

NEW GODS OF MANKIND



LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS

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Richard would like to dedicate this book to his wife who stood by him during these troubled times.

Joe would like to dedicate this to his family and friends.

Jennifer would like to dedicate this book to her family and friends and the memory of Foxy.



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CHAPTER 1:

INTRODUCTION TO LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS

Greetings Seeker,

If you have obtained a copy of this book, you are either a very sly thief or a member of the Silver Scroll Gatherers. If you do not speak the proper phrase within the allotted time, this book will dissipate into fine sand. Please return this book in a timely manner to the Silver Scroll Gatherers in Arador. You will be rewarded.

Bound within this third volume of Secrets of the Silver Scroll Gatherers is potent knowledge of Legendary Artifacts throughout history. Information is power and such power can be found inside this secret text. Any portion of this text, if misused, will shift the balance of power in the Known World.

These puissant objects of power, filled with the Belief of many, are the subject of many tales—some true, others false. Belief over a period of time in the object of supremacy is what empowers these Artifacts, creating a living object able to cast Miracles about as though it were a god. Legends, fictional and real, are discussed here, along with the laws, properties, and rules governing the use of such Artifacts. Some records are first-hand information, although some are second- or even third-hand accounts. Scholars and scribes including many sylph, undine, and gnome priests have contributed to this work and are referenced in it. Many questions such as how the objects were created and where they are located are only hinted at; true locations are never revealed as this knowledge alone is dangerous. Gods who created and controlled the item along with people who have worshiped the Artifact are mentioned as well. Some Artifacts have only manifested in the Known World a few times, while others are lost, as the God and the people who worshiped it are dead. Much of the distilled knowledge of millennia of study can be found here, although there are lamentable gaps in our knowledge when it comes to these Legendary Artifacts.

This book is divided into several chapters discussing these Legendary Artifacts of the Known World. Below is a list of the chapters along with topics discussed:

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION TO LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS:

We discuss here all laws and attributes of Legendary Artifacts.

CHAPTER 2

LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE GNOME GODS:

Puissant weapons of power are stored with the Gnome Gods.

CHAPTER 3

LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE DRAGON GODS:

Even the Artifacts of the Dragon Gods are divisive.

CHAPTER 4

LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF UNDINE AND SYLPH GODS:

Celundynn, Plthunlos, and Lugos all have created extraordinary items that influence the Known World to this day.

CHAPTER 5

LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE NYMPH AND GIANTS:

The forests and wild places in the Known World hold strange secrets.

CHAPTER 6

MENACING AND TERRIFYING LEVIATHAN ARTIFACTS:

Malevolent wills and raging souls created several horrifying weapons of fear and destruction.

May Lugos guide your thoughts and deeds,

Rhenn,

Third brother of the Silver Scroll Gatherers in Arador

For the Player:

This book is for any god who wishes to create an Artifact, or to make his Artifact Legendary. Players should note each myth surrounding the Artifact and the Miracles each one contains. Each section has some unique items of power which can be incorporated into any game.

If your god finds such knowledge during a campaign you should talk with Fate (The Game master) about questing for the Artifact or creating your own.

For Fate (GM):

Every Artifact here can be used for a campaign, either as a focal point or something to add in. If you see an Artifact with too much power, or not enough, feel free to alter the Miracle stats for the weapons.

New grades of Miracles are introduced in this book to show a grander scale. The Mythical, Grandiose, and Impossible scales of Miracles reflect the following die values and cost.

Table A: Miracle Base Cost

ALTERATION MIRACLES	
Power	Base Cost
Trivial	2
Minor	3
Significant	4
Major	5
Legendary	6
Mythical	10
Grandiose	15
Impossible	50
INNOVATION MIRACLES	
Power	Base Cost
Trivial	4
Minor	5
Significant	6
Major	7
Legendary	8
Mythical	14
Grandiose	20
Impossible	85

Make sure when role-playing to give each Legendary Artifact at least a semi-sentient persona. Most of the Artifacts will display their feelings through actions. Very few are verbal and have full consciousness (a few are mentioned).

Most of all have fun!

Table B: Miracle Die Size

INNOVATION MIRACLES	
Miracle's Power	Die Size
Trivial	d4
Minor	d6
Significant	d8
Major	d10
Legendary	d12
Mythical	d20
Grandiose	d30
Impossible	d100
ALTERATION MIRACLES	
Miracle's Power	Die Size Increase or Decrease Steps*
Trivial	No effect
Minor	One step
Significant	Two steps
Major	Three steps
Legendary	Four steps
Mythical	Five steps
Grandiose	Six steps
Impossible	Seven steps

* An Alteration Miracle improves (or inhibits) some already existing ability. Thus, the power you need to achieve a particular result depends upon the starting material. For example, say you want to turn somebody into a particularly dangerous warrior — one who rolls d10s in combat. If you used a Miracle to enhance a veteran in this way (who normally rolls d8s in combat), you'd need only minor Miracle (because a change from a d8 to a d10 is one step). Turning a feeble old man (who normally has a simply value of 1 in combat) into a similar warrior requires a legendary Miracle (because increasing a value of 1 to a d10 is an increase of four steps: d4, d6, d8, d10).

Note that an alteration must be at least minor to have any significant impact on a conflict.

Table C: Miracle Power Bonus/Penalty†

Miracle's Power	Die Size
Trivial	No effect
Minor	+1/-1
Significant	+2/-2
Major	+3/-3
Legendary	+4/-4
Mythical	+6/-6
Grandiose	+10/-10
Impossible	+/-50

† The maximum bonus or penalty for any die roll is one-half the maximum number on that die. So, a d6 can have a maximum bonus of +3 (and a maximum penalty of -3). A d10 can have a maximum bonus of +5.

Table D: Nimbus Miracles

Type of Nimbus	Basic Cost*	Upkeep	Die Used
Trivial	2	1	d4
Minor	3	1	d6
Significant	4	2	d8
Major	5	2	d10
Legendary	6	3	d12
Mythical	10	5	d20
Grandiose	15	8	d30
Impossible	50	25	d100

Table E: Disguise/Scrying Miracles

Type of Disguise/Scrying Miracle	Basic Cost	Upkeep*	Die Used
Trivial	1	0	d4
Minor	2	1	d6
Significant	3	1	d8
Major	4	2	d10
Legendary	5	2	d12
Mythical	8	4	d20
Grandiose	12	6	d30
Impossible	36	18	d100

Table F: Amplification/Diminishment

Type of Amplification or Diminishment	Basic Cost	Upkeep*	Die Used
Trivial	1	0	+/-1
Minor	2	1	+/-2
Significant	3	1	+/-3
Major	4	2	+/-4
Legendary	5	2	+/-5
Mythical	6	3	+/-6
Grandiose	10	5	+/-10
Impossible	50	25	+/-50

Introduction

Gathered in the following text are my conclusions concerning the laws and attributes of Legendary Artifacts. Many references to the stone tablets of the gnome Kaaran, a chief warden and priest of Orsa, entitled *Defining the Raw Power of the Gods*, are included in this chapter. Another scholar mentioned here is Twillādii, an Undine priestess of Celundynn, who was killed shortly after the completion of her clay tablets entitled *Paths to Glory: How the Weapons of the Gods Function*. Many years of study went into the project with much research and some first-hand field experience (which I doubt I would ever do again).

Laws of Legendary Artifacts

Much like the gods who created them, Legendary Artifacts have laws that govern them and their use. These laws define the boundaries of these powerful weapons. Pay close attention to these sets of laws. One day you may create your own Legendary Artifact that will have a spirit of its own.

EACH LEGENDARY ARTIFACT MUST:

Have one myth, story, or legend attributed to it. Every Artifact in existence is not known or will ever be known. Only the most influential and world-shaking Artifacts are made into legends. When an Artifact is used among the mortal masses, they will realize its power. Legends will grow and so will the Belief in the power of the Artifact if it is used again. Some stories pass on in time and wither. But legends remain throughout the ages.

Have a legend known throughout at least one territory. It

is not enough for an inner tribal circle of elders to know the power of a Legendary Artifact. Everyone, from the hunters who travel many days away from home to the small children who play in the village, must know the story. Often visitors who come to this territory will be told of the many stories in the land. Myths surrounding the Legendary Artifacts strengthened it. Traveling merchants and wandering sages speak these myths to the masses ensuring the Artifact's power.

Have survived at least one generation of believers. The stories of each Legendary Artifact must pass from father to son, mother to daughter into the next generation of people. This timely passing of myths is essential to the power of the revered Artifact; from one generation who merely acknowledged the power of this item, to another who enshrines the legend as a potent force to be reckoned with.

Have affected more than one tribe. As the story of the relic is passed on, those affected by its power are also mentioned. Each tribe will therefore have their own version of the item, whether good or bad. One tribe might revere the Legendary Artifact as an item that saved their tribe from horrible conquest, while their warlike neighbors will demonize the relic, using its name for a curse. Legendary Artifacts gain Belief even in a negative context.

Be subject to the will of the owner, be they god or mortal. Even the mightiest of weapons have an owner to activate its latent power. Some Legendary Artifacts are without a master (see below) and can still function. There are some miraculous relics that have a strong spirit within not willing to settle on a single master. Legendary Artifacts are not heroes and cannot choose their own fate if there is a master. But it may bend the rules of master and servant to favor the Legendary Artifact's own purposes.

Attributes Associated with Legendary Artifacts

Unique attributes are directly associated with Legendary Artifacts.

Legendary Artifacts are possessed by a semi-sentient spirit that can influence mortals and even gods. Once a lifeless object of power gains Belief, it takes on a semi-life of its own. This phenomenon is chronicled in the tablets of

Twill'a'di; Undine Artifacts have influenced mortals and even the Legendary god, Plthunlos, to acts of strange behavior. Kaaran mentions this twice in his text concerning the Gnome Gods as well. It is said Gnorr would have never split the world asunder if it was not for the damming influence of his mighty weapon, World Splitter. (Note: Gods who have created this artifact will know if a miracle is trying to affect the artifact much like a worshipper.)

Legendary Artifacts need no god to cast Miracles. Normal Artifacts require upkeep from their patron gods. Legendary Artifacts generate their own Belief and control their own fate. Much like gods gain power from acts or deed (See Appendix A: **THE CELESTIAL GARDENS** / Additional Ways for a God to Gain Belief), Legendary Artifacts gain power through the tales spread about them.

Legendary Artifacts may gain and lose Belief much like a god. Often Legendary Artifacts share the same followers as the god who owns the item. They will have Belief scores but they cannot gain as much Belief. As a semi-sentient object it only gains one Belief for every ten followers.

Legendary Artifacts that have no master may gain a following of their own. They still generate a smaller amount of faith, but may have temples and shrines (See Appendix A: **THE CELESTIAL GARDENS** Additional Ways for a God to Gain Belief). A few Artifacts even generate their own Miracles (with guidance from a mortal).

The object may lose Belief due to use of its Miracles. If the object is defeated in battle in front of its followers it will lose faith. It will not lose faith due to negligence of its followers. A Legendary Artifact does not have to take care of its followers unlike gods.

Legendary Artifacts may survive even after its believers have died. Unlike gods who have spirits that can be crushed, Legendary Artifacts cannot die unless they are broken by a god. Even if the Artifact is broken another god may put the Artifact together and it will be whole. In this respect Legendary Artifacts hold a unique ability to live for ages even with no followers. Hidden legends buried in unknown tombs can reawaken the lost item.

Legendary Artifacts cannot travel by themselves. Gods may travel freely through the Spirit Realm and the Known

World. Legendary Artifacts are very limited and must be carried. Except for a couple of items mentioned in Kaaran's work, which actually have the power of flight, Artifacts are objects that depend on masters to carry them around be they mortal, spirit, or god.

Legendary Artifacts may be held by spirits. Once an object reached Legendary status, it holds a power that transcends the mortal realm into the spirit world. Spirits, Demons, and Wraiths may pick up these sacred relics and use them, much like a mortal or god would. This is a frightening notion as *The Path to Glory* has recorded several instances where demons have reached godhood through the use of a Legendary Artifact (some are recorded here).

Possessing an Artifact

To possess a Legendary Artifact is to command immense power, giving the user many abilities and a reservoir of Belief. If a god creates an Artifact, and it reaches Legendary status, it will stay under the god's control unless the god's status is diminished to a spirit or if the god is bound. Spirits may hold on to Legendary Artifacts, but it can be taken away from a spirit. A bound spirit is limited and cannot wield an Artifact. If a god or a spirit notices an Artifact unbound or in the possession of a spirit, demon, or wraith, it may use Miracles to possess the Artifact. Even so, the god must make a spirit vs. spirit roll on the spot to hold the weapon, or else the Artifact will reject it and remain in place.

On occasion, powerful Legendary Artifacts may "lend" themselves to others for temporary use, without the owner's consent. This has happened in the War of the Elements, when World-Splitter was taken from Gnorrr while he was distracted and used to make a deadly blow against Lugos. It is said the mighty weapon Gorr'thu allowed this as its owner never touched it after the War of Invaders, leaving it in the Known World.

Breaking a Legendary Artifact

This daunting task is possible, according to Kaaran's book. Only a Miracle may break the weapon, as the Artifact is too powerful for a mortal or spirit alone to break. The task is an opposing Miracle to Body of the Legendary Artifact roll. If the Artifact fails, it may use a mending Miracle to keep itself intact, but it will lose Belief. Mending Miracles cost six Belief as it is used to alter its broken form to whole. Some Legendary Arti-

facts have a Nimbus surrounding it.

Describing Artifacts

Note: any source used besides the author's own knowledge is listed with the Artifact.

NAME OF THE ARTIFACT: Names are very important as they enable a god to locate the Artifact and possess it.

FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE ARTIFACT: This includes its physical description and its Body and Spirit scores along with the Belief or Terror Stored. Legendary Artifacts have no true mental score, which is therefore not listed. Body score is how much it can resist damage to its mass before breaking. Spirit score is for opposing rolls to spirits and gods who try and possess it. Some Artifacts have Nimbuses and are well guarded.

Artifacts use either Belief or Terror Points stored within it. A few artifacts use Terror points exclusively. Artifacts which use Terror Points cause fear only. It may use Terror points to cast the Mending Miracle and activate Nimbuses. Terror is generated much like the Leviathans in Chapter 5 **New Gods of Mankind New Gods Handbook** page 93-95. Belief is generated from several sources: A Gods' Upkeep (who owns it), their own myths and legends (they earn one Belief per season per true myth as in the **Celestial Gardens** Appendix), and their followers.

DESCRIPTION OF EACH MIRACLE THE ARTIFACT MAY CAST: Each Miracle cast by the Artifact costs Belief. Even if the Artifact cast its Miracles in the Celestial Gardens or in its god's celestial home, it costs full Belief. Artifacts have no discounts to casting Miracles.

Miracles vary from Artifact to Artifact. Legendary Artifacts do not have domains or inclinations, which make the Miracles cost more. So, the types of Miracles given by a god to an Artifact can vary widely. It can have Miracles of Creation, Destruction, Transformation, and Control in four different domains.

MYTHS/ LEGENDS SURROUNDING THE ARTIFACT: Since a Legendary Artifact has myths or legends, it may earn Belief from them. Listed here are the tales surrounding them.

CHAPTER 2: LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE GNOME GODS

Introduction

Since the time of the Invaders, many famous Artifacts worthy of legend have been created by the Gnome Gods. Only a few famous ones are mentioned in the following text. As a pantheon that deals in metals and gems, there are many Artifacts created by the Gnomish gods hidden from prying eyes. In desperate times, these Artifacts may surface to turn the tide of battle in favor of the gnomish race and its deities.

BRUIN'S EVERLASTING MUG OF SPIRITS (M'ORTHIN NATULL)

Description

M'orthin Natull is an Artifact whose sole purpose is to bind spirits. The tankard is feared among the Leviathans, gods, demons, and spirits. Bruin often drinks from this cup and whispers into the mouth. It is an enormous, rune-etched, gold and silver tankard, from which a thick fog emanates. Inside the cup is another world, filled with darkness and evil shrieks. Several mighty Leviathans are kept in here, along with many foul spirits and demons who have wreaked havoc among the gnomes.

BODY: d30+15
SPIRIT: d30
NIMBUS: d30+15 x3
BELIEF: 40,000

Miracles

VORTEX OF SOULS: A rushing gust of wind rises up, pulling all nearby spirits into the tankard. This can effect up to 10,000 spirits per combat. Spirits must roll vs. the Miracle or else be trapped inside M'orthin Natull. The die for this Miracle is d20 +10.

Cost 850/430 (Mythical Innovation of Destruction (14), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +4 Total 7) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10 Cost 10)

MIST OF MANY HANDS: Hundreds of misty hands reach out and grab at the victim, pulling him back to the mug to be bound within it. This powerful binding Miracle is able to ensnare the mightiest of Leviathans. It works well on smaller-scale gods as well. Effective die for this Miracle is a d30 +15. This Miracle assumes hostile territory.

Cost 315 (Grandiose Innovation of Destruction (20), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10 Cost 10)(Legendary Amplification Miracle +5 Cost 5)

Legends

WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS

This account is mentioned in *Defining the Raw Power of the Gods*.

After Baesop captured the first Leviathan, Bruin went



forth to consult with this New God about tactics. They met in the Orchard of Knowledge, Reason, and Madness many times before Bruin could devise a trap for a Leviathan. It is known as a courtesy in gnomish culture to share a drink before a battle between two gnomes commences. Taking advantage of this, Bruin created M'orthin Natull for the sole purpose of tricking Leviathans to share a drink with him.

A mighty Leviathan named Vishunnoth haunted the lower tunnels of Rhok-Kanmor. Once, this beast had been a gnome priest of Bruin named Vishoth. Some decades prior, Vishoth had been cast out of the temple and slain, for reasons lost to history. Since then, his spirit had slowly transformed into a worm beast made of stone, which fed off the terror it inspired in the gold miners that worked in the mountains. Bruin found the evil spirit and said, "Here, Vishoth, you are now my enemy, but before we take arms against one another, let us drink as proper gnomes."

The beast came forth calmly to Bruin to drink. Once Vishunnoth had gotten close enough, Bruin unleashed the Mist of Many Hands. The Leviathan bellowed in rage, and clawed deep gouges in the stone before the Mug finally pulled it in.

Bruin retains the Mug, and whispers into it. Most of what Bruin says is a mystery, but some speculate the god tells jokes to his captives.

THE DEMON HOST AND BRUIN

Another chapter in *Defining the Raw Power of the Gods* outlines an event in the Celestial Gardens. Within the Orchard of Knowledge, Reason, and Madness, an unusual amount of demons gathered, hidden in one of the tree clusters. Bruin happened to be taking a nap there, enjoying a bit of knowledge he digested some time ago.

The demons, sensing the power of this god, quickly set up a trap to ensnare him upon his awakening. The foolish demons did not know Bruin had awakened, and was only feigning sleep. He allowed the demons to build their trap. It was a fruit tainted with madness. Any who ate from it would see only gnome spirits, no matter who or what they were actually seeing.

Once the trap was ready, Bruin pretended to wake from

his nap. Seeing the bright red fruit right before him in his lap, he cried, "Ahh, Fate must have placed this juicy fruit for me to partake of. But before I bite into this fruit, I must pour myself a drink."

Reaching for his famous tankard, Bruin grabbed the Mug, and turned it sideways in his grasp. A mighty wind emanated from it, pulling all of the demons hidden in this cluster of trees towards it. Screams of anguish and pain rose forth like an orchestra of wails, with piercing notes and bellowing roars.

After the demons were captured, Bruin took the evil fruit of madness in his palm. He said to the tankard "You fools might want something to eat while you stay in my mug. Here is the bitter fruit you offered me. It might do you good to see all spirits as gnomish ones, for it is much better than dealing with demons."

With a chuckle, Bruin vanished from the garden.

WORLD-SPLITTER (GORR'THU)

Description

Among all the Artifacts in the Known World and Celestial Realm, there is one that stands out in sheer power: Gorr'thu. Its mere presence inspires awe. Chronicles dating from before the fall of Lugos describe it as mighty hammer, taller than the sky, potent enough to smite down gods in a single blow. Unfortunately, its physical presence is coupled with a radiating malevolence. Gnomes who stray too close to the Legendary Artifact have gone insane with a fiery rage.

Currently, Gorr'thu resides in the Under-Mountain, within the great hall dedicated to Gnorr.

During his studies, Kaaran discovered an ancient tablet dating back from between the War of the Invaders and the War of the Elements. This stele depicts the resting hammer that tore the world asunder.

It is an awesome testament to the power of our god Gnorr. Standing in the Iron Stone Valley, the great weapon Gorr'thu rises above the mountain peaks, tearing through the clouds and reaching past the sky. The head of this mighty weapon is a stone of immense proportions, which

rests in the valley called Rhon-Nomenar. The head is a foul black, deeper than night, dimming all light in the valley except its own. The wrought iron shaft reaches up to the sky. Lining the shaft are strangely colored runes, which twist and turn through cobalt blue to vibrant reds, harsh yellows and violent purples.

No one dares enter Rhon-Nomenar, for a terrible sickness comes upon all who do so. The World Splitter curses those who come close with terrible thoughts of violence, giving them a sickness of the mind for which there is no cure.

