanatics of the Souls of Fairvus, the Jaded Mirror is the worst example of the growing decadence of Fairvus, even greater than the

barbarity of the Arena. The patrons of this 'finest' establishment of the city receive what they fantasize is the best of Elorii society, if you can afford it and if you can shield your eyes from reality long enough to enjoy it.

Very visible from the entrance to Fairvus, the city's most expensive inn and largest building is the first before a divide that leads from the markets. The building is made of green-washed stone and shines with veneer. A statue of a beautiful 8-foot tall Elorii maiden gazes brightly down from the roof. Between outstretched hands, she holds a pane of green glass. Etched into the glass are designs which catch the light, causing it to wink alluringly. It's a sure sign a traveler is a newcomer to Fairvus if he ignores the stalls on each side of the street to shade his eyes, pacing to and fro to discern exactly what is carved into the glass. It appears as something different to each viewer, and different again on each viewing. Some see animals, others flowers or words. Many go inside just to seek out an answer, and here is what they find...

The interior lobby is opulent enough to cause even the seasoned traveler's jaw to drop. It is entirely covered with mirrors, all with a greenish tint, adorned with shining, ornamental crystals and gaudy carvings of woodland scenes and animal motifs. Everything in the lobby to the Jaded Mirror is reflective, including the costumes of the attractive Elorii females who greet the travelers and escort them to their rooms or to dinner. More may be obtained from some of these women at a cost though the staff insists on discretion. The proper etiquette is a whispered request to the lobby manager along with an exchanging of coin. Once the



transaction is made, the guest is escorted upstairs to private quarters. In the serving hall, there are dancers, singers and musicians, all attractively yet fully clothed, sending the clear message the establishment is neither cheap nor tawdry.

From the lobby, an elven maid escorts the traveler to an eating area that is lush and comfortable with silver satin pillows on the floor beside low tables. This is intended to mirror the local concept of eating on the ground without the nasty nuisance of sand and bugs. To the rear of the room is a stage divided into two areas. The smaller stage to the left is never empty. It's usually home to a local bard. The larger stage is occupied at scheduled hours and at various times of the year; the Jaded Mirror hosts local youths testing their limits as entertainers. Dramatists, musicians, and dancers all have graced the stage.

To the left and right are goblets consumed in green fire -- the house drink, Jade Flame. It's an both bitter and sweet intoxicating concoction of liqueur made from forest leaves, served in a silver goblet that's enchanted with a living green flame which leaves the skin untouched and extinguishes only after the drink is finished (incidentally indicating to the staff that a refill is necessary). The drink is intoxicating, highly addictive to humans, and made of a liqueur distilled from a melon-like plant and imbued with a secret alchemical formula to make it nearly irresistible. The potion has no effect on elves, who merely become tipsy, but human counterparts often lose their sensibilities. More than a few wealthy human merchants have made asses out of themselves under the influence of the Jade Fire.

On the top floor of the Mirror rests a nook and a human altar. Callwn has a spell on the statue so that the icon atop it shifts and changes to reflect the varying human religions of his patrons. It also acts as a touchstone, providing visions of and informing Callwn of his guests' deepest desires.

Percival Fendrake, Merchant Human

Percival is a veteran traveler, and Fairvus is a regular stop for him. When he stays in Fairvus, he stays at the Mirror. Percival deals in spices in the spring and wool in the winter. His products sell well in the coastal cities north of Fairvus, but like many merchants, he's found it always pays to have a few Fairvus eccentricities on display, just to get people's attention. In particular, Percival loves to give small weavings as gifts to some of his better customers and to spread his name about. He has a special deal with one Fairvus weaver, who makes adornments bearing the colors of the flags that fly on his ship. He visits Fairvus six times a year, staying no more than a week each time. He is one of the city's most well-known and accepted human visitors.

Percival's gregarious nature makes him easily approachable. He's always looking for the person who can bring him more business. Over the years, he's stayed in each inn, though he now has a permanent room at the Jaded Mirror. Percival is 45 years old and stands about 5 feet 6 inches tall. He has shining black curly hair that hangs to his shoulders and a black

mustache and well-trimmed beard. His clothing and shoes are well worn, but of obvious quality.

Percival can be found in the early hours in the common room area of the inn. During the day, he wanders the market, chatting with elven natives and perusing their goods. He can spot quality fabric or well-wrought jewelry immediately. He is currently looking for exotic seedlings he hopes will yield new and exciting spices.

Every elven merchant knows Percival. Likewise, Percival knows every elf who has something to sell. He also knows a good deal about the layout of Fairvus and how much is too much to pay for anything. Percival is not shy about sharing information, especially if it means building new contacts.

The Pitted Fire

Those seeking more adventurous accommodations at a smaller price than that of the Mirror may seek out the Pitted Fire, an inn entered through a cavern that runs just outside the city. A wooden portcullis greets travelers once they've descended about fifty feet and made the first turn into darkness. From there, an elf leads guests through a tunnel past open gambling tables. The tunnel is lit entirely by fire, making the entrance warm but not too uncomfortable. The tunnel opens to a lobby and eating area with a stage and a small underground arena. Entertainment is 24 hours and while raw in its own way rivals that at the Jaded Mirror. Singers, poets and dancers take to the stage and it is acceptable to toss coin (or something less favorable) to a performer that inspires a patron. The typical traveler at the Pitted Flame is rough and hardened, and more than a few leave with a few bruises after a long night. The food is passable but the gambling is top-notch and many travelers lose the profit they intended to make on Fairvus' goods before even leaving the city. The Pitted Fire boards about 100.

Boarding at the Pitted Fire is unusual. No rooms are available; everyone sleeps on mats on the floor in one of two large common areas. But unlike community housing, Elven wizards stand guard at night, making the boarders' sleep the safest in all of Fairvus. It has been noted that wealthy travelers might spread their riches about them on the floor -- it will not matter, they will not be robbed at night. As one traveler once put it to a wealthier guest, "It's leaving the Pitted Fire you need to worry about."

Sorcery abounds at the Pitted Fire. The thin mats on the floor are imbued with a spell making them soft, allowing almost immediate sleep. The fire that lights the caverns is spell fueled. The manager of the Pitted Fire is Elenanrel Leat, a female elf/half-fae and sorcerer. But more popular than the food or music is the Arena -- the local entertainment that vies with the Jaded Mirror for the worst of local blasphemies to the elven way of life.

The Arena

The arena in the Pitted Fire is without question the city's most violent venue. On a 'respectable' night elves perform acts of martial prowess in competition. Less respectable nights allow patrons to battle to first blood with their hosts. But that's not the arena's most popular attraction.

The act that garners the most income at present is reptile fighting. The valley is home to several breeds of lizards and snake. In the arena, large, often poisonous, reptiles square off against each other in the elven version of a cockfight -- the more colorful, noisy, and venomous, the better. Fights to the death fetch the most money. Reptiles that win throughout the night don't often survive long beyond as the evening usually ends with a stoning. Stoning is a very popular and messy event, one that usually occurs late in the evening. While cruel and condemned as barbaric (at least vocally) by much of Fairvus' public, the Arena has proved too popular to shut down.

Reptiles for fight may be purchased in the late evening, just before the market closes, and a traveling animal trainer is welcome to bring his own beasts to vie in the pit. Erimal Thravol is the most well known purveyor of such animals. Just where he gets them isn't clear, though he has been known to vanish into the wilds surrounding the city for days. He is covered with bite marks and scars from his handling of the creatures.

One day, and one night...

Everything in Fairvus is geared toward welcoming the wayward traveler with open arms – then getting rid of him in the morrow. Until recently, Fairvus had a very low rate of crime and this unspoken yet quietly enforced code gets much of the credit. The signals are subtle: maids for hire are a little less friendly on the following night, bedding at the inns becomes stiff and rumpled, service at the local eateries worsens, but only at certain tables, and the cheery greetings of the patrol guards turn speculative, then cold. If a traveler has not left Fairvus by the end of the week, a guard will be assigned to speak specifically to him. It will be driven home in the conversation that said traveler is more than welcome should he choose to leave Fairvus for a week or two and then return.

Nothing extra is offered -- the general inhospitality that surrounds the traveler wherever he turns will usually be enough. To this day, it has only failed in one noted case.

A wealthy merchant's son by the name of Fivac Finning made comic history in Fairvus by overstaying his welcome not one day – but almost two weeks. Finning's tale started normal enough – he was a passenger on his father's vessel and was interested in procuring statuary reminiscent of the Living Shrine. After purchasing practically every tiny statue he could find in the market, he made the arduous trek to the Living Shrine, where he was warmly greeted but firmly informed that nothing within the shrine was for sale. All the arguing in the world did him little good, and that night

Finning comforted himself with the many delights of the Jaded Mirror. He found the elven hospitality so agreeable and the food so divine that he resolved to stay much longer.

He was allowed to book a second night, though it wasn't as nice as the first. Elves that once hopped to their feet at a glance from him now greeted him with a cool formality. The women were still agreeable, but somehow the magic was gone from their touch. Finning couldn't explain it, but even his bed felt a little less comfortable. Undaunted, he ordered more wine upstairs and resolved to stay another night yet.

Though the inn never stopped taking his money, the experience within grew less and less satisfying. On the third day, street bars had stopped taking Finning's money and market vendors mysteriously closed up shop when he made for their tables. Finning grew angry and irritable. It was costing him more and more to get food and wine and many wouldn't sell to him. When he pressed, the offending elf would often point upward. It took Finning a few such encounters to realize they wanted him to read the gate sign one more time. When he did get it, it only outraged him more. When Finning retired to his room, he drunkenly informed the manager he would be staying another seven days.

That evening Finn got a note under his door. The invite, beautifully decorated and imbued with magic, offered him ringside seating at the arena of the Pitted Fire. Believing the city was finally going to acknowledge his value, Finning dressed in his finest and went to attend.

What happened that evening is the stuff of tales, and no two have it exactly the same, but in reality, Finning found himself sitting down to watch a fight between two wild boars. The pit was filled with mud and stink and Finning soon found that 'ringside' was the very worst seat possible in such a match. Finning left the Pitted Fire covered in filth. Almost out of money anyway, Finning departed on his father's ship the next day. He never spoke of the incident again and never returned to Fairvus, though the occasional elf at the Jaded Mirror has been known to remark that he was, all in all, 'a decent fellow and honored guest' who 'we certainly hope will one day return and patronize our establishment.' The elves at the Mirror seldom lie about such things.

Peace Keepers

Though Fairvus used to see few acts of violence, a few isolated incidences involving drunken human patrons has led the Council to create certain 'spies.' These elves, calling themselves only Peace Keepers, wander the streets of Fairvus looking for signs of trouble. They bear the mark of the Council on a wooden pendant hanging beneath their clothing. At any time, they may approach a human or elf and ask questions. They may or may not reveal their identity. There is much honor in being chosen. Recently there has been much demand.

Typical Peace Keeper, elven Wrđ 3: Medium Humanoid; HD 3d8; hp 15; Init +2; Spđ 30 ft.; AC 16 (+2 Dex, +4 armor <chain shirt>); Atk: +3 longsword (1d8+1), +6 longbow (1d8+1); SQ elven qualities; AL LN; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Hide +6, Listen +8, Move Silently +6, Spot +8, Tumble +3; Combat Reflexes, Difficult Target, Track, Weapon Focus [longbow]

Homeland: Fairvus

Warder Spells Known (cast per day: 5/3): 0 – *daze*, *flare*, *guidance*; 1st – *entangle*, *expeditious retreat*.

Possessions: longsword, longbow, *potion of healing*, *potion of shield*, chain shirt, quiver with 20 arrows, 1d20 gp.

The Council of 12

Northwest in Fairvus' valley is a small, flat stretch of meadowland. It is visible at one point from a high point on the road leading into the city and often draws as many stares as the shrine. In the center of the meadow is a stonework circle that reflects the light. The circle is a brilliant blue against green grass and looks much like a giant sundial. It appears inaccessible. The circle is actually about a hundred feet in diameter, and made of gray granite inlaid with precious turquoise and lapis. For those who know the path, it's easy to get to, but an optical illusion makes the route difficult to see from the high road in. It's the area where Fairvus' council of 12 meet to discuss business or to settle differences.

All matters of importance are addressed here, land disputes, arguments between neighbors, domestic quarrels that might lead to conflict, and matters of residency. Fairvus has a population between three and four thousand and the council fights to maintain it at a manageable level. In theory, each council member speaks for the interests of his community, but the Twelve have long lost the leadership of their people. They speak and discuss, but in all but the most minor of matters, the population of Fairvus settles its own interests. The council still meets regularly and offers advice, but none suffer the illusion that the Twelve still rule. Most elves will tell you the real leadership of Fairvus is split between Callwn Devymr, the Soul of Fairvus, and the Guardians of the Living Shrine.

Darvas Clonin, Honored Council elf

Darvas is the most-respected of the council members. He has been a part of Fairvus as long as any current resident can remember, and though it is common knowledge he isn't a native, no one can recall the date he first arrived. He speaks for no one segment of the community and even in the volatile climate that grips the city, is considered an even and fair advisor by all the factions. An elf of legendary age, Darvas' leadership skills are both natural and expected and his

advice is sought on matters both small and large. He treats each petitioner, regardless of his problem with equal gravity.

Darvas never leaves Fairvus except once a year to make a pilgrimage to an important library in the temple of his homeland several weeks travel north. He lives in a cottage in Fairvus' Eastern quarter, but is usually found where he is needed wandering the streets and markets. He is tall with still brown hair and hazel eyes and has a quiet, thoughtful way about him. Darvas has never married but does his countless great, great, grand nieces and nephews fill this city and others.

Recently, he is suffering from a great sadness. With all his experience, he cannot understand the strife that is tearing his home apart. He understands the desire the elves of the market have to improve their way of life, and he understands the desire of others to safeguard the old ways. As the violence continues and escalates, Darvas is becoming more withdrawn. He is beginning to wonder if time has finally left him behind and if his words no longer have relevance in a more violent time.

The Underground

"Deny a man – and watch. His tears will fill your pockets even as they empty his own."

Elves see well in the dark. And that is the common phrase uttered by every ship merchant who, upon entering the port of Fairvus at night, experiences a brief moment of utter blackness before all eyes adjust to the dim fairie lights bedecking pier and winking in the swaying lights of the dock's thin dangling lanterns. "Elves see well in the dark. So they say. They must." And they shake their heads, though the darkness of the pier is not by accident. It is a deliberate ruse.

The dark entrance to Fairvus' harbor serves a two-fold purpose. One, it guarantees elves will be needed to help guide the ships in, and thus weed out any unwelcome merchants. Elves find profit here and see no need to light the docks any more than is comfortable for their eyes. But the second motive is darker and unspoken and it has to do with the ultimate Fairvus sin, which is trafficking in forbidden goods, most notably things taken from within or around the Living Shrine.

Such thefts are famous. They are the stuff whispered about in Fairvus' entertainment districts. On any night you will hear of seven statues and statuettes of in determinant worth, missing, rumored to have been taken abroad and sold to private collectors, who'll hoard them away in secluded altars, believing, mistakenly, that they have the power to heal or delay death. Or they are displayed in enemy cities, objects of ridicule from those choosing the path of a rival god, vandalized for sport. Such tales evoke horror in Fairvus' faithful, and many a tear has been shed over the loss of things historical and irreplaceable.

The reason for the trade is simple: some human merchants will pay anything for something of the shrine, even small tokens, weavings of artisans left upon altars. Those in the know and corrupted by the need for more take such works to Tre'cadar Flaywn, a market elf who has developed a name in the underground as an authenticator. He will verify everything from beadwork to bright weavings to scrolls containing poems to the goddess that were reputedly penned by the original seven elves. Tre'cadar spends a great deal of his time visiting and praying at the shrine, secretly memorizing everything he sees there. Clothing of genuine Aouri acolytes, stolen from locked trunks, worn and faded and handed down – the longer in the shrine, the more renown and therefore the higher the price. The penalty for stealing Living Shrine artifacts is banishment, though some say that is not high enough, because the practice continues.

What is the most coveted prize? Holy water from the guarded spring. It has been said to have a strange bluish-green tint, a reflection of particular minerals. Its flavor is strong and almost metallic. The water is sold in tiny vials adorned with ribbons and bearing a scroll stating the date stolen. Some recipients have reported that holding the vials and looking within sparks amazing inspiration. A few have claimed to have grasped the vials and suddenly been filled with the spirit of Aouri, whereupon they sold their fortunes to follow a path of solidarity and piety. Others say the water healed the sick and repaired relationships. The stories go on... and on.

The answer to the success of the underground trade is that everyone wants a piece of the shrine. The barring of humans from within may have preserved its integrity, but it's also the driving force behind a mad greed. Word of the shrine and the treasure within is spreading, reaching across continents and seeking out the wealthy ear that would see that nothing is ever truly set beyond its grasp.

The Spring Corrupted

The prophetic waters that flow beneath the Living Shrine are the only thing in Fairvus that is not for sale. That makes a sample of those waters potentially the most valuable export in the city.

On their one night in the city, the party is approached by a slim figure who reveals himself to be a young disciple of the Living Shrine. He offers the most unscrupulous looking one in the group a rare treasure – a sparkling vial he claims is filled by the waters under the Shrine. The elf has been corrupted by his visits into the city, and wants money to enjoy them more fully. The only product at his disposal is bits of his sacred charge.

He offers to sell the vial, but proposes an even more lucrative deal. He will provide sacred relics from the shrine if the party will smuggle them from Fairvus. Even he is not blinded to the fact that he cannot sell in the market openly.

If the party refuses, he moves on to another group

with the same offer, and the party is visited later that night by his new partners to keep the scheme quiet. If they accept, the first pass goes without difficulty, but before they can repeat the deal, the shrine reveals the blasphemy to the other disciples. The party's next visit to Fairvus will be characterized by violence, fear, and constant harassment instead of profit.

Tvis, Followers of the Inner Light

Not everyone in Fairvus worships Aouri exclusively. Elves have many gods and are generally tolerant of other religions. Most Fairvus elves have in their homes two or three altars varying deities, and one of the more popular is Tvis.

A god manifesting as an elf with a golden ram's horns, Tvis the Seeker as he is sometimes called, has many faithful. As Tvis stands for that which is Truth, it is especially unfortunate that a human mistake is costing his followers so much.

It started on a rainy night in the port of the city, where a ship captained by the merchant Donovan Troy was being violently rocked against the piers. Troy, having trouble sleeping, took out a vial of holy water from the Living Shrine, thinking to set it by the lantern on his bedside table and thus soothe his nerve. The bottle rolled off and came unplugged. In trying to save what was left, Troy touched the water and experienced a vision.

Usually the water in the shrine has a minimal effect on humans, but Troy had fey ancestry. His sight was blinded by a vision of the shrine. It was being hacked to pieces, the tree dead and rotting, was being taken apart by elves to use as firewood. Beside it a monument was being erected, one with an elven head and great golden horns.

As usual, the water was showing a true future, and one that had appeal. Troy was angry at the Living Shrine's exclusiveness and in his heart did long for its demise, even though it would mean an end to his lucrative trade in illegal relics. The vision he was seeing was to come a thousand years into the future, decades after the end of Fairvus. But Troy didn't know that. He believed that the vision meant the followers of Tvis plotted against Aouri's followers. He couldn't have been more wrong.

That very night members of the Soul of Fairvus raided the ship, taking statues and leaving behind broken bits of alabaster, so as to make it appear the products had been destroyed. Troy left harbor with only half the load he came for and a new determination – it was the followers of Tvis who were responsible for his loss.

Troy's false deduction was based on human logic. The followers of one god must be intolerant toward others. Though, this is far from the case with elves. With the exception of the dark gods of the Drow, the elves of Fairvus worship the elven pantheon in harmony. Aouri receives special attention only because her Shrine sits just outside the city.

Troy made arrangements to meet with a second ship belonging to him and to return to Fairvus the following week, whereupon he staged a night raid on several Fairvus tree homes which displayed the symbols of Tvis. He and his men vandalized the trees, cutting branches off and throwing paint and acid on the trunks. Several elves who attempted to defend their homes suffered injury. In the end, Troy was discovered as the author of the raid and his ships were banished from the Fairvus trade route by both humans and elves.

But suspicion lingered like a seed, and it has taken root in other human merchants. At present day, many human merchants entering Fairvus shun Tvis followers. This barely cloaked hostility continues to shun Fairvus citizens of both faiths. Most elves assume the humans will see the error of their judgment eventually and no harm will come of it.

Like Troy, most elves don't understand humans either.

From the Captain's log book of Star Streaking...

"It seems I've lost again. Everytime we venture forth on the routes I offer to pass by the peculiar elven community of Fairvus, but my sailors' eyes glaze over at the sight of the tall rocks standing out marking the coast, and when I draw near I see the look in the elves' eyes as they help bring the ship about. They know we will keep returning. At the Mirror my bed is already turned down for me, my room reserved, even though on my last stay I said I would likely not return. How did they know?"

Do they know my ship and my men better than I?"



CHAPTER 6 – THE MENAGERIE

Laribo was silent. The other men spoke of home and family, but not the elf. He stayed with his eyes fixed on the thinly cobbled road that ringed the coast a quarter-mile inland and didn't look at any of them, but kept his eyes on his feet, steps so perfectly even that Erin wondered if he was doing so deliberately. He wanted to ask a question. He wanted to know if Laribo had considered at all the debt he was owed, and if so, how Erin might repay it. He wanted to ask, but sensed this was not the right time. He wondered if there would be a right time.

After a few miles, they took a break and moved off the road and further inland. Erin cleaned his clothes by a creek, watching the silver schools of fish dart in and out of shadow. After a while, it became apparent something else was watching the fish. A long, tan colored paw snaked out of a bush overhanging the shore and dipped into the water, claws nailing a slippery catch. The fish struggled, then fell back into the water before the unseen predator could catch it with its mouth. Intrigued, Erin crept down the riverbank and to the other side.

The animal, whatever it was, was not in the bush but just beside it, and as Erin approached, he saw the paw snake out again – far too long an extension for an ordinary cat. He saw blood on the fur, and when he peered around the bush, he saw the creature in full.

Tan it was, and covered in short fur. Twin liquid blue eyes peered out from the cat's overly angular face. It was too large to be a house cat, and too delicate to be a bobcat. Its paws were long, about twice a normal cat's length, and very thin, ending in long fine needle-like claws. It was curled up, bleeding, atop a bear trap, and its expression, the most pitiful look Erin had seen in days, also looked strikingly human.

It mewled at him, a long, high note that trembled at the end and reminded him of a skillfully played harp. The leaves in the bush shivered as if responding. The cat mewled again. Again, the leaves shivered but now Erin was wondering whether to approach, for as sad and hungry as it was he knew cornered animals could be dangerous.

In the end, he touched it and it did not protest. Lifting its hindquarters a little he could see only its tail was caught – a long tail, one that looped around the trap's circumference twice. The animal watched him as he pried the jaws apart, letting out a wowl when he maneuvered his fingers in to work the tail free.

It had been cut to the bone. The cat leapt out and away from the trap and trotted straight for the river. There it reached a languid paw down and caught up one of the bright fishes and gulped it down. Two more fish later, it leaned down and started lapping the water furiously.

Erin wanted to sew up its wound, for the tail was sure to infect, but the cat was far away and his kit was back at camp. He decided he'd done enough for it and would have to go on his way.

As he left it, he heard it purring between sips and the water that touched the cat's lips rippled outward in great circles. It almost touched the opposite bank, Erin noticed, climbing up. Odd, that. He made his way back to camp.

They were eating when he got there, and Erin quickly grabbed a stick from the fire and started chewing on darkened meat. He was watching the elf's whose mood hadn't seemed to change much, and made a decision.

"Laribo." He moved to sit next to him. The log was greatly uncomfortable, but somehow the elf didn't seem to mind it. "I have a debt to repay. You saved my life. I know that means nothing to you—"

"Of course it means something to me," Laribo said, surprising him. "I did not go to the village to watch everyone there die. But your life means about as much to me as did the lives of the villagers. You seem to wish it would mean more."

"No, I don't. I only wish to pay you back."

"Well perhaps there is something you can do for me," Laribo said simply. "You may escort me back all the way to Fedhollow, my home, so that I do not make the journey alone." Laribo was nodding. "Distraction through conversation – that is very welcome."

"I can do that," Erin said, then said lower, "You feel their pain more than I do, don't you?"

Laribo sighed. "It's not your problem, Erin. You will go home and in a few years you will be too old to battle. But I've several hundred years before I may begin turning down such requests."

"I never thought of it like that. Is there nothing that can comfort you?"

Laribo smiled suddenly. "I didn't mean to depress you."

A mewling sound broke through to camp. Laribo and the others looked up. Erin saw up a hill the cat he'd tended to staring at them. It fixed its eyes on the meat and trotted down the incline and to the fire.

The men stared blankly, but Laribo shot up on his feet. He imitated a purr at the cat – a poor imitation of the animal's fine vocal qualities, but it let him near and even let him stroke its fur. Then it curled up at his feet with meat Laribo rescued for it from the fire.

"Where did you come from?" he asked it, speaking as to a delighted child. When Erin told him he fairly beamed. "Good work, Erin! Do you know what this cat is? One of the few of its kind, a lost soul, an elven beast. He will make a fine companion for me, if he so chooses. You would like to choose me, wouldn't you?"

Laribo sounded almost pleading. It was so unlike him. If the cat cared it didn't reveal it. The animal curled up between Erin and Laribo and cleaned a paw.

It followed them the next morning – down the coast and to another river, where it joined Laribo on shore rather than ride in the boat. The cat seemed to be making do with its injured tail, and often it was that Erin saw Laribo leaning down from a tree, smiling, the cat just a few feet up the branch, hissing at swallows.

"Seems happier, don't he?" Commented one of the men, and Erin too remarked on how lighthearted the elf appeared.

When they got off the boat, they divided their belongings and started saying goodbye. Erin picked up his bags and looked up a long, thin trail that ran off into the wilderness. A debt was a debt. He'd just have to wait a little longer to go home.

But Laribo was touching his shoulder and shaking his head. The elf's eyes were moist. "You are no longer needed. Your debt, if there ever was one, has been repaid tenfold."

"I don't understand."

"This is an elf cat, a beast with the heart and soul of an elder race. The spirit that peers out through those eyes was once as I was, old, carrying the memories of countless ancestors within his body. But he has chosen a new path."

"And what path is that?" Erin asked, taking the time to scratch the cat behind its ears.

"Once, and only once, the gods allow those they favor to be born an elf cat, so that their minds may be wiped clean of all their past sins, of life's burdens, of lives they have known and taken. It is a wonderful thing."

"You must envy it."

"I will become it. This is what it means to meet an elf cat. I am next. This is..." he almost could not continue. "This is a great honor. A welcome relief, also."

"Will you want to forget when you die?" Erin asked, feeling a little horrified. "Will you want to dismissed everything you have learned thus far? I thought that was important to elves."

"It is part of the journey," Laribo replied. "And now I am allowed to make it. I doubt it was accident that you found the cat and tended her. I think it was also, no accident that I found you, as you were, about to die at the end of an orc's blade. I will not forget the gift you have presented to me, or that the gods chose you, Erin, as their messenger."

He didn't do anything more than smile and leave at that point, and Erin, flabbergasted at the suddenness of parting, didn't know how to react. The last thing he saw of Laribo was the elf's back and the cat winding in and out between his feet. And then they were gone.

Erin did note many times after that, that the elf's steps had

been even lighter than before, and he wondered – what value was there in having lightened an elf's steps? Or his heart?

Was it worth more than any gift he might have given a human friend?

Perhaps, considering the lifetimes Laribo knew, it was.

GARDENER

"It mattered not where we turned. The enemy's moves were swift, their arrows plentiful and true of target. And with them, the very wood seemed to shift and change, depriving us of hiding places even as it protected those damned wood elves."

Large Construct

Hit Dice: 5d10

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 10 ft.

AC: 18 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +8 natural)

Attacks: Slam +8 melee

Damage: Slam 1d8+6

Face/Reach: 5 x 5; 10 ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: Construct, resistances, earth dependence

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +1

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 13, Con --, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6

Climate/Terrain: any land

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 6-8 HD (large); 9-16 HD (huge) 17-24 HD (gargantuan)

The gardener is an elven construct built entirely from living wood. Its feet contain roots that, with each mighty step, slip from the ground and snake back into the loam as the foot falls. Its body appears woven from thick branches, and patches of leaves bloom at random from its surfaces.

Because it is built of living, growing wood, the gardener is one of the few constructs that improves with age and repairs on its own. A gardener will heal 1 point of damage each day. Furthermore, after creation the gardener will grow one hit die for every 25 years of continued existence. The eldest of the gardeners are towering giants that serve as mobile homes for whole villages of elves.

The construct was first created to tend sacred gardens and druid groves, but their use in war was soon discovered. The construct's ability to control the growth of plants helps elven strategists and tacticians funnel troops and seek

advantageous ground for battle. Its great strength helps to break charges.

Gardeners are now a part of most elven settlements.

Combat

The gardener's greatest liability in combat is its slow speed. Because of that, it lets its foes come to it. It uses its spell-like abilities liberally to curtail combatants' own movement advantages, then when necessary moves in to finish off its enemies with its slam attack.

Spell-like abilities: At will: *diminish plants*, *plant growth*; 3/day: *entangle*; 1/day: *move earth*, *soften earth and stone*. These abilities are as the spells cast by a 7th-level sorcerer. DC for saving throws is 10+ spell level.

Resistances (Ex): A gardener has electricity resistance 20, sonic and cold resistance 10, and fire resistance 5.

Earth Dependence: A gardener must stand on fertile earth (ground able to support plant life) at all times. It may not cross stone or water of its own accord, but may be moved by other powers. If removed from fertile ground, or the ground underneath is made infertile through spell or magical effect, the gardener becomes inert. It will not act in any way – even to defend itself. If returned to fertile ground, the gardener returns to full operation after one full round.

Construction

A druid creates a gardener from a copse of living trees with access to the craft wondrous items feat. He creates the form of the body using wood shape spells over the course of two weeks, shaping the body into a vaguely humanoid form. After the construction is complete, there is a three-hour ritual in which the druid must cast *diminish plants*, *plant growth*, and *reincarnation*. At the end of the ritual, the creator spends 1500 XP. With that sacrifice of life force, the gardener awakens and serves the druid, or any one other person the creator designates.

GREAT DRAKE

"The beast looked impressive, but I had expected something more noble, something ...I don't know, more draconic, if you know what I mean."

Large Dragon (fire)

Hit Dice: 7d12

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

AC: 16 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +6 natural)

Attacks: Bite +11 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d8+5
 Face/Reach: 5 x 10; 10ft.
 Special Attacks: Breath weapon
 Saves: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +5
 Abilities: Str 21, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 13
 Feats: Flyby attack

Climate/Terrain: Any land
 Organization: Clutch (2-5); wing (2-5 plus elven riders)
 Challenge Rating: 4
 Treasure: Standard
 Alignment: Usually neutral
 Advancement: 8-9 HD (large); 10-15 HD (huge) some exceptional drakes advance as sorcerers

The great drake is the source of the legends of elven dragon riders. Small as far as true dragons go, the great drakes are bred for stupidity and loyalty. They retain the most of the dragon's natural advantages, while most of the beasts supernatural abilities are ruthlessly suppressed. Greater drakes are still bred only by the most decadent of elven societies. But these societies often have dozens of competing breeding houses.

The great drake is a dusky red in color, often deepening to a true brown as the beast ages. Its claws have atrophied to tiny stubs on their arms, useless for dealing damage, but their fearsome bite is as potent as ever.

When not on parade or training for battle, the drakes spend most of their time bathing in boiling water and having their scales scratched by the lowest rungs of the breeding houses. Most are too stupid to realize they are slaves, but for all the elves precautions some exceptional individuals are still born. A few have even managed to re-open their magical talents and have trained themselves as sorcerers. These few wait, as patiently as their true dragon cousins. They know that their time will come.

Combat

The elves use the greater drakes as aerial cavalry, though more and more often the drake's only duties are ceremonial. Still the beasts are impressive when put into battle. They make great use of their flyby attack feat, and intersperse their raking attacks with strafing runs using their breath weapon. The elven mages ride them into battle and support attacks with powerful evocations or just sit back to watch the carnage.

Breath Weapon (Ex): A greater drake can use a fiery breath weapon every third round. This breath weapon is a line 5 ft. wide by 5 ft. tall extending directly away from the drake extending a full 60 ft. in length. Damage is 2d12 with a successful Reflex saving throw (DC 18) reducing the damage by half.

TOTEM

"There came a great crashing through the wood and shrub, and there stood the Boar Beast, tusks raised, eyes baleful. And in them writhed the souls of his fallen; their pig shrieks, his open mouth's howl at the rising moon."

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 6d8+24 (48 hit points)
 Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 improved initiative)
 Speed: 50ft.
 AC: 15 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +12 melee, 2 claw +7 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d8+7, claw 1d6 +3
 Face/Reach: 5 x 10; 5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Rake
 Special Qualities: Undying, scent
 Saves: Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +4
 Abilities: Str 25, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 14
 Skills: Hide +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Spot +6
 Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any land
 Organization: Solitary
 Challenge Rating: 3
 Treasure: None
 Alignment: Always neutral
 Advancement: 7-12 HD (large), 13-20 HD (huge)

At the heart of every animal is a spirit. Since they are not as strong as the spirits of men, the spirits of animals cannot find their way to the afterlife after passing on. Instead, they gather together, and as they grow in number, they grow in strength. After enough die with honor and dignity the spirits of the dead coalesce to protect those they left behind. The form they take is the totem.

The totem exists to protect living animals of its type. A totem can exist for any animal, from the noble wolf to the timid hare. It is unknown what exactly has to happen to form the protector spirit, but it usually happens in areas of wilderness that has seen little or no hunting by civilized races.

The totem takes the form of a large version of the animal it protects. Its statistics are identical regardless of the outward form it wears, and a turtle totem should be feared as much as the totem of the bear. It is peaceful unless attacked, or it witnesses the unnecessary killing of one of its people. Hunting for needed food is acceptable. Hunting for fur, profit, sport, or pleasure will kindle the totem's rage.

Rare clerics have found a way to contact a totem and petition for its aid (those with the totem domain) but they always do so with respect. The totem and its mission is a noble one. It deserves respect, and demands it for those it protects.

Combat

The totem is a cunning beast. It tends to use the tactics of the animal it protects, but it does not limit itself if those tactics prove flawed against a certain group of foes. It tends to strike from ambush, attacking a few times then slipping away into the wilderness. Its goal is the protection of its spirit brothers. If that goal is accomplished it ends the fight immediately. But, the totem understands what can endanger its charges. Actions that damage the local ecology enough to endanger those he protects will inspire the totem's wrath as well.

Every totem limits itself to a certain geographical area, usually no more than a dozen miles on a side. These are the stalking grounds. The animals within are under his protection. The totem does not concern itself with activities outside this border.

Rake (Ex): If the totem beast hits successfully with any 2 of its three attacks in a single round on a single target of medium-sized or larger, it may immediately choose to rake with its rear claws for 2d6+6 additional hit points damage.

Undying: The totem can be defeated, but never destroyed. If brought to less than -10 hit points, a totem beast fades from sight leaving no body. 1d3 days later it reforms somewhere within its stalking grounds. The only way to be rid of a totem is to slay all normal animals it represents within the radius of its stalking grounds. Doing so will obviously force the slayers to face the totem multiple times before the task is done, and if new members of his protected species enters the stalking ground the totem beast will return.

Skills: The totem has a +1 racial bonus to listen, move silently, and spot checks. It has a +2 racial bonus to hide checks.

VENGEANCE

Medium-sized Undead

"There was no darkness in the undead woman's eyes. Only a strange, piercing light..."

Hit Dice: 2d12 (14 hit points)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40 ft.

AC: 16 (+2 natural armor, +4 Dex)

Attacks: Slam +5 melee or +1 melee by weapon)

Damage: Slam 1d6+2 plus spasm or by weapon type

Face/Reach: 5 x 5; 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Spasm, flash

Special Qualities: Fast heal 2, quick, positive energy undead

Saves: Fort, Ref, Will

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 19, Con --, Int --, Wis 8, Cha 14

Feats: Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Finesse [slam]

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Troop (2-5), or legion (10-60)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: none

Alignment: always lawful neutral

Advancement: 3-4 HD (medium-sized); 5-8 HD (large); 9-18 HD (huge)

The Vengeance were first created when the elven vampires (see eternal) first overwhelmed their foes with positive energy. Since then priests of Avahor have learned the technique for creating them directly. The Vengeance are typically created from the corpses of enemies in war and therefore often are the animated corpses of monstrous humanoids and of the green races. An elf would be aghast on discovering a Vengeance made from elven dead.

The Vengeance is nothing more than the shell of being that contains too much life force to die. The power that fills the undead animates it. The muscles of the creature it once was have withered away under the constant bath of positive energy.

They appear as they did in life but with a tracery of glowing veins that cover the skin and frizzy, flyaway hair and fur as if the vengeance was covered in static electricity. They are nimble and move with quick jerky motions. They possess a speed not usually associated with the undead. Some carry the weapons they had in life, though most use only their slam attack, and some still wear the armor they possessed when alive (or are dressed by their creators.)