The impression of the great weapon can still be seen in Iron Stone Valley in the Rhok-Drunnor kingdom. Even though this is still a holy place for those who go to war, its reputation as a cursed valley prevents the idly curious from getting too close.

BODY: d100+50

SPIRIT: d100+40

NIMBUS: d100+20 x3 outer, middle and inner

BELIEF: 1,000,000

Miracles

MYTHIC SMITE OF GORR'THU: This powerful Miracle is an instant ability. If the hammer of Gnorr is struck against anything, it activates this Miracle, which sends the object, person, god, or anything else flying into another location of the owner's choosing. If the user targets a mortal or object, the target will be sent flying in addition to taking massive damage. It can knock gods out of the Celestial Realm, sending them into the Known World in spirit form, or vice versa. Gorr'thu can affect an area the size of a continent. This miracle is effective as a d100+50.

Cost 5200 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration 0, Location +2, Scale +5, Total 7) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50, Cost 100)

DESTRUCTION OF THE ELEMENTS: This is the Miracle that changed the world as we know it. It affects all life, lands, seas, sky, and the under-earth, reshaping the world in a horrible display of raw power. This Miracle has been used only once to cause the end of the world.

Fate willing, it may still be used again. This miracle is effective as a d100+50.

Cost 85,100 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration 3, Location +3, Scale +5 Total 11) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50, Cost 100)

MIGHTY AURA OF UNENDING RAGE: Gorr'thu affects all creatures and spirits, even gods, at a fundamental level. Hatred, contempt, and rage well up inside all those who go near it. Gnomish armies have killed each other in close combat near this Artifact. A smaller Legendary version of this Miracle exists still within the valley called Rhon-Nomenar. It sends the affected soul or creature into a rage lasting one full season, where nothing will sate their lust for battle, except more battle or utter weariness. If the affected person does not have a particular target in mind for the rage, it will consume him, making the individual fight anything and everything. Only Gnorr can withstand the effects, and even he is hard-pressed not to submit to its influence. In game terms, the influenced target is given a d20 +10 for all spirit checks relating to Terror and other fear effects.

Cost 160 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration 2, Location +3, Scale +0 Total 5) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10, Cost 10)

Legends

Two popular legends exist that bring much Belief to the Artifact over the countless seasons of its existence.

THE WAR OF THE INVADERS

During this great conflict World-Splitter was created, first among weapons for the gods. Gnorr was chosen to wield it as it was a battle standard for all of the gods, influencing them to great acts of bravery in their rage against the invaders. It destroyed the world as it was, sending the invaders to their graves in great masses. This genocide was the first great act of Gorr'thu, and was not the last. (See Fate's Guidebook Chapter 2 A History of Gods and Mortals, The Invaders).

THE WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

(As stated in Fate's Guidebook Chapter 2 A History of Gods and Mortals)

In his anger, Lugos had terrifying power, but Thuun, the god of the giants, was more than a match for him. The battle spanned the heavens, and their rage sparked

winds and storms that pounded the Known World. As devastation threatened their people, several gods came as one to Gnorr, begging him to use his World-Splitter to end the conflict. Gnorr refused.

Unwilling to abide by Gnorr's decision, the Dragon Gods convinced the gods of wood, wind, and snow to steal World-Splitter while the Dragon-Kin distracted Gnorr. The young gods lifted the weapon from its hiding place on the Known World and together attacked Lugos while his back was turned. The blow split the heavens and sent Lugos crashing into the Known World, creating the crater on the plains of Jasinu. The blow killed thousands of mortals of all races. Everything, both above and below, paused in shock.

RING OF THE UNDER MOUNTAIN (ECILUN RHOK M'OTHIN)

Description

Gnorr created Ecilun Rhok M'othin, the Ring of the Under Mountain, as a direct link to the Under Mountain, a home for all brave souls who worship the Gnome gods. It currently rests upon the third finger of Gnorr's left hand. This ring varies in size depending on the wearer and its location (both Gnorr and Pothesimo have worn it). With this ring, Gnorr may call forth a reanimated army of once-dead spirits to fight for him.

The ring itself is carved from many stones and metals, precious and crude, granite, diamond, onyx, gold, limestone, rubies, silver, iron, emeralds, and copper. The ring has many gems, each one representing a soul in the afterlife. All of the stones are connected using copper, gold, and silver strands, making a complex web with various ancient runes. In the center is a great flawless blood diamond. In the middle of this diamond lies the Under-Mountain, a great cavern deep within the Celestial Home of the Gnome gods, Rhok-Etheril. Ecilun Rhok M'othin has a calm, yet determined, presence about it. It reinforces emotions of bravery, faith, and hope.

BODY: d30+15
SPIRIT: d30+15
NIMBUS: d30 x2

BELIEF: 100,000

Miracles

HOME OF THE FAITHFUL: Faithful gnome spirits reside within the millions of gemstones set in the ring. This Miracle holds them in the sacred rooms and halls of the Under-Mountain. The ring acts as a gateway from the Known World to the Ecilun Rhok M'othin as well. The spirits within live out their afterlives in service to the Gnome gods. The spirits often commune with their gods, who visit frequently to gain knowledge, or to just pass the time. For gnomes, this is the most desirable afterlife.

Cost 10625 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration 3, Location +0, Scale +5 Total 8)

SUMMON THE RIGHTEOUS: If the need is great in the Known World, Gnorr may summon the dead to return to mortal life, fighting for one full day. This Miracle may be used as often as needed until the conflict has passed. A total of 10,000 warriors come directly from the Under-Mountain to aid the living gnomes in their struggles. Many gnomish heroes and priests have called for this Miracle, very seldom has it occurred. The undead gnomish warriors have the following stats: Body d8 +2 Mind d6 Spirit d6 / Skills (+1 Body Combat, +1 Spirit Fearless, +1 Spirit Faithful).

Cost 2550 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration 1, Location +0, Scale +5 Total 6)

CALL OF THE BRAVE: When a gnome who has been noticed by the gods dies, he does not go to the Celestial Gardens to await the judgment of Fate. Instead, this Miracle summons him directly to the Under-Mountain. This Miracle is only used on those who are chosen by the Gnome Gods through Gnorr, who must approve of all those chosen by the other gods, or else the spirit will not pass to this afterlife.

Cost 6 (Legendary Alteration of Control (6), Duration 0, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 1)

Legends

ECILUN RHOK M'OTHIN AND THE WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS

During the time when the Leviathans first stalked the earth, a gnomish warrior named Gorthun, who was already honored by the gods, took it upon himself to defend his clan's remote mountain territory with all the skills he could muster. He took his band of twenty men, the Twenty Stones of Courage, and made attacks on the fearsome creatures of the night. During this war, the Leviathans' nightmares killed off many of the old, sick, and young. Gorthun and his band of mighty were outnumbered, and after a full seasonal cycle, they were the only warriors left to defend their dying clan. Gorthun prayed to Gnorr,

"Gnorr, most powerful of all gods, master of mountains and stone, hear me! Methussa Goddess of Diamonds, I beg you hear me! Bruin Master of Gold, listen to my pleas! Rethan, Weaponsmith of Legend, hear my cries! Solid Fors of Granite, I beg you to open your ears! Give me revenge. Grant me vengeance against the beasts that have grown fat off my beloved ones!"

The mighty prayer resonated through the metal and stones of the valley. In Gorthun's head, Gnorr spoke. "Summon your ancestors through this ring; they will come and fight for you." Upon his ring finger, Gorthun saw the precious Artifact, Ecilun Rhok M'othin appear as dust solidifying into metal. Wasting no more time, Gorthun shouted, "Come forth, ancestors, and fight for me!"

The air grew hot, metal and stone rang together. The ground split open with a thunderous crack, and a giant plume of dust erupted from it. A host of gnomish warriors stood before Gorthun after the dust settled, shining bright with armor and weapons forged by the gods. With his arms in the air like the chieftains of old he shouted to the army. "Come forth, my brethren, and we will rid this valley of the Leviathans!"

For ten days, the sounds of warfare rang through the mountains. Eventually, the surviving Leviathans withdrew; stunned their normal terrifying tactics could not scare away these warriors. Afterwards, Ecilun Rhok M'othin vanished from Gorthun's finger, taking the warriors it had conjured with it. Gorthun went on to become a priest of Gnorr.

POTHESMO AND THE RING

During the Great War, Pothesmo obtained the Ring of the Under Mountain, which he used to summon a mighty army to defeat the salamanders. It only stayed with him for ten winters before returning to Gnorr. Many legends in The Saga of Pothesmo deal with this ring.

TIARA OF ETERNITY (FULNG)

Description

The Tiara of Eternity is one of the most beautiful and powerful Artifacts Methussa held. Gnomes revere it and other races, and their gods, covet it. History records many attempts to steal it. Fulng enables the wearer to travel through time, and is the only means of doing so currently known. It is a shining crown made of several types of red, blue, and clear diamonds, which offer visions of the past and future, both in the Known World and the Celestial Realms. Fate wants the Tiara returned but now the Artifact is in the hands of an insane gnome known as Horthos.

Fulng is an insidious Artifact. It constantly whispers in the ears of its owner, telling them secrets from the past and the future, secrets that always pertain to him. It can drive the unprepared insane, and it is assumed this is the fate that has befallen Horthos.

BODY: d30+10

SPIRIT: d30+15

NIMBUS: d30

BELIEF: 75,000

Miracles

MOVE THROUGH TIME: With this Miracle activated, whoever wears this crown may travel through time. Using this Miracle is complex requiring much forethought. Traveling backwards requires knowledge of the past along with an idea of a specific destination. Without this, even a god can be lost. Foreknowledge gained by studying the gems, which see through time, is necessary to travel in the future. Since the future is not set, the future traveled to is only a possible one. The past and future may be altered, but with heavy consequences. If enough alterations occur in the past, it may upset the balance of the time stream, causing time to restart, which means the whole universe will be destroyed and a new timeline established. (There should be much

discussion between Fate and any player wishing to use this Artifact.)

Cost 20 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration 0, Location +1, Scale +0 Total 1)

SEE THROUGH TIME: Each gem enables the wearer to see a facet of time. These places and events are random, and it takes a very observant person to divine what is happening. Since the future is in flux, pictures change according to events of the present. It is believed the red gems hold future glimpses, while the blue diamonds show events of the past. This Miracle is permanent and is constantly active.

Cost 225/120 (Grandiose Alteration of Control (15), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5/4)

Legends

METHUSSA AND THE WAR OF SEA AND EARTH

The War of Earth and Sea rocked the foundations of gnome civilization. If not for the clear thinking of Methussa, the Goddess of Diamonds, all of gnome civilization would be destroyed. This alternate timeline existed briefly, and is only known to the gods and Jor, a simple gnome priest living in Arador.

With the Tiara of Eternity upon her brow, Methussa appeared in Jaash near Celundynn. (See New Gods of Mankind Fate's Guidebook Chapter 2.)

When a remorseful Celundynn returned to Jaash to plan her next move, she was startled to find Methussa, Gnome God of Diamonds, incarnated and waiting for her. Celundynn expected a battle, but the wife of Gnorr insisted she was there to negotiate. Methussa was sympathetic to Celundynn's troubles despite the recent attack on her own people; she did not want to see Celundynn perish after all that had happened. The two goddesses sequestered themselves in a tower and talked for days while Methussa's brother, Bruin, helped rescue the surviving gnome tribesmen from the rubble of Arador.

After three days, the goddesses reached an agreement; Celundynn and Methussa convinced their tribes to open new trade. Celundynn collected the idolized gnome weaponry, promising her people would learn directly from the gnomes how to make weapons using gifts from the sea. In return, undines in the waters around Arador would no longer ha-

arrass the gnomes, and the undines would provide the gnomes with minerals from the sea.

Foreknowledge guided her actions and gestures during that day of peace. Fate and Fulng bestowed her with new knowledge and enabled her to travel into the past. Her act of peace is famous throughout gnome and undine civilization.

HORTHOS THE LOST GNOME

In the third chapter of Paths to Glory, Twilla'dii relates the story of the lost gnome Horthos in detail. Reprinted here are the beginnings of his travels.

After many years of anguish and torture in a salamander slave camp, Horthos wanted to set things right. For a whole month he starved with no food and dirty water. Facing death, Horthos prayed to his gods for deliverance for himself and all captured gnomes. A beautiful goddess made of the finest stones and gems stood before him. She spoke with the grace of clinking metal and rubbing gems "I will let you correct this wrong against our people. We gods have heard your pleas and now answer with a gift. Take this gift, my tiara. With it you can travel through time to the past and the future. Take it now and go back to where your people were first captured. Warn them of the danger and come back here."

The goddess stooped low to give this fine gift into the dying gnome's hands. Horthos looked upon it with wonder seeing many gems with strange worlds and ideas. Whispers came to him from his wife and children dead long ago, during his imprisonment. He said, "I will save you!" and disappeared.

To this day, Methussa looks for her tiara, now lost through time in the possession of Horthos.

RING OF EMOTIONS (BOR'JORGN)

Description

Feared by gods and mortals alike, Bor'Jorgn, the Ring of Emotions, is a weapon, capable of binding a target in a web of intense emotion. It was a gift to Methussa, from her husband Gnorr. It has the well-known capacity to change minds, even that of a god. Other gods distrust her when she wears it. Its true appearance is of many strands of gold, silver, and copper, carved with

potent runes, although Methussa normally disguises it as a simple copper ring.

The Ring of Emotion was once a part of Gnorr's spirit. Unlike Gnorr's cold demeanor, this ring is very emotional. It often emits different sounds depending on its mood, and will warn the wearer of impending harm with a high-pitched humming sound.

BODY: d30+10
SPIRIT: d30+15
NIMBUS: d30 x1

BELIEF: 80,000

Miracles

BLAST OF BINDING EMOTIONS: A violent shock wave of pure sound energy wraps the god or spirit in a cataclysmic emotional trap. A rapid wave of joy, pain, love, hate, lust, guilt, fear, and hope wrack the victim for an infinite period of time. This Miracle is permanent with the possibility of driving the victim insane increased day by day, year by year. The god is rendered catatonic, only able to combat the Miracle. The die value for this Miracle is d100 +20. If it is aimed at mortals or spirits, it can affect up to 1000.

Cost 2550/1275 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 6/5)

SUBTLE INFLUENCE: This Miracle enables the wearer to control a conversation. The victim will agree with what is being said, ignoring any emotions or thoughts toward the conversation. The target will not be aware of the influence. It is temporary, dissipating once the conversation is over. It can affect even the most powerful of gods. The effective die for the Miracle is d100.

Cost 50 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration 0, Location +1, Scale +0 Total 1)

RAIN OF WORSHIP: Showering sparks of gold and silver rain down upon a crowd of up to 10,000 mortals. The victims are filled with thoughts of worship towards the wearer. This Miracle will last a full year and must be renewed through upkeep each year. The converted mortals are filled with love, adoration, and trust towards

the caster. Since this is a forced conversion, the mortals will save every season against the effect of this Miracle. The effective die is a d30+15. This Miracle assumes the territory is hostile. Belief gathered from forced conversions is only 1 Belief point per 10.

Cost 12500 (Grandiose Alteration of Control (50), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +4 Total 9)

Legends

THE BOUND INVADERS

In the first war between the elder gods and the Invaders, Methussa proudly wore Bor'Jorgn. Several legends speak of the battles between the Invaders and the gnome gods with this ring. Bor'Jorgn bound several powerful entities that joined the invading armies. In *Defining the Raw Power of the Gods*, Kaaran mentions them and their location.

Deeper than the lava flows underneath Rhok-Drunnor, there is a cavern lit in wild patterns of light. Unearthly screams emanate from this horrid place. I have only seen shadows in this cave near the entrance, for I was too frightened by the deafening sounds and chaotic lights to go in. Nothing on this earth could make those sounds. It must be the captured Invaders who once sought to rule our world.

NEGOTIATIONS DURING THE WAR OF SEA AND EARTH

Methussa wore the Ring of Emotions during her negotiations with Celundynn, using it often in her talks with the Sea Goddess. (See Chapter 2 *New Gods of Mankind Fate's Guidebook*) The Ring prevented the continuation of the conflict as it guided Celundynn to Methussa's position. Celundynn's response to this trickery is a mystery. If she was offended, the war would have been much longer.

THE GOLDEN MACHINE FACTORY (EUCHUN-DRAMAL AKUNDOR)

Description

In the heavenly workshop of Bruin, God of Gold, lies an Artifact that produces metal automatons in large amounts. Euchun-Dramal-Akundor is a sentient machine, made of clockwork gears, springs, levers, and Miracles. Its size is enormous, standing as tall as any mountain in Rhok-Etheril, home of the Gnome Gods. The Golden Machine Factory, also known affection-

ately as "Goldie," is the constant companion of Bruin when he is working. Gnomes speak reverently of the metal machine, as, on occasion, Goldie gives a metal automaton from this workshop to a devout follower of Bruin.

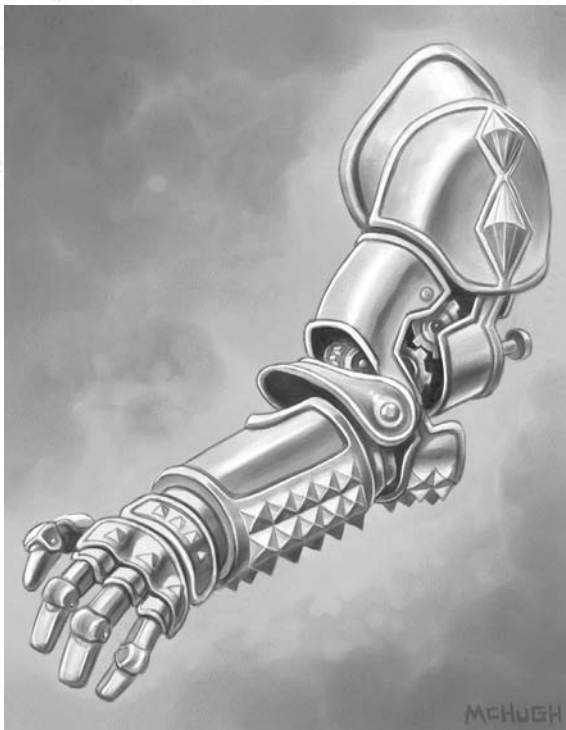
The Golden Machine has a dry, subtle sense of humor, which is reflected in its automatons. Each one had a minor flaw in its programming, the expression of which can create some misunderstandings that Goldie finds amusing.

BODY: d100
SPIRIT: d100
NIMBUS: d100+50 x1

BELIEF: 60,000

Miracles

CREATE A SMALL AUTOMATON: The Golden Machine can create many small automatons called Tho-Golesh, which range in shapes, sizes, and function. All are of a gold color with visible gears and springs in the joints.



Most are based off of small animals found in the Known World. Most of these small machines act as informants to the god Bruin and the Artifact itself. Some are created to be servants, given as gifts to followers of Bruin. They are highly valued as they are semi-intelligent creatures. Stats are as follows: Body d4 Mind d6-1 Spirit 1

Cost 16/8 (Trivial Innovation of Creation (4), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3/2)

CREATE A HUMANOID AUTOMATON: Humanoid in features, gnomish in appearance, these automatons known as Golesh are warriors and servants to the god Bruin in his heavenly abode. All are covered in a golden coat and have visible gears and springs, much like their smaller cousins. If Bruin ever marches to war, he uses this Miracle along with the Mass Produce Miracle to create his own army to stand beside his fellow gnomes. Stats are Body d8 Mind d6-1 Spirit 1.

Cost 24/12 (Significant Innovation of Creation (6), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3/2)

CREATE A GIANT AUTOMATON: Very rare indeed are the giant automatons, known as Kok-Golesh. Created only in times of need, these giant machines are used for emergencies and war. Similar in appearance to their smaller cousins their difference lies in their shape. They are part humanoid, part insect in appearance with a humanoid torso and head and the lower portions of a beetle or ant. These are fierce fighting machines able to move mountains or destroy whole units of troops. Stats for these monstrous machines are Body d12 Mind d6-1 Spirit 1.

Cost 32/16 (Legendary Innovation of Creation (8), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3/2)

CREATE A GEAR-DRIVEN LIMB: Only a few blessed gnomes are given this gift, grafted onto their body by the god Bruin himself. Bruin replaces the limb with an automaton arm or leg, with gears and springs visible through the joints of the body part replacement. Sometimes even the head is repaired in such a fashion to form a beautifully monstrous combination of machine and gnome. A gear-driven limb will give a +4 Max to Body. (+3 on a d6 Body. Reduce Miracle cost to a Major Alteration of Creation with Cost 12)

Cost 24/12 (Legendary Alteration of Creation (6), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3/2)

MASS PRODUCE: Bruin may command the machine to churn out an unbelievable amount (10,000) of one type of machine model. This will exhaust the machine after five production runs, sending it into a sleep mode until it recharges with Belief. The scale for each product will be increased to +4, driving up the costs as follows:

Tho-Golesh creation 240

Golesh creation 360

Kok-Golesh creation 480

Legends

AUTOMATONS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

During the golden age of the elder races, Bruin created this machine to help his fellow gnomes (and himself) in many tasks. Several of the small Tho-Goleshes from this era are still in use. They are highly prized possessions, as each one contains a secret from the gnome gods. Many books, stories, and legends of the gnomes mention these machines who served as companions in this time period.