Combat

Vengeance are mindless undead, and posses no enmity to the living. Uncontrolled Vengeance will do nothing for centuries if left undisturbed. If attacked, they will defend themselves – attacking anything in sight until no creatures other than Vengeance can be seen. They will then stand motionless until disturbed again. The only exception to this is when they are encountered by conventional negative energy undead – at which point they will go into a berserker frenzy attacking their opposites until they are dead. When attacking they use no tactics, moving until the foe is within reach of their slam attack, then attacking until the foe moves away or is defeated.

Controlled Vengeance attack as their creator directs as usual.

Spasm (Su): When a Vengeance successfully strikes an opponent in combat, it releases a bit of the energy pent up with it into its foe. This energy races through its enemy causing a -8 circumstance penalty to Dexterity for three rounds and causing him to become 'flat-footed' until his next initiative. If Dexterity is reduced below 1, the target falls to the floor twitching until the three rounds are ended. A Fortitude save (DC 15) reduces the Dexterity penalty by half (to -4) and prevents becoming flat-footed. Additional spasms do not stack the Dexterity penalties but do add on to the duration of the effect.

Flash (Su): When a Vengeance is reduced to 0 hit points, the bond that holds the positive energy within its body breaks, releasing the energy out in a single flash. This flash results in the equivalent of a flare spell affecting all sighted creatures within 20 ft. of the now re-deceased Vengeance. DC to avoid the penalty is 12.

Fast Healing (Su): So long as the Vengeance has 1 or more hit points, he heals 10 hit points of damage each round. Like other undead, if the Vengeance is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points he is destroyed.

Quick (Ex): Though mindless, the Vengeance is treated as though he possessed the following feats: Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Finesse [slam].

Positive Energy Undead (Ex): Eternals are positive energy undead. They are effected oppositely and twofold by spells and attacks that utilize positive and negative energy. Like living beings, *cure* spells heal and *inflict* spells cause damage. But for the Eternal their effects are double normal. *Cure light wounds* would heal 2d8+twice the caster's level. *Inflict light wounds* does 2d8+twice the caster's level in damage.

In addition, they are effect by cleric turn attempts opposite of normal. Clerics channeling positive energy rebuke/command positive energy undead instead of turn/destroy. Clerics channeling negative energy do just the opposite.

WEREFEY

The little elven boy turned away from me with an odd snort of contempt.

"If you don't wish to play, go away!"

He then reached down to what I had first assumed was a white ball. As he turned it over in its hands, the skull seemed to implore me to escape while I could.

Medium-sized Plant

Hit Dice: 3d8

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 0 ft.

AC: 16 (+1 Dex, + 5 natural)

Attacks: Slam +1 melee

Damage: Slam 1d4-1

Face/Reach: 5 x 5; 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Charming mist

Special Qualities: Plant, elfform

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 9

Climate/Terrain: Any forest

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually neutral evil

Advancement: 4-8 HD (medium-sized)

The werefey is a stationary plant that can apparently transform itself into an elf at will. It uses this ability to lure victims into range of its mind-dulling pollen and keeps them there, first to entertain the plant, then to sustain it as fertilizer. In its natural form, the werefey is a mid-sized leafy bush with thick branches. It has no apparent eyes or ears, seeing and hearing through spots on its leaves.

When encountered the plant will project a vision of an elven youth crying over the remains of his companions – often the companions are the decomposing bodies of previous victims. He entreats visitors to come help him bury the bodies, and when they get within reach of his charming mist asks them to stay and keep him company. Those unaffected are rudely told to leave him and his new friend be.

Werefey are responsible for many stories of feckless and ensorcelling elves, and the elves extinguish them wherever they are found. Too many real differences exist between the elves and their neighbors to let the mysterious plants provide more false rumors.

Combat

The werefey does not like violence, and does its best to avoid it. If provoked, it will use its charmed companions to protect itself, but it would much rather talk its way out of a confrontation. As a last resort, the werefey will use its own feeble slam attack, but if combat reaches that point, the plant is most likely doomed.

Charming Mist (Ex): The werefey continually puts out pollen from its blossoms that subtly influence those near it to consider the plant a trusted friend. Those who pass within 30 ft. of the werefey must make a Will saving throw (DC 13) or be effected as though by a *charm monster* spell cast by a 5th-level sorcerer. As long as those affected stay within the area of the mist, the charm effect continues. They feel no hunger or thirst and they willingly sit and talk with the werefey until they expire. Those that save are immune to that werefey's pollen, becoming susceptible again only after a week spent away from the plant. This is not a magical effect.

Elfform (Su): At will, the werefey can project an illusory disguise around itself to appear to be an elven youth. This disguise reacts normally to others, and can even be slain – leaving an illusory body, but it cannot move from the spot of its creation. The werefey will concoct any ruse necessary to explain away that necessity, and those affected by the charming mist will readily believe and support to their companions any such fiction. Attacks on the youth have a 50% chance of hitting the werefey, and after one or two chops, the plant adopts the ruse of killing the elf.

TEMPLATES

ETERNAL

"Fear her for what she is, a thing too bright for elvenkind, that, in burning, extinguishes all that is truly alive."

The elves loathe the undead. The foul creatures are an example of everything they stand against – decay, evil. The negative energy that fuels them is the antithesis of the elven dedication to life and growth. The undead's eternal existence is a mockery of the natural longevity that the elves enjoy. For the undead, the feeling is mutual.

But in desperation, people will try anything to save themselves. Millennia ago the elves were being overwhelmed by dark hordes of undead. The abominations knew no rest. As each elf fell, he stood and picked up arms against his own people, often with hideous powers in addition to his elven talents. During one of the darkest days, the priests of Avahor the Inferno prayed for a blessing to combat the throngs of the dead. They asked for assistance, and said they would pay any price. Avahor heard their prayer and they paid the ultimate price becoming the first eternal – also known as the elven vampire.

Avahor refused to traffic with the powers of negative energy so he instilled his followers with positive energy until their fragile bodies were overwhelmed and they died. Their life departed, the conduit to the Positive Energy Plane was left open through their corpses and was directed by a memory of their mind. They became in effect a member of the undead themselves.

The priesthood expanded their number, asking the greatest warriors left to their people to make the sacrifice and transform themselves. With these new supernatural warriors on their side, the tide was turned and after decades more struggle, the evil defeated. The eternal that were left – and few survived – departed. They knew they were unpleasant reminders of the evils they defeated, and a constant temptation of power for the weaker-willed of their people. Those that remain live in isolation coming forward only when they are need to protect their people again.

An eternal looks much like he did in life with a discernable glow that surrounds them. Vegetation near them grows more lush as they pass, and natural animals find their presence comforting. As their existence as undead grows longer they become more and more pale. The eldest among them are white from head to toe, with pupil-less eyes and no hint of cooler in hair or skin.

Though the first were elves, eternal of other races have been turned. The undead are not immune to the temptations of loneliness, and seek comfort in those races who do not find their existence so unnatural.

Creating an Eternal

The eternal template can be applied to any humanoid, monstrous humanoid, or fey creature. The creature's type changes to undead. It uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted below.

Hit Dice: Like undead powered by negative energy an eternal's hit die becomes d12

Initiative: Increase by +2

Speed: The base creature's speed increases by +10 ft. This applies to all forms of movement: ground, burrow, fly, and swim. All will increase by 10 ft. If the base creature does not have the fly movement type, he gains it at 10 ft. Maneuverability is clumsy.

Attacks: An eternal retains all attacks of the base creature. If he does not have a slam attack, he gains one.

Damage: Eternal have slam attacks. If the base creature does not, use the damage values provide in the table below.

<u>Size</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Fine	1
Diminutive	1d2
Tiny	1d3
Small	1d4
Medium-sized	1d6
Large	1d8
Huge	2d6
Gargantuan	2d8
Colossal	4d6

Special Attacks: An eternal retains all special attacks of the base creature except any that are based on negative energy. Those are lost. He also gains those listed below.

Pacify (Su): An eternal may as a standard action, attempt to pacify any creature in active combat. The creature must be within 30 ft. and gets a will save (DC 18) to avoid the effect. If successfully pacified, the creature may not make any hostile action (make an attack, cast any spell that does damage or requires a saving throw, etc.) for as long as the eternal maintains concentration plus three rounds. The targets other actions are not restricted. The target remains effected even if he leaves the initial range.

Uncontrolled Growth (Su): The eternal can make a touch attack to temporarily infuse a target with positive energy. The target gains 1d8+3 temporary hit points for one hour. This stacks with any other temporary hit points the target may have from other sources. Undead or negative energy creatures take 1d8+3 hp damage instead.

If a creature affected by Uncontrolled Growth gains enough temporary hit points so that his current hit point total plus temporary hit points equal twice his normal maximum hit

points, he dies and becomes a Vengeance (pg ??) under the control of the eternal who last granted him temporary hit points via Uncontrolled Growth.

Steal Vitality (Su): By being romantically intimate with a living target (this must be voluntary!), the eternal exchanges some of his artificial positive energy for the life force of his partner. The target takes 1d4 temporary Constitution damage, and the eternal gains one hit die for the next 24 hours.

Create Spawn (Su): The eternal may, through continued use of his Steal Vitality attack, transform his partner into another eternal. When Steal Vitality reduces the target's Constitution to 0 or below, she dies, becoming a new conduit for positive energy and gaining the eternal template. The new eternal is under the command of the original for a period of one month, after that point she becomes free-willed and may act as she so chooses.

Special Qualities: An eternal retains all special qualities of the base creature except any that are based on negative energy. Those are lost. He also gains those listed below.

Nimbus (Su): As a standard action, the eternal can transform himself into a nimbus of positive energy. While transformed the eternal is Incorporeal. He can be harmed only by +1 or better magical weapons and has a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. He can pass through solid objects at will and his own attacks pass through armor. While incorporeal the eternal loses access to all attacks and special attacks save Uncontrolled Growth. He may return to solidity as a free action.

Turn Resistance (Ex): The Eternal has +4 turn resistance. His hit dice are considered 4 greater when targeted by a cleric or paladin's turn/rebuke class ability.

Positive Energy Undead (Ex): Eternals are positive energy undead. They are effected oppositely and twofold by spells and attacks that utilize positive and negative energy. Like living beings, *cure* spells heal and *inflict* spells cause damage. But for the Eternal their effects are double normal. *Cure light wounds* would heal 2d8+twice the caster's level. *Inflict light wounds* does 2d8+twice the caster's level in damage.

In addition, they are effect by cleric turn attempts opposite of normal. Clerics channeling positive energy rebuke/command positive energy undead instead of turn/destroy. Clerics channeling negative energy do just the opposite.

Resistance (Ex): An eternal has fire and electricity resistance 20.

Fast Healing (Su): So long as the Eternal has 1 or more hit points, he heals 10 hit points of damage each round. Like other undead, if the eternal is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points he is destroyed.

Aura of Vitality (Su): An eternal produces so much positive energy the excess spills out into the area around him. All

living creatures (not undead or constructs) within 30ft. of the eternal gain the benefit of the positive energy funneling through him. They gain Fast Healing 1 and a +2 bonus to all saves vs. poison and disease for as long as they remain within his aura.

Sunlight Dependence (Ex): The sun has a symbolic and literal importance to an eternal. As dead creatures who embody the forces of life, the sun has an inspirational effect. An eternal gains a +1 morale bonus to AC and all attack and damage rolls while in direct sunlight. The sunlight spell is not sufficient to gain this bonus.

In addition, the warm light of the sun serves to energize the positive energy powers of the eternal. An eternal must spend at least one hour in every 24 in direct sunlight or lose all special attacks and qualities bestowed by this template, and suffer a -10 circumstance penalty to Dex. When the eternal spends at least one uninterrupted hour in sunlight, his powers return and the penalty to Dex disappears. The sunlight spell is sufficient to fulfill this requirement.

Saves: Same as the base creature (modified by ability adjustments)

Abilities: Increase from the base creature as follows: Dex +8, Int +2, Wis +2, Cha +8. Eternals are undead, and as such do not have a constitution score.

Skills: Eternals have the same skills as the base creature with the following bonuses: +4 to Animal Empathy, +4 to Handle Animal, +2 to Heal, +4 to Intimidate, +2 to Ride, +4 to Tumble.

Feats: If the base creature does not already possess them, the eternal gains the following feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, and Weapon Finesse for all qualifying weapons in which he is proficient.

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary or troop (1 master plus 2-5 Vengeance, or 1-2 plus 2-8 elven warriors)

Challenge Rating: Same as base creature +3

Alignment: Always lawful neutral

Advancement: By character class

Sample Eternal

This example uses a 5th-level warder as the base creature

Eternal Elf

Medium-sized Undead

Hit Dice: 5d12

Initiative: +12 (+6 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative, +2 racial)

Speed: 40 ft., 10 ft. fly (clumsy)

AC: 20 (+6 Dex, +4 armor <chain shirt>)
 Attacks: Slam +10 melee or rapier +10 melee or longbow +11 ranged
 Damage: Slam 1d6+1, rapier 1d6+1, longbow 1d8+1
 Face/Reach: 5 x 5; 5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Pacify, uncontrolled growth, steal vitality, create spawn
 Special Qualities: Elven qualities, undead, nimbus, turn resistance, positive energy undead, resistance, fast healing 10, aura of vitality, sunlight dependence
 Saves: Fort +1, Ref +10, Will +6
 Abilities: Str 11, Dex 23, Con --, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 20
 Skills: Handle Animal +11, Heal +4, Hide +10, Intimidate +12, Listen +9, Move Silently +10, Spot +9, Tumble +11
 Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Difficult Target, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Track, Weapon Finesse, and Weapon Focus [longbow]

Combat

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage

Challenge Rating: 8

FAE-BEAST

"It moved as one with the elf. He called it his 'echo.' When I asked why, he laughed, and the creature, lifting its head, had eyes that seemed to glow with equal merriment."

Much like humanity has molded the horse, dog, sheep, and chicken over the centuries from the natural animals they once were, so to have the elves and faeries. Deep in the most untouched wilderness – where only the elves can dwell without disrupting the natural balance also live the fae-beasts. Also known as elven-beasts, some live in companionship with the eldest sons, both serving each other when needed. Still others are the wildest of the wild – as unpredictable and unknowable as the sprite is to the man.

A fae-beast resembles its base creature, though it may have wildly different markings. It may be abnormally large for its species, or lithe and slender. Most uneducated observers will assume it is just a member of the base creatures species. (Knowledge [nature] check at DC15 to determine the difference).

The most obvious distinguishing characteristics between a fae-beast and a natural animal are in its behavior and in its eyes. It will act with almost human intelligence, and its eyes – almost always larger than normal – will give the appearance of limitless depth, and of a wisdom beyond that of man.

Creating a Fae-beast

The fae-beast is a template that can be applied to any creature

with the animal, beast or vermin type (though fae-vermin are most often associated with the elves dark cousins – the Drow). The creature's type changes to magical beast. It uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted below.

Hit Dice: Increase to d10

Speed: Increase all movement types by 10 ft.

Special Qualities: A fae-beast retains all special qualities of the base creature. He also gains those listed below.

Presence of Self (Ex): The fae-beast, like the elf, knows its own mind. It is difficult to force it to do something against its will. The beast gains a +3 racial bonus vs. all enchantment spells and mind-influencing effects

Fae powers (Su): The fae beast posses some of the same eldritch energies that fuel the faeries. Even though they are not elves, they are treated as though they have the elven feats Difficult Target (x2), Hidden Presence and Trackless Step.

Saves: Same as the base creature (modified by ability adjustments)

Abilities: Increase from the base creature as follows: Dex +2, Int +2, Wis +4, Cha +2.

Skills: Fae-beasts have the same skills as the base creature with the following additional racial bonuses: +4 to Hide, +2 to Listen, +4 to Move Silently, +2 to Sense Motive, +2 to Spot. (These stack with any racial bonuses the base creature may already posses.)

Climate/Terrain: As base creature

Organization: Usually solitary; rarely mated pair

Challenge Rating: As base creature +1

Treasure: Double normal

Alignment: As base creature

Advancement: As base creature

Sample Fae-Beast

This example uses a lion as the base creature

Elven Cat

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 5d10+10 (40 hit points)

Initiative: +4 (Dex)

Speed: 50 ft.

AC: 16 (-1 size, +4 Dex, +3 natural)

Attacks: 2 claws +7 melee, bite +2 melee

Damage: Claw 1d4+5, bite 1d8+2

Face/Reach: 5 x 10; 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Pounce, improved grab, rake 1d4+2



HALF-ELF

"It was pitiful – an orc with pointed ears. I didn't know whether to react in disgust or sympathy, so I just put it to the sword and out of its misery."

The elves are descended from a magical race, and though it is rare, this magic allows them to conceive with other species. The most common example of this is the half-elf/half-human. Half-elves of this type are so common that the human half no longer has to be mentioned. But whether through violence or a rare and unspoken love that crosses the racial boundary other cross-breeds do exist.

Even more than the half-humans, other half-elves find themselves the victims of prejudice and ridicule from both their lineages. The elves see them as cripples, and depending on how the conception occurred, view the luckless child as a painful reminder of memories best left alone or an example of the inner weakness of her family. Few remain at home until adulthood.

A half-elf appears much like the base creature, but with smoother features, a more willowy build, and distinct points to the ears. Odd colors for the eyes and hair are also common in such a pairing.

Creating a Half-Elf

Half-elf is a template that can be applied to any creature of the humanoid or monstrous humanoid type. The creature's type remains the same, and all statistics are those of the base creature except as detailed below.

Hit Dice: If Hit Dice are 2 or less they remain the same, otherwise half of those of the base creature (round up).

Armor Class: Halve any natural armor bonuses.

Special Attacks: Roll d% for each special attack the base creature possesses. 1-50: it remains; 51-00: remove it.

Special Qualities: Roll d% for each special attack the base creature possesses. 1-50: it remains; 51-00: remove it. The half-elf also gains the special qualities listed below.

Immunity to Sleep (Ex): The half-elf is immune to sleep spells and similar magical effects.

Charm resistance (Ex): The half-elf gains an additional +2 racial saving throw bonus to resist the effect of Enchantment spells and effects.

Night-vision (Ex): Half-elves can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. They retain the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

Saves: Same as the base creature (modified by ability adjustments)

Abilities: Modify all abilities as follows – Determine the

Special Qualities: Scent, presence of self, fae powers

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 21, Dex 19, Con 15, Int 4, Wis 16, Cha 8

Skills: Balance +8, Hide +9, Jump +5, Listen +9, Move Silently +16, Spot +9

Feats: --

Climate/Terrain: Warm plains

Organization: Solitary or mated pair

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 6-8 HD (large)

The elven cat occupies a sacred place for many elves. Many believe that they hold the spirits of elves who have seen and done too much to bear remembering in the afterlife. The elves believe that the gods bless such a spirit by giving it a life as an elven cat to wipe the evil visions from the tortured soul.