THE FRINTHIAN WARS, RETAKING ARADOR

The full might of Euchun-Dramal Akundor was demonstrated during this time of war. A force of Golesh and Kok-Golesh automations marched with the gnome armies to retake Arador. The slaughter on this day was incredible, as gnomes and machines killed one hundred thousand salamanders.

ANVIL OF RETHAN (ROG-NAMAL DRAMAL)

Description

Deep beneath the city of Gaaldor, under the mountains of Rhok-Galenth, sits the most revered Legendary Artifact of the gnome race. Rog-Namal Dramal is a mighty tool from the gnome gods, enabling the priests of Rethan to enchant ordinary weapons with miraculous powers. Unlike temporary enchantments provided by the priests, the Anvil of Rethan can enchant massive amounts of weapons and armor in just a single day. Every gnomish warrior knows of this Artifact and appreciates the fact Rethan has provided them a means with which they may defend their homeland.

The Anvil of Rethan lies inside of a vast hewn-stone cavern, underneath the temple of Rethan in Gaaldor. It is an imposing piece of work, forged from star metals and empowered by the gods. Its surface is flat and metallic, with runes etched over the top and sides. The runes glow with power when Rethan performs Miracles with the Anvil. Rog-Namal Dramal radiates power and hope to all those in its presence. Gnomes can feel the power seeping into them, giving courage and inspiration for the upcoming struggles. Sometimes a vision is given to a single gnome warrior or priest about the upcoming battle during a mass enchant. The anvil itself feeds positive thoughts to all gnomes in its presence.

BODY: d20+10

SPIRIT: d20+10

NIMBUS: d30+15 x1

BELIEF: 80,000

Miracles

EMPOWER THE SPIRIT: Warriors and priests going to war will get a boost in spirit for the coming challenges. It renders the subjects of this Miracle able to withstand the horrors that await them. Effectively this increases the spirit score by four die steps with a +2 bonus. This effect last through one season. It affects up to 1000 priests and warriors.

Cost 24 (Legendary Alteration of Transformation (6), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3)

SHARPEN THE AXES: All axes and other blades are made razor sharp. They will not lose their dullness in battle. This Miracle gives a +4 to Body for combat purposes. (+3 on a d6 Body since the max is ½ of the die roll for bonuses. Reduce Miracle cost to a Major Alteration of Transformation with Cost12.) Wooden objects (such as walls, gates, and trees) will receive a -2 die decrease to their Body score when struck by an enchanted axe to a minimum of 1. This effect last through one conflict. It affects the weapons of up to 1000 priests and warriors. The user must cast two Miracles, one for each effect.

Cost 24 (Legendary Alteration of Transformation (6), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3) (+4 Body effect)

Cost 16 (Significant Alteration of Transformation (4), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3) (-2 die steps effect for wooden objects)

THUNDEROUS HAMMERS: Hammers and other blunt instruments of war are given the power of lightning and thunder. Each weapon radiates electrical energy. When a hammer is struck, it makes a thunderous sound. This Miracle gives a +4 to all hammer weapons (+3 on a d6 Body since the max is ½ of the die roll for bonuses. Reduce Miracle cost to a Major Alteration of Transformation with Cost 12). After each battle facing an army with these weapons, a spirit check must be made vs. d8. If the army fails, they must rout from the battlefield for the remainder of this single conflict. It effects up to 1000 priests and warriors. These are two separate Miracles.

Cost 24 (Legendary Alteration of Transformation (6), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3) (+4 Body effect)

Cost 24 (Significant Innovation of Destruction (6), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3) (d8 roll vs. spirit or the army leaves the territory for the remainder of the conflict)

ARMOR-PIERCING SPEARS: Each spear in the army of gnomes is enchanted with the power to pierce enemy armor. This Miracle negates all armor bonuses up to +6. The effect lasts through one conflict. The effective die for this is a d20 vs. any Miracles enhancing the armor or the Body score of the affected unit. The negative modifier is -6. This can empower up to 1000 troops.

Cost 40 (Mythical Alteration of Destruction (10), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3)

FORTIFY THE ARMOR: All armor with this Miracle is fortified. The body die used is increased by four steps. This effect lasts through one conflict.

Cost 24 (Legendary Alteration of Transformation (6), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3)

FORGE AN ARTIFACT: The priests of Rethan may ask their god to allow the Anvil to create an artifact for them. Sometimes this artifact will be a permanent creation. It must be made of metal, and must be forged on the Anvil. This is a normal artifact, not a Legendary one.

(This is a Fate's Discretion Miracle artifact, up to d30+15 in power or Grandiose in effect.)

Legends

CRUSHING THE HUMAN ARMY OF HRACE

In *Paths to Glory*, Twilla'dii describes the mighty warriors who descended upon the human army during this brief season of conflict. Here is a description of the army that marched forth to meet mankind on the battlefield.

From the West Tower they came streaming forth like a school of shimmering fish. Gnome warriors marched with the might of their gods down to the valley where the human armies gathered. Upon closer inspection, each warrior shone with an aura surrounding him and his weapons. Axes gleamed with the spark of a hundred stars, hammers cracked with lightning; spears reflected the light of the sun.

The gnomes sang a song on their march. The words, translated, are:

*We are warriors marching with the might of our gods
Today will be the last day our enemies draw breath
We will crush them like so many peas in a pod
We will be our foes' death
For the power of Rog-Namal Dramal fills us
In our weapons, armor, body, minds, and spirits*

POTHESMO THE DIVINE CHAMPION

After the siege of Rhovma, the young Pothesmo went to the temples of the gnome gods, praying in each one. A vision was given to him during his visit to Rethan's temple. In his vision, as recounted in book entitled *The Saga of Pothesmo*, the Gnome God tells the hero, "Go, sleep by the Anvil of Rethan, deep underneath the temple."

Pothesmo recounted his vision to the priests. All but one laughed at him, saying he was a fool for interpreting his vision so literally. The priest told him, "It must be interpreted by us, and after careful consideration, it will be revealed what that vision means." Only a young priest named Modan was convinced. After the meeting of the priest with the young hero, Modan slipped off to talk with Pothesmo about his vision.

The priest found the hero near a water fountain, head hung low.

“Warrior of the gods, listen to me.” Modan said, “You must come quickly in order to fulfill your vision. I know the gods would not lie to you or make such obscure demands of you. Follow me; I know a secret entrance to the Anvil of Rethan.”

Pothesmo looked up with hope in his eyes and spoke, “Thank you, priest. At least someone does not think I am crazy in this endeavor.”

Both the young warrior and priest made their way to the anvil during the resting hours of the priesthood. “Here you will rest for a few hours, Pothesmo. I will come back when the bell for morning prayers strikes. Be ready.”

What happens next is recounted in history (See New Gods of Mankind, Fate’s Guidebook Chapter 2).

When Modan returned, Pothesmo was gone. A light shone forth from the anvil, and a voice spoke to him. It told him about the young warrior’s transformation. The gods had forged weapons on the anvil all night, creating the divine champion. Gnorr may have hardened Pothesmo’s skin, but Rog-Namal Dramal turned the young warrior into a true avatar, with the might of a thousand warriors.

SHIELD WALL OF RHOK-ETHERIL (GO'THAN DUL RHOK-ETHERIL)

Description

Go’tan Dul Rhok-Etheril, or the Shield Wall of Rhok-Etheril, absorbs any Miracle, regardless of the god who created it. Fors’ Shield Wall is a mountainside carved from the eternal home of the Gnome Gods, Rhok-Etheril. One side is a mountain face, while the other side is flat with a large handle. Its actual size is incomprehensible. When Fors uses this Legendary Artifact, it stretches as far as the eye can see, from the heavens down to the earth. It can block a whole territory, rendering enemy Miracles useless. When it is manifested in the Known World, it reaches to the sky and is as wide as the horizon.

The shield wall has a merciless, stubborn disposition, sometimes absorbing gnomish Miracles by accident.

Fors often has to talk with the shield in order to get proper cooperation out of it. Only the Granite God and his father Gnorr have the patience to deal with its obstinacy.

Currently the Shield is in use in Rhok Drunnor at Gaaldor, city of warriors and smiths.

BODY: d100+50
SPIRIT: d30+15
NIMBUS: d100+50 x2
BELIEF: 60,000

Miracles

NIMBUS OF A TERRITORY: A white glowing aura of protection surrounds a full territory, creating a barrier. This nimbus, layered in triplicate, is the final defense a Miracle must penetrate in order to gain effect on a territory. No Miracle recorded has breached this final wall. This is three Impossible Nimbuses d100 with an Impossible Amplification of +50 x3.



Each Nimbus Cost 50/25 with an Amplification cost of 50/25

Total to set up is 300 with an upkeep of 150

TERRITORY WARD: Go'than Dul Rhok-Etheril throws an active ward around the territory, which seeks out any hostile Miracles, including Scrying attempts. Often, the shield will set up many wards in several areas, along with a blanket ward covering the territory.

The total amount of Wards is 10 covering one territory. Each Ward cost 1 Belief with the total cost 10 Belief.

ABSORBING MIRACLE: This Miracle is the Shield's second line of defense. Once the Wards alert the Shield about incoming Miracles, Go'than Dul Rhok-Etheril immediately attempts to absorb them. This is a direct opposing roll, and if the Shield fails, the Miracle passes through. The die roll is a d100 with no bonuses.

Cost 50 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 1)

REDIRECTION MIRACLE: If an opposing Miracle cannot be stopped by the Absorbing Miracle, the shield wall will try to redirect the Miracle to another territory. This is the third line of defense, with this Miracle becoming active after the Absorption Miracle fails. This is also an opposing roll Miracle vs. Miracle. The die roll is a d100 with no bonuses.

Cost 50 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 1)

Legends

THE DEFENSE OF ARADOR

As recorded in *Paths to Glory*:

After Celundynn destroyed the city of Arador, Methussa manifested herself by the ruins. She surveyed the broken city along with the dying populous.

That day she wept.

The Goddess of Diamonds sought to summon her beloved son Fors to her side. Her cry shook the heavens "God of Granite, loyal son, heir to the throne, come forth!"

From below the ground, Fors came. He manifested as a titanic gnome made of granite. Beside him he carried his mighty shield Go'than Dul Rhok-Etheril. Looking with sad eyes he turned to his mother and said "I am here, my queen. What are your needs?"

"Protect this city," she said. "No more gnomes will die in Arador this day."

For a full year afterwards, Fors stood in stalwart defense of the city. The shield and god lifted the people's spirits, knowing no more misfortune would pass.

PROTECTING RHOK-GALENTH

The priests of Fors have recorded many tales of the Shield in action. Go'than Dul Rhok-Etheril is still used in the city of Gaaldor. The Dragon Gods have made many attempts to destroy Gaaldor with Miracles. To date, none have succeeded.

PERRUS' FLAMING BALLISTA OF WRATH (SHOKNAR FALEN DRUNIR)

Description

Shoknar Falen Drunir, The Flaming Ballista of Wrath, is able to devastate armies in a matter of seconds. Perrus created it with aid from Bruin and Fors. It is capable of firing several types of destructive missiles. When used in battle, it screams with a piercing howl after each shot. The ballista is self-loading, as it reloads miraculously with another potent missile. It has twelve wheels, with a complex mechanical system, which drives the unit across the ground, after many hours of cranking by a score of gnomes. The ballista itself is forged in brass, etched with many fiery runes.

It has seen little action since its creation. The Dragon Goddess Moorhanos holds the weapon, and has yet to use it.

BODY: d30+15

SPIRIT: d20+10

NIMBUS: 0

BELIEF: 40,000

Miracles

CREATE A BOLT OF FIERY WRATH: Upon command from the owner, the ballista can create a massive bolt of pure fire. It seethes with a pulsating orange glow. Fire leaps out from the missile's point of impact, consuming everyone within the blast area. This weapon can affect up to 1000 soldiers. The effective die is d30+15.

Cost 135 (Grandiose Innovation of Destruction (30), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 3) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10 Cost 10)(Legendary Amplification Miracle +5 Cost 5)

CREATE A BOLT OF THUNDEROUS FLASH: The ballista creates a massive bolt of silvery wood, inscribed with many lightning runes. It glows with a faint white light before it is shot, which turns into a bright flash upon impact. A heavy thunderbolt sounds immediately after impact. This bolt can directly affect 10000 troops, knocking them down with the blast's vibration. Its die is d30+15 with an effect of only stunning enemy troops if successful. Stunned troops cannot fight or flee if this effect takes place. This effect lasts for one combat.

Cost 135 (Grandiose Alteration of Destruction (15), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +4 Total 4) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10 Cost 10)(Legendary Amplification Miracle +5 Cost 5)

Legends

LOSS OF SHOKNAR FALEN DRUNIR

During the siege of Kandalor (See New Gods of Mankind Fate's Guidebook Chapter 2), Perrus and his priests put the weapon into its first and only action under its creator. The rain of fire began from the city, and the mighty weapon crushed the salamander forces assaulting Kandalor. Seeing the salamander armies flee under the constant barrage, the Dragon Goddess Moorhanos of the Melting Ore intervened directly. With the help of Maathenos, Moorhanos's sister Goddess of Illusions and Trickery, the Dragon Goddess of the Forge sneaked into the city.

She found the weapon, and slaughtered all of its guards, including the incarnate form of Perrus, before disappearing with the Ballista. Perrus swore vengeance for this insult.

To this day, no one knows where the weapon is.

THE TWIN AXES OF POTHESMO, SERPENTBANE AND SKYCLEAVER (SHONKOR'DOR AND RUUTH'BUTHIN)

Description

Serpentbane and Skycleaver are famous in gnomish songs and epic poems. The most famous gnomish work, *The Saga of Pothesmo*, has many tales and describes fully these two handsome weapons. One description is as follows:

The Goddess of Diamonds, with her son of Iron, crafted Serpentbane and Skycleaver from a fallen star. Upon the Anvil of Retban they created two blades that can become one in times of need.

Serpentbane is a hate-filled item of power, able to cleave any salamander in two. The single axe head is black as night, with two blade faces. The elongated shaft is also dark with fiery letters of an ancient language dancing along the shaft. The axe itself is pure darkness, becoming a flame in a time of need. Fire itself cannot be lit near Serpentbane, for the blade will consume the flame whole.

Skycleaver is different from its brother, full of grace and calm. It is a smaller axe but well balanced for throwing. The whole weapon is silver, from the axe head, to the shaft. Blue sigils run across the blade and shaft. Ruuth'buthin may be thrown many times, always returning to its bearer. It can run through any armor and take life.

SERPENTBANE

BODY: d30+15

SPIRIT: d30

SKYCLEAVER

BODY: d30+10

SPIRIT: d30

NIMBUS: d20+10

BELIEF: 20,000

Miracles

SALAMANDER BANE: Serpentbane has an immense hatred for all salamanders, including their gods. When in



combat with a salamander, the weapon glows fiery red and can slice down salamanders with a single blow. In combat the wielder rolls a d100 +50 vs. salamander opponents only. This lasts for one combat.

Cost 100 (Impossible Alteration of Destruction (50), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 1) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50, Cost 50)

DRINK FIRE: Serpentbane can absorb any and all fire attacks including fire Miracles. Any fire attacks made against the wielder will face a d30 absorb roll. This is a permanent effect.

Cost 200 (Grandiose Alteration of Control (50), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3)

MIRACULOUS FLIGHT: Skycleaver can attack an opponent up to one territory away, flying wherever the wielder wishes (within range). This attack is a d20 in combat. It is a permanent effect.

Cost 40 (Mythical Alteration of Control (10), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3)

PENETRATE ARMOR: Skycleaver can penetrate armor of any type, even miraculous ones. In combat, it ignores all bonuses up to +6 for armor. This effect is permanent. The effective die for this is a d20 vs. any Miracles enhancing the armor or the Body score of the affected unit. The negative modifier is -6.

Cost 40 (Mythical Alteration of Destruction (10), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 3)

FORM SERPENTCLEAVER (A MIGHTY TWO-HANDED AX MADE WITH BOTH AXES): Both Serpentbane and Skycleaver can form Serpentcleaver, a mighty two-handed axe that can challenge even the mightiest of gods. In combat, the combined weapons will roll d100 +50. This lasts for one combat round only. Each additional combat round will cost the same.

Cost 100 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +0 Total 1) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50, Cost 50)

Legends

POTHESMO AND THE CHAMPION OF XTHENI

Most famous of all legends concerning Serpentbane and Skycleaver is the *Champion of Xtheni*. This combat is written in many gnomish legends with the details varying, but the outcome still the same. Pothesmo triumphed over this champion. Some believed it was Xtheni himself on the field that day incarnate. Written in *The Saga of Pothesmo*, the text describes the event as thus:

Upon the cold winter pass known as Rbek Garrluth, Pothesmo met his foes in the lowest part of the path. Here, with a small army at his back, the gnomish hero stood before the horde of salamander warriors, war machines, and slaves. With a bellowing roar he shouted "Who will challenge me to single combat? If no one challenges me, I will turn you all back personally! By my blades and my gods, I will!"

No one challenged him at first.

The salamander army, which was only a small portion of the vast legions making their way to continue the attacks on Rhok-Galenth, prepared for battle. As they lined up and prepared, Pothesmo ran forward alone. Single-handedly he slaughtered several scores of warriors. None could

stand before him.

After the slaughter, Pothesmo returned to his army. Covered in blood of his enemies he shouted, "Now, who will challenge me! If no one will challenge me, I will kill you all!"

"I will take your challenge," said a mysterious warrior.

The salamander warrior strode forth, clearly a strange champion in the midst of their army. Whispers circulated. Questions were asked. "Who was this champion?"

The champion absorbed the light with his midnight-black armor. Covered from head to tail, no one could see who it was. The great warrior parted from the army. With a wicked blade and shield in hand he stated in a voice which echoed throughout the valley, "Pothesmo, bane of the salamander armies, come forth and meet your doom!"

Pothesmo did not wait for pleasantries but charged out to meet the enemy. He fought with both axes.

First Skycleaver was tossed. The air split with a crack of thunder. The axe was blocked by the champion using a shield made of pure darkness. The weapon came back to Pothesmo as he collided with the salamander warrior.

Serpentbane and Mountain Face were used against two powerfully enchanted blades wielded by the salamander. Weapons danced, blades collided, and power erupted, shaking the valley.

Neither warrior gave ground. The heavens parted and everyone beheld the gods of the gnomes and salamanders watching this spectacle.

With an inborn fury, Pothesmo cried out on the second day, "Gods, give me the strength to win this contest!"

A small whisper from nowhere stated, "Put Skycleaver and Serpentbane together and they shall be more powerful than apart."

With a mighty clap, Pothesmo slapped his weapons together. Serpenticleaver was born.

Putting his shield, Silver Face, to the side, the gnomish champion strode forth in righteous fury wielding this new weapon.

In a single blow, the gnome warrior broke his enemy's armor. The salamander fell, bringing nightfall with his descent. In the darkened valley the salamander army retreated, dragging their champion.

Cheers erupted from the gnomes in the valley. And to this day, everyone will remember the final battle before Pothesmo joined the gods in their realm above.

THE SHIELD OF POTHESMO, SILVER FACE (RUUTH'MUUTHOR)

Description

Rethan himself created Silver Face on his Anvil, and it was heralded in song and legend. It is a weapon in its own right, able to stun an army of warriors, reducing them to crawling babes. Only a mighty god can withstand the effects of Ruuth'Muuthor.

Silver Face is cast in a silvery metal that gleams with a blue glow. The shield has a smooth surface, like a calm lake. It is hard to even look at the shield as merely glancing at it can blind a foe.

Ruuth'Muuthor gives an air of calm to anyone who wields it. It is a trustworthy weapon.

BODY: d30+15

SPIRIT: d20+10

NIMBUS: d30 x1

BELIEF: 10,000

Miracles

STUN THE FOE: In battle, Silver Face can stun a foe into helplessness. This can affect an army up to 100. Victims must make a Body test vs. d20 or else be effected. It takes the die steps down five to a minimum of one for body. The victim cannot fight or flee from this effect. This lasts for one combat.

Cost 20 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +2 Total 2)

SPIRIT OF SOFT STONE: In the battle Silver Face can disturb the spirits of foes making their souls weak. This



can be cast against 1000 foes in combat reducing their spirit score by five die steps to a minimum of one for spirit. Victims must make a Spirit test vs. d20 or else be effected. The victim cannot fight or flee from this effect. This lasts for one combat.

Cost 20 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +0, Location +0, Scale +2 Total 2)

Belief: 10,000

Legends

There is a recent legend in which Silver Face is used by one of Pothesmo's Champions. Stated in the third chapter of *Paths to Glory*, Ruuth'Muuthor is mentioned in one paragraph at the beginning of the Frinthian Wars.

The gnomes surged forth in the tunnels of Arador. Led by a mighty warrior of Pothesmo, they made their way into the city retaking each district. The champion of Pothesmo wielded a powerful shield made of silver called Ruuth'Muuthor. Everywhere the warrior and shield fought, the gnomes found victory. After a full day of conflict, the occupying salamander army was in rout, defeated.



CHAPTER 3: LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE DRAGON GODS

In the cities of the salamanders, relics abound; most important people possess a handful of them. The salamanders hold regular forging contests, and the relics that result from them circulate through the cities. In the holy city of Ssshna-rabath, ancient, venerable smiths create relics exclusively for the Gods. Even though mortal smiths churn out relics with surprising speed, none can match the Dragon Gods' Legendary Artifacts, many of which have survived through the eons.

Xtheni, Dragon God of the Flaming Sky

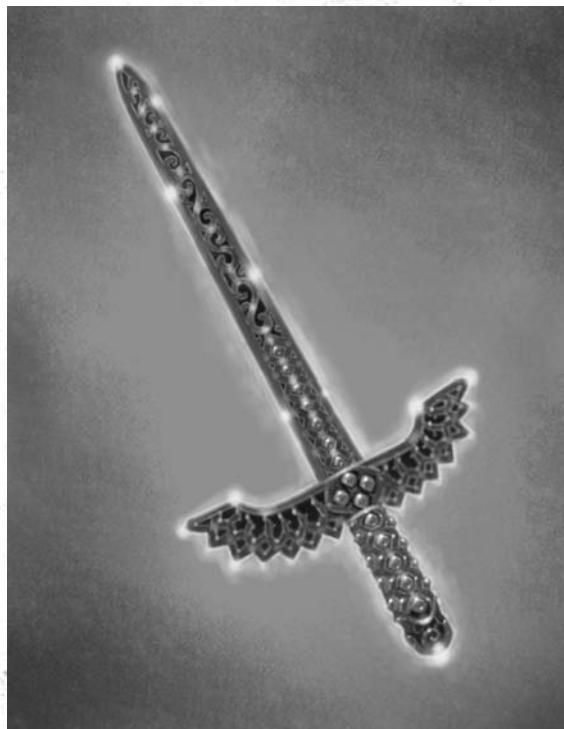
XTHENI'S TALON

Description

Historically, the God of the Flaming Sky eschews forged weapons in preference to his own claws. However, he did create a single weapon; a sword, which he called Xtheni's Talon. The Talon gifts its bearer with a light that rivals the sun, and the stamina to outlast all competitors. Such a weapon would normally be its creator's favorite, and coveted by all others. However, no one, including Xtheni, will touch it.

The reason for this is simple; Xtheni's Talon is a gaudy, overwrought piece of work. It has an over-wide pommel, floridly winged guards, and a grip so heavily encrusted with jewels as to be nearly useless. The jewels continued past the guard, along the flat of the blade, with gold gilt wrapped around the entire monstrosity in flowing designs. Xtheni's design favors decoration over utility, making this sword an embarrassment to anyone with knowledge of the art of the blade.

It appears once every generation or so in the hands of a naive mortal, who seeks to use its divine power for his own end.



BODY: d30+5
SPIRIT: d30+10
NIMBUS: x3 d20

BELIEF: 50,000

Miracles

BLAZE OF GLORY: He who wields the Talon never feels tired or hungry. The bearer can run or fight constantly as long as the sword is in his possession. Once released, the bearer's original state of well-being returns. The wielder can still die from injuries or disease. Gods and spirits do not need to eat or sleep, but feel a drive to continue (fighting, moving, etc.) from the Talon. Mind versus d6+3 to pause in activity for mortals.

Cost: 300 (Mythical Alteration of Control (10), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 6)

RADIANCE: The blade emits a searing ray of light, burning and blinding all living beings in front of the wielder. This light is sunlight in all respect, and is hot enough to flash-boil water or gives unprotected mortals nasty burns. Continued focus from the wearer will eventually kill all but the thickest-scaled creatures. Effective die for a cone extending 20 paces is d12 per attack. Can affect up to 20 individuals at a time. If victim is facing the attack, the victim is blinded; sight may or may not return at GM's inclination by the beginning of the next season.

Cost: 600 (Grandiose Innovation of Creation (20), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 6)

DRAGON-STRENGTH: Although the Talon is unwieldy, the user can swing it with the force of a god. It hits hard enough to turn any mortal target into jelly. Effective die is d20+10 in combat.

Cost: 690 (Impossible Innovation of Transformation (85), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 4)(Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10 Cost 10)

RIDICULOUS PARANOIA: The wielder feels self-conscious of having such an overly grand sword at his side. Half the time he feels as though everyone around him is mocking him. The rest of the time, he feels as though someone intends to take it from him to melt it down for its wealth in jewels and metals. Mind versus d12+6 to resist.

Cost: 216 (Mythical Innovation of Control (14), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 5)Mythical Amplification Miracle +6 Cost 6)

Legends

CAPTAIN'S LOG, THE RED DAWN, MORDECAI WOOD-WORTH OF HRACE

Traveling the coldest reaches of Ar-Naluun northeast of Kybel, we found a strange berg that looked like a volcano, except made of ice. We explored the ice block and found a small opening that led to a spherical chamber. Inside, there was the ugliest sword I've ever seen, thrust downward into the ice.

After much debate with my crew, I decided to take the sword and return to Hrace to see if we could take it apart and perhaps sell some of the gems. When I returned to

my ship to get a large covering for it, a great flash erupted from behind me. When my eyes cleared and I turned back, the sword, the iceberg, and three of my crew had vanished into vapor.

THE CONTEST: FROM THE CHRONICLES OF TUKONOS

In the time of peace when Dragons ruled all things, the Goddess Moorhanos discovered the craft of forging. All the Dragon Gods delighted in this new art form, but Xtheni announced that he could do much better with the heat of the sun. Great Thaminx proposed a challenge to both Gods: whoever forged the best sword would have Thaminx as an ally in all disputes. Both Xtheni and Moorhanos knew that when Thaminx spoke, it had the backing of Xethalchoate, and since Kalamandi and Kanos usually abstained from votes, this alliance was vital to control over the Dragonkin. The Shining God and the Craft mistress set to work.

Moorhanos produced Kalhandros, the well-crafted great double-handed sword that Thaminx still wears to this day. Xtheni, on the other hand, presented his Talon amidst laughter. In anger, Xtheni threw the sword into the Known World, where it was not seen for many years. He swore that forged weapons were for weaklings and that he would never use forged weapons or armor again. The Dragon Gods all agreed that this would remain a secret within the pantheon.

Many years later, during the War of the Dragons, Plthunlos challenged Draax to a duel far out in the depths of Ar-Naluun. Mindful of Fate's decree that no god could destroy part of the Known World, the gods established rules. As a giant shark, Plthunlos was the equal to Draax, but as a native to the depths, he was superior. She fought, but eventually Plthunlos was able to grab her leg and pull her to the very bottom of the sea. Once there, he attacked her ferociously and, unable to swim to the surface, she considered defeat. Standing on the sandy bottom, she noticed a glint peeking from between the granules. Desperate, she grasped its handle and pulled up Xtheni's Talon. She brandished it before her and stood ready for the giant shark's attack.

But Plthunlos could not attack. He stared at the bejeweled sword in amazement, shifting his shape to that of an undine. Then, the god of the deep burst into laughter, demanding to know how such an ugly blade had found its way to his domain. Draax explained the story

and the laughter of the gods below caused the sea to roil and the lands to buckle beneath them. In the end the two gods argued as to who should keep the Talon and Plthunlos finally accepted it as the “loser.” This tale became popular as one of the many sea stories passed on during the long nights at sea, and eventually made its way into popular folklore.

A RECENT TALE OF RHOK-KANMOR

“Ansa, what are you doing? It’s going to be dark soon.”

Ansa waved his thick hand behind him at the other gnome, trying to keep her quiet. He continued to peer over the ledge to watch the bloodbath on the beach below. He felt Letta’s presence draw closer and heard her gasp at the carnage. “Hush, Letta,” he whispered. “We do not want to draw attention.”

The other ruddy gnome did not disagree. On the low-tide bar below, four nymphs fought each other. Three bodies already stained the sand with their blood.

“Wood nymphs?” Letta murmured, much quieter than before. “But that doesn’t make sense.”

One of the nymphs lunged and attempted to grab something near the water’s edge. As the lunging nymph moved, the gnomes saw multiple sparkles of green, red, and blue reach their eyes. “Those are gems.” Ansa whispered in excitement. “Large ones.”

“Ansa, we should return,” Letta said, “It isn’t safe.”

“Wait,” Ansa pleaded. “I want to see what happens.”

The other three nymphs tried to pull the object out of the first’s hands. The struggle lasted only for a moment before a flash of light burst from the gems. Ansa jerked back from the edge. When he glanced over again, all four nymphs were thrown clear of a blackened area at the edge of the sand. He noticed one of the nymphs floating in the water an instant before it sank.

“By the holy stones of Gnorr!” Letta swore. “Ansa, we must go flee, now!”

Ansa wasn’t listening; his eyes caught by a twinkle of something near the center of the blackened sand. Then he jerked as if waking. “Letta, we have to go down there.”

“What? Are you mad?”

He glanced at her but continued to gather his packs. “It is a weapon of some kind; we have to get it—we would not want someone else to find it.” He stood and paused, noticing Letta looking at him suspiciously. He held up his hands, imploring her. “What if the Firekin find it? Or even one of our own wee ones? It is our responsibility.”

Letta brushed her bronze-colored hair out of her face. “All right...but we must hurry and return home.”

Excited now, Ansa quickly made his way to the tunneled staircase the gnomes used to get from Pashon down to the sea. It was still well before sunset when the two reached the beach. Ansa quickly hurried toward the sand bar.

“Be careful, Ansa! It may be dangerous.”

Ansa ignored the bodies, but hesitated when he came near the scorched area. He could see the object just below the surface of the water. He reached out with a foot and pulled it partly out of the water. It caught the sunlight and sparkled merrily at him. He leaned over and grasped it, pulling the beautiful sparkling object from the watery sand. “It is...wonderful.”

“It is gaudy,” Letta flatly stated when she looked over his shoulder. “Is that a sword? Or a club?”

A hand grasped his ankle and he jumped. A nymph from the beach, face and body scorched, hissed in trade tongue, “it is mine!”

Anger swelled in Ansa as he pulled away. “No, it is mine!” he said.

The nymph got to its—his—feet and charged at the two gnomes. Ansa swung and felt something happen from within the sword. The jeweled edge smashed into the side of the nymph’s body and lifted it, propelling the body over the sandbar to land in the sea beyond. Ansa’s mouth dropped open.

“That is no ordinary weapon,” Letta murmured.

Ansa turned to the other gnome, his eyes narrowing.

She wanted it, he could tell. He would have to force her to leave. Then he could keep it for himself. "Letta, get out of here."

Letta stepped back in surprise. "Ansa, are you all right? What is happening?"

Ansa turned and snarled, "I am fine—better than fine. I am going to rid these mountains of all enemies against the gnomes with this sword, but I cannot do so while worrying about you. Just go home!"

Letta nodded slowly and fled to the tunnel. She had to get to Pashon and tell them what happened to Ansa.

Perhaps he could still be saved.

Kanos, Dragon God of the Fires Above

NOSSK-ONI, STAR-SCALE OF JUDGMENT

Description

Salamander history records only two stories regarding Nossk-Oni, the Star-Scale of Judgment. This impossibly bright, silver breast plate provides those who wear it the truth of all things, and marks those who tell falsehoods with a red glow that everyone can see. The Star-Scale not only determines an individual's truthfulness, but also that of history. This allows the very gods to know which among them are lying. The Nossk-Oni spares no one the discomfort of seeing one's true face, not even the Highest Dragon herself.

During a period of intense bickering, the Highest Dragon, Kanos, fashioned the Nossk-Oni from a single scale, which she took from her own breast. Since then, other gods and goddesses of the celestial realm have experienced the Star-Scale's Miracles, and all are uncomfortable when Kanos wears it around her neck.

Kanos rarely allows her mortal champions to wear it, as seeing the truth behind all things is far more than what a mortal mind can take. A Kanos priestess who wears the Star-Scale learns of everything that has happened before, and what may come to pass as well.

BODY: d20+5
SPIRIT: d20+10
NIMBUSES: x d20

BELIEF: 60,000

Miracles

SEE ALL LIES: If the bearer asks a specific question while wearing the Star-Scale, it identifies bearers of untruths and duplicity in its presence. Those who are blatantly lying glow red, but those repeating false information glow yellow. This distinguishes those who are told falsehoods from those who are lying directly. All within line-of-sight to the Scale are affected, and only those who speak untruths. Those who do not speak at all or avoid lies are unaffected.

Cost: 225 (*Grandiose Alteration of Control*(15), *Duration* +2, *Location* +0, *Scale* +3, *Total* 5)

FORCE OF TRUTH: As long as this white light of the Nossk-Oni shines on the face of those before it, they cannot be dishonest. The compulsion causes shaking and sweating; an attempted lie forces the target to state the truth involuntarily. The power can only be resisted by not speaking at all.

Cost: 750 (*Impossible Alteration of Control* (50), *Duration* +2, *Domain* +0, *Inclination* +0, *Location* +0, *Scale* +3, *Total* 5)

THE FACE OF HONESTY: The Star-Scale sees the truth of all things, be they mortals, spirits, or gods, and demands those who view it to face their own dishonesty. Anyone who views their reflection is compelled to review their past lies. They can see clearly how those lies have affected others, even if they occurred in the distant past, or on the other side of the world. The bearer of the Scale can bring up specific events by calling attention to them. Although the viewer cannot resist the vision, the affected individual can resist feeling guilty (mind roll vs. d8).

Cost: 1275 (*Impossible Innovation of Control* (85), *Duration* +2, *Domain* +0, *Inclination* +0, *Location* +0, *Scale* +3, *Total* 5)

TRUTH OF ALL THINGS: The Star-Scale shows an individual the truth behind any part of history. While this can be used for single events, the bearer of the Nossk-Oni almost always involuntarily learns the truths behind the entire history of the world, from the birth of the Dragon Gods to the present. Usually, once the priestess learns of the fragility of the gods themselves, she is no longer able to function as a mortal, and commits her body to Kanos. Each hour a mortal wears the Nossk-Oni, he or she will see one truth about the Known World or Celestial Realm they did not know before. No resistance, GM decides what historical event the mortal/god learns, eventually discovering truths about the origins of the Elder Gods and the vulnerability of gods in general.

Cost: 680 (Impossible Innovation of Control (85), Duration +3, Domain +0, Inclination +0, Location +1, Scale +0, Total 4)

Legends

THE FIRST USE OF THE STAR-SCALE DURING THE BATTLE OF DRAGONS, AS COMPILED BY MASSATH'SAA, HIGH PRIESTESS OF KANOS

While mortal armies fought one another, the Heavenly desert of Jaa-naareth burned. The great Dragon Gods were at war with each other once again. Thaminx and Moorhanos fought with Draax and Tukonos, Xtheni and Maathenos dueled in Jaa-naareth, Xethalchoate prepared to do battle alongside Thaminx, and Kalamandi was nowhere to be seen.

Without warning, The Great Desert plummeted into darkness. As the celestial warriors paused, a single shaft of brilliant light pierced the blackness. Kanos, the Highest Dragon, said, "This cannot continue. Even as we fight in the Sphere above for dominance, our own people murder one another without honor. Sister against sister, family attacking family; the lives of the people should be decided by the people. As First among Dragons I will show you the truths I myself have seen."

With these thundered words, she turned the Nossk-Oni upon each of the other Dragon Gods and they too saw the truth from past to present. Kanos embraced the Nossk-Oni for a night and a day, moving through her colleagues to show them her visions. Kanos and her Star-Scale forced the Dragons to right the wrongs they had perpetrated against one another. They felt remorse for the lies they told. They laid down their arms and

Kanos stood among them. Without duplicity and selfish reasoning controlling their actions, all of the Dragon Gods were balanced.

In the end the Pantheon reached a conclusion—they could not dominate each other. They formed an entirely new system of government. Rather than worship of the Nine at all times, their mortal followers would divide themselves into Houses, each focused on worshipping a single Dragon God. To ensure fairness, Kanos led the Dragon Gods throughout the land, judging where each individual salamander belonged by the truth in his or her heart.

The Great Culling lasted nearly a season, and left each Dragon God with less immediate followers, but more focus from the followers within each House. The control of each city was left to the fighting prowess of its people and the first Queens were selected from those who stood out from rest. Although the Dragon Gods could still influence each other and the Queens of the Firekin, the Pantheon no longer directly controlled what happened in the Known World. When all was decided and implemented, the Star-Eyed Goddess took the Star-Scale away, much to the relief of other Dragon Gods.

Thus the Houses were born in the time of the War among the Dragons. Although to this day the Dragon Gods still deceive each other, the final decisions among the Pantheon are decided by the fierce warriors on the Known World.

THE CONTEST FOR THE QUEENSHIP OF ZZZFAA, PRIOR TO THE WARS OF RAANON

Mortals first saw the Nossk-Oni 200 years ago. Hallixi, a Kanos priestess, used it to determine the winner of a brutal three-way battle for Queen of Zzzfaa. It was a stalemate between House Moorhanos, House Thaminx, and House Tukonos. House Tukonos held the Queenship. Queen Oraannis' heirs had all died within a single season, and she was too old to have more children. Lying on her deathbed, she could not voice to whom she would grant the Queenship. Each House accused the others of poisoning her and her brood. Oraannis gathered her strength and managed to speak enough to grant the Queenship to a distant relative, a member of the Nathraa for the ruler of Sssthra in Frinth. This was an unpopular choice, one which brought the high court

close to outright war.

Hallixi strode into the midst of the conflict, her eyes blazing with a strange light. She threw off her robe and revealed that she wore a strange breast plate. Standing before the Houses, she announced that the Star-Scale would reveal the truth. Hallixi asked the assembled House members if they had poisoned the Queen. Many of the Houses' members glowed yellow, but only the High Priestess of Tukonos glowed red. Under compulsion, she admitted to poisoning her Queen and the Heirs, hoping to rule indirectly through the distant relation from Sssthra in Frinth. Hallixi barred House Tukonos from bidding for the rulership of Zzzfaa, and House Thaminx took over after a contest.

The Star-Scaled breast plate vanished soon after, but Hallixi survived, although she became reclusive.

Draax, Dragon God of the Boiling Sea

THE MOUTH OF DRAAX

Description

The Mouth of Draax is one of the few Legendary Artifacts of the Dragon Gods that remains among mortals. Situated in the House of Draax, in the city of Qann, the Mouth is located behind the main altar for the Lady of Storms. Four were created by Draax to set on the Draax'tara Storm Ships during the War of the Invaders. Only two survived the battle, and one survived the millennia, now regarded as a priceless reminder of the sacrifices of the House of Draax.

It is nearly five meters of cylindrical black metal, and it is as wide around as a thick tree trunk. The tip ends with a cast metal dragon's head, with a wide, snarling mouth. When it was used thousands of years ago, it projected out from the beak head of the galleon, its open mouth facing the enemy. From within its gullet belched fire in a continuous stream. Now it stands, salvaged from the wreckage of a burning galleon. Those who worship before it feel the power of altruism and the pride of one's ancestors.

BODY: d20+10

SPIRIT: d12+5

NIMBUS: d20

BELIEF: 80,000

Miracles

THE FIRE WITHIN: Attached to the front of a ship, the Mouth of Draax emits a narrow spout of blue fire up to a hundred paces in length. The fire is super-heated from a magical source, and cuts through water, metal, and stone. It cannot be extinguished through normal means. Effective die is d30+15 in a narrow burst of energy; stone and metal have no resistance against it. Aim is dependent on ship's direction.

Cost: 695 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +2, Total 4)(Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10, Cost 10) (Legendary Amplification Miracle +5, Cost 5)

SHAPE HOLDER: Despite its apparent size, the Mouth of Draax transfers no weight to the ship, although once separated, it weighs as much as a ship itself. As long as the activated Mouth of Draax sits on the prow, the ship maintains hull integrity, despite gaping holes or missing section. Until the flaming eyes dim, the galleon will not sink for any reason, no matter how damaged it is.

Cost: 450 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

FINAL STRIKE: There are times when all is lost, but the Mouth ensures that it does not fall quietly to his enemies. When disaster looms, and the enemy is close at hand, the Mouth of Draax explodes with such force that it takes all living beings and most constructs with it. It dispels Miracles as well as causing physical damage. Effective die is d100+50 in a sphere three ships' length from the Mouth against body, mind, spirit, and Miracles.

Explosion Miracle:

Cost: 730 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +0, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 4) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50 Cost 50)

Dispel Miracles Miracle:

Cost: 730 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +0, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 4) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50 Cost 50)

Legends

THE WAR OF THE INVADERS

The Dragon Gods brought our fiery ancestors together near the end of the War of the Invaders for one last assault against the Strange Ones. We had pushed them back from the other lands, although they still held the lands to the west. All the other races prepared to do battle alongside us. The Lady of Storms created the four Draax'tara to take our ancient kin to Kukulcan, and outfitted them with magic weapons that were terrible to comprehend. They spewed forth great goutts of flame that melted the Invaders' metal ships and kept them at bay long enough for Gnorr to step forth and strike with his World-Splitter.

Most of our ancestors were lost in the battle, and two Storm Ships activated their Final Strike, but the price for freedom was well worth the sacrifices. One of the two remaining ships was abandoned to the deep when the lights went out from the Mouth of Draax. The ancestor warriors gathered on the last Draax'tara, which returned to the East missing its entire starboard side. It finally sank just off shore near Sssnamon, and the survivors salvaged the Mouth soon after.