An elf who sees one of these animals, and has led a tortured life himself, takes it as a sign he will receive the blessing after he has died.

ability modifier of each ability. If the modifier is between -2 and +2, the ability remains the same as the base creature. If the modifier is -3 or less add 2 to the ability score. If the modifier is +3 subtract 2 from the ability score. If the modifier is +4 or more divide the modifier by two and assign the ability the minimum score necessary to achieve that modifier.

Skills: Half-elves have the same skills as the base creature with the following additional racial bonuses: +1 to Listen, +1 to Search, +1 to Spot. (These stack with any racial bonuses the base creature may already possess.)

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary or as base creature.

Challenge Rating: HD 1-4: As the base creature

HD 5-7: -1

HD 8-10: -2

HD 11-13: -3

Etc.

Treasure: As the base creature

Alignment: Any

Advancement: By character class

Sample Half-Elf

This example uses an orc as the base creature.

Half-elf/half-orc

Medium-sized Humanoid

Hit Dice: 1d8 (4 hit points)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 12 (+2 leather)

Attacks: Club +3 melee

Damage: Club 1d6+3

Face/Reach: 5 x 5; 5 ft.

Special Qualities: Darkvision, nightvision, sleep immunity, charm resistance.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 8

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3, Search +1

Feats: Alertness

Climate/Terrain: Any land and underground

Organization: Solitary or gang (2-4)

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Any

Advancement: By character class

The half-orc/half-elf is the second most common of the elven half-breeds, and is almost always the result of a tragedy. His birth is usually very hard and often kills the unfortunate mother. To the viewpoint of the elves, the monstrous creature reaches maturity in an eye blink, and the child is encouraged to leave as soon as it can fend for itself. If the child finds his way to his fathers people, the 'faerie stink' of him is likely to bring him a swift death. Those that survive are usually paranoid and bitter – hating the life that was given to them.

Combat

Darkvision (Ex): A half-elf/half-orc can see in total darkness up to a radius of 60 ft.

HALF-FAERIE

"They begged for a child and in the morning the spirits brought them one. Pale and green-skinned was she, with dark, unnatural eyes. We prayed that, as she grew, such strange colorings might revert to normal."

The fey's magical nature allows them to conceive with virtually any other species. Their whimsical nature gives them the desire to do so. Their magical powers of illusion and shapechange provide the easy means to practice their whims. Half-faerie are therefore more common than one might expect.

When they appear in human villages, they are called changelings. Elves consider the fae-touched a blessing – a revitalization of their innate magic and connection to the land. Half-faerie born to mortals bring with them a touch of wonder, they often become heroes of great renown.

Half-faeries who are raised by their fey parent have an unpredictable childhood. Their mother or father treats them with – in turn – affection, jealousy, resentment, adoration, fierce protectiveness, and indifference – often in the same day. The emotional roller-coaster eventually becomes too much, and the half-faerie all too commonly leaves, sometimes escapes, for mortal civilization sooner than he is ready. He must deal with the mistruths and wild stories his fey parent told him of the outside world, as well as the difficulties in being a stranger and oddity everywhere he goes.

Physically, most half-faeries closely resemble their non-fey half, though smaller, but all have some feature of their magical heritage. Depending who their parents were, the half-faerie may have cloven hooves or vestigial fairy wings. Webs may stretch between his fingers and toes or he could be followed by a series of twinkling lights.

Creating a Half-Faerie

Half-faerie is a template that can be applied to any corporeal creature of the aberration, animal, beast, dragon, giant, humanoid, magical beast, monstrous humanoid, plant, shapechanger, or vermin type. The creature's type changes to fey. It has a 25% chance of dropping one size category. It

uses all the base creature's statistics except as noted below.

Hit Dice: d6 (or by character class)

Speed: As the base creature. If the creature is of size small or less, there is a 25% chance it has butterfly wings and may fly at a speed of 20 with perfect maneuverability.

Special Attacks: A half-faerie retains all special attacks of the base creature. Half-faerie with an intelligence, wisdom, or charisma ability score of 8 or more also have access to a limited number of spell-like abilities determined by their Hit Dice. Caster level is equal to total Hit Dice. Spell-like abilities are useable once per day unless otherwise indicated.

Hit Dice	Abilities
1-2	<i>Prestidigitation</i> 3/day
3-4	<i>Glitterdust</i>
5-6	<i>Invisibility</i> (self-only)
7-8	<i>Minor Image</i> 2/day
9-10	<i>Suggestion</i>
11-12	<i>Charm Monster</i>
13-14	<i>Polymorph Self</i> 2/day
15-16	<i>Teleport</i>
17-18	<i>Geas</i>
19+	<i>Temporal Stasis</i>

Special Qualities: A fae-beast retains all special qualities of the base creature. He also gains the use of Low-light vision if he did not already possess it.

Saves: Same as the base creature (modified by ability adjustments)

Abilities: Increase from the base creature as follows: Str -2, Dex +4, Con-2, Wis -2, Cha +4.

Skills: Fae-beasts have the same skills as the base creature.

Climate/Terrain: As the base creature

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: As the base creature +1

Treasure: If base creature's is none, then standard, otherwise as the base creature

Alignment: Always chaotic

Advancement: As the base creature, or by character class

Sample Half-Faerie

This example uses a griffon as the base creature.

Half-faerie Griffon

Large Fey

Hit Dice: 7d6+14 (42 hit points)

Initiative: +4 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

AC: 19 (-1 size, +4 Dex, +6 natural)

Attacks: Bite +7 melee, 2 claws +2 melee

Damage: Bite 2d6+3, claw 1d4+1

Face/Reach: 5 x 10; 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Pounce, rake 1d6+1, spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: Scent, low-light vision

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 19, Con 14, Int 5, Wis 13, Cha 12

Skills: Jump +7, Listen +5, Spot +10

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and warm hills and mountains

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always chaotic neutral

Advancement: 8-10 HD (large); 11-21 HD (huge)

A half-faerie griffon is what happens when a sylph admires the power of an airborne hunter just a bit too much. Slightly smaller than the normal griffon, the half-faerie griffon is a riot of bright primary colors that seem to shift and swirl as you look at them. Unlike its more stately brothers, the half-faerie griffon hunts trinkets as well as meat, and it usually layers its nest in bright cloths and bits of treasure snatched on the wing from passing caravans.

Combat

Spell-like abilities: A half-faerie griffon can use the following spell-like abilities as a sorcerer of 7th level. 3/day: *prestidigitation*; 2/day: *minor image*; 1/day: *glitterdust*, *invisibility* (self only). DCs for saving throws are 11+ the spells level.

CHAPTER 7 – ENTARES AND THE ELORII CITY OF SEREMAS

Caveat Emptor:

Much of the material represented here is inspired by information found in the *Codex Arcanis*.

Familiarity with the history and terminology of continent of Onara will be extremely helpful in understanding this chapter. For those of you new to the Arcanis setting, a short primer on the Elorii follows:



THE ELORII

The Elorii (*eh-LOHR-ee, both singular and plural*) - the people referred to as "elves" by the other races of Arcanis - are beings made from elemental and natural energies. Though they share many physical characteristics with elves of other fantasy worlds, the Elorii are somewhat taller, and have short fangs in their upper and lower sets of teeth. Elorii are not faeries, but rather they are descended from Elemental gods, which is also telling in their appearance.

Differences between Elorii and traditional elves do not end there. They are not overly perceptive when it comes to discovering secret or concealed places, and they hold no special love of natural things or the forests they call home, other than for sentiment, and for their usefulness defensively. They gain a +2 Racial Bonus to their Willpower Saves, reflecting an innate resistance to domination and a desire for self-determination. There are five distinct types of Elorii, one for each of the elements of Earth, Fire, Water, Wind and Life.

Appropriate to the *Arcanis* campaign setting, the Elorii are a grim race of immortal warriors, tied to the world, but somehow not belonging in it. Conceived to be a race of undying slaves for the reptilian empire of Ssethregore, they overthrew their masters and drove them into the swamps of Eastern Onara. Centuries later they were, themselves, defeated by humans, and forced to withdraw to the great forests of that continent.

A Brief History

As a newly created race, the Elorii served the Ssethric empire's desire for conquest. In naïve obedience to their scale-clad masters, they committed unspeakable acts of violence and genocide, completely annihilating twelve elder races. Throughout the campaigns of the Ssethregore, the Elemental Lords from whom the Elorii were born were largely indifferent to the suffering their children had caused. As long as they pleased their overlords, the Elorii were permitted to worship them as Gods. That was the bargain they had struck. In truth, many of the peoples the Ssethrens ordered destroyed were wicked in their own right, their extinction deemed no great loss. Only the Life Goddess, Belisarda the Elf-Mother, felt any remorse for the slain. She would not, however, oppose the other Gods over this. The Ssethregore, they insisted, would keep to their oath - they were bound to uphold their own. All of this would soon change.

When the face of Onara was scoured clean and no foe remained to oppose them, the Ssethregore satisfied their bloodlust by slaughtering their slaves in sickening, depraved rituals. The Elorii appealed to their Gods for deliverance, but the Ssethrens responded by outlawing their worship and toppling the small shrines the Elorii had erected for them. The Gods' retaliation was both subtle and indirect. A long-dormant, but great potential was awakened in their children - the ability to use magic. With this gift, the Elorii cast down the Ssethregore and built a new empire. To cleanse themselves of the deeds they had wrought in the name of the Ssethrens, the Elorii swore they would welcome any other peoples they should encounter, and embrace them as friends. Centuries would elapse before this would come to pass.

When the race of Men first came to Onara, they were led by a being known to humans as "the Other", whom the Elorii call "Umor" ("He Who Waits in Darkness"). This being, and those who accompanied him, were received with goodwill by the Elorii. Soon after, they were followed by more humans, many times the number that had come before, and with them, the eleven gods of Man. The Elorii had found themselves thrust into the middle of a great struggle, what men would come to call the "God War". Umor had been fleeing from these gods, and with their arrival on Onara, he fled again, taking with him the Elf-Mother. The Elemental Gods formed an alliance with the gods of Man to track Umor down and free Belisarda, but when they had, before they confronted Him, the humans' gods attacked and destroyed the Elemental Lords, stealing their divine essence. At the same time, the humans turned on the Elorii that had welcomed them, slaying any they could kill, burning their cities, and driving them into the countryside. The Elorii refer to this time as *Beliketh* ("The Great Betrayal"), the darkest period in their history. They might have fought against Man until there were none left, but for the coming of a prophecy.

At once, in the places where Elorii were gathered, there appeared a vision of an Elorii woman in white. Calling herself Ardeilia, the Voice of the Elf-Mother, she said that of their Gods, Belisarda alone, with the aid of Umor, now

imprisoned, had escaped murder at the hands of the gods of Men. Alone, her children scattered, they could not prevail. Instead, she commanded the Elorii to seek shelter in the woods of Onara, where she could protect them. The other Gods, she said, would return, more powerful than before, and when that time came they would have vengeance. She added a warning: Umor had spoken to Her of a coming apocalypse, when all the world would be cast into silent oblivion. Men, she said, would be needed when it came.

As ages passed, the Elorii prepared for the war of retribution, shielded from the world outside by the power of the Elf-Mother. The priests of Belisarda, called *Lifewardens*, read the signs, awaiting the Elemental Gods' return. As the days Umor spoke of approached, it was decided that greater knowledge of the world of Man and his ways was needed. To this end the Elorii set out to make contact with the race they had despised for so long, for whose gods' destruction they had prepared for over four thousand years.

For more information on the Elorii, see Chapter 11 of the *Codex Arcanis*, "*The Bright Nations of the Elorii*."

SEREMAS, PEARL OF THE WESTERN LANDS

Never in my lifetime had I seen such unbridled magnificence. That the Elorii would share such a wonder with the world is testament enough to their greatness. The memory of my time there I will keep forever, the sights I have beheld etched indelibly upon my soul.

-- Proviann of Lhyllifel

Introduction

Where the Great Southern Forest meets the Lauriol Sea, upon the estuary of the Western Lhauveris River, stands Seremas, gleaming capitol of the Elorii nation of Entaris. Though it is more ancient than the Coryani Empire, which has stood for more than two thousand years, Seremas is, by Elorii standards, a young city, founded during the flight to the sheltered, wooded realms of the Onara following the God War - what the Elves call *Beliketh*, the Great Betrayal.

Of all Elorii cities, only Seremas is open to outsiders. It's walls of grey coral-stone rise high above the trees, and it's towers, clad in the white marble for which elven buildings are known, stand like silent guardians over the whole of the estuary. One hears tales of the greatest Elorii city of Ethelios in the Vastwood far to the North, a place so resplendent that those few non-Elves that have seen it were brought to tears by its awesome beauty. I cannot conceive of such a place, for if Seremas is but it's reflection, I would expire upon laying eyes on it.

By the standards of Man, Seremas is a small to medium-sized city, home to some 100,000 Enrtaran Elorii and perhaps a quarter that number of Men of the Undir and Kio races, with the latter comprising the majority. Other peoples can be

found here as well, for Seremas is a center of trade in the Western Lands. Coryani, Altherians, human Milandisians, and the occasional dwarf, gnome or even hobgoblin can be found wandering the streets of the Foreign Quarter. The Ss'Ressen of Milandir are unwelcome here, as are all lizardfolk. The Elorii do not forget the centuries they spent in servitude to the Empire of the Ssethregore. They do not, in fact, seem to forget anything. Ever.

A high wall divides the city into two distinct parts. *Serelor*, the Elorii Quarter, is home to most of the Entarans, and is off-limits to non-Elorii, unless they are on State business. It comprises the northern half of the city, including the Council Hall, the Temples to the Lost Elorii Gods, and the Inner Harbor. Access to this part of the city can be achieved either by water, or through *Gates of Folgos and Kethiel*, which can be found in the eastern and western parts of Seremas, respectively.

The Foreign Quarter, or *Sendremas*, is home to the trading port, and is the heart of the city. It contains many varied neighborhoods. Ghettoes and conclaves of men and other races can be found here, the largest of which is the Undir neighborhood of Nureskh. The port itself lies at the southernmost part of the city, with the Entaran Naval Bastion rising from the water at the center. Entaris is the most formidable sea power in this part of the world, and its fleet of *Berastae* ships lies moored here, and at the city's massive breakwater, ready to defend her from harm.

Attacking Seremas is a fool's errand, though through the centuries it has been tried more than once. The city is built upon a promontory, separated from the mainland by a wide, semicircular canal. A high wall of coral-stone surrounds it, with towers at regular intervals. A single, wide bridge connects the city to the forest on shore. The forest beyond is a tangled fowl, impassable to all but the smallest groups. To make matters worse, it is populated by all forms of savage beasts and monsters. The only safe access to the city is by sea.

At the mouth of the harbor, the Entarans have constructed a huge breakwater with a navy base atop it. This, too, is fortified. Though the Elorii do not make use of blastpowder or canon, their powerful magic and command over the elements of water and wind have made Seremas impossible to take. The past defeats suffered by Coryan and the Ymandrakes were so complete that neither power, nor any other, has dared to attack the city in hundreds of years.

Society

As with most cities, Seremas has its own social hierarchy. Members of the Elder Council, or *Cosaeli*, are the highest-ranking Elorii in the city, followed by the Lifewardens and other priests. Certain city officials and officers in the watch are also included in this category. Most of the citizenry live in the northern half of Seremas, called *Serelor*, or "Sanctuary of the People", as do some Laerestri and Emissaries from Elonbé. *Serelor* is separated from the southern half of the city

by a high wall of bluish coral-stone. In the Foreign Quarter, or *Sendremas*, the degree of importance with which you are viewed by the Entarans can often be determined by how near your dwelling is to this wall.

Prominent Undir and other Lhyllifelans have their homes in Nureskh, the neighborhood in eastern Sendremas abutting the Gate of Kethiel. Most gentry from the various other countries of Man dwell in Konskar on the western side, below the Gate of Folgos. Below Nureskh is Poullaren, home to many of the Foreign Quarter's workforce, while rows of merchants are concentrated to the south of Konskar. Most of the great halls of the city's various guilds can be found, interspersed, throughout this area of the city.

The most dangerous part of the city is the area closest to the docks. Home to the beggars, thieves, the poor, and other outcasts from the world outside seeking sanctuary in the great city, this district is well-patrolled by Entaran watchmen. Bands of lacedons have been known to sneak past the city's underwater defenses and on to the docks, taking unwary sailors or wandering drunks with them, back to their camps on the estuary floor, as food. The watch, with their Elorii resistance to the paralyzing touch of the sea-ghouls, come to the aid of all they can, and are able fend off most trespassers. The lacedons attempt these raids only at night, taking lone persons or small groups in lightning strikes to the surface and back.

Economics

The Foreign Quarter has a robust economy. Trade is controlled by the city's guilds, which are as varied as they are numerous. Craftsmen and workers of all kinds have organized into these fraternities. It is nearly impossible to enter into any business transaction in the city without the involvement of one of the Guildhouses.

Some of the more notable or influential guilds within the city include the Shipwrights, Netmakers, Laborers, Entertainers, Beggars, Jewelers, Stonemasons, Cobblers, Carpenters, Scribners, Blacksmiths, Potters, Coopers, Glassblowers, Weavers, and Fishers guilds. Payment for services rendered by guildsmen are made to the guild, which in turn pays a portion to all members in good standing. Additionally, each guild serves as a moneyhouse, lending to its members on occasion.

Serermas is seen as a desirable place to transact business for a variety of reasons, some obvious. It is the largest city in the southern part of the Western Lands. It has a large port. It is well-defended. Perhaps most important reason: the Entarans do not levy taxes on the human populace, nor on any business transactions within the city.

Despite favoritism of the Undir and other elemental-worshipping humans in some social circles, the Elorii are seen as largely impartial in business dealings. In fact, they take part in only one trade: pearl harvesting.

Pearls are sometimes called the currency of Seremas. The city lacks any official coinage, as it has no mint. Any merchant worth his salt in Sendremas is an expert in pearl appraisal. The most valued are those collected from the beds near the darkest part of the estuary. These are the famous Entaran Black Pearls, taken from giant oysters, with a supposed taste for blood. All of the city's pearl beds are said to be guarded by Berokene watchmen and other creatures, but most of all those of the black oysters, which lay close to the lacedon encampments.

The city is known for producing a number of other goods, including excellent netting, rope, and tackle of Undir manufacture, high quality Kio watercraft inspired by the design of the Entaran Berastae, and, of course, a variety of items of power – enchanted with Elorii magic.

Politics

Seremas is governed by the wisest and most respected Elorii in the city - the eight Cosaeli Elders. Most notable among them is Meliros the Berokene, who came to the Council after Beliketh. Others include Skathos, also a Berokene, High Berotar and Commander of the Entaran fleets; Aenoriel, an Ardakene Paladin, Defender of the Temple of Belisarda; and Kaemuros, Marshal of the Seremasi Watch, a M rokene.