THE WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS, THE CHRONICLES

The evil creatures devastated the cities with plague and fear, yet no god answered the people's cries for aid. Vicious rumors circulated that the Leviathans had captured or slain the gods, leaving us undefended.

In Sssthra, the Leviathans chased the surviving royal court of Naara-Beesh down to the bay where several more of the creatures lay waiting. Queen Xate of House Draax stood boldly against the fear, praying for deliverance. Just as all seemed lost, goutts of flame poured from the water, destroying several of the Leviathans where they swam. A black, barnacle- and seaweed-encrusted galleon erupted from the depths. On the prow was a Mouth of Draax, and from the glowing reaches of its eyes Draax looked over her children. A voice spoke from the ship: "Come, my daughter, your time of glory is at hand."



The queen ran onto the ship challenging the remaining Leviathan, her neck crest flaming. The Leviathans swarmed the deck to reach her. With sudden speed the galleon sailed for deeper waters, more Leviathans coming from all over to fight the enraged Queen. On the horizon, a flash of light suddenly lit the darkening sky, growing larger and larger until those on shore could no longer see from the intensity.

The following dawn, the Leviathans were gone from the lands of Frinth. Although the Queenship passed to the House of Xethalchoate, the descendants of Xate sent one of their own to the priesthood of Draax every generation thereafter.

Xethalchoate, Dragon God of the Fires Below

CHOXOS, THE SMOKE SHIELD

Description

While few accounts of Xethalchoate in battle were recorded, those that do exist depict the Smoldering One using Choxos, the Smoke Shield. It is a large circular shield of blackened iron with a draconic image done in copper along the outer surface. One would think Xethalchoate would not need such a shield, being the largest of the Dragon Gods, but the Shield is far more than just a barrier against attacks. It changes allegiances, and stirs loyalty in all who face it.

Moorhanos originally created the Smoke Shield and gave it to Thaminx, who worked to imbue it with several great powers. She then gave it to Xethalchoate as a wedding gift, although whether she regrets this gift is not something she has ever shared.

BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+5
NIMBUS: 3 x d12

BELIEF: 70,000

Miracles

LOYALTY-BOUND: The Shield forces a sense of loyalty in those who view it. Anyone who faces Choxos immediately feels compelled to side with the bearer, even if they are enemies. Those with weaker wills immediately join forces with the holder of Choxos, regardless of the side of battle they began on. This loyalty lasts as long as the Shield is present and up to a season after. This is a Mind versus d30+10 to resist with knowledge of Shield's effect, otherwise d30+15.

Cost: 1200 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 7)

DEFENDER: Just as those who look upon it become spellbound to help the holder of Choxos, so does the owner itself feel the compulsion to defend those in need. If someone needs assistance within line of sight the shield will subconsciously pull the wearer towards that area, and the compulsion grows stronger as time

passes. Bearer of Shield initially must make Mind vs. d6, increases by one die rating per hour until bearer succumbs and follows compulsion or unknown situation has resolved (GM's discretion on time limit).

Initial Cost 5 (Minor Innovation of Control (5), Duration 0, Location 0, Scale 0, Total 1)

Increasing effect Cost: up to 400 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 4)

INSTINCTIVE REACTION: As long as Choxos is held on one arm, the shield will not allow any surprise attacks on the wearer. Not even snipe attacks from afar or a god's wrathful smite can score on the person; Choxos will always twist around on the person's arm to deflect the blow. Effective die vs. surprise attacks d30.

Cost: 300 (Grandiose Innovation of Transformation (20), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 5)

ABSORB WEAPONS: When faced with multiple attacks, Choxos's face will darken and become like a bottomless pit. Any weapon that strikes at the face will vanish into this pit, leaving the weapon's holder with just a haft or a hilt. This includes Legendary Artifacts. Victims must roll Body or Spirit vs. d100 or the weapon will be swallowed into the shield.

Cost: 340 (Impossible Innovation of Transformation (85), Duration +0, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 3)

Legends

LEGEND OF CHOXOS – POPULAR LEGENDARY TALE, TOLD ON THE EVE OF A CULLING

Two hundred years ago, there was a remarkable young salamander female named Skarral who lived in Sssnoth. She was young, but a skilled craftsman, working with iron to produce weapons and gear for the army. Skarral was actually a royal hatchling of House Maathanos, and had a malformed leg that caused her to limp. While, in most cases, a disfigured hatchling would have been eliminated, her nursemaid took pity on her and removed her from the clutch. A House Moorhanos soldier family took her in and raised her. Skarral never knew of her royal heritage, and was content to use her talents to serve her military "kin."

A Guardian of House Moorhanos appeared one day and took note of the young salamander's skills, ignoring several older weapon smiths. The Guardian invited young Skarral to come to the Forge of Ssshna-rabath when her time with the army was complete. The other iron-workers grew jealous, and plotted to remove young Skarral before she could go to the Holy City.

Later that year, the Queen issued a Culling, and the weapon smiths saw their opportunity. When it came time for the ironworkers of the military to cast their vote, it was unanimous: Skarral was culled. Saddened, Skarral headed east, hoping to reach Ssshna-rabath before she was eaten by some vicious creature. Her determination, unbeknownst to her, was noticed.

Her steps were slow and labored but she pressed on until she reached the forest of Baathun. She knew the Dark Wood Nymphs lived here, but proceeded. No sooner had she stepped into the forest, she heard a scream of anger. The Dark Wood Nymphs found her. She turned to run but her limp betrayed her to the enemy, and she tripped.

Then she realized she had fallen on something large. From under the leaves she pulled out a black iron and copper shield...and no sooner was it in her hands that it turned her so the first thrown spear ricocheted off the face of the shield. Four more times did the shield protect her from spears thrown in every direction, and then the Dark Wood Nymphs launched a melee attack from the trees.

Once the forest guardians saw the shield, they put down their arms and offered her safe passage through their wood. Now Skarral knew that she held the mighty Choxos. As she herself looked upon the face of the shield the copper dragon in the middle writhed and spoke to her. It was Xethalchoate, who told her to return to Ssnoth and use Choxos to reveal the betrayal of the weapon smiths to all.

Thus she returned to the city of her birth, to a land mourning a dying Queen. When Skarral arrived, the weapon smiths confessed their betrayal, but more importantly, her old nursemaid happened upon her and admitted that Skarral was a hatchling of the ailing Queen. The Houses rallied behind her and she was granted the Queenship, despite her lame foot. She ruled

for many years and was considered one of the greatest Queens of history. The Shield vanished on the day of Skarral's funeral.

THE BATTLE OF GAALDOR, THE GREAT WAR

Because of the duplicity of the gnomes, and the rumors they passed onto the sylphs, the salamanders were routed at the pass to Gaaldor. Not all of the Dragon Gods fell for the trap, however. Thaminx was prepared to march her armies onto the gnome city, but Xethalchoate sensed betrayal and urged her to hold back. They argued and finally the married couple agreed to call it to a vote under the Pantheon. This did not sit well with Thaminx, because Xethalchoate often used the Shield to bring the Houses to his side. As each was preparing, Thaminx hid Choxos to ensure that the House's loyalties would remain impressionable. Unable to find the shield, Xethalchoate gave his arguments anyway, but in the end, the pantheon sided with Thaminx, and the salamander armies attacked Gaaldor as planned. After the armies of Zzzalon were devastated, it is said Xethalchoate found his shield, but could not find forgiveness for many years.

Moorhanos, Dragon God of the Melting Ore

KANFALKA, BLADE OF FIRE

Description

The Craftmistress loves to create new weaponry, and uses her creations as gifts to the other gods and even mortals. One of the first blades she ever made was her best, and she kept it for herself. Kanfalka is a sword like no other, with a blade of molten metal, which glows red when in use. The one-handed hilt is heavier than it should be, to make up for the lightness of the fiery blade. The sword cuts through anything when it strikes. When not in use, Kanfalka appears to be just the hilt of a sword, with a thin guard and teardropommel.

Moorhanos frequently allows this blade to find its way to the hands of mortals, because it goads the bearer into completing whatever mission is set before him. In times of need, this powerful Artifact has won the day, despite all obstacles.



BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+10
NIMBUS: 2 x d20

BELIEF: 80,000

Miracles

UPSURGE: The lava blade of Kanfalka can quickly change size, from the length of a dagger to longer than any weapon a mortal could use, without gaining or losing weight. The sudden change in size is very difficult to dodge, and the Kanfalka will grow when an enemy is in the perfect position to impale, usually with devastating results. Effective die is d30+10 versus body to dodge; can hit individuals along a line of fifty paces maximum.

Cost: 70 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +0, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 3)(Grandiose Amplification miracle +10 Cost 10)

ERUPTION: The blade of Kanfalka will emit sparks and suddenly explode, throwing a flaming lava orb a short

distance away. The lava explodes on impact, throwing the melted rock everywhere. Impact area ten paces across has effective die d30 and catches on fire for continued damage at d20, five paces away (d20, d10), ten paces away (d10, d6), fifteen paces away (d8, d4).

Cost: 160 (Grandiose Innovation of Transformation (20), Duration +0, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 4)

DRIVING FORCE: If the holder of the sword has a duty or quest, Kanfalka builds in him a coercion to forgo everything else until the task is completed. Whatever needs to be done, Kanfalka puts into its wielder a driving need to accomplish it, regardless of the probability of success. Mind vs. d30 to resist compulsion.

Cost: 225 (Grandiose Alteration of Control (15), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 5)

Legends

THE FOUNDING OF SSSHNA-RABATH

After the defeat of the Invaders, the different races mingled with the gods, and all was good. The gods could not stay with their people, and soon went back to the heavens. But the people had different needs and separated amongst themselves in search of something, although they were not sure what. In those days the salamanders of Raanon were all one tribe under the leader known as the First Queen, Massazza. The people looked to her and she disappeared for a night to pray to the gods for guidance. The next morning she returned with the hilt of Kanfalka and promised that she would lead the salamanders to their new home. The Blade of Fire protected them from many dangers, including Forest Giants, strange spirits, and ferocious beasts. For many days they wrestled against the wilderness but finally they came to the vast desert known now as Zzzfaa. In this place, Massazza held the blade high and used it to create the first buildings of molten sand. The Blade remained in the First Queen's possession until the city was completed and the desert surrounding it was free from external threats.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JAASH, THE BATTLE OF DRAGONS, FROM THE PINNACLE OF WHISPERS

Most legends describe the cause of the destruction of Jaash as a "powerful firestorm" from the sea. Few know, however, that it was Kanfalka in the hands of Draax that struck the blow. Draax came to Moorhanos and asked

for a mighty weapon to damage the city and cause Ce-lundynn's people to flee, thereby weakening her people's Belief in her. Moorhanos gave Kanfalka over to Draax, knowing the lava sword would undercut the supports of the city and cause it to come crashing down into the sea. Kanfalka's drive to succeed overwhelmed the Lady of Storms. In her hands Kanfalka compelled her to reduce the city to rubble. Draax was unable to stop the firestorm until the last stone had crumbled. Since that time, Draax has never again come to Moorhanos for another weapon, beginning a separation between the two goddesses that is felt more strongly today than ever before.

Maathenos, Dragon God of the Burning Moon

XA'A'THAAK, QUARTER-MOON AXE Description

The Quarter-Moon Axe is one of the strangest weapons among the Dragon Gods. More like a poleaxe in length, it appears to have a silvery face and a curved spike on the reverse. The curved spike is an illusion, however; shadowed in black iron is a second face, making this weapon a double-bladed battle-axe. The weapon's hidden facet makes it difficult to judge speed and cutting distance in combat. The unpredictability of the Xa'a'thaak is apropos of its owner, Lady of Shadows.

Just as Maathenos is never depicted in illustrations, neither is the Xa'a'thaak. Most people consider those who claimed to have seen the weapon liars, or that they have misinterpreted what they saw. Maathenos has only owned the Moon Axe for the past 600 years. The axe is the last of Moorhanos's last "Great Gifts" to her peers, and is considered one of the finest testaments to her skills. Thanks to Maathenos's own nature, she is less affected by the cruelty that seems to develop among those who carry the axe, although it is rumored that Maathenos used the axe to change the Horned Men of Pashon into the demonic-looking humanoids they appear as today.

BODY: d20+20
SPIRIT: d20+20
NIMBUS: 2 x d20
BELIEF: 70,000

Miracles

SILENCE: Xa'a'thaak radiates a sphere of complete silence two meters in diameter. The bearer of the axe can hear everything beyond the sphere perfectly, but everything within the sphere itself sounds muffled. Those outside the affected area cannot hear anything within.

Cost: 420 (Mythical Innovation of Transformation (14), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 6)

INVISIBILITY: When Xa'a'thaak is rotated so the dark face is facing forward, the bearer and the Moon Axe become nearly invisible. In broad daylight, a witness sees detached shadows that vanish in the outlines of other shadows. In the dark they are impossible to see. This effect only applies to mortal minds vs. a d100. This is not a disguise Miracle.

Cost: 400 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 4)

SHAPESHIFTING ILLUSION: When necessary, the Moon Axe allows the wielder to wear the face and body of another. This transformation physically changes the bearer's appearance and voice, but not his or her smell. This transformation illusion will allow mortals to impersonate gods in appearance only.

Cost: 750 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 5)

CURSE: A strike from the dark face of the axe does not necessarily have to be a fatal blow, although the axe has an effective die of d20 in combat. With it, Maathenos can instead Curse an opponent to shrink or grow in size, up to twice or a tenth of the person's original size. The Curse can also be used to alter a person's physical form, sometimes dramatically, with new appendages and features. The Curse can affect multiple people, up to 100. The Curse cannot be abated except by a god's influence.

Cost: 750/1500/3000 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0/1/2, Total 5/6/7)

Legends

THE NARGOS AND THE DRAGONS

The Nargos, a monster so vast as to swallow whole fleets of sailing vessels, was first seen in Ar-laneth just after the

War of Sea and Earth. Several of Draax's merchant ships were swallowed up by the tentacled whirlpool, and the Lady of Storms went to deal with the problem herself. As one of the powerful Elder Gods, she was confident that she could take on the Nargos. However, she soon found herself caught up by the titanic demon and was being pulled to the depths when she cried for help.

Xethalchoate, Moorhanos, and Maathenos came to her aid, but were only successful at keeping her and the Nargos from submerging. Finally, Maathenos used her moon axe to silently sneak up and get close enough to Draax to free her with several swipes of the Xa'a'thaak. The great beast grabbed at them and caught hold of the Moon Axe, shattering it in two before sinking into the fathomless depths. Maathenos mourned the loss of her axe, but all were thankful that they escaped the Nargos unscathed.

THE REBUILDING OF THE SALAMANDERS AFTER THE WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS – THE MOON AXE AGREEMENT

After the cities of the salamanders were cleared of all Leviathans, the Dragons Gods worried that the other races would expand their borders and wipe out the remaining salamanders. The gnomes were particularly troubling; the Pantheon knew the gnomes had escaped the Leviathans nearly unscathed and it was only a matter of time before they took advantage of the salamander's losses. The Fire Deities decided to separate for one year to help their Houses rebuild, and to return the following summer to decide what they should do.

One year later, the pantheon rejoined and discussed their options. Thaminx, Xtheni, and Xethalchoate were all for attacking the other races. Draax optioned for larger trade with the other races to learn their secrets and obtain necessary goods. Moorhanos pointed out that to achieve any of these goals, she would need supplies and manpower to rekindle the forges and build necessary weapons, ships, and other supplies. Then she offered a plan: use slave labor from the surrounding areas to work the mines, leaving the Houses time and manpower to achieve the goals. She emphasized that Maathenos' House should be the one to obtain the slaves. Maathenos was skeptical—how could she possibly get her people to find, hold, and transport slaves into the mines?

Moorhanos picked up a bundle and shook out the mighty Moon Axe, whole again after several years of work. With its ability to make the owner move silently, invisibly, or under illusion, it would be easy to draw in as many slaves as needed over the years. Maathenos agreed, and this was the beginning of the slave mines of Shha-narath. She tried to get the mortals to take up the Xa'a'thaak for a time and herd their own slaves, but found early on that the mortals who used it could not shake the feeling that everyone else was out to get them and believed no one could be trusted. Eventually the mortal would attack anyone that was regarded as "suspicious." This led to several misunderstandings before Maathenos took back the Moon Axe and drew in the other races herself.

Thaminx, Dragon God of the Burning Earth

KELHANDROS

Description

The Goddess of War has many legends retelling her exploits, and Kelhandros is mentioned in nearly every one. Moorhanos forged the great double-handed sword for Thaminx centuries ago, and to this day is able to keep the Mistress of Battle as an ally. Kelhandros is one of the most influential Artifacts in existence, largely because Thaminx often incarnates on the Known World, wielding it for all races to see.

Kelhandros is a great sword nearly two arm spans in length, with a long two-handed cruciform hilt. The cross-section of the blade is diamond-shaped and tapers to a rigid point capable of penetrating thick armor. The hilt is a simple talonlike design with a distinct star ruby twinkling at its pommel. Kelhandros was designed for thrusting over cutting, although the edge of the blade is still deadly. In the surge of battle, Thaminx holds Kelhandros high and attacks with twisting lunges. When not charging into battle, she wears it harnessed across her back so that all can see its glory. Frequently she has to leave Kelhandros in one of her many great temples, since not even the other Dragon Gods like her having an advantage while in the Celestial Realms.

BODY: d100+20
SPIRIT: d100+5
NIMBUS: d20+10

BELIEF: 100,000

Miracles

BATTLE SENSE: The great sword provides the bearer with a sense of an entire battlefield (+1000) and how it is moving, even where it is going to go next. For most who are not constantly in contact with the sword, this would be more of a sense of forewarning. For Thaminx, and perhaps others who have held the sword for longer periods of time, this blossoms into a full awareness of what will happen next in an attack. The longer one continues this battle sense, the more the sword-holder anticipates battle, in time become hopeful and then yearning for it, like an addiction. Mind versus d10 to resist battle-addiction first time Miracle is used, increases by die rating every time it is used in one season.

Initial Cost 105 (Major Innovation of Control (7), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 5)

Final Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Control (85), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 5)

THOUGHT SENSE: When in combat with a single foe, Thaminx knows what her enemy is thinking, so long as Kelhandros is worn. The person—mortal, god, or spirit—must be directly in front of her and she can only hear conscious thought; she cannot delve into memories. Fate does not allow Thaminx to carry it when they are near one another, which greatly increases Thaminx's curiosity. Effective die d100 vs. Mind or mind or thoughts are known.

Cost: 750 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 5)

PROTECTIVE: The sword protects salamander kin during warfare. Kelhandros offers up to +10 resistance to poisons, disease, weakness, and magical alterations for up to 100 members of a squad or unit (the nearest one hundred). (Note bonus will only reach to ½ of the effective follower body die. A d6 warrior will only get a +3 bonus for protective effects only.)

Cost: 450 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 6)

POWER SURGE: When the tide of a battle turns against the salamander armies, and more than half are killed, the sword flares and lightning crackles out of it, striking every living thing except salamanders. Although some may survive the onslaught, all are knocked down and injured. Effective die is D100 for first 1000 non-salamanders on battlefield, d30 for next 1000, and so on for a total of 8000 effected individuals.

Cost: 2550 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

Legends

THE CHALLENGE – WRITTEN IN *THE PINNACLE OF SECRETS*, AUTHOR UNKNOWN

After Thaminx received Kelhandros from Moorhanos, the Mistress of Battle held a series of duels the gods of the Known World. Using the great sword's abilities, she could anticipate their attacks and defeat them soundly. Soon, she had won against them all and was looking for a new conquest.

She stood in the celestial desert of Jaa-naareth and held Kelhandros high. "Who could defeat me with such a fine weapon?" Suddenly she felt a tremor in the sand. Arm dropping, she turned to find Thuun coming down from the Everwinter, his great club, Spirit-Stealer, over his shoulder. At the time, the God of the Giants was not so angry and unapproachable, but when he smiled at Thaminx, she felt chilled.

He finally paused in his stride, standing just outside her circle of attack. "I hear that the Goddess of War is looking for a worthy foe."

Thaminx grinned and she held her great sword before her, waiting to feel Kelhandros warn her of Thuun's attack. Thuun lunged abruptly striking down with the club straight from his shoulder. Thaminx barely ducked out of the way and Thuun's mighty weapon clobbered the sand with a great wallop. Thaminx waited again, trying to use Kelhandros to know where he would strike next.

He lifted the club and swung, twisting the club with one hand to give him an upwards motion. This time

she did not duck in time and it caught her against the shoulder before she could dodge away. Angry at the now-silent Kelhandros, she launched into a thrust, deflected easily by Spirit-Stealer. He did not let her pull back but grabbed the flat of the blade with his upper left hand. The hold slowed her backwards momentum and he dropped the club down to slap it against her abdomen.

Using his two right hands he pulled back the club, he shoved the club up against her jaw and propelled her up, yanking on Kelhandros at the same time. She landed on her back, her great sword in the Giant God's hand. She stared up at him, waiting for his next move.

Thuun smiled and dropped the sword at her feet. Resting the club on his shoulder again, he turned his back on her and started walking toward his domain.

Thaminx found her voice. "Mighty Thuun! How were you able to defeat the sword?"

Thuun paused. "What do you mean?"

"The sword has the power to read thought and foretell where a strike will occur. How did you hide your thoughts?"