In the Foreign Quarter, the guilds have a great deal of political power, through their control over wages, work hours, and essentially running the economy of that part of the city. As a result, they are able to petition the Council on important matters. The guilds' designated representative to the Elders is Vilash Kondra, human of Undir stock, and Guildmaster of Carpenters.

As the Entaran capitol, Seremas is often visited by emissaries from nearby powers. Relations exist with a number of countries.

The Kingdom of Lhyllifel enjoys a close relationship with the Entarans, due not only to the proximity of that nation, but in greater part to that kingdom's ruler embracing the worship of the Elemental Gods. Entaris has come to the aid of Lhyllifel on a few occasions, including defending her against the Coryani Empire.

The other nations and city-states of the League of Princes deal with Seremas out of respect and necessity. Blackwand, Capharra, Mhyrcia, Biharn, Pajharo and Eppion all either maintain embassy in the city, or regularly send representatives to discuss matters with the Entarans.

A state of alliance also exists between the Entarans and the Hobgoblins of Uggur.

(See Secrets, below)

Relations with the Coyrani are strained, to say the least, resulting from the attack by, and subsequent loss of the Plexan Armada, a huge fleet of ships meant to destroy Seremas for interfering in the Empire's dispute with the

Kingdom of Lhyllifel. (See *The Battle of the Western Lhauveris*, below). No current open conflict exists between the two powers.

Entaris maintains contact with the other Elorii nations through the use of the Elluwé pools, and other magical means. Relations with Elonbé occur more often than with Malfelen, as the Voluri have other concerns. The elves of Malfelen disagree with the Entarans' approach in dealing with the humans (they would rather see them dangling from the end of a spear), but they still treat their kin with respect.

The Seremasi count not small number of sea creatures among their allies, including a colony of Tojanidas that reside in the reefs beyond the river mouth. Because they share a common elemental bond, they often work together against mutual enemies. It is not an uncommon sight to see Berokene Seremasi riding atop these great creatures.

Military

Seremas is an incredible fortress. The city is separated from the mainland by a great moat, dug millennia ago. Only a single bridge connects to the shore, where ladders and ropes extend to the network of treetop highways which crisscross Entaris. A high wall rings the city, and the shore is a tangle of mangroves swarming with all manner of vipers and alligators, including the dreaded Arboreal Black Caiman, the so-called "Dark-O-dile".

In the center of the harbor stands the Bastion Tower, an imposing citadel, and the highest point in foreign quarter. At its foundation is the Tower harbor, the second-largest naval base in the city. Northward, over the water, is the Seronis Gate, with a high bridge overhead. The largest of Entaran vessels may easily pass beneath to the Elorii Quarter, and the Port of Lords therein. The greatest concentration of ships, though, can be found at the colossal breakwater just south of the docks. This is the most fortified part of the city. The castle atop the mass of stone bristles with all manner siege weapons and arcane devices. There are no visitors permitted here, as the defenses of the city are closely guarded secrets.

City Watch

The bulk of the city watch have their barracks in the foreign quarter. Aside from law enforcement and inspecting inbound cargo at the port, their duties include repelling the occasional waterborne intruders, and guard the city's pearl beds. A large contingent is also quartered north of the Seronis Gate, to be called upon to defend the city in time of need.

Navy

The Entaran fleet is among the most feared on the seas, though historically it has only been utilized defensively. Entaran ships are long, slender vessels of surprising strength and amazing speed. They do not carry cannons. Like the

navies of mankind, but instead are crewed with powerful wizards, sorcerers and druids under the command of the ships' Berotari, or "Sea Masters". They have complete mastery over the winds and water, and are the bane of any who attempt to attack their vessels. It is not uncommon for Entaran ships to be accompanied by schools of Tojanidas, who sometimes use their tremendous size and speed to ram enemy ships' hulls, or even grab and destroy their rudders.

History

Beliketh and Aftermath

At the time of the Prophecy, a large number of Elorii had dwelt in the southern part of Onara, not far from where the Host of One Hundred Thousand was stationed at the edge of the Kradjur Morass. These were some of the last to be attacked by the armies of mankind. They sent emissary to Malfelen, asking the Host if they could seek protection with them, but Auros, Commander of the Host, refused. "You are not soldiers," he said, "and you would be in even greater danger on the border with Ssethregore than among the humans. We would not be able to protect you."

Instead, he suggested they travel west. To insure their safety, Auros himself would accompany the refugees, along with a small company from the Host. This risked much, as the sword Kelisar would be away from the Ssethregoran front for a time, but thanks to clever illusory magics devised by Kethrenos, the Arch-Mage of the Host, the Ssethrens believed the blade remained at Fort Sorondos.

The trek westward turned out to be far more hazardous than Auros had supposed, as the mass of refugees were intercepted by a great army of humans, which attacked them as they crossed the River Arkos (what men now call the Salentis River), where a great forest lay beyond. Auros was slain in the battle while creating a decoy that allowed the refugees to make for safety in the trees. Kelisar was passed to his Lieutenant, Magros, who returned to Malfelen, and keeps it still.

Arkosia

Deep in the forest, far from the reach of man, the refugees built a city, naming it for the river that gave the trees of the wood life. There they remained there, safe for a time, until the coming of the chief servants of the human gods, the dreaded Valinor. Far mightier than ordinary men, and more than a match for all but the greatest of Elorii, these winged beasts rained fire and death upon the new city, in wave after wave of successive attacks. The Elorii were forced to flee yet again, traveling further west, until they reached the western shore of what is now the Coryani Empire. There they constructed great rafts and crossed the great gulf that separated everything they knew from the rain forest-cloaked lands of the west.

Founding the City

The Elorii rafts carried them southward with the current, where they eventually spotted land. The shoreline was a snarl of mangroves and cyprus, the ground beyond crawling with all manner of beasts – a great many of them reptiles, for which the Elorii possessed a special disdain. They traveled on, in search of a more suitable place to call home, and eventually reached the mouth of the River Lhauveris, where, at the head of a large estuary, a great promontory jutted into the water. The land there was solid and firm, and the Elorii knew they had found what they looked for. They cleared the land, and constructed a great city, naming it Seremas, which means "Refuge".

The Hobgoblins

It was not long before the Elorii realized they were not alone in the wilds surrounding their new home. It soon became apparent that tribes of Hobgoblins lived in the rain forests northwest of the city. They were a savage people, deriving sustenance from the jungle, and warring amongst themselves for prominence. They were not happy with the presence of strangers in their domain, and attempted several ineffective raids against the Elorii during the construction of the city. Many of the Elders demanded that the hobgoblins be dealt with, and taught a lesson for attacking them. Arguing against any reprisals toward the savages was a newly named *Cosaeli*, or Elder Council member, that had been instrumental in the escape from Arkosia, a Lifewarden named Meliros.

This Belisardan Priest suggested that the hobgoblins be approached, and the matter be settled peacefully. Nonsense, he was told, these barbarous creatures understood only violence.

"Have you forgotten the Pledge of the Twelve Trees? Should not these people be offered our friendship in accordance with our oath?" Meliros asked.

"We have seen where that has gotten us with the humans!" replied Surgos, another *Cosaeli*.

"Yes," said Meliros, "But can we say we deserved any less for the sins we have committed? The humans proved treacherous, that is true. But of these others we know little. I will go, myself, and speak with them, if that is the only way you will agree."

"You are naïve, Meliros. Very well, if you must die to prove your point, we will erect a memorial to your foolishness atop the graves of these beasts once we are finished with them," said Surgos.

Treaty with Uggur

Meliros left the city and was not heard from for weeks, until he returned with a lumbering creature wearing a many-horned helmet – a muscled, apish monstrosity with tusks protruding from its lower jaw.

"This is Uggur, a leader of their people," Meliros said. "He has agreed to enter into an alliance with us, in exchange for knowledge of our ways."

"What does 'he' wish to know?" asked Surgos.

"He seeks to learn how we approach combat, and skill at arms. He has a particular interest in our effective use of the bow."

"*GRUUAAK MEEHAUK-NA!*" growled Uggur.

"You see?" said Meliros. "He seeks to unite his people. If we will make a pact with him, they will teach us what they know of these lands, and what dangers we can expect to encounter. I have explained to him that, in light of the treachery we encountered in our last alliance, we would wish our peoples stay apart, and he agrees – in fact he prefers it that way."

Uggur used the weapons and martial knowledge of the Elorii to subdue rival tribes of hobgoblins, and fulfilled his promise. They taught the Seremasi about the native flora and wildlife, and familiarized them with their new surroundings, all the while remaining apart from their allies.

Alliance with the Undir

Some many centuries later, word of humans having reached the eastern shores of the lands they now called home reached the Seremasi, who had founded new settlements further inland, and were now referring to their nation as *Entaris*, or



Pace

"Hidden Strength". War parties were sent to confront the humans, but when they encountered them, they witnessed some differences from the treacherous humans they remembered.

These "*Undir*", as they called themselves, had pointed ears, and their legends told of their descent from "servants of the elementals". In fact, they claimed to revere elementals, having abandoned worship of the "other Gods." The Entarans were taken aback, and the Elders decided to let them be, and observe them. In time, these humans were joined by others, tall, fair-haired and pale, and finally by the familiar humans from across the Gulf. They settled the lands northward long the coast, but the nearest to the Entarans were mostly these Undir, who, after the arrival of the others, seemed to revert to worshipping the hated human gods. At least, that is how it appeared. The Undir founded a Kingdom they called Lhyllifel.

The Lhyllifelans feared the Empire of Coryan, which had emerged as the human power across the Gulf, and they feared their Church. To avoid stirring the wrath of the mighty nation, the Undir of Lhyllifel worshipped their Gods, constructing temples to them, and crowning Kings in their name. In secret, however, the worship of elementals continued. All this the Elorii saw, and when they were satisfied the Lhyllifelans were merely paying lip service to the Gods of Man, they approached them with offers of friendship, which were accepted. However, the Entarans were still wary of humans in general, so they kept them at a distance.

The City is Opened to Outsiders

Word came from the High Temples of Belisarda. The sacred Elluwé pools glowed silver for twelve days and nights. The signs could be felt through the Orumar. The time of the Prophecy, the age foretold by Umor, was at hand.

The Prophecy had stated that humans would be needed, but there was scant new information on the race of Man. The Cosaeli of the three Great nations held joint council, to determine the course the Elorii would take. Each would choose a different path.

The elves of Malfelen raided the humans of Coryan on occasion. One Coryani Governor was foolish enough to send an entire legion into the wood to pursue the raiders. The Voluri encircled them and set the forest ablaze, slaughtering any that were not burned alive as they tried to escape. They were not interested in learning more about humans. Kill them. That is enough. We cannot kill them all. There will be enough left to fulfill the Prophecy.

The elves of Elonbé had stayed apart from humans. Their homeland was separated from the lands of man by hundreds of miles of forest, which few humans had dared to enter in centuries. They decided they would send scouts into the humans' lands, to collect information, and report back what they had found.

The Entarans were split. Many of their Cosaeli wished to

follow the plan of Elonbé, while Meliros proposed a radical approach: they should invite the humans to live among them. They knew of some humans, the Undir, whom they had come to trust. These they would invite first, and then entice others to follow. The Undir would act as agents of the Elorii within the city, watching for threats to Elorii interests where the Entarans could not. The Entarans would have the opportunity to observe mankind up close, and determine who among them might be the ones spoken of in the Prophecy.

This did not sit well with the other Elorii Cosaeli, especially those of Malfelen.

"You doom yourselves," said Vuorgos. "If you place a snake within your bed, it will bite you."

Telas, Elder of Ethelios, also cautioned against this, saying "You risk too much. Even if there are humans you trust, that are worthy of trust, the others will betray them, and you will pay the cost."

"This can only be attempted under the strictest of controls," replied Meliros. "The humans could be given only a part of the city, kept separate from the rest, and isolated from the outside, so that we can control any comings and goings. If there is trouble, and we have warning, we can act."

The other Entaran Cosaeli looked intrigued.

"You are insane, Meliros!" shouted Surgos. "Open our city? You speak of control - there can be no control! You are talking about thousands of them, a potential army of the enemy, in our midst!"

"I think we should be able to recognize an army, Surgos," said Thanilas, another Entaran Elder.

"I cannot believe any of you would consider this!" exclaimed Surgos.

"The determination must be yours," said Telas, "You were chosen to lead you people. If this is your decision, so be it."

Surgos

The Entaran Elders argued over the proposal long after the joint council adjourned. After the many hours of debate, most of the Cosaeli had reached their decisions. Thanilas and Serula favored Meliros's plan. Dremas and Ardamos felt it left too much to chance, and sided with Surgos. Only Folgos and Kethiel had not announced their choice. The two, husband and wife, had never voted differently from one another. Neither ever tried to persuade the other toward their point of view, they simply seemed to always reach the same conclusions. They were also close friends to Surgos, and usually voted with him.

"It seems the matter is done with," Surgos began. "I am heartened we can put this foolishness behind us."

Meliros sighed.

"Wait, Surgos," said Folgos.

"We have decided to support Meliros's plan," Kethiel said, as if finishing her husband's thought.

Surgos was dumbstruck.

"It is a great risk, yes, that is true. But only by taking risks can we learn what we need to know," said Kethiel.

"Elonbé does little," continued Folgos, "Malfelen, nothing. We are the smallest. Were it not for Malfelen we would not 'be' at all. If we fail, the others will know, and the loss to our people will be minimized."

Surgos shrieked, "I will not listen to this! You throw us away, all of us, for some half-conceived folly! Well, I will not stand idly by and watch my people brought to ruin! If this is your choice, then you can have it! I cannot remain here, while this derangement is attempted! I am leaving! I will go into the lands beyond, and I will find the humans the Prophetess spoke of! Damned be the rest of you, for you have doomed those you were meant to protect!

"And as for the two of you," Sugos pointed, "my supposed comrades! You have betrayed my trust as surely as any human could have done! I leave you here to suffer the same fate as the rest of these fools! But fear not if you live, for you shall yet hear of me again!"

To the Aid of Lhillyfel

In 759 King Malikhar of Lhyllifel issued a bold declaration:

My people, we have been living a lie for sake of fear of reprisal from the East. No longer can I allow this pretense to continue. I delude my subjects and make a mockery of my own honor, as well as that of my countrymen. So, henceforth, let the fraud be expunged. Let those who hide their faith in the shadows come forth, as I do.

I hereby renounce the so-called Holy Mother Church of Coyran, and state publicly my reverence of the Lords of the Elements. May all who share my belief be allowed to practice freely and openly, as is my wish.

Let those who still revere the Gods of the Pantheon be permitted to do so, without fear of coming to harm, and let them one day come to realize the truth as I have seen it.

So this I declare this 111th day of 759

Malikhar, King of Lhyllifel, Lord-Archon of Mhyrcia, Guardian of Broken Reach

The Battle of the Western Lhauveris River

In 761, an Entaran fleet patrolling the southern Gulf of Coryan intercepted and turned away an invasion force from

the Imperial port of Plexus. The Coryani were making for Lhosk, the capitol of Lhyllifel, for the purpose of arresting that country's King, who had been charged with heresy, and occupying the city. The Coryani Emperor decided these elves must be taught the Coryani would brook no interference with enforcement of their policies in the Western Lands. An example would be made, a warning to any who would oppose the Empire. Imperial spies had determined the Entarans were a less militant stock of Elorii than their human-hating cousins of Fellglade in Southern Coryan. Still, the Coryani were wary of elves in general, so no chances were taken. An armada of a thousand ships, led by a hundred Altherian galleons, was dispatched to destroy the Elorii city. The resulting battle was nightmarishly one-sided. Not a single Imperial vessel escaped. Their sunken hulks, crews entombed within, lay rotting on the floor of the Lhauveris River estuary.

The sting of their defeat at the Battle of the Western Lhauveris those many years ago still pains the Coryani Empire. The secession of the provinces of Altheria, Canceri and Milandisia had left the Empire in a position where it can ill-afford an attempt to avenge their honor, so they have let matters in the Western Lands be. News of the debacle was downplayed in the Imperium, where losses were said to have been small, and the heresy of the Lhyllifelan monarch corrected. Though there is no open hostility toward Entaris, the Imperial Court has refused to send embassy to Seremas. Non-warships bound from the Elorii nation are tolerated in Coryani ports, though they are usually thoroughly inspected by Imperial officials, and their crews harassed. Few doubt the Empire intends to repay the Elorii for the shame they inflicted upon them, though the possibility of another direct naval assault has probably been ruled out.

The Black Fleet

In the summer of 849, a fleet of ships flying sails of black canvas made its way westward on the Lauriol Sea. Accompanying them was a massive floating island of black obsidian, a towering monolith hundreds of feet in height and nearly a mile across. The ships of the Coryani Navy stayed well clear of them, and when the fleet had passed by the southern coast of the Empire and the Gulf of Coryan, it was clear they were making for Seremas.

The ships had come from the dreaded Isle of Tears, home to the creature known as the Sorcerer King, Lord of Ymandragore. Agents of Ymandragore, called Harvesters, were known to the Elorii. They were slavers, wizards and sorcerers of great power sent by the Sorcerer King to "collect" those gifted with arcane talents, and return them to the Dragon Isle. Some centuries before, the Sorcerer King had laid claim to any persons of arcane ability on Onara. Word of the might of the wizards of Seremas must have reached Ymandragore, for his Black Fleet now entered Entaran waters.

Sea and storm were called up to repel the invaders, as they had been used so effectively against the Coryani so many



years before, but this time it did little. The ships of Ymandragore took shelter behind the huge black mountain, which withstood any such assaults. The floating isle reached the river estuary. Columns of fire and arcane bolts rained down on the rock as the defenders of Seremas sought to beat back the invader, and though great damage was done to the surface the stone, it was simply too large. The monolith came ever-closer, its shadow looming over the city

Then a shout boomed out over the din.

"My people! I return, and with me I bring our salvation! I have seen the future, and I know the way! We need but join with Him, and She will follow. Together we will again be whole, and nothing in the world will hinder us!"

From their vantagepoint atop the Bastion Tower, Folgos and Kethiel, now with child, recognized the voice of their former friend and fellow Cosaeli, Surgos.

The Elorii Elder's travels over the centuries had brought him to the Dragon Isle filled with confusion and lacking in faith. His meeting with the Sorcerer King had changed all of that. Surgos learned more in his brief time with the Lord of Ymandragore than in all his millennia of existence. It all made sense. He knew what it would take to force Seremas' compliance, and he was given it. Helpless against his Black Citadel, they would have little choice but to submit to the Sorcerer King's demands.

Folgos called back, his voice rang out clearly over the city.

"What madness is this? Surgos, what has happened to you, that you would attack your own people?"