She heard a deep chuckle, which quickly turned into outright laughter. Finally he turned and regarded her with cheer. "Your sword did not work on me, because I did not think when I was fighting. I do not plan my attacks."

He walked away with a spring in his step and thereafter, Thaminx avoided the God of the Jurelian Giants.

WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS – TALES OF WAR, BY STAQQAR VAIL

My great-great-great grandfather, Rolan Vail, spent his early years as a slave for the scaled race at Shha-Naaroht. The salamanders of Naalgrom were the first to experiment with holding humans as slaves, and they treated him as they would a smart animal, neither with cruelty nor with any amount of trust. His master was General Ssha'Ank, the Xdthomaansrr for House Thaminx. My grandfather was a large man from the north, and the Xdthomaansrr brought him everywhere, even to the temple.

When the Great Monsters first attacked, they killed many of the leaders and temple guardians, but seemed to avoid the humans at first, leaving the slaves where they cowered. Rolan ran into the temple where the Xdthomaansrr had fled and found a Leviathan feasting on the General. Another had slain the Highest Priestess. The Monster standing over Ssha'Ank turned and Rolan ran up the stairs to the dais. Several younger temple priestesses were praying, but no gods revealed themselves and the salamanders were ready to panic.

My ancestor told his children and grandchildren that he never understood how it happened, but he got caught up in a long flowing curtain. Moving it aside he saw a longsword sheathed in a plain leather casing. Then he heard a wet growl behind him. Unthinkingly he picked up the sword and pulled it from the scabbard. He claimed that suddenly he "knew the Monster" and when it attacked, he slew it. Still holding the sword he came back out into the open and one by one killed the other monsters. He continued to clear a path, gathering humans and salamanders alike behind his charge. He said that for a moment in time he led what remained of the salamander army to take back their city.

When it was over, the salamanders demanded the sword and Rolan demanded his freedom, along with the freedom of the rest of the slaves. The remaining salamanders knew that they could not defeat the slaves; they were outnumbered and Rolan was more than a match for any of them with the power of the sword. They tried to negotiate, but Rolan recognized their false words and refused to barter. Eventually, they came to an agreement. Rolan would walk away to the west, taking the rest of the human slaves with him, and when he felt through the sword that the salamanders were no longer a threat, he would drop the sheathed sword for them to find later. The salamanders reluctantly turned to clean up their mess of a city. Rolan walked west and eventually came to a spot where he felt he could sheathe the sword and leave it behind, despite many arguments from the former slaves that escaped with him.

Honorable Rolan settled in Samona and eventually his son helped found the city of Hrace. He died in the new city and has a monument in the older quarters.

Tukonos, Dragon God of the Searing Thought

KINOSU DAGGERS

Description

The Kinosu Daggers of Tukonos are another pair of Legendary Artifacts that have made their way into the Known World. These two blackened thin-bladed stiletos come from a time when history and memory were young, and the Dragon Gods still needed to fight in the battles of the world. Now the Dragon of Memory sits in her tower, writing her thoughts and views on what has transpired, and no longer needs the twin daggers. The Kinosu are kept in separate temples, on different continents, seen only by initiates into the priesthood of Tukonos. They inspire devotion in their followers to the point of fanaticism, and are the main reason Tukonos rarely has to get involved with her followers.

BODY: d20+5

SPIRIT: d20+5

NIMBUS: d12

BELIEF: 40,000

Miracles

POISON OF REBIRTH: The blades are wrought of a poisonous metal that tests the victim's heart and mind. Even the slightest scratch from the edge of the Kinosu blade festers in those who have not dedicated themselves completely to the Goddess of Searing Thought. Salamanders whose hearts and souls are completely devoted to Tukonos suffer blurred vision and minor visual hallucinations, as well as a permanent scar. For those initiates who have doubts or are dedicated to another deity, these hallucinations become nightmares, and the wound turns necrotic. The resulting ulcer is wide and bone-deep, and requires excision and months of healing, if the victim survives. Effective die against non-dedicated individuals is d20; wound continues to be effective for d10 every day until wound is excised of all dying flesh. Hallucinations are mind vs. d20 to resist daily until wound is excised.

Cost: 40 (Mythical Alteration of Destruction (10), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 3)



THE MEMORIES OF TUKONOS: The blades of the Kinosu hold several experiences of the Goddess of Memories that date back to the greatest events in salamander history. Even a first-time initiate can hold one of the daggers and intone a legend, memorizing the incident as if she herself had been there. This gift of the Kinosu draws initiates and high priestesses alike back to the Goddess, making them feel closer to Tukonos.

Cost: 70 (Mythical Innovation of Control (14), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 5)

THE ASSASSIN'S ATTACK: An attack from behind is what the Kinosu were made for; any time a Kinosu-wielder attempts to sneak up behind someone, the Kinosu causes a form of invisibility in that the victim's mind will not sense the attack. Mind vs. d30 to sense attack; see Poison of Rebirth for effective die and damage.

Cost: 45 (Grandiose Alteration of Destruction (15), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 3)

SPIRIT BOUND: In one of the more sinister uses of the daggers, the Kinosu daggers can cause the entrapment

of a spirit, leviathan, or even a minor god inside the blade, and was used several times for this purpose before Tukonos retired the daggers to her mortal followers' care. When used as a weapon, the blade pulls the spirit of the creature into itself, and holds it until released by the Goddess. Each blade can only hold one spirit at a time. Effective die d100.

Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 5)

Legends

WAR OF THE INVADERS – TUKONOS' RESOLVE, FROM MANY RACES' AND LEGENDS

Before there was memory or history, the Elder Gods came to the Known World to save their people from the Invader's slave-ships. The Dragon Gods all were battle-ready and prepared to bring death to the Invaders, as each member of the pantheon was skilled in war craft. Tukonos the Sly was the deadliest of them all. Long before she was the keeper of history, she was an assassin that killed countless Invaders across many of the continents. She could easily pass as one of the mortals, and would appear in a slave encampment and wait until she could get close to the leaders. The Kinosu Daggers were designed to remain hidden until she struck. This is why the spirits of the Invaders are only found in Celdynn. Tukonos used the twin Kinosu to destroy every Invader she could find, hunting them down well after Kukulcan was devastated by the other gods. She could not stop herself. No one is sure what finally gave her pause. Some say she cut herself while in battle and had a moment of clarity when she became the Goddess of Memory. Other versions of the tale say she was halted by the other races. Whatever the reason, there came a point when she swore she would never be involved with killing again and she threw the daggers up into the sky, retiring to her keep with its books and tombs.

THE INITIATION – THE PRIVATE JOURNALS OF HIGHEST PRIESTESS ROZZ'KOS, HOUSE TUKONOS

After our purification baths, the priestesses gave the three of us russet-colored robes and ushered us into the Great Hall. I had never been in the Inner Sanctum before, and could hardly contain my excitement. The priestesses herded us onto the dais to present us to the crowd. I became apprehensive as an awed hush passed through the room.

High Priestess Maaron stepped forward with a wooden chest in her hands. "Children of Tukonos, you have all proven yourselves worthy in the eyes of the Temple. Now you must prove your faithfulness to the Goddess herself."

She set the chest on a pedestal and opened it. Though we tried to see inside the chest, the high priestess blocked our view. She lifted an object and a sigh of admiration murmured through the crowd. I did not recognize the thin, black blade.

"Behold!" High Priestess Maaron's voice rang out. "The dagger of Tukonos, one of two granted to us, her people, when she gave up death for the written chronicles of life!"

My blood went cold as I stared at half of the Kinosu. The legends said they were lost, cast aside. Yet, here it was. Maaron turned and came toward us. "If you are not one of her Children, you will pay for your lie with your flesh. Bare your right arm."

She spoke to all of us, but as the first to face the trial, I knew she spoke to me alone. I presented my bare arm and she swiftly drew a shallow gash along my scales—barely enough to break the skin. Immediately, the wound began to sting. I wondered if that was a sign that I had failed, but then my colleague, Kussfar, started to scream. I turned to look at her and saw her arm was bubbling, the skin breaking apart and sloughing away. Immediately two helpers came to her side and took her away. The other initiate, Ammaz, winced when slashed, but she too remained standing and whole.

High Priestess Maaron stood before me again. "You are accepted into the Priesthood by the will of the Dragon Gods. Now accept the Kinosu and hear the legend of the twin daggers." The other salamander held the flashing dagger to me, hilt-first.

My vision swam, and I knew the Goddess took me away. I accepted the blade and suddenly I stood straighter and everything came into focus, like a great veil had been lifted from my face. I knew myself and saw I was merely an extension of the Goddess.

She spoke through me as I began the account of what truly transpired so many years ago.

Kalamandi, Dragon God of the Flaming Spirit

THE SPEAR OF KALAMANDI

DESCRIPTION:

The Restless Dragon created the Spear long ago, soon after the War of the Elements. One and a half meters long and composed entirely of metal, the spear's head is a stylized diamond point of iron, and the shaft is engraved with symbols of desert life. She made the Spear by hand, and gave it no pretentious names; it is simply the Spear.

Unlike other weapons of the gods, the Spear was not designed just for warfare; Kalamandi was focused on a future without the trappings of civilization for her people, and knew she needed a symbol of triumph over every obstacle. Because Kalamandi is constantly needed to keep her people alive, she imbued the Spear with several abilities that have since taken on the nurturing faction of her duties to her people.

BODY: d12+6
SPIRIT: d12+6
NIMBUS: d12 x2
BELIEF: 70,000

Miracles

FOOD CALLING: When placed butt-end down against the ground, the Spear will call all lower-intelligence meat-bearing animals within a territory (up to 1000). The animals feel a need to converge on this spot. Insects are not influenced by this driving need.

Cost: 300 (Mythical Alteration of Control (10), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 6)

WATER FROM ABOVE: Pointed towards the sky, the Spear will draw all condensation from the air and cause it to rain in a very short, narrow (10 paces across maximum for five minutes) rainstorm.

Cost: 450 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 6)

WOUND HEALER: Any mortal clasping the Spear will

have all wounds healed within minutes. This Miracle works postmortem on injuries, although it takes the goddess's intervention to bring the soul back to the body.

Cost: 200 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 3)

TURN TO SAND: In times of need, the Spear can be held up in the air, where it erupts with light. All non-salamanders within eyesight (up to 1000) of the wielder turn to sand (effective die d100).

Cost: 2550 (Impossible Innovation of Transformation (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

Legends

KALAMANDI GOES INTO THE WILDERNESS – ORAL TRADITION AS RECITED TO HIGH PRIESTESS XANOTHA OF XTHENI BEFORE EXPULSION FROM ZZZALON TRIBE.

We will now tell the story of the Restless Dragon, and her exodus into the desert with her chosen people. It was a time before Houses, when most of the Firekin lived in Ssshna-rabath. The War of the Elements had not yet begun, and the Dragon Gods were fighting each other for dominance. When they returned to the Gardens, they learned that the other races had created many more gods amongst themselves, leaving the Fire Deities outnumbered. Angered, most of the Pantheon plotted to wrest control of the Known World from the other races.

But Kalamandi did not. She did not wish for control or domination. She did not wish for opulence or torpidity. She loved the Known World for its beauty and wilderness, and was unhappy with the conspiracies and intrigue. She did not desire to get involved with the other races' dilemmas. When the Dragon Gods helped the other gods steal World-Splitter, she became angry with her own peers. She walked out of the Celestial Gardens, and incarnated in the desert of the Known World. She was watching the stars when the Sylph God's body crashed into the northern continent. And she chose her fate.

She gathered those who would forgo civilization and live as nomads in the deserts of the world. She crafted the Spear, and used it to manifest life from the desert. Ours was the first House, led by the Roaming Dragon

herself. The Spear became her symbol and guided us throughout history to where we are today. The Leviathans did not wipe out our cities or temples, because we are our temples and our cities travel with us. The Battle of Dragons did not rage against us nor did the gnomes ever march against us. We are as strong now as our ancestors ever were and we never falter, flee, or doubt in our goddess.

WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS

Just before the Leviathans ravaged the Known World, House Kalamandi was small, perhaps 200 salamanders across the deserts. In the initial strike only one of the Leviathans came anywhere near the tribes of Kalamandi. It was a monstrous desert creature, with putrid breath that killed all animals and plants in its path. Kalamandi was not trapped in the Celestial Heavens, as the other gods, and was able to defend her tribe successfully. Kalamandi called all her tribes, and together they went to the cities to help the other salamanders defend themselves against the attack. House Kalamandi was vital in preserving many of the cities of the salamanders in Raanon until the other Dragon Gods were free to join her. She used the Spear to keep death at bay, drawing in animals and water for the destitute Firekin and healing their injuries. When the initial devastating attacks ended, the other Dragon Gods asked House Kalamandi to put one of their own on the throne of Sssnoth, and the Restless Dragon found she had numerous new recruits, swelling her nomad tribes to nearly 1000.

CHAPTER 4: LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF UNDINE AND SYLPH GODS

The Gods of the Undines

The god and goddess of the undine race were once a mated pair, but have since separated. Despite that there are only two deities in the pantheon, battles against demons, dragons, gnomes, and each other have forced them to create arsenals of Legendary Artifacts. While Celundynn's relics are more for defense of her cities and people, Plthunlos focuses on offensive weapons.

Celundynn, Goddess of Ocean Waters and Cliffs

LOTHNECELS, CLAWS OF THE GREEN TOWERS

Description

The goddess created the Lothnefels in Celune, in order to take her husband's city of Fanos. She made three sets for the champions of Celune, which still see use today, giving the wielders powers to turn the tide of battle. Each pair of Claws is of the hardest metal, and come up to just below the elbow. The fingers are fully articulated plates that end with large talon-like tips. Once on an undine's hands, they cannot be removed until purposely pulled off by the wearer. Although clumsy-looking on land, the claws do not affect the swimming undine and in fact help them with maneuverability in the water.

BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+5
NIMBUS: d20

BELIEF: 60,000

Miracles

EXTENDED STRIKE: Undines wearing the Lothnefels do not have to close to attack their enemies. The Claws' attack can extend beyond the undine's reach. The wearer can strike from a distance of ten paces, causing the same amount of damage as if the wearer struck the

foe personally. Effective die d30 in combat.

Cost: 60 (Grandiose Alteration of Destruction (15), Duration +0, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 3)

WATER MANIPULATION: By moving the clawed hands carefully, the wearer can shift sections of the water into different shapes and degrees of solidity. This can be used to create shields or battering rams. The undine with the Claws could create a force like this behind his feet, propelling himself forward faster than normal swimming speed. Likewise, the manipulation of the waters in front of the undine can help him change directions faster. As a propelling or striking force, the Lothnefels have an effective die of d20 and can push up to 100 man-sized individuals before it for a distance of 100 paces.

Cost: 3000 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 6)



FREEZE/VAPORIZE WATER: Vaporizing a section underwater creates a temporary vortex. Freezing water while under the surface causes it to rise up to float. Ice created this way melts normally. The Claws cannot freeze or vaporize living creatures, although a creature caught inside an ice block will be stuck there and slowly freeze until the water melts normally or a Miracle heats or breaks the ice. Vaporizing the water around the creature causes steam burns above water (effective d6), and injuries beneath the surface as the weight of water above collapses back into the empty space (d10). Vaporizing a block of ice will destroy it (effective d12 for shattering force for individuals caught in the ice).

Cost: 680 (Impossible Innovation of Transformation (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 4)

Legends

THE UNDINE DIVIDING WARS – END OF THE UNION

After the War of the Elements, the God and Goddess of the Sea reconciled and came to the Known World to create a new god while incarnated as mortals. Celundynn came to her city of Celune and there Plthunlos presented her with a cradle, anticipating the great event. Although she knew that the beautifully built cradle was of metal stolen from the Invaders' wreckage, she overlooked it for Plthunlos's eagerness.

Then the far-west city of Cuthe raised a cry—a crack in the Reef opened to the Well of Souls and demons came forth in droves. Celundynn went out to help them contain the situation. Celundynn asked her husband for assistance but he felt it was not their problem, and the Sea Goddess was angry at him again. Time and time again the Sea God approached her at Cuthe but his amorous urges were rebuffed in lieu of the situation she dared not allow get out of hand. Enraged, Plthunlos made the decision to kill his wife's physical body, forcing her to return to the Celestial Gardens. He expected fear or shock, but she fought back, furious at his selfishness. He had blundered in thinking she would go quietly and the unexpected retaliation killed his mortal form instead.

Knowing the Sea God would return with murderous thoughts, she left Cuthe and attacked Plthunlos's city of Fagos, dividing the undines into two factions. She returned to Celune where the cradle lay barren. Knowing all hope of a union was gone, she tore the cradle

apart in a fit of pique, reforming the pieces to create the Lothnecels, the Claws of the Green Tower. With the strange Invader-made gauntlets, she sent her champions forth, empowered with the ability to attack from afar and manipulate the waters. Plthunlos in his rage did not plan his war against his wife and her people, becoming a monster bent only on destruction. Without his direction, the undines who worshipped him fell under the Claws of the Goddess. She left the Lothnecels with the surface undines so they would know that they were all her champions.

THE DEMON REEF AND THE NARGOS – SUNG IN STONE BY LALLIANA

*When the Dividing Wars were over,
Plthunlos was chastised by Fate.
Celundynn brought the Claws to Cuthe
where they were used to eliminate
some of the larger demons
trying to escape the Reef.
But then the Nargos came
Born of hate and grief.
Tearing apart the Waterkin
The great demon ripped its way
Out into the open water
And in dismay
The Cutbeans sent the claws
On the hands of the Heroes
But they could not catch it
And the movement of its throes
Created the whirlpool
That sucked those three down
They were believed lost with the claws
Inside Nargos were bound
Smart those heroes were
The Claws they used instead
To make blocks of ice
With themselves embedded
They rose back up
Encased in the cold
when they surfaced at Ar-Naluun
This story they told.*

TEARS OF CELUNDYNN

Description

At the beginning of the Battle of the Dragons, the Dragon Pantheon destroyed the city of Jaash while Celundynn watched from a tower. She fled weeping, and preserved each tear as an Artifact. These Tears were more than just symbols of the Sea Goddess's grief. Each one bears a fraction of her divine will, and her desire to see no more destruction.

Each tear is glasslike and opalescent, a hands' breadth wide at the base with a tapered end. There are five Tears in all, each housed in a temple carved from the cliff face near the sea surrounding the Stairs of Transformation.

BODY: d20+10

SPIRIT: d20+10

NIMBUS: d12

BELIEF: 30,000 Each

Miracles

SUSPEND ANIMATION: Celundynn's need to stop the destruction of her people was strong, and the Tears formed the framework to freeze all her people where they fell in the waters around Jaash. The salamanders may have reduced Jaash to rubble, but once The Tears flowed in the water, time stopped. Large areas just under the surface of the waters remained still, unseen by the Dragon horde, until Celundynn returned and brought them to safety. Although the city was destroyed, she lost less people than assumed, and those who were injured were healed before they were allowed to rejoin their loved ones. Spared by their goddess, the survivors worked alongside Celundynn to rebuild Jaash.

Cost: 3000 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 7)

PRESERVE LIFE: Since the destruction of Jaash, those with an important task to perform before passing use the Tears to keep death at bay. The dying undine must pray before a Tear and explain their final task. If the cause is worthy, the Tear will flash a brilliant blue and the undine will live long enough to accomplish it. If the Tear turns black, the undine must accept that this deed will need to be accomplished by another.

Cost: 120 (Grandiose Alteration of Creation (15), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 4)

BLINDING GRIEF: Undines are mildly affected by seeing the Tears, feeling the anguish of the goddess; most will quietly weep while they pray. For other races, this heartache is more pronounced, causing a sorrow that leaves the being weeping uncontrollably, unable to do anything but cry out their suffering. Mind vs. d100 for all non-undines, including spirits, leviathans, and gods.

Cost: 24/680 (For Undines: Minor Alteration of Control (3), for other races: Impossible Innovation of Control (85), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +2, Total 4)

Legends

WAR OF DRAGONS – SCROLL GATHERER HELAYN'S TALE

The Grey City was my home for many years; I was a trusted friend, residing within its walls. When the alarm first rang out, I was nervous, but the salamanders were attacking from ships and were readily repelled by the undine guards. Still they continued to arrive and at last the undines gathered and retaliated, apparently with the Goddess's blessing. The attacks from the salamander crews were so haphazard that most of the sea people, including my friend and fellow scholar, Quarla, continued on their daily business and ignored the fighting.

I was in my room with several Sung stones, researching a difficult text when all noise vanished. I became pensive and went to the window. The sky was dark and swirling. From out of the bay came a great head, followed by an even more massive body. The Lady of Storms herself! Although horrified by what this could mean, I stared upwards, fascinated by what I saw.

Then a single break opened in the clouds and a glowing beam shined down on the face of the Grey City. A great cheer arose and I craned my neck out the window to see the Lady of Oceans, standing on the great staircase. She was beautiful and shining and, for a moment, my breath caught. To see the gods in the throes of battle would be a moment of true glory. For a moment everything was quiet.