"Attack? No my old friend, I bring death only to those who would oppose me, for I represent the will of His Sorcerous Majesty. I am His instrument, and none may withstand His might."

"So you would see your kin share in your obvious enslavement to Ymandragore?" called Kethiel.

"Is it slavery when your enemies lie helpless at your feet? Am I enslaved when I command the might of the Isle of Tears? Pah! Weakness is slavery! I am empowered!" replied Surgos. *"But it is power I would share! You need but join with me!"*

"It was wrong to allow these humans into our beloved city! I told you before, but you would not listen! You have never listened! These are not the humans spoken of in the Prophecy! I have seen the ones, and they serve the Lord of the Dragon Isle! A teeming multitude, with whom we shall rule once more!"

"I knew you would not heed words alone. Such was always the way between us. Only in this way I could ensure your cooperation. You cannot refuse me. It comes to this: Capitulate now, and return with me to the City of the Dragon Arisen. Surrender these humans to me. Those of promise I will take with us to Ymandragore, the others will receive a merciful death."

The foreign quarter flew into a panic.

"He is beyond reason," Kethiel said to her husband.

"Perhaps," said Folgos. "He was a friend once. It was our voting against him that resulted in his leaving his people. We share in the responsibility for this."

"No, my husband, whatever Surgos has become is entirely his own doing."

"Perhaps," Folgos again replied. "Did you do everything you could have done to convince him not to abandon Seremas? I know I did not."

Kethiel frowned. "What would you have us do? Agree to his terms?"

"Of course not," replied Folgos, "but we must try to dissuade him. We must speak with him. We owe him that much. We must do all we can to convince him this is not the way."

Mobs of humans tried, in vain, to flee through the Elorii quarter out the northern gate, but the walls separating the two halves of the city blocked them.

The two Cosaeli looked to Meliros, Eldest of the Council. "Go then," he nodded. "If he will listen to any, it will be the two of you. Of all of us, you knew him best."

Kethiel spied Surgos' position atop the black island-fortress. With a wave of her hand, she and Folgos were there.

"How fitting," said Surgos. "My two colleagues have come to surrender in person."

"This is lunacy, Surgos," said Folgos. "We cannot allow this. If you will not remove this monstrous island, and send the Black Fleet away, we will fight you."

"That is my friend Folgos - ever the warrior," Surgos continued. "But I am not surprised you do not understand. Rarely are your kind the quickest. You cannot oppose me."

"Why do you do this?" asked Kethiel. "What has the dread lord of Ymandragore done to you?"

"He has shown me the truth. Truth that cannot be denied, so plain, yet we have been blinded to it."

"And that is?"

"Our gods are forever destroyed. They will not return to us."

"Heresy!" cried Folgos, drawing his sword.

"Stay your blade, my husband, he projects his image," said Kethiel.

"I should have known your eyes would not be deceived, Kethiel my dear," Surgos said. "None the less, this shadow-self is for my own protection. I cannot have you reducing me to cinders at my moment of victory, can I?"

"What do you mean they will not return? The Prophecy says

otherwise," Kethiel asked, stalling, as she scanned the area. Surgos had to have a line of essence to his image.

The traitorous elf replied, "When I left Seremas, I took with me water from the Elluwé of Meliros. This I used to monitor happenings in the city while I traveled the world. When I met with the Sorcerer King, he used it to show me... You will not find me, dearest. I am quite well hidden inside my citadel. You see, the very nature of this stone conducts arcane energies. I can remain here, safe from your magery. You however, and those humans you harbor, are not so secure."

The mountain began to tremble. Kethiel could feel a surge of arcane power from the within the stone.

"Wait! What did he show you?"

The trembling lessened.

"He showed me the *Orumar*. He showed me the Soulspring, from which our gods were to return to us."

"And?"

"They were not there. No hint or trace of them could be found. A thousand kindred souls, stretched to infinity, awaiting rebirth, and none of them the Four. The Prophecy is false."

Folgos thought, and spoke, "Blessed Ardeila spoke of the gods returning to us. We have long believed they would be reborn through the Orumar, but perhaps this is not so. Perhaps they will return in some other way?"

"A philosophical debate for Lifewardens and fools, Folgos. For nearly five millennia have we waited. If they were truly returning, they would have come by now. What my liege can provide is real. Our Lady has too long been a widow."

Kethiel's stomach turned. "That is an unholy blasphemy, Surgos. What you suggest is impossible."

"Is it? What were the Four before they joined with her? But beings of great power from beyond. Upon the Dragon Throne sits another whose power eclipses that of the Four, before they joined with her."

"She would never. Not ever..."

Surgos interrupted, "She might, if there were cause, if enough of her children were sworn to him..."

"I have heard enough!" Kethiel shrieked. "You are mad, Surgos! You betray your people and your Goddess! I will not stand and allow this to continue!"

"You have no choice, my beloved *Cosaeli*. You may join with him or perish. His will is my own, and for the good of our people I will see it done. Observe, and behold the might of His Sorcerous Majesty!"

The image of Surgos faded and the citadel shuddered to life

once more, arcs of magical energy sizzling across its surface, and manifesting themselves into a great dark hand, which now reached out over Seremas. Thousands of humans and Elorii screamed in panicked terror as the enormous appendage extended itself over the city.

"We must stop him," Kethiel said.

"How?" replied Folgos, "What can we do?"

"There is a way, but it would destroy us both."

"No, Kethiel. No! We cannot - it is forbidden! Only evil can come of it!"

"We must stop him, no matter what the cost."

"No! Your child... Think of your unborn!"

"It is for him and others like him this must be done. My life, and his, if need be, I give for my people."

Folgos' expression turned grim. "So be it. For my people I join with you. Let it be done. I end myself here, by your side, my love. Let us enter oblivion together."

Tears streaked down Kethiel's cheeks as she embraced her husband. "Forgive me, my little one," she whispered, "You never had the chance to live..."

"As Kurenthe did, so we now do. Surgos, I curse you and this island. I curse the Black Fleet and the Sorcerer King himself."



May you know pain, death and suffering. Let the wrath of Kurenthe consume you. May you never know peace until the wrongs you have committed are undone."

Folgos added, "As Kurenthe did, and in his name."

At the utterance of these words, the mighty citadel ceased rumbling. The dark hand above the city convulsed and dissipated, as a great wave of energy rolled forth from the surface of the rock, over the fleet behind it and the city before. Screams could be heard on the water from the direction of the black ships - a terrible, unearthly howling - and then, nothing. The great floating mountain, in an instant, was reduced to ash.

In the Seeing Chamber of Meliros, the holy waters of the Elluwé turned blood red, and boiled.

"Oh, my friends, what have you done?" the Elder asked. "To what end have I sent you?"

Ships were sent into the estuary - now stained black - to look for survivors. All was quiet. No sound came from the Ymandrake fleet, which had drifted into a chaotic jumble. Once boarded, the would-be invaders' ships were a disturbing sight. Decks were rent and upturned, bulkheads smeared with blood and bits of gore. The holds were fully provisioned, but there was no sign of any crew, living or dead. The air was deathly still. Then, clear and unmistakable, over the lapping of dark waves, they heard a sound: a baby crying.

The infant was taken from the water by the Berotar of the vessel *Osaecor*, "Gale Rider". It was a Berokene child, a son of the Maiden of the Waves; any other would have surely drowned. Meliros would name the child for the heritage of his parents. He would be *Markelos*, "Born of Stone and Fire."

Morberath, The Night of Black Water

Humans gathered upon the docks, cheering the Seremasi victory. However they had done it, the Entarans had defeated a seemingly unstoppable enemy. A great celebration was held that night, with the whole of the city taking part. A solemn ceremony was performed in honor of Folgos and Kethiel, whose sacrifice had saved thousands, followed by a number of spontaneous revelries, which lasted well into the evening. Only Meliros and the child sat apart from the merriment. The Elder Coseali was greatly troubled from having sent his friends to their deaths, but it was more than that. The blood in the Elluwé could mean only one thing: Kurenthe. Such an oath was a grievous sin, for it destroyed the soul, Belisarda's greatest gift. The two Elders had saved the city, but at what cost? The curse could hold the gravest of consequences. Worse, Kurenthe sworn by a High Elorii of great power was a dreadful thing indeed. Still, the party carried on into the night, the celebrants unaware of what was coming.

As the ash that was once the floating citadel sank, it settled on the rotting hulks of the Coryani Armada that lay on the estuary floor. In the depths, inside the decaying ships, eye-sockets long empty were kindled with a hellish light.



"Duity...and Honoor...." gurgled an unearthly voice.

"DUUUTYY... AND HOONOOOR!!" thousands replied.

An army of ghouls in rotted Coryani battle dress clambered from the sunken invasion fleet to fulfill their original mission.

The first wave hit the docks shortly after midnight. The lacedons fought in formation, with the practiced expertise of a Coryani Legion. The partygoers fell quickly - their attackers breaking ranks after the initial slaughter to feast on their victims. In no time, the whole of the port was awash with organized masses of sea ghouls, butchering anything they came across. Most to die in the early hours of the attack were humans, who succumbed quickly to the paralyzing touch of the invaders. Those Elorii on the docks, though immune to the ghouls' power, were surprised by their organized enemy, and were overcome as well. In the time it took to muster the guard in to an effective counterattack, the lacedons had taken most of the foreign quarter, and were marching toward the Seronis gate.

Meliros

The van of the assault was led by the remains of Elomedius Val'Ossan, who had been the commander of the doomed invasion of 849, surrounded by his personal guard, the Legion of Swift Vengeance. The General gurgled orders to his troops.

"Blooock the gaaate...Do noot alloow them paasaage!"

The ghouls charged the portcullis. Units of Elorii soldiers were assembled on the other side, but they could not break through.

"Let me by!" called a voice. Meliros strode up to the metal doors, which he commanded to open. Through the iron bars of the portcullis the lichlike Val'Ossan leered a rotting smile.

"Begone from this place, fetid creatures! You are an abomination! Your cause failed long ago!"

"It is you who have failed, elf! Even now we dine upon the flesh of your kin, and those you sought to harbor. We fulfill our destiny! The city is ours!"

"Never! By Belisarda, I destroy you. Return to the unholy place which spawned you, slave of darkness, and disturb the living never more!" Meliros held forth the Lifestave, a relic he had crafted in ages past, and light poured forth from it.

The brilliance engulfed the general and his legion. The soldiers crumbled into dust. What flesh that remained on the general was burned from his bones, and he fled, screaming in horror from the presence of the ancient Priest, his flaming skeletal form leaping into the harbor. The way now clear for them, the Seremasi soldiers charged through the gate, a powerful Lifewarden leading each company.

Before dawn, the city was cleared of lacedons, most destroyed

by the priests, the rest retreating into the depths with their general.

To this day, legionnaire ghouls remain in hidden encampments on the estuary floor, under the darkest water. Black-colored versions of many of the local river fauna have appeared, with foul dispositions and unusual traits, including the tree-climbing Black Caiman, and the carnivorous Black Flamingo.

What Lies Beneath – Secrets

Alliance with Uggur

When Meliros negotiated peace with the Hobgoblins millennia ago, the two races exchanged talismans as a sign of their alliance. This treaty is unknown to the Lhyllifelans, sworn enemies of Uggur for hundreds of years. The Entarans keep their pact secret from the Lhyllifel, as knowledge of it would surely sour relations between the two powers. For their part, the Entarans have worked to reduce hostilities between Uggur and Lhyllifel, and to some effect. There has not been open conflict among the two powers for nearly a century. Despite the trust they have placed in them, the Elorii, ever-careful in their dealings with humans, and regard their treaty with Uggur as insurance against Man's tendency for treachery.

The Southern Continent

The true goal of the Entarans' experiment, in opening their city is to find the humans the Prophetess spoke of, or at least ensure that when the time Umor foretold finally arrives, they have many humans they trust working along side them. The Seremasi observe closely, and when they feel an individual human may be worthy, they are selected to undergo a series of tests of trust and friendship. If these are passed, the human in question is taken by ship across the Lauriol Sea to a place on the continent south of Onara, where the Entarans have established settlements and a base where humans are trained for the coming apocalypse. Once their regimen is complete, the humans may either remain to train others, or return to Onara as agents in service to a secret order:

The Order of the Twilight Bough [New Secret Society]

Headquartered in Seremas, this society operates primarily in Lhyllifel and the Western Lands, though its reach extends to the Blessed Lands, and to Coryan as well. Its purpose is to discover humans of merit and worthy of reliance, and recruit them to the Elorii cause. The Order seeks to spread worship of Belisarda and the Elemental Gods throughout the League of Princes and other lands of Man, its members often presiding over clandestine ceremonies in wooded thickets, or in the private homes of wealthy sympathizers in cities. The order has enjoyed success in the League, owing to the resentment felt toward the Coryani and the Church of the Pantheon. Human agents of the Twilight Bough are the only non-Elorii permitted to move freely about Serelor, though

they must enter and leave the Elorii Quarter using hidden means.

A Den of Spies

Spies are a commodity Seremas has in abundance. The Entarans spy on the humans. Agents of the Twilight Bough and Umdir in the city spy where the Elorii cannot. Ambassadors from the League of Princes report back to their rulers on happenings in the city, and of the Entarans' strength. Spies for the Coryani exist in many places in the city, gathering intelligence for the Empire's plan of vengeance for the destruction of the Armada, and also to discover what dealings the nations of the League of Princes would have with the elves. In a city designed to reveal those worthy of trust, the task is difficult indeed. The Entarans are aware of much this subterfuge, but still permit it to continue, so they may learn more about humans. The only spies in which Seremas is in short supply are those of Ymandragore. A secret order called the Keleitri, under the command of the Berokene Markelos, ruthlessly eradicates any agents of the Sorcerer King they discover.

The Closed City

Beyond the Seronis Gate, past the Gates of Folgos and Kethiel, imposing buildings do more than instill a sense of wonder into those privileged enough to be granted access to Serelor – they block all sight to the rest of the city beyond. Foreign visitors on State business are guided toward the halls of Entaran power by a carefully chosen path, which reveals only those parts of the city the Seremasi wish them to see.

The Sacred Halls of the Elorii Gods, a shrine dedicated to Umor, the Academy of Arcane Science, and the homes of the Entaran populace of the city lay out of sight. The Port of Lords – yet another Entaran naval base – and the considerable complex of barracks house the city's watch are also here. In contrast to Sendremas' urban sprawl, most of Serelor resembles a park or other pastoral setting, reflecting the Elorii tendency to favor natural settings for their dwellings. Trespassers caught wandering here are dealt with harshly, and undergo thorough interrogation, followed by imprisonment or death for those found guilty of espionage.

The City Beneath the Waves

Seremasi activity beneath the waters of the estuary is sometimes as plentiful as above. The Entaran Pearl Beds are here, guarded by Berokene watchers. The black pearl beds lay further out, and are guarded more heavily, with tojanidas assisting at times. Below the harbor mouth, great chains can be strung across the entrance, blocking access to the port. Regular patrols of Berokenes leave underwater entrances in the base of the breakwater to search the estuary floor for intruders or roaming parties of lacedons.

Just inside the harbor entrance, a huge submerged gemstone glows with an intense light. This is the Beaconstone, and the light within is a magical reflection of a lamp within the Hall of Belisarda in Serelor. The light from this stone is abhorrent to the lacedons, who shun it at all costs. Some enterprising sea-ghouls have devised methods to sneak into the harbor while avoiding the Beaconstone's light, using makeshift mantlets or walls fashioned from the hulls of sunken ships. This is rare, but it accounts for the occasional undetected lacedon raid.

The Seremasi have made attempts to exterminate the lacedon population in the estuary, but there are many that have remained hidden, including the elusive val'Ossan general, whose skeletal body burns to this day, boiling the water around him.

Underdocks

The docks themselves extend well over the water, and many of the buildings nearest the actual piers are built, not on dry land, but on to the dock structure itself. The area beneath, the so-called "Underdocks", is used by smugglers and other criminals to move shipments clandestinely, to dispose of unwanted items or persons, and to travel, undetected, from one part of the port to another. Watching Berokenes take note of these happenings, and glean details from Undir informants and agents of the Twilight Bough, but rarely take action against them, preferring not to risk those participating being discovered.

The Keleitri

From time to time, word will come from the lands of Southern Onara - especially from the Coryani Empire, but from other countries as well - word of careful assassinations or abductions of people of influence, men and women run afoul of the Elorii, the dreaded Malfelen. The agents of this nation of human-hating elves can range far from their home in Fellglade if they feel a human has caused harm to the Elorii cause. Not even their own kind are immune from their wrath, as sometimes even Elorii fall victim to their handywork, the Elf- rune for "traitor" carved into their skins. Some elven Wanderers, influenced by what they have seen in the world of mankind, have come to enjoy close ties with human priests or paladins, some few have even taken up service of the Gods of the Pantheon. These, the agents of Malfelen seem to despise most of all.

-- Pelomethius val'Borda, Bard of Cafela

"Malfelen Spies/Scouts" are nothing of the sort.

The Voluri want nothing to do with humans, preferring killing them to interacting with them, anytime.

They are also too busy warring with Ssethregore and the Golems to devote resources elsewhere. The humans can

fester and die for all they care. These are not a subtle people. They are an army.

The "Malfelen Assassins" are actually Elorii from Entaris.

The Entarans, more than any other Elven nation, have involved themselves in the affairs of the rest of the world. They have fostered an image of openness, but they have an agenda. They are recruiting and training humans they hope to be the ones spoken of in the Prophecy - those that will "beat back the silent darkness". The fact that they associate with humans makes them no less devout than other elves. In truth, it allows them much greater freedom to collect information, and when they happen upon something they feel is a threat to the Elorii cause, they take action against it, at times even against other Elorii, sometimes carving a Novaras rune on their bodies as a warning to others. No one realizes the Entarans are responsible for any of this, as they have taken precautions to steer suspicion away from themselves.

While operating in the lands of Man, agents of Entaris, known secretly as Keleitri (Those Who Walk Through Fire) try to appear as elves from Fellglade. Special enchantments that prevent divining magic from working on them are woven into their tattoos, which are identical in appearance to those favored by the Voluri. Charms and emblems common to Malfelen are worn under their clothes. Additionally, they are geased so that they cannot reveal their true origins to others outside the inner circles of the Entaran Council. As a last resort, captured Keleitri can kill themselves by activating a magical poison secreted in a ring, necklace, or even a tattoo.

For their part, the Voluri do not care that they are being blamed for various assassinations/abductions in the lands of men. They kill enough humans as it is. Besides, what care have they for what a human thinks of them? If more wind up dead as a result, it can't be a bad thing. They disagree with the Entarans' approach to dealing with the humans, but not strongly enough to become involved. They have their own concerns.

The Law

The Seremasi require order in their city, and are not particularly choosy about how they get it. Justice is meted out swiftly, with a heavy and sometimes uneven hand.