Then lightning poured down from the storm, blazing a path directly to the goddess. Celundynn held her hands out in front of her, causing the lightning to bounce all

around her. There was a sense of warning that caused me to draw my head back in the window. Fire suddenly rained down from above, tearing spires off the tops of temples, gouging great holes in the steps below. I realized then that the armies of the Firekin were attacking. I turned when the door opened behind me. My friend, Quarla, limped into the room. "You must leave," she said. "The other Dragon Gods have come, and they will destroy us all." We gathered my things while the room shook.

My manuscripts in hand, I went to the window once more. There were several Draconic shapes in the water, and fiery eruptions were destroying the city from beneath. I could not see Celundynn, but the spot where she had stood was blackened. I hoisted myself onto the ledge and launched myself into the air, turning left and sailing along the cliff face to avoid fire from both above and below.

From a distance, I watched the walls of the Grey City crumble. I saw the goddess standing in one of the parapets as it fell, sparkles lighting up her face. The Dragon Gods dissipated as it fell.

I swore I would watch my home until it sank beneath the sea, but something strange happened once the Dragons and salamanders were gone. The falling towers had frozen the moment they touched the water. There were immobile undines just under the sea's surface, staring with shocked expressions. Looking closer among the wreckage, I found Quarla, hanging out of a window near the shore, seconds from being crushed by falling debris.

Relief and hope suddenly washed over me like rain. I returned to the Crater to write my account of the event and to wait until the Goddess returned to release my friend.

THIEVES SUBDUED

For centuries, everyone believed that only undines, and a few select sylphs, could enter Jaash. Recently, a gang of thieves proved that this was incorrect. After a change in the guard, the new sentry returned to the Stairs of Transformation and heard wretched sobbing coming from one of the Temples of the Tears. The sentry found three humans crying at the foot of the pedestal where one of the Tears rested.

The three starving thieves had waited for an opportunity to snatch one of the holy relics. Once they approached the Tear, they were overcome with such sorrow that they could only sit at its base and weep. The undines kicked them out, but the men—boys, really—continued to cry, even as they walked down the staircase into the water. They continued walking, and would have drowned, had the undines not pulled them back in. Unable to stop their wailing, the exasperated priestesses brought them inside the city with the intent of praying to the goddess for their release. They have never exited.

JEWELS OF THE SEA GODDESS

Description

The city of Pithe contains the six Jewels of the Sea Goddess. Each sits in the top of a temple tower. The Jewels are large pieces of sea amber inside wooden boxes filled with pearls. The pearls are part of the relics; as symbols of the sea goddess's divinity they empower the great Jewels to expand their abilities over the entire city. The jewels hold the powers of Plthunlos at bay, giving the city its calm air and disease-free atmosphere.

After the Dividing Wars, Celundynn took all the imprisoned undines that were dedicated to her husband, selectively wiped their memories, and placed them all in the city of Pithe, once a small undine settlement of Plthunlos's followers. She broke apart the necklace and empowered the gems to protect against the return of her husband or any form of attack he could attempt on the city. Lastly, she imbued into the stones what remained of her love for Plthunlos, so that the undines could feel her warm affection whenever they wished.

BODY: d12+6

SPIRIT: d12+6

NIMBUS: d30+10

BELIEF: 30,000 Each

Miracles

PURIFICATION: The Jewels remove disease, poisons, and pollution from Pithe. All six gemstones work together; one Jewel helps keep a single undine illness-free, but two Jewels keep ten undines healthy. All six Jewels working together are enough to maintain a disease-free

habitat for the entire city and the immediate waters around them. This does more than eliminating toxins—poisonous or disease-ridden animals, leviathans, and demons lose those characteristics as they approach the city. Animals that lose their venom can always make more once they pass the city by, but for Leviathans and demons that use plague or poison to generate Terror, the purification may be fatal. Up to d100 toxins, poisons, disease removed.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 6)

PROTECTION: The sea amber spheres work as a group to keep the region free from strong winds, lightning, tsunamis, and earthquakes. It is as though the entire city and surrounding region are caught inside a protective bubble. Undines that are born here or who live within the walls here for three or more years are also affected by this shieldlike sphere, making them more acceptable to a militant society in exchange for protection. This nimbus, layered in triplicate, is the final defense a Miracle must penetrate in order to gain effect on a territory. No Miracle recorded has breached this final wall. This is three Grandiose Nimbuses d30 with an Impossible Amplification of +50 x3.

Each Nimbus Cost 50/25 with an Amplification cost of 50/25

Total to set up is 300 with an upkeep of 150

NURTURING TOUCH: This power is one of the main reasons martial law and strict conduct are so successful in Pithe. Once every five to seven days, each undine resident is scheduled to enter one of the six Jewel Rooms and pray by the piece of sea amber. At the end of the prayer, the undine lightly caresses the Jewel. The wave of love and comfort that passes over the undine at that moment is considered akin to a hug from the Goddess herself. Those who experience it believe that it is worth living in such a regimented society in return for that comfort. The touch adds +6 to all spirit attempts to stay serene and feel secure.

Cost: 20 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +0, Total 1)

Legends

THE WAR OF THE DRAGONS

Plthunlos attempted to return to Pithe during the War of the Dragons to gather followers to fight alongside the salamanders of Draax in an attempt to defeat his wife. He arrived in the sea of Ar-Nadull and approached the city walls, but found no welcome. Over a hundred years passed, and the “natives” were firmly loyal to the goddess. The God of the Ocean Depths halfheartedly attacked the city, but could not push winds or waves across the invisible barrier, nor could his people break past the steadfast guards. The Sea Gems now worked against him and his people. He gathered his tribes and headed back into the deep.

Plthunlos, God of the Ocean Depths

HARPOON OF PLTHUNLOS

Description

Before choosing to incarnate consistently as a giant black sea creature, Plthunlos stood next to his wife as an undine, with a crown on his head and a long harpoon in his hand. The crown is long lost, but the weapon is still acknowledged as the symbol for the once-powerful deity, by both his own followers and those of Celundynn. The Harpoon matches Plthunlos in size. The weapon is made of a highly polished bronze. The head is shaped like a three-sided arrowhead and there are three secondary barbs a half-meter from the end. At one time, the Harpoon was an image associated with heralding both the start of competition and combat. Now it sits within the forbidden city of Fanos, on the throne where the great god once ruled.

BODY: d100+10

SPIRIT: d100+10

NIMBUS: 2 x d20

BELIEF: 90,000

Miracles

THE EEL'S SHOCK: The Harpoon discharges electricity in bursts or a steady stream. Bursting forth from the surface of the sea, the shock flares in the air and can burn for several minutes, setting anything it touches on



fire. Underwater, the shock has a limited range (dissipates), but in the air, anything the wielder can see is a potential target, and the flare can soar skyward for half a minute. Effective die is d100 for close-range and out-of-water attacks, and d30 for long-range underwater attacks up to 100 paces.

Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 5)

MAELSTROM: The Harpoon pushes out twin rotating forces that create a vortex of water. Used carefully, a small, controlled whirlpool draws objects or living beings through the water to the Harpoon. An increase in size or loss of control creates stronger currents that can turn into powerful uncontrollable whirlpools. Mind versus d6+2 to control small vortex (affecting individual), d12 for medium (affecting up to 10), and d30 for large (up to 100). Loss of control causes a large vortex that must naturally abate.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

CHANGE OF THE TIDES: The Harpoon can change the

size of the bearer, up to a hundredfold. The wielder's personality, on the other hand, is negatively affected; the person holding the harpoon becomes more violent and destructive as he or she grows larger, like a tall wave casting a shadow across the land.

Cost: 3000 (300 for each ten-pace change) (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 7)

Legends

WAR OF THE INVADERS

When the God of the Ocean Depths came out of the sea of Ar-Celdynn for the first time, he bore the mighty Harpoon. He lifted the weapon to shoot down a flying Invaders' ship with a searing beam of light. The energy cut the Invaders' ship in half and it arched into the sea. The Harpoon became a symbol of Justice, Vengeance, and Vindication—three sides for three causes that the undines and other races could rally behind in the First War. The Harpoon won many of the battles with its vicious attacks and was a key part in doing much of the damage to the Invader's City on Kukulcan. Among all the elder races, the Harpoon is the most well-known symbol of the undines. Even in the most ancient city of Ssshna-rabath, there are ancient pieces of artwork with a symbolic harpoon carved into them.

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS – THE FIGHT OF GOD AND LADY, ANONYMOUS TALE

Years ago, in the time of peace after the First War, the Sea God and Goddess had a son whose name is no longer known amongst the people. He is known as The Betrayer, since he betrayed his parents. Most believe the son consorted with the cursed sylph goddess, wife of Lugos. The gods of the sylphs and salamanders were all angered that the son betrayed Lugos, and demanded The Betrayer pay for his crime.

Although The Betrayer had abandoned him, Plthunlos challenged the other gods. The Lady of Storms met his challenge, seeing only a small undine in the waters. Using the Harpoon, Plthunlos grew until he matched Draax in size. Draax fought with tooth and claw, but Plthunlos could not be beaten. Plthunlos used the Harpoon to create a great whirlpool, which sucked Draax to the bottom of the ocean and there she finally admitted defeat. To this day, off the coast of Sssnamon, great holes can be seen along the rocks where the Trident

melted holes in the stone itself. Although Plthunlos successfully defended his son, the lovers were banished into the Abyss for their crimes.

THE GREAT NET

Description

The creation of the Great Net of Plthunlos was a joint venture between Plthunlos and Celundynn before the First War ended. Together, they wove the Net, both empowering it for the good of their followers. They used it to feed the starving survivors, once the Elder Gods freed them from the Invaders. For many years, the Great Net was seen in celebrations by the undines, the god pulling in countless fish for feasts in his honor.

The Great Net is woven of silvery strands with heavy stones around the edge. It is told that the shining fibers are made from the fronds that adorn Celundynn's head. It is readily held in two hands, but when thrown, it expands to up to a hundred times its original size. When the holder pulls on the net, it contracts on itself and pulls its load to the bearer, even if the load weighs several tons.

The Great Net was lost during the Dividing Wars after Celundynn fought with Plthunlos. Her ferocious attack caused the Sea God to become bound within the Net and it inadvertently contracted around him. His mortal incarnation was destroyed; the net continued to contract until it closed around Plthunlos's crown. The net and crown both vanished into the deep, and most believe it is somewhere between Ar-Ianeth and Ar-Nadull, resting in the muck at the bottom of the deepest trench.

BODY: d20+10

SPIRIT: d20+5

NIMBUS: d20

BELIEF: 60,000

Miracles

BINDING POWER: After the Great Net is thrown, it contracts around any physical target or any object that moves against it, including physically bound Leviathans and incarnated gods. The Great Net continues

contracting as long as there is struggling in it, and can affect hundreds of creatures, regardless of size. Body versus d100 to resist.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

Electric Force: One something is caught, the Great Net can give off a charge directed into the net that paralyzes its victims. Effective die d30 to paralyze, not kill.

Cost: 600 (Grandiose Innovation of Creation (20), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

AMAZING CATCH: The Great Net can create multiples of whatever creatures are caught in the net as it constricts. Thrown out into open water and quickly pulled back in, the net takes whatever is caught in the net and produces copies of it until the net is full and at the surface.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

Legends

WAR OF THE INVADERS

Although designed to feed mortals in times of need, the Net could also be used in combat, once the God of the Sea found a way to incorporate the charge of an electric ray into the net's fibers. The Lord of the Deep took the Great Net to a place in Ar-Feslynn where he knew an Invader's ship patrolled underwater. He threw the Great Net out and caught the ship within the ropes, releasing its charge into the black ship. To his amazement, this caused the Invader's ship to explode. Plthunlos passed this information on to the other Elder Gods, who used storms of lightning to bring down many more ships.

THE COMING OF HUMANITY – ANCIENT STONES FOUND IN FANOS, LOOSE TRANSLATION

In ancient times, after Gods' War, He-Who-Waits-In-Water-Dark and She-Who-Swims-In-Light wanted more control of the lands beyond the sea. The Great Mother gave walking limbs to the Children of the Sea to allow them access to the lands above Dark Father did not like her solution; he wished to wrest control of the land from the other races without involving the undine followers. The Sea God went to the Island of Dead-Not-Dead. He found an object of transforma-

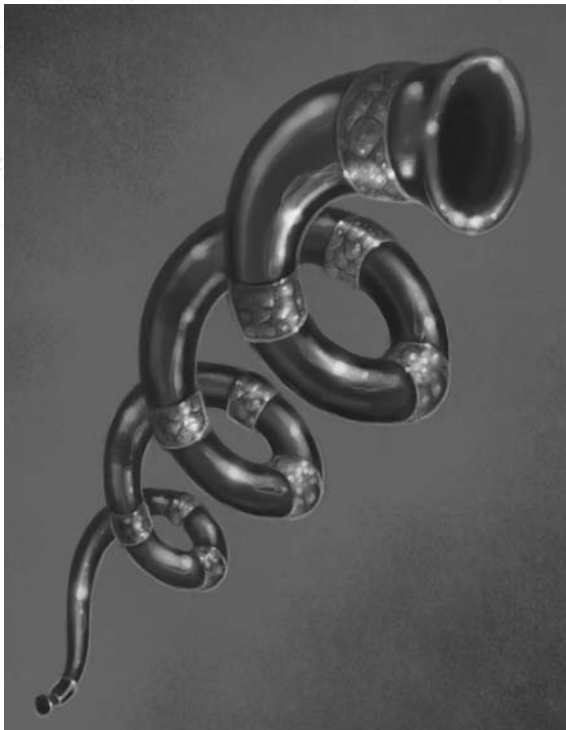
tion. He brought the last of the selkies to this place and put them all within the object. Adding the bones of the Creatures-from-the-Sky, he cast his Great Net over the object and sent forth the power of lightning. The selkies transformed into beings with the Invaders' bones and the selkies' skin. Then he gathered up those few in the Great Net and used it to form hundreds of these new beings. Then he cast them upon the dry land, to spread across the continents like a plague.

THE HORN OF THE DEEP

Description

The Horn dates back to the First War. The Sea God used it to call forth the undines and other sea creatures, and to mark the celebrations of the year. Although originally never intended as a weapon, Plthunlos's nature turned it into one. He learned of a way for the horn's powers to be used to harm others and eventually it was locked up by Celundynn somewhere in the forbidden city of Fanos.

The horn is a large spiral-shaped brass hunting horn lined with abalone. When blown, it erupts with a



particularly low bass note that travels throughout the world's waters. It is very heavy; it would take two undines to lift it to be played by a third.

BODY: d20
SPIRIT: d20+5
NIMBUS: d20 x2

BELIEF: 40,000

Miracles

THE CALL OF THE SEA: The Horn of the Deep can call across the seas to any specific type of sea creature or even a single individual by name. The creature must be focused on before beginning the sound and the notes will travel through the water and be heard by that creature alone. Those who are called will hear a single bell-like tone that pulls at them to come closer. Even after the blower pauses, the note continues to sound in the creature's mind until it reaches the horn. The blower must reverse the horn to stop the sound. If the user of the horn is not of the same species as the sea creature being called, he or she hears nothing. To resist compulsion is mind vs. d30 +10.

Cost: 170 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +3, Total 4) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10, Cost 10)

SONIC WAVE: A special call on the horn, subsonic in nature, will vibrate the water until it forms a tidal wave at the surface. The Horn can only be at a maximum of 50 cubits below the surface, and the Miracle is affected by the nearness of land. Facing a shoreline two leagues away will generate a wave approximately 24 arm spans high, but at one league the wave will be 12 arm spans high. The wave will dissipate before hitting the shore if the horn is sounded from more than a few leagues away.

Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Domain +0, Inclination +0, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 5)

RESONANT DISRUPTION: The Horn's sound can create a vibrating throb that will shake a ship apart or a large creature to death. It needs to be within the one territory

range but no closer than half a territory, and must be underwater. Effective die is d100+50.

Cost: 730 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +2, Total 4) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50, Cost 50)

Legends

THE WAR OF THE INVADERS – SCROLL ARCHIVIST FAELYA, “IN MY OWN WORDS”

In the time of the First War, Lugos said, “Now we must rally all of our followers to attack the city of those who came from beyond the stars.” And the gods brought forth their weapons. And the god of the sea people held up his Harpoon and blew a note on his Horn, calling forth all mortals who would stand and fight by the gods’ side. The Lady of the Sea held out her arms, gathering her children to her breast, and the gods of the land created huge ships. The sea god blew a note on his horn again, this time resonating it through the waters until a large wave formed before them. The wave carried the ships and mortals with the gods to the final battle, the children of air like seagulls skimming the waves.

THE DIVINING WAR – THE SEA GOD’S ERROR

Plthunlos fumed, pacing the inner chambers of his wife’s underwater apartments near Celune. The barren cradle mocked him in its emptiness. He paused in his swimming to glare at the offending evidence of his lack of control over his wife, and remembered the conversation from earlier that day.

“Plthunlos, I could really use your help on the Reef. Work with me—”

“Bah!” he flung out his hands like he wished to push her words aside. “Let them die. Save our own. It works for all of the other races; you should not be here. Come to Celune with me now!” His voice took on a commanding tone.

She straightened with a withering look and he knew he lost her. “My place is here,” she announced. “You should go back to the Spheres; you are neither needed nor welcomed here.”

He growled and started pacing again. How dare she? He could kill her....

He paused as an idea began to form. He should kill her.

She was powerful but she was still in a mortal form. She would never expect an attack. When she reformed in the Spheres, she would be disoriented and weak. Away from the “pressing needs of the world,” he could shake some sense into her.

Plthunlos rubbed his hands together. It would take some time for her spirit to return to the Spheres. Meanwhile he would have complete control and move their followers into the deep. By the time she was coherent it would be too late and he could end this dispute once and for all.

He prepared quickly, returning to the underwater region of Fanos. He picked up his Net and Harpoon, ready to show them all who truly controlled the sea. Then he called in his most trusted high priest and the commander of the undine guard in Fanos. Gylaqa entered and bowed deeply.

Plthunlos held out the Horn to the undine. “Wait one water-mark and then blow the Horn, concentrating on the undines of Celundynn.”

Gylaqa took the Horn with reverence. “We will be moving into the Deep?” At the god’s curt nod, Gylaqa smiled. “It will be done as you command.”

Plthunlos wasted no time, his fury replaced with glee. He would be master of his home. Once in Ar-Ianeth he found the denizens of Cuthe in a state of chaos. A particularly large demon was coming out of the Reef and all attention was focused on it. He saw his wife gesturing at some undines with a dagger, her back to him.

Plthunlos watched her for a moment. He would not just harpoon her, he decided; he would use his Net to bind her so he could see her fear and helplessness before he dispatched that body in front of her people. He set the harpoon aside to unfold the Net.

He looked up to see her facing him. He saw shock, but something more...Fury. Then she was racing towards him like a storm.

He quickly opened the Net but she darted beneath him and propelled herself up, grabbing his tail and pulling. The action jerked him upside-down and pulled him towards the surface. Then she shoved him, her anger giving her mortal form more strength. The Net floated up

and caught around him. He struggled to right himself and the Net constricted in his violence until he could not move even a finger.

She swam up until they were face to face, his registering dulled surprise and hers livid wrath. Barely able to open his mouth, Plthunlos whispered, "Celundynn... listen to me—"

She stabbed the dagger through the net hole into his throat. As his mortal form died, he heard her from afar, "I am done listening to you."

Celundynn sighed as the body of her husband dissipated, the Net contracting until it wrapped around a sad-looking crown. It was not over, not by any means, but at least there was a reprieve. She glanced around and saw most of her present followers staring at her. Even the demon seemed momentarily distracted. She swam back towards her group. "Enough. We have work to do."

They started to move again when Celundynn heard a sound. It resonated through the waters and she felt it tug at her guts. It was a sound she felt she had to answer. The other undines also went slack at the tone, turning toward deeper waters enchanted.

The tone rang out again and she realized what it was. "The Horn," she whispered. "He was going to take control of us all...." Something snapped inside her.

"That shark!" She shouted, causing several undines to shake their hypnosis. She felt for her followers and her voice swelled in a far-traveling song of betrayal and passion. "Answer the call, but keep your grips on your weapons; you will not be the victims, but the victors in this battle." She moved on ahead of her people, riding on a wave of anger....

The high priest lifted the horn off his lips and looked around at the rest of his guards. The children of Celundynn would be like the large tuna of the deep, easily led to their new home on the floor of the ocean. He felt no remorse for the wife of his god—it was time she learned her place. He heard a noise through the water and leaned forward, peering into the haze....

The Goddess was suddenly there, in his face, and she reached out as he recoiled. She grabbed the Horn and

turned towards the city of Fanos, with its underwater palace just below the waves. She blew the Horn, and the water vibrated and swelled, shaking the foundations of the structures until they collapsed, the swell continuing on to shatter the stairs leading to Plthunlos's surface temples.

The Fanos guards fled. She held the horn and waited for her children to arrive. When the Sea God returned, she would be waiting....

Gods of the Sylphs

Only one god rules the sylphs, but it is fairly common knowledge that this was not always the case. Lugos was very candid in his writings of the War of the Elements, and nearly every sylph knows that Lugos was once head of a pantheon of sylph gods, all of whom eventually perished, leaving behind little more than ancient tales. The sylphs are famous for their collections of bric-a-brac, therefore it is believed that these lost sylph gods also had collections at one time or another. There are groups of sylphs that dedicate every waking moment to studying the old texts hoping to find these treasures.