--Daravin of Blackwand

The introduction of outsiders required several changes to the Entaran Code of Laws to accommodate some of the more unscrupulous tendencies of mankind. As a result, the law in Sendremas resembles that of many human cities. The laws of Lhyllifel were used as an example, and some Lhyllifelan expatriates have cast themselves in the role of Nihesh, or "Protectors" of the populace. Though they have no actual power themselves, *Nihesh* are often called upon to settle disputes among residents before the watch has to intervene, and someone – or everyone – gets arrested, deported, imprisoned, or worse.

Crime

As long as there are no major disruptions to the city's routine, the Seremasi are content to disregard minor infractions of the law, but when they are compelled to act, they do so forcefully, sometimes with little sympathy for the "injured" party. To this end, some enterprising individuals use the fear of calling the watch as a means of intimidating other residents, and using them to their advantage. In the case of some influential Undir and Kio, "minor" transgressions

Undir & Kio Crime Families Gangs

Most organized criminal activity can be traced to one of two crime "guilds" operating in Sendremas: the Brotherhood of the Fin, led by the Undir Vasko Treen, or the association of confidence artists and enforcers known simply as "The Syndicate", administered by a middle aged (104 years old) fair-haired Kio man named Kirekh Gi'Jion. Both organizations sponsor, or have ties to the many gangs which roam the port area of the city, bands of toughs and ne'er-dowells that prey upon new arrivals and businesses near the dock that do not enjoy the "protection" of one of the two guilds. The Syndicate operates primarily on the western docks, while the Brotherhood controls the east. Occasional feuds arise between the two factions, but both are careful enough to keep hostilities hidden enough to avoid drawing the attention of the Watch.

Some notable gangs include: the Swordfish (Brotherhood), the Guardians of the Port, or simply, "Guardians" (Syndicate), and the Wharf Dogs – a loosely organized independent gang consisting largely of cast-offs from one of the two guilds, or those deemed unworthy of membership in either.

Travelers Guide to Seremas

The Port

Taverns – Low

The Dark-O-Dile's Cove

This large, roundish building of cypresswood is on the western docks, where many of the larger fishing vessels are moored. The proprietor, Ozal Khask, is a grizzled ex-fishing boat captain with a penchant for the dramatic. A forty foot Black Caiman trophy hangs from the ceiling, caught by Ozal himself some years ago. Additionally, in an artificial pond in the center of the establishment, surrounded by an iron cage, lurks a smaller specimen. At intervals during the night, Ozal will release groups of geese and other water fowl in to the cage, and take bets from his patrons on which will be the first to be eaten, and second, and so on...

The Laughing Lacedon

Nestled amongst the dockside warehouses, this shabby drinking hole gives new meaning to the word "dive". The

owner, a toothless barnacle named Yrak, serves grog so strong, "It'll paralyze ye!" This is a favorite pub of deckhands, longshoremen, and other crew looking for an out-of-the-way place to carouse. It also serves as a meeting place for some of the more organized criminal elements in the port.

Middle

The Sterncastle

The front of this establishment (which faces the harbor) resembles the back of a Milandisian galise, complete with wide latticed windows that offer views of ships passing by. Owned by the Naeraanthian nobleman Anson val'Ossan, the Sterncastle provides some of the best food and drink on the wharf, for the price. The tall val'Ossan's regulars include many of the more well-to-do Undir, who generally prefer the simple surroundings of his place to the more ostentatious trappings of the Captains Roost, nearby.

High

The Captains Roost

Actually a private club for ships' commanders, the Captains Roost serves excellent fare from all over the western Lands, as well as some notable dishes commonly associated with the major ports of Onara. Savonan Duckling is a specialty of the head chef, Pasquale Menotti-Sheem. Dining at the Captains Roost requires an invitation from a member.

Members maintain rooms at the Roost, which they use while they are in port. Membership in the club runs the equivalent of 500gp per year, paid in advance, of course.

The Wharf

The center of daily activity at the port, the wharf is a bustling market where goods of all kinds can be purchased. New cargo from far-off ports fills the stalls every day. Food and other perishables are available here as soon as they arrive. Goods from deeper into Entaris are brought here from time to time, but are usually found on the Boulevard of Merchants, closer to the Seronis Gate. Imports bound for the Port of Lords that did not arrive via Elorii ships are transferred to Entraran Vessels at a guarded dock at the Wharf's eastern edge.

The houses for the Shipwrights, Netmakers, Entertainers, Beggars, and Fishers guilds are also located here.

The Foreign Quarter

East (Poullaren)

Inns – Low

The Gull's Nest

The stench of droppings from the swarms of seabirds that congregate on the roof of this ramshackle three-story boarding

house keeps most potential guests away, but Odro Sproot, late of Mhun, continues to feed them, tossing scraps of food on to his roof in the hope of attracting a Golden Albatross. "I seen one of 'em once," he has been known to remark. "My luck was never better long after, but more recent-like times, they been badder to worse. I needs to catch me one and keep it in my room, and I'll have fortune with me the rest of my days!" Odro spends most of his time on his balcony, watching for sign of his quarry. The rooms here are large and comfortable, and were it not for the smell, they would fetch a higher price, but Odro will not give up his quest.

Middle

The Falling Leaf

Run by Kiech'To and Houlia Goskan, brother and sister from Capharra, the Leaf is pleasant, two-story hostel with a large common room and homey atmosphere. The two cook for their guests, and Houlia's talents in the kitchen are well known in the foreign quarter. There is little privacy, but many good tales can be heard during communal meals, which are served at dawn and dusk.

High

The Wizard's House

While away on travels, the Blackwander mage Surtem occasionally opens his four-story villa as a guesthouse, leaving his apprentice Theosimus as caretaker. A reference from one of the wizard's trusted friends (Theosimus has a list) is all that is required to gain an invitation to stay for the night. Surtem does not charge his guests, but donations are gratefully accepted, and help to offset his numerous expenses. His collection of artifacts and curiosities from all across Onara is legendary, but beware, a curse is said to befall any that cannot keep their hands to themselves.

Taverns – Low

The Upturned Cask

Near the port, this watering hole is favored by many of the workmen in the foreign quarter. The interior is spacious and noisy, with rows of benches and tables filled with laborers looking to forget the day's drudgery. Puolar, Lunga, and Nuepo, a trio of Undir men, collectively own the Cask, each taking every third day off.

Middle

The House of the Roaring Flame

Braziers dangle above every stone-topped table in this impressive granite-block building near the eastern wall. Kalkek Schorr, a former Nierite Cancere, abandoned service to the Dark Triumvirate after years adventuring in the Western Lands, and converted to elemental worship, eventually settling in Sendremas. A shrine to Keleos sits in the southern wall, suits of red Canceri steel plate armor standing as if on guard, astride it. A great flamberge hangs above the bar, its hilt showing the wear of use.

High

The Brass Oliphant

Francisco Vincenzo-Abebi named this high-ceilinged establishment after the beast that earned him his much of his wealth. For years, he traded with the people of the southern continent, bringing shiploads of ivory to ports in Coryan and Altheria before retiring in Seremas. A scale replica of one of the creatures, cast appropriately in brass, sits in a glass case in the entryway. An eclectic mix of Altherian and Savonan dishes are served here.

The houses for the Jewelers, Blacksmiths, and Scribes guilds are also located here.

West (Konskar)

Inns – Low

Flotsam Manor

Built, seemingly, of driftwood and other articles one might find washing into the harbor, this rickety flophouse is the property of one "Lord" Bronka Kegnet. His lordship is most gracious with guests, levying only a minimal "tax" upon those staying with him. The accommodations are sparse, the floors marginally structurally sound, the roof porous. Its one redeeming quality is Lord Bronka himself, who is a fine host, and often goes out of his way to please his guests, "Hospitality is a virtue."

Middle

Sendremas Guesthouse

This respectable establishment takes up a full block of western Sendremas, and has more rooms than any inn in the city. Accommodations vary in size, ranging from small, one-bed quarters to large suites capable of housing a dozen comfortably. Run, presumably by the Kioman Yhrigil Ske'ikt on behalf of a Mhyrcian noble, the Guesthouse is actually owned by the Syndicate, which uses one wing of the building to provide living quarters for several of their captains, and for guests from abroad.

High

Friendship Tower ("The Thirteenth Tree")

Yrgis val'Sunga, self-styled "Elf-Friend" of Quon, constructed this edifice in the hopes of ingratiating himself with the natives of Seremas. A confirmed Elorophile, Yrgis attempted to imitate the architectural techniques of the Seremasi by building a marble tower about the base of a single oak tree, which was brought into the city by ship and located to the site of the inn by crane. His original name for the place, "The Thirteenth Tree", was meant as an homage to the Twelve Trees the Elorii keep in front of their Council halls. Yrgis thought the trees were sacred to the Elorii, and wished to demonstrate his appreciation for this belief. It was only after talking with

Vilash Kondra that Yhrgis was made aware that these trees had been planted in remembrance of twelve ancient races the Elorii had caused to be extinct, and unless he wished to join them, he had better come up with another name. The inn was promptly renamed "Friendship Tower." The tower is rarely frequented by Elorii, but is a favorite of Kio noblemen visiting the city.

Taverns – Low

The Broken Keel

Built from scrap wood from the shipyards, the Keel is owned by Moulpis L'Ver, a former ship's mate from Eppion. More of a gambling house than a pub, the Keel offers a variety of games. Moulpis has a reputation for being a fair man, and his games are, for the most part, on the "up-and-up." The Keel has an arrangement with the brothel across the street, and shares many customers with it.

Middle

The Smiling Crab

A rustic, squat structure near the western port, the Crab is frequented by many of the local Kio folk, and serves traditional fare as well as a wide assortment of seafood. The house specialty is, of course, Entaran spiced crab, which is served in a light butter sauce. The proprietor, Geomor Ki'Sek is an amiable Kio man from Liveh.

High

Argr-Aak's

The finest eatery in the city has an unlikely chef and owner. The hobgoblin Argr-Aak learned to cook while serving in the Coryani Auxilia. He refined his skills in travels to major cities all across Onara. A finer gourmet cook is a rare find. With some financial backing, he opened his restaurant in Sendremas some years back. Though his food is superb, Argr-Aak is prone to flashes of temper, especially when his cooking is criticized by customers with less-than-refined palettes. The hobgoblin has been known to chase would-be critics from his establishment, bone cleaver in hand.

The houses for the Weavers, Cobblers, Laborers, and Potters guilds are also located here.

Nureskh

Inns - Low

The Wayhouse

A three-story stone building featuring simple, unadorned rooms with meager furnishings, the Wayhouse is clean and well-kept. Though more expensive than similar inns in other parts of the city, the Wayhouse is on the Boulevard of Merchants, and close to Residents Hall. The proprietor,

Thulek Brons, a Cancereuse by birth, does not condone any mischief on the part of his guests, especially any that would attract the city watch. He has been known to throw out troublemakers.

Middle

The Venerable Oak

Though there is no tree here (see Friendship Tower, above), this two-story wooden building is a frequent stopover for druids and rangers passing through the city. Accommodations are warm and cosy, and the staff, led by owner Ronas Louper of Lhosk, aims to please. The Oak has the occasional Elorii guest. This is a meeting place for agents of the Order of the Twilight Bough (See Secrets, above). A concealed exit below one of Ronas's storerooms leads to a tunnel to Serelor.

High

The Pearl

What Friendship Tower wishes to be, such is the Pearl. The most beautiful building in Sendremas, its delicate archways, fluted columns and ornate balustrades define grace and dignity. Nearly anyone of import visiting the city usually stays here, including royalty and diplomatic guests of the Council. It stands across the street from Residents Hall, in view of the Seronis Gate. The Bountiful Catch (see Taverns, below) is housed within its lower floor, while the rest of the building rises six stories into the air. The Pearl is administered by Enophre val'Holryn, former Lord Castellan for a Milandisian Count, on behalf the inn's unnamed owner.

Taverns – Low

Pymprac's

Owned by a gnomish ex-wrestler, this small but clean pub in a row of shops on the southern edge of Nureskh serves honey-mead and ale in the Milandisian tradition. A wide variety of chicken-based dishes are served here, some of which, Pymprac claims, have curative properties – a secret recipe taught to him "by a Ss'ressen wise-lizard." Trophies and medals from his illustrious wrestling career adorn the walls, including a golden wreath won during the Carnival of Swords.

Middle

The Sword and Bull

Don Marco Tensen opened this establishment shortly after retiring his toreador's cape, which hangs above the bar. An expansive eatery built to resemble a bullfighting arena, the Sword and Bull serves Cafelan cuisine and a large assortment of wines from southern Coryan's best vineyards. Games of chance are open to any willing to risk their purse, and run all night.

High

The Bountiful Catch

Undisputedly the finest tavern in Sendremas, the Catch plays host to many meetings between high-profile businessmen, guild leaders, and Elorii. Discretion is emphasized here, and there are many private rooms. The fare is first class, and well beyond the means of all but the wealthiest individuals. A meal here is considered an essential part of any visit to the city, for those that can afford it. Calo Vounes, an Undir former adventurer, has run the Catch since his grandfather's death, some years ago.

The houses for the Carpenters, Coopers, Glassblowers, and Stonemasons guilds are also located here.

Residents Hall

Located immediately south of the Seronis Gate, this administrative center also serves as the meeting place for representatives of the all guilds of Sendremas to discuss local matters of import. Vilash Kondra, Guildmaster of Carpenters presides when this happens. The Guildmaster maintains his offices in the Hall, where he collects various grievances and requests from the populace to take with him on his weekly visits with the Elder Council.

A Note on Religion

Temples to each of the Elemental Lords can be found in Sendremas, but there are none for the Gods of the Pantheon anywhere within Seremas. Private shrines in the homes of the devout are the only place where the Gods of Man can be paid tribute. The Entarans, though otherwise very tolerant of outsiders, share the vitriol for the Pantheon deities that their cousins in Elonbé and Malfelen possess. For all its worldly trappings, this is still an Elorii city, and as one would not expect to see temples to Belisarda in the lands of Man, so the Seremasi do not permit their sacred territory to carry the stain of the murderers of their Gods.

The Elluwé

The Elluwé are pools of pure water infused with the power of Orumar, the sacred Font of Souls from which the Elorii are born. One exists within every Elorii community, created and maintained by the Lifewardens. Dozens of mystical powers are ascribed to them, and are at the command of the Belisardan Priests. The greatest of Lifewardens can use them to perform miracles. (For more information on the Elluwé, see *Codex Arcanis*, p.138)

The Elluwé of Meliros

The Elluwé of the Berokene Lifewarden Meliros is the most potent of those sacred pools on Onara. Of all living Elorii, Meliros has the greatest ability to tap into the Orumar, rivaling

the mightiest Lifewardens of old. Meliros has seen much in these waters, and has learned much of the fate of the world.

[Stats for other Lifewardens' use of the Elluwé of Meliros, including heightened effects]

Notes on Kurenthe

The power, strength, and effects of a Kurenthe death curse are based on the age, level, and Bloodline advancement of the Elorii uttering the curse, but more importantly on the circumstances in which it is given. This a total DM interpretive effect. The DM has complete control over what happens, but we suggest adherence to the following guidelines for the Living Arcanis campaign, and if you wish, in your home campaigns as well:

Player Character Elorii that Death Curse should not be permitted to generate new Elorii PC's. PC Death Curses should only have minor effects. Death Curses can be lifted through an *Atonement* spell cast by a Priest of Belisarda (only if the DM feels the character is truly repentant), or by sufficiently correcting the insult/wrong inflicted. Death Curses spat frivolously have minimal effect.

Roleplaying tips for Entaran Elorii

After reading this chapter, you might see the Elorii of Seremas duplicitous, and this would not be wholly inaccurate. With one face, they play the friend to mankind, with the other, they plan the downfall of his gods. But this is an oversimplification. Entarans can be as deceitful as the Elorii from Elonbé are naïve, as the Malfelen are murderous – the characterization only describes them to an extent. They are certainly masters of intrigue, but their intentions are for the good of their people and of the world. They excel in diplomacy (+2 to Skill checks), and in relating to other races. They are resourceful and clever. They keep their secrets well. Most importantly, they share a sense of purpose – what the Laerestri have undertaken as individuals, the Seremasi have done as a nation.

Though they show it less than other Elorii, Entarans are zealous. They are less likely to "lose their way" from the Elorii fold than Laerestri. They are not so alone or apart from their people as those that left the Vastwood, though they thrive in situations where they must interact with others. The Entarans are wiser in the ways of mankind than any of the other Elorii. They know their needs, their desires, they know how they function. Lastly, Entarans are doers. They take roles that others would not. They shoulder responsibility unflinchingly, though they take due precautions to ensure success.

Eloran PC's from Seremas should make for interesting characters with lots of depth. Play them with subtlety and intelligence, and, as with all Elorii, passion – even if you don't wear it on your sleeve.

Elorii Deity Domains

Deity	Domains	Weapon
Belisarda	Animal, Healing, Holy, Plant, Protection	Longbow
Beroe	Holy, Travel, Trickery, War, Water	Shortbow
Keleos	Fire, Destruction, Holy, Magic, War	Longsword
Marok	Earth, Holy, Protection, Strength, War	Bastard Sword
Osalian	Air, Luck, Music, Storm, War	Short Sword

Note, younger Elorii clerics gain training in and are sworn to the worship of Belisarda as the sole surviving Elorii God. This sundering of their faith has led to each nation having predominate domain choices drawn from an amalgamation of all five Gods' rituals.

Clerics from Elonbe typically choose from the following domains: Air, Animal, Earth, Fire, Healing, Holy, Plant or Water.

Clerics from Malfelen typically choose from the following domains: Destruction, Fire, Healing, Holy, Protection, Strength, Storm or War

Clerics from Entaris typically choose from the following domains: Air, Healing, Holy, Protection, Storm, Travel, War or Water

ELORII ATTUNEMENT RITUAL

Elorii wishing to attune themselves to their elemental roots can undergo an attunement ritual during

which they search within themselves for their primordial components. For one revolution of Aperio they stay at an Elluwe', taking a drink from the sacred waters every four days. For the first week and a half they relax in the care of the attending Lifewarden and templars, divesting themselves of the burdens of this life. After their third drink from the Elluwe' they begin a fast and spend each day meditating in silence. They do not speak to anyone again until after their seventh drink of the sacred waters. Once the ritual is complete they have a closer tie to their elemental precursors.

Undergoing an Elorii attunement takes 4 weeks and costs 300 XPs, and 100 gp. Any Elorii who

completes the ritual may take the Elorii Bloodline feat at any opportunity when feats are normally available. Normally that feat may only be selected at character creation.

Elorii:

Elorii, or "Elves" as they have come to be known, were once the rulers of the lands of Onara. But with the coming of Humanity and the destruction of their gods, they have retreated to the great forests of the continent where they bide their time, awaiting the War of Vengeance.

Recently, they have come out of the forests and while some have hired themselves out as scouts and mercenaries, others have become adventurers, striking forth to see the world beyond the tree line. Onara is home to five Elorii "bloodlines" each with distinct physical and mental traits.

COMMON ELORII ABILITIES

These are some of the Racial Abilities all Elorii have in common. For basic racial descriptions, please refer to Codex Arcanis **Chapter XI, The Bright Nations of the Elorii.**

Arcanis Elf Racial Abilities:

- **Medium Size:** As Medium-sized creatures, Elorii have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- **Low-light vision:** Elorii can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. They retain the ability to distinguish color and details under these conditions.
- **Proficient with Sword & Bow.** All Elorii train constantly with these weapons in anticipation for the War of Vengeance. As such, all Elorii are proficient with these weapons.
- **Immunities:** Elorii are immune to sleep and non-magical disease.
- **+2 to willpower saving throws:** Once slaves themselves, the Elorii despise slavery. Most elves would rather die than serve another against their will. Elorii are rarely trusting, and are even less gullible. Also being immortal they have no real fear of death
- **Immortality:** Elorii do not appear to age after reaching maturity and in fact cannot die from old age.
- **Automatic Languages:** Eloran and Low Coryani. Bonus Languages: High Coryani, Ancient Altherian

Mârokene Elves, "Earth Elves"

The Mârokene are those of the blood of the Earth God, Mârok

Mârokene Elf Racial Abilities:

- **+2 Str, -2 Cha, -2 Int:** The Mârokene is tougher and stronger than most of their brethren but they lack the quickness of wit that others of their race enjoy.
- **Mârokene base speed is 30 ft.**
- **+2 bonus to spot and search checks in regards to traps in natural surroundings.**
- **Automatic Languages:** Mârokene may also speak the languages of earth elemental creatures.

- **Favored Class:** Fighter. A multiclassed Märokene's fighter class does not count when determining whether he suffers an XP penalty for multiclassing. Their strength and straight forwardness make these Elorii prime candidates for the Fighter class.

OSALIKENE ELVES, "WIND ELVES"

The Osalikene are those of the blood of the Wind God, Osalian.

Osalikene Elf Racial Abilities:

- **+2 Dex, +2 Cha, -2 Con, -2 Wis:** The Osalian are quick and charismatic; their personality and strength of will are most extraordinary.
- **Osalikene base speed is 30 ft.**
- **Automatic Languages:** Osalikene may also speak the languages of air elemental creatures.
- **+2 racial bonus on Tumble & Jump checks:** The wind seems to carry the Osalikene as they make the most incredible acrobatic maneuvers appear simplistic.
- **Favored Class:** Bard. A multiclassed Osalikene's Bard class does not count when determining whether he suffers an XP penalty for multiclassing.

KELEKENE ELVES, "FIRE ELVES"

The Kelekene are those of the blood of the Fire God, Keleos.

Kelekene Elf Racial Abilities:

- **+2 Dex, +2 Int, -2 Con, -2 Wis:** The Kelekene are as quick of wit as they are of blade. They are also quick to anger, as they often let their passions get the best of them.
- **Kelekene base speed is 30 ft.**
- **Automatic Languages:** Kelekene may also speak the languages of fire elemental creatures.
- **+2 racial bonus on intimidate checks:** The intensity of the Kelekene personality is somewhat daunting.
- **Favored Class:** Wizard. A multiclassed Kelekene's Wizard class does not count when determining whether he suffers an XP penalty for multiclassing. Their strength of will and elemental nature make them particularly keen to manipulating magic

BEROKENE ELVES, "WATER ELVES"

The Berokene are those of the blood of the Water God, Beroke.

Berokene Elf Racial Abilities:

- **+2 Dex, +2 Wis, -2 Con, -2 Int:** The Berokene are very intuitive and focused, as well as quick on their feet.
- **Berokene base speed is 30 ft, in the water they swim at 30ft.**
- **Automatic Languages:** Berokene may also speak the languages of water elemental creatures.
- **+2 racial bonus on Balance and Profession Sailor:** The Berokene almost feel more at home on the deck of a ship than on dry land as they can feel the sea around them. It's very rare that a wave will catch a Berokene off guard.
- **Favored Class:** Rogue. A multiclassed Berokene's Rogue class does not count when determining whether he suffers an XP penalty for multiclassing. Their quickness and intuition make them fine rogues.

ARDAKENE ELVES, "LIFE ELVES"

The Ardakene are those of the blood of the elf mother, Belisarda.

Ardakene Elf Racial Abilities:

- **+2 Dex, +2 Wis, +2 Cha, -2 Str, -2 Con.** The Ardakene elders are among the wisest of their people. Their sharp mind and strength of will more than makes up for their slight build.
- **Ardakene base speed is 30 ft**
- **Voice of the Mother:** Speak to animals 1/day
- **+2 racial bonus on Heal and Wilderness lore checks:** The Ardakene are attuned to the flow of life around them. In the wild they have an intuitive understanding of their surroundings.
- **Favored Class:** Cleric. A multiclassed Ardakene's Cleric class does not count when determining whether he suffers an XP penalty for multiclassing.

CREATURES OF SEREMAS

Legionnaires of the Lost Plexan Armada

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 4d12 + 2d10 (36 hp)
 Initiative: +4 (Dex)
 Speed: run: 30 ft. swim: 30ft
 AC: 25 (+5 armor, +2 large shield, +4 Dex, +4 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +8 melee; 2 claws +4 melee OR Gladius +8 melee; Shortspear +9 ranged
 Damage: Bite 1d8+2 and paralysis; claw 1d4+3 and paralysis; Gladius 1d8+3; Shortspear 1d8
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Stench, paralysis, create spawn
 Special Qualities: Undead, +2 turn resistance, freedom of movement
 Saves: Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +9
 Abilities: Str 17, Dex 19, Con -, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 18
 Skills: Climb +9, Escape Artist +10, Hide +10, Intuit Direction +5, Jump +8, Knowledge (History) +5, Listen +11, Move Silently +9, Search +8, Spot +10
 Feats: Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (bite), Legionnaire, Expertise, Iron Will, Endurance (yes we know it is now useless)
 Climate/Terrain: The seas near Seremas
 Organization: Individual, Squad (10), Century (80 + leaders), Cohort (200-1,000), Legion (1,000 or more), Army (9,300)
 Challenge Rating: 5
 Treasure: Fixed
 Alignment: Always lawful evil
 Advancement: By character class

Legionnaires of the Lost Armada speak Low Coryani.

Stench (Ex): The stink of death and corruption surrounding these creatures is sickening. Those within 10 feet must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 15) or be wracked with nausea, suffering a -2 circumstance penalty to all attacks, saves, and skill checks for 1d6+4 minutes.

Paralysis (Ex): Those hit by a legionnaire's bite or claw attack must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 15) or be paralyzed for 1d6+4 minutes. Elorii are immune to this effect.

Create Spawn (Su): In most cases, the legionaries devour those they kill. From time to time, however, the bodies of their humanoid victims lie where they fell, to rise as ghouls in 1d4 days. Casting protection from evil on a body before the end of that time averts the transformation. Elorii are not immune to this effect.

Freedom of Movement (Ex): The Legion of the Lost Armada may always move as if under the effects of the spell, Freedom of Movement

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Centurion of the Lost Plexan Armada

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 4d12 + 6d10 (56 hp)
 Initiative: +8 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
 Speed: run: 30 ft. swim: 30ft
 AC: 25 (+5 armor, +2 large shield, +4 Dex, +4 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +12 melee; 2 claws +7 melee OR Gladius +12/+7 melee; Shortspear +9 ranged
 Damage: Bite 1d8+4 and paralysis; claw 1d4+4 and paralysis; Gladius 1d8+6; Shortspear 1d8
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Stench, paralysis, create spawn
 Special Qualities: Undead, +2 turn resistance, freedom of movement
 Saves: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +11
 Abilities: Str 19, Dex 19, Con -, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 18
 Skills: Climb +10, Escape Artist +10, Hide +10, Intuit Direction +7, Jump +10, Knowledge (History) +8, Listen +14, Move Silently +12, Search +10, Spot +14
 Feats: Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (bite), Legionnaire, Expertise, Iron Will, Endurance (yes we know it is now useless), Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Gladius), Weapon Specialization (Gladius), Power Attack
 Climate/Terrain: The seas near Seremas
 Organization: As leaders of a Century (80 Legionnaires + 20 other ghastly soldiers)
 Challenge Rating: 9
 Treasure: Fixed

Alignment: Always lawful evil
 Advancement: By character class
 Centurions of the Lost Armada speak High and Low Coryani

Stench (Ex): The stink of death and corruption surrounding these creatures is sickening. Those within 10 feet must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 15) or be wracked with nausea, suffering a -2 circumstance penalty to all attacks, saves, and skill checks for 1d6+4 minutes.

Paralysis (Ex): Those hit by a centurion's bite or claw attack must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 19) or be paralyzed for 1d6+4 minutes. Elorii are immune to this effect.

Create Spawn (Su): In most cases, centurions devour those they kill. From time to time, however, the bodies of their humanoid victims lie where they fell, to rise as ghouls in 1d4 days. Casting protection from evil on a body before the end of that time averts the transformation. Elorii are not immune to this effect.

Freedom of Movement (Ex): The Legion of the Lost Armada may always move as if under the effects of the spell, Freedom of Movement

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

"Auxilia" of the Lost Armada

Human and Hobgoblin

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12 (13 hp)
 Initiative: +2 (Dex)
 Speed: run: 30 ft. swim: 30ft
 AC: 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +3 melee; 2 claws +0 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d6+1 and paralysis; claw 1d3 and paralysis
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Stench, paralysis, create spawn
 Special Qualities: Undead, +2 turn resistance
 Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5
 Abilities: Str 13, Dex 15, Con -, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16
 Skills: Climb +6, Escape Artist +7, Hide +7, Intuit Direction +3, Jump +6, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Search +6, Spot +7
 Feats: Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (bite)

Climate/Terrain: The seas near Seremas
 Organization: Individual, Gang (4-9), Squad (10 + Legionnaire leader), More (large numbers used as fodder for legion)

Challenge Rating: 2
 Treasure: Fixed
 Alignment: Always chaotic evil
 Advancement: 3 HD

Elorii

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12 (13 hp)
 Initiative: +3 (Dex)
 Speed: run: 30 ft. swim: 30ft
 AC: 15 (+3 Dex, +2 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +4 melee; 2 claws +0 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d6+1 and paralysis; claw 1d3 and paralysis
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Stench, paralysis, create spawn
 Special Qualities: Undead, +2 turn resistance
 Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5
 Abilities: Str 13, Dex 17, Con -, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16
 Skills: Climb +6, Escape Artist +7, Hide +7, Intuit Direction +3, Jump +6, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Search +6, Spot +7
 Feats: Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (bite)
 Climate/Terrain: The seas near Seremas
 Organization: Individual, Gang (4-9), Squad (10 + Legionnaire leader), More (large numbers used as fodder for legion)
 Challenge Rating: 2
 Treasure: Fixed
 Alignment: Always chaotic evil
 Advancement: 3HD

The late Coryani army sends out "foraging and recruitment" parties to bolster their numbers. They sneak ashore, either to the docks of Seremas or nearby coastal areas and raid for food, basically killing people and eating them or for recruits, basically killing people and then not eating them. Decades-old veteran ghouls recruits are trained and brought into the legions; the newer recruits are used as fodder for the legions. The above represent to most common types of Auxilia, though ghouls based upon Dark Kin, Dwarves, Gnomes, Orcs and Val are known to exist.

Elorii ghouls are an especially sore spot with the Seramasi, and indeed all Elorii. As long as the Elorii is raised as a ghoul, his soul will not find its way back into the Soul Spring and the cycle of reincarnation is halted. Elorii will go to great lengths to slay such unfortunates and will retrieve the bodies for cleansing in the purifying waters of the Elluwe. Reincarnated Elorii that recall a life

as a ghoul recall torment and shame and more than one has been driven mad by the recollection. As this information has come to light, the Elorii are growing ever more aggressive in their search for the undersea army.

Auxilia speak the languages they spoke in life and Low Coryani

For exceptionally potent auxilia, provide them with arms and armor appropriate to their previous life or even spell casting and psionic abilities.

Paralysis (Ex): Those hit by a ghoul's bite or claw attack must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 14) or be paralyzed for 1d6+2 minutes. Elves are immune to this paralysis.

Create Spawn (Su): In most cases, auxilia devour those they kill. From time to time, however, the bodies of their humanoid victims lie where they fell, to rise as ghouls in 1d4 days. Casting protection from evil on a body before the end of that time averts the transformation.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Elomedius val'Ossan

Medium-Size Undead, 17th level Cleric of Hurrian, Skeletal Liche

Hit Dice: 17d12 (136 hp)
 Initiative: +7 (+3 dex, +4 improved initiative)
 Speed: run: 30 ft. swim: 30ft
 AC: 35 (+5 natural, +5 armor, +3 dex, +2 large shield, +8 enchantment (shield and armor combined), +2 deflection (cloak))
 Attacks: Touch +15 (touch attack); +3 Unholy Gladius +19/+14/+9 melee
 Damage: Touch 1d8+5 and Paralysis; Gladius 1d8+6
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: negative energy paralyzing touch, fear aura, spells,
 Special Qualities: undead, +8 turn resistance, damage reduction, immunities, aflame
 Saves: Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +16
 Abilities: Str 16, Dex 16, Con -, Int 18, Wis 24, Cha 18
 Skills: Knowledge (Religion): +23, Concentration +24, Spellcraft +23, Hide +29, Move Silently +29, Sense Motive +34, Listen +14, Spot +14, Search +12
 Feats: Combat Casting, Weapon Focus: Gladius, Leadership, Silent Spell,

Improved Initiative, Extra Turning x2

Climate/Terrain: The seas near Seremas

Organization: Individual

Challenge Rating: 19

Treasure: Fixed

Alignment: Lawful evil

Advancement: By character class

Bloodrank: 5

Bloodline Powers: Yarris' Breath, Yarris' Step, My Lord's Domain is as Mine, My Brothers Shall Not Harm Me, The Oceanlord's Gift

Domains: War, Strength

Spells per Day: 0/1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9
 (6/7+1/7+1/7+1/6+1/5+1/5+1/4+1/2+1/1+1)

Possessions: +3 Unholy Gladius, +3 Lorica Segmentata, +5 Large Shield, +2 Cloak of Deflection, Phylactery (well hidden in the depths), Wand of Dispel Magic (19 charges), Wand of Harm (22 charges)

Negative Energy Paralyzing Touch Attack (Su): Elomedius can perform a touch attack that uses negative energy to deal 1d8+5 points of damage to living creatures; a Will save with a DC of 20 reduces the damage by half. Any living creature he touches must succeed at a Fortitude save or be permanently paralyzed. Remove paralysis or any spell that can remove a curse can free the victim (see the bestow curse spell). The effect cannot be dispelled. Anyone paralyzed by a lich seems dead, though a successful Spot check (DC 20) or Heal check (DC 15) reveals that the victim is still alive.

Fear Aura (Su): Elomedius is shrouded in a dreadful aura of death and evil. Creatures of less than 5 HD in a 60-foot radius that look at him must succeed at a Will save or be affected as though by fear as cast by a 17th level sorcerer.

Turn Resistance (Ex): Elomedius has +8 turn resistance

Damage Reduction (Ex): Elomedius' undead body is tough, giving him damage reduction 15/+1.

Aflame (Ex): Since Meliros expunged him; Elomedius has been constantly aflame, even while submerged. These flames cause him terrible pain at all times, though they have brought him an unexpected boon. Elomedius is constantly under the effects of the Spell *Fire Shield*, treat this as the chill shield option despite the fact that his flames are searing hot.

Immunities (Ex): Immune to cold, electricity, polymorph, and mind-affecting attacks. Elomedius has no flesh and therefore takes _ damage from piercing and slashing weapons.

Arboreal Black Caiman "AKA the Dark-O-Dile"

Large Size Beast (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 7d10+35 (70 hp)
 Initiative: +2 (Dex)
 Speed: 20 ft., swim 40 ft., climb 20 ft.
 AC: 16 (+2 Dex, +4 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +13 melee; or tail slap +13 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d12+8; tail slap 2d8+8
 Face/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.
 Special Attacks: Improved Grab
 Special Qualities: Immunities
 Saves: Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +3
 Abilities: Str 27, Dex 14, Con 21, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 2
 Skills: Hide +10, Listen +8, Spot +8
 Climate/Terrain: Seremas Estuary and Mangroves
 Organization: Solitary
 Challenge Rating: 7
 Treasure: None
 Alignment: Always neutral evil
 Advancement: 8-12 HD (Huge)

Ymandragore with the Kurenthe death curse. These creatures all share certain characteristics. They have an aggressive temperament, they are black as night and are wickedly cunning. Travel in the wild jungle around the city is, as a result, very hazardous.

The Arboreal Caiman, despite its large size, is an accomplished ambush hunter, either appearing suddenly from beneath the water, or dropping from the mangrove trees onto unsuspecting victims. The Caiman will attempt to lock on with its jaws and then drag its prey into the water where it will eventually drown. The black color of the beast is well suited for such tactics in the murky water and deep shadows of the dark mangroves.

The Carnivorous Black Flamingo is a vicious aerial pack hunter, known to commonly attack livestock and untended children. Swooping from the night sky on silent wings, a handful of these birds will drive the victims into the waiting razor-sharp beaks of the rest of the flock. The flock is typically under the charge of a matriarch, a large female flamingo of exceptional strength and it is her direction that chooses a flocks' hunting areas. The flamingoes are quite cowardly when alone and will attempt to flee any aggressor, but when amassed in a flock, they are completely fearless.

Carnivorous Black Flamingo

Medium Size Beast (Aquatic Bird)

Hit Dice: 3d10+9 (24 hp)
 Initiative: +2 (Dex)
 Speed: 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)
 AC: 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)
 Attacks: Bite +6 melee
 Damage: Bite 1d6+3
 Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
 Special Attacks: Fly By Attack, Dark Vision 120 ft.
 Special Qualities: Immunities
 Saves: Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +1
 Abilities: Str 16, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 4
 Skills: Hide +8, Listen +12, Spot +12
 Climate/Terrain: Seremas Estuary and Mangroves
 Organization: Flock (12-20)
 Challenge Rating: 3
 Treasure: None
 Alignment: Always neutral evil
 Advancement: 4-6HD (large)

Immunities (ex): Immune to Ghoul and Ghost paralysis.

The Arboreal Caiman and Carnivorous Flamingo are two examples of the aggressive black fauna that have come to populate the Seremas Estuary in the decades since Folgos and Kethiel destroyed the Black Fleet of

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