Lugos, God of Thought, Desire, the Wind, and Sky

WINGS OF LUGOS

Description

The Crater of Lugos has one main tower called The Pinnacle of Whispers. Although many of the treasures of the sylphs sit in the highest portion of the tower, one must travel to the very bottom in the deepest, darkest portion of the pit to see the One True Treasure of Lugos.

In a dimly lit centralized room, the floor of the Crater is exposed. In the exact center point of the crater is a glowing-white imprint in the shape of a figure in the black obsidian-like floor. Feathery wings emerge from the shoulders at haphazard angles. The sylphs hold little doubt as to what they are seeing. Even after more than 700 years, the mark of Lugos's plummet to earth remains hot enough to scorch anyone who approaches it

The scar in the shape of a god is the sylphs' greatest

treasure and the secret behind much of their information. When Lugos struck the Known World, forming the Crater, some of the energies that made him a deity were left behind in the form of this silhouette. No eyes that are not of a sylph's are allowed to see it and even some sylphs have no knowledge of the Wings of Lugos. Those who may look upon their god do so with the understanding that they must never speak of it.

Lugos himself visited this permanent celestial incarnation and told his people at that time to keep it a secret from all other races, even after death. "So long as you hold this in your hearts, no other race can defeat you."

BODY: d100+20

SPIRIT: d100+5

NIMBUS: d10

BELIEF: 750,000

Miracles

THE WORDS OF LUGOS: The sylph scriptures known as "The Words of Lugos" have their origins here. On annual holidays, after fasting and praying, those standing before the Wings of Lugos will hear the god's voice as it tells one of the many stories from history. When the story is finished, the sylph that participated in the ceremony goes and writes down the legend on a scroll, and it becomes part of the larger works.

Cost: 170 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +1, Total 2)

THE VISION OF LUGOS: On occasion, the Wings of Lugos will provide a devotee with a vision of history from the god's point of view. The fallen deity incarnation of Lugos is still a part of the Celestial Realm, in a way, and allows some devotees to be privy to Lugos's insight. Although there are those who come to the Wings to get any vision Lugos wishes to impart, a few will enter the room with a specific story in mind and will usually see it.

Cost: 100 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +1, Total 2)*

ANSWERS FROM BEYOND: At times, the sylphs need

more than stories or legends to determine the best course of action. The inverted shadow of the Wings of Lugos is not connected to the god, but is a part of the divine and therefore can provide individual answers to certain questions, all in reference to what is happening in the Gardens above. The seeker will see a fast vision that relates to the query. It should be noted that the Wings of Lugos will not usually answer mundane questions, activating only when large amount of sylphs are in danger.

Cost: 200 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +2, Total 3)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS – THE FALL OF A GOD, PYRN'S WORDS FROM *THE FOUNDING*

The time of great peace after the First War ended and the gods fought on the world. The races fought each other for seasons on end, but eventually the efforts of the weary mortals were only half-hearted. We were frightened of the gods and moved away from the fighting, waiting for the madness to end.

I, Pyrn, moved my family to Rhok-Drunnor. Darkness fell, and with it the storms of the battling gods subsided. There was no sign of the gods anywhere on the Known World, but there was a feeling of tension. Early that morning, before the sun rose, there was a sound the likes of which I hope no one in the Known World hears again. It was akin to a giant thunderclap, but did not fade away, increasing in pitch until the noise screamed down upon us.

High up on my perch in the mountains of Rhok-Drunnor, I turned to the east and watched a bright flaming light streak across the sky. The glowing orb smashed down into the plains and, with a loud grumble, it seemed as if the sun was born from their meeting. I saw a plume of dust and debris rise up higher than any mountain range surrounding it. I witnessed the circle of energy borne from the destruction spread out all around from the center.

The edge of the line drew closer and I stood to flee. I turned and a fierce growl followed me, swiftly catching up with me. Before I could take flight it was upon me, and then in me. I saw nothing around me change at first, yet the roar deafened me. Suddenly, a wave of

unseen wind struck me from behind and I was thrown forward a great distance. I caught myself on my wings and turned in the sky. The air thudded then, as if one stone were struck against another, but such a stone! The land shook, and still the roar moved beyond me.

I returned much later after the cloud dissipated partly. As I approached the area with trepidation, I saw the trees that once dotted the Plains were torn and twisted, lying on the ground. I was still a ways out when a beam of sunlight broke through the clouds and I saw another amazing sight: a cloaked figure, flying up along the sunlight, carrying a sparkling bundle into the clouds. The clouds closed around the strange vision, and I was left viewing a gaping hole in floor of the Known World.

Then something glittered from under the smoke and debris. It caught my eye and I found myself winging in closer for a better look. I saw what appeared to be a shimmering figure lying on the ground. And then I heard a whisper....

THE FRINTHIAN WARS

"The Salamander army broke the tunnels to Arador. Naara-Beesh has taken Frinth!"

Shadora, Elder of Lore and Gatherer of History for the Crater of Lugos, did not turn from her writing as the student ran through the great hall. The younger generation did not pay much attention to her anyway. Still, it was not long before she felt a presence at her side.

"My Lady?" An older male sylph stood on the floor looking up at her.

Shadora put down the pen. "Yes. It is as my vision foretold. It is time."

Her assistant helps her down from the high stool where she wrote diligently and supported her to the stairs. As she walked down the long spiral staircase, Shadora wondered if her questions would be answered, whether there was need.

The stairs were daunting, thousands of steps to the bottom. She winced. It would take all night to walk back up them.

When she reached the bottom, several Elders were wait-

ing, but none dared enter the sacred space; it had been her vision she shared, therefore it was her prerogative. She walked out onto the pathway alone. Slowly she completed the circle, arriving at the feet of the Fallen Shadow. Clearing her mind, she focused on the problem at hand. Should the sylphs do something? Should they do nothing?

The room faded away...and she saw fire. Blackened smoke rose in thick ropes. The dragons stood in their circle on a large map, a map of the Known World. The other elder gods stood outside of its perimeter. One by one, they vanished, leaving only the dragons.

The map was on fire.

She breathed and the vision was gone leaving only the glowing outline of her beloved god. She breathed again. She was ready.

Stepping into the antechamber where her peers waited she croaked, "a Scroll."

A scroll was brought before her with a pen and she began to write shakily. Sealing the end she turned to her comrades.

"In the Words of Lugos, the dragons must not rule the world, or they will destroy it.' Put it somewhere safe, and reveal it in two days. Say it was found in one of the seas."

The other sylphs nodded and she turned her attention to the staircase. Hopefully, this would be the last time she would have to climb them.

DACALA, FEATHER-BLADE

Description:

Simply because Lugos is not known for weaponry does not mean he does not have one or two pieces. The oldest and most well-known of his blades is the Dacala, and it was used in combat right up until after the Crater was formed. At one time the sylphs went to war as often as the rest of the races, until Lugos decreed that war could be won with words rather than wounds. Since the War of the Elements, the Feather-Blade has been lost and found again many times. It is currently missing.

The Dacala is too long to be considered a dagger and almost too short to be a sword, with a slightly curved blade, a round guard, and long hilt. The ornamentation is minimal; the wrapping on the handle is made up of black, gold, and silver braiding that creates a herringbone or feather-like pattern along both the right and left sides of the hilt.

BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+5
NIMBUS: 2 x d10

BELIEF: 50,000

Miracles

CONTROL THE WIND: The Dacala can take control of which way the wind blows and change its direction with the twist of the blade. On a still day, the wind will rise up and blow the way the blade directs, with up to a gale-sized force. Body versus d20 to resist.

Cost: 3000 (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 7)

COUNTER-ATTACK: Against weapons using Miracles, the Dacala can counter the effects with equal force. The bearer can extend this protection for five additional Belief per 10 followers. Thus any attack with a miracle that grants strength, disease, etc. will be negated by an equal amount of shielding power sent forth from the blade. Miracle versus Miracle in opposition equal to the opposing Miracle's force.

Cost: 5100 (Impossible Innovation of Transformation (85), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 7)

BLINDING: The Dacala emits a blue flash that shines as bright as a lightning strike in the sky. The bearer of the blade is immune. Blinding force has effective die of d30 +15 to blind, affecting up to 100 people in a 100-pace radius.

Cost: 160 (Grandiose Innovation of Creation (20), Duration +0, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 4) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10, Cost 10) (Legendary Amplification Miracle +5, Cost 5)



Legends

WAR OF THE INVADERS

In the time when all the elder gods were united against the Invasion, Lugos came to the god Gnor and requested a simple blade. The Gnome God granted the request for the Sylph God of the Sky and he took many of his ornaments around his neck and wrapped the hilt of the blade with his own treasures. Then he empowered the blade himself, thus making it his own. When the final battle of the First War came to pass, Lugos was in the fight as much as the more combat-oriented gods. He used the blade to defend himself and others, extending the protections of the blade to anyone within the sound of his mighty voice. He took control of the winds and changed their direction to counter the Invaders' aerial attacks. He blinded the Invaders' gods with the Dacala, and prevented them from seeing World-Splitter until it was too late.

ATTACK OF A LEVIATHAN – TALE BY TOMAS THE YOUNGER OF DAMARSUN, GIVEN TO ISSARELA, SILVER SCROLL GATHERER DURING THE TIME OF THE WARS OF RAANON

The human settlement of Damarsun on the edge of Croesus was overrun by a Leviathan late in the war, but

the gods worshiped there were weak and few. The scaly multi-limbed monster held the Damarsunans in thrall, calling for the sacrifice of one young woman at the edge of the sea each night of the full moon. Many women were eaten by the Leviathan, known only as Force. A young woman named Dalla was selected as the next victim and she went to the sea in tears. While waiting for Force to come she went to the water's edge to pray and weep. When her tears fell into the ocean a great voice called out, "Why do you cry?"

"I am to go to Force and be eaten,"

"Pray to your gods."

"Our gods were eaten by Force. Now we have no gods."

The voice was silent for a moment. Then the ocean spray came up with the tide, forming into a strange figure. "Take this," was all the sea foam said, and a short sword fell down at Dalla's feet. Then the ocean receded.

She heard a slithering noise and looked down the beach where Force was emerging from its cave. The yellow eyes gleamed at her in the moonlight and its maw opened, revealing rows upon rows of sharp teeth all around and within the creature. She picked up the blade and as she turned to face the monster a brilliant flare of white light ruptured from the blade catching the monster in its glare. Force screamed and threw up its many clawed hands, and smoke erupted from its skin.

Encouraged, Dalla brought the weapon to bear and the winds came from behind her pushing against the monster as he advanced. Still blinded he flailed his arms at her, but the blade fended off the claws. She saw her opening and slashed with the sword at the reaching appendage of Force. The sword flashed again and the white light vaporized Force's arm, smoke and fire pouring from the wound. Force started to turn and she stabbed the blade into Force's neck.

The resulting eruption made Dalla to let go of the sword. Force roared once more and dissipated into the pebble beach, leaving the blade behind. She brought it back with her to the village and was a heroine. Eventually she married the son of the village, and they had many children, including my father, Tomas the Elder.

Unfortunately, the sword was lost in an attack by the Amarians ten or fifteen years ago.

LUGOS' SKY-CLOAK

Description

It is said Lugos came from the Celestial Gardens for the first time already wearing the Sky-Cloak, and that it was a gift from the Creator itself. The Sky-Cloak is hooded and consists of two long flowing pieces of fabric, split in the back to leave an opening for Lugos's wings. Tied at the neck, the Sky-Cloak's cloth covers nearly every other inch of the Sky God. When he wears it, clandestine activities are afoot and he can overhear conversations both above and below.

Lugos is not a jealous god and allows mortals to borrow the Sky-Cloak from time to time, especially when he needs them to do something special. On occasion, he allows a mortal or another deity to make use of the Sky-Cloak just for the sheer enjoyment of seeing what will happen. More often than not, he has seen good intentions turn bad the longer one wears it. He himself only wears it when absolutely necessary, remembering a time before when it nearly destroyed him.

BODY: d12

SPIRIT: d12+6

NIMBUS: d8

BELIEF: 50,000

Miracles

INVISIBILITY: When the cowl is worn over the head, the Sky-Cloak reflects the surrounding creating invisibility for the one within. The body within is still substantial and very real. The visual sense is completely fooled; although scent and sound must also be disguised using other means.

Cost: 225 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 5)

SEE DESIRES: The wearer of the cloak can focus his or her attention on another person's forehead and see small flashes of what they most strongly desire at that moment.

Cost: 80 (Mythical Alteration of Control (10), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 4)

ILLUSION OF THE NIGHT: When the wearer of the Sky-Cloak brings up his arms the sunlight appears hidden, turning day into night. The cloak casts this illusion for thirty meters facing forward and to either side; all within this area are affected. Those outside of the area, including directly behind the cloak, see the daylight normally all around until they step into the affected area or the wearer of the cloak turns.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

Misuse of the Sky-Cloak may have started the War that ended the first Known World. Lugos wore the cloak constantly for both eavesdropping and playing tricks on the other gods. He learned to read the desires of others while wearing the cloak and gleefully used this information against both mortals and gods as blackmail or to create situations that were unwelcome by all.

During the time of creation when many gods were creating more to join their pantheons, Lugos created and lost his heart to the Wind Goddess, who will not be named. They were happy for a time, but the Nameless One became distant and pensive near him.

Lugos decided to use the cloak to read her desires. What he saw there pictured above her head was so shocking and so revealing that he reacted before recognizing that they were only desires. Thus he attacked in anger, resulting in the entire war of the Elements, which led to his eventual plummet to the Jasinu Plains. Since that time, he is much more mindful of the Cloak's insidious nature.

THE GREAT WAR BETWEEN SALAMANDER AND GNOME

To this day, the Salamanders and Dragon Gods suspect that another race's god was partly responsible for helping the gnomes defeat the salamanders at Rhovma. The forges were empty in Rhovma, and the gnomes hid in their tunnels, slowly starving to death. The siege of Shha-narath should have been successful.

The gnome gods were concerned for their people, but as long as the dragon gods did not interfere with the battle directly they did not want to do the same. Between keeping one eye on the battle, and the other on themselves, neither side noticed the sylph god vanish with his cloak.

He traveled to Rhovma, found a hidden entrance into the mountain, and slipped inside. Searching the rooms and halls, he came upon a young boy, Pothesimo, barely old enough to work a forge. Lugos woke the boy and whispered a plan in his ear, all the while pretending to be Bruin. He sent the lad to find several poisonous fungi from within the mountain. When the mortal returned, Lugos told Pothesimo to turn away and dropped the Sky-Cloak over his small shoulders. Then Lugos sent him out the secret entrance and hid himself.

The boy crawled around the outside of the mountain to where the salamander army waited for dawn. He used the cloak to hide the rising sun and under the cover of darkness dropped the poison in the water trenches of the winged reptiles that caused the gnomes so much havoc. He wrapped the invisibility around himself again and climbed back across the cliffs. Lugos took the cloak back before his face could be seen and hid himself again. He made the boy swear to never reveal the miracle behind his heroic deed. Then the sylph god returned to the Celestial Gardens.

The Dragon Gods were in an uproar as their followers' winged mounts choked and died. The boy had done the impossible, but not one of the gnome gods had moved to help their followers. Although suspicious, they could not determine how the Gnome Gods could intervene. The Dragon Gods stalked off to argue amongst themselves. Once the Gnome Gods were alone, Lugos revealed himself and spoke to them. He pointed out that providing gifts to followers was not directly intervening and they should consider that the dragon gods handed weapons over to their followers constantly.

The gnome gods took the criticism to heart, and made Pothesimo one of their greatest heroes.

The Wind Gods

NIHIR'S BOW AND ARROWS

Description

Nihir was brought forth from Lugos to be the god of warm winds and sensuality. He chose a bow and arrows as both a weapon and a tool for promoting the pleasure of the senses. Lugos felt that Nihir's power would bring balance to a world heavy with war and anger.

The bow is heavily recurved and made from smooth-grained, light tan wood. The quiver and arrows are normal; the bow is what makes the weapon powerful. After Nihir was exiled to the Abyss, Lugos sought out his bow but realized it was missing. The bow has found new owners from time to time and is now on the continent of Naalgrom.

BODY: d12

SPIRIT: d12+6

NIMBUS: none

BELIEF: 30,000



Miracles

IMPASSIONED DESIRE: The arrows placed into the bow-string take on a red-hot glow and dissipate as they are fired. Who the arrows were aimed at, however, feels the effects within a few minutes. They become amorous and heated, aflame with lust. For mortals, these feelings lasted for several hours, usually leading to debauchery. Spirits, deities, and other immortals reacted differently, however; after a time of inebriation, the immortal was consumed with an all-encompassing lust that could last for seasons. Mind versus d100 to resist effects.

Cost: 1500 (*Impossible Alteration of Control* (50), *Duration* +3, *Location* +2, *Scale* +1, *Total* 6)

HEAT BLAST: The arrow becomes yellow and fiery. When released it dissipates but a large blast of heat emits forth from the bow, super-drying everything in its path and catching some flammable objects alight. The cone extends out 30 paces, where it is approximately 30 paces wide. Effective die is d30+15 for attack.

Cost: 120 (*Grandiose Alteration of Creation* (15), *Duration* +0, *Location* +2, *Scale* +2, *Total* 4)

FIRESTORM: An arrow placed in the bow begins to smolder. Released, it shoots forward, and the very friction of the air causes it to burst into flames. The arrow's path blazes up in an arching flame wall starting two meters out from the archer to wherever the arrow lands. Effective die is d100 to anyone along the path to avoid being set on fire.

Cost: 680 (*Impossible Innovation of Control* (85), *Duration* +0, *Location* +2, *Scale* +2, *Total* 4)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

Nihir was a welcome comrade among the Elder Gods when he first arrived; he was always jovial, passionate about all subjects, and warm in his lust for life and love for all things. He had numerous lovers among the sylphs and wind gods, and—it is said—several of the gods and goddesses of the other races. In this time of peace, his weapon remained rarely used, but his bow's power over lust made for entertaining moments among the mortals. On occasion in the spring season, he used his bow to cause the warm winds to sweep across the colder regions, heralding the coming of the planting seasons.

In the time before the War of the Elements, Nihir was frolicking down in the Known World. He saw an elusive female wood nymph goddess that he was taken with, but she did not respond in kind. Determined to have her, he tracked her to a wooded glade. There he notched and fired an arrow of impassioned desire. She was quick and dodged the arrow, escaping the attack and disappearing deeper into the forest. Fuming, Nihir returned to the Celestial Gardens.

He never saw his sister, the Nameless Lover stumble out of the dark forest holding her bleeding side. Drunk from the arrow's strike she thought she should return to Everwinter to continue work with her friend, Grun, God of Ice and Snow and the mate of Thuun, Lord of Destruction and the Jurelian Giants. Working side by side with the strong handsome god, she was no match for the pull of the bow's passion and fell hopelessly in love with her comrade. Knowing such lust was useless she tried to hide it, but her lover, Lugos, immediately noticed a difference.

So did the War of the Elements truly begin.

Later after the fall of Lugos, Nihir attempted to do right by the Nameless One, distraught over unrequited love, and he used his bow again to try to turn Grun to loving her back. Thus upon his return did Thuun see his mate in the arms of the Nameless One. In the end, Nihir left the Celestial Gardens for the Abyss, along with his sister and Grun. But his bow was left behind.

POPULAR LEGEND OF ATANASTAN

A decade or so before the attack of the leviathans, the peaceful city of Atan was overrun by outlaws and criminals from Samona. They were the worst of the brigands, thieves, and murderers, exiled on a ship with the hope that "some other monster" take care of them. Instead, they seemed to thrive and their conquest of Atan was no challenge.

An eight-year old lad by the name of Lais lived on the outskirts of Samona, in the stilthouses along the bog. He watched his father and older brother get cut down right in front of him. His mother pushed him out a small trap door and told him to run before the trap door shut, and his mother started screaming. The boy ran into the swamp still hearing her screams echoing in his ears. He wondered if the noise would ever stop.

He waited nearby calf-deep in the dark waters, and watched as more men came to the village, kicking in doors and pulling women and children away to a waiting cart. He also saw more than one child sneak from the underside of one of the stilthouses and head off into the green-gray camouflage. Then he heard the feared words, "Search the swamp!"

When he saw the hulking figures move towards him in the twilight, Lais ducked down in the water and started to move deeper. He was making good progress when an underwater root tangled around his ankle pulling him off balance. He flailed an arm to keep his head above water and it hit the surface with a small ripple. Immediately he heard a low growl, much closer than he realized, "This way! One of them little bugs is over 'ere!"

Nearly panicked, Lais reached under the water to free his foot. He felt a thin rigid tendril of a vine caught against his ankle, then strange smooth wood. Lifting his foot, the end of a stick broke the surface, covered in the black muck from the bottom of the swamp. He grabbed at it and his eyebrows furrowed in confusion as the rest of the object was revealed. An archer's bow?

The men were coming toward him and he had no time left to think. Staying low he waded further from the safety of the houses hoping the deepening night would halt their progress. Lais felt the ground rise again under his feet and he pulled himself onto a patch of dryer land next to a thick shrubby willow. Eyes looked back at him from under the boughs; two other village children, a boy and a girl, were here as well, staring with fearful eyes. Something splashed heavily in the water and he moved deeper under the safety of the tree.

It wasn't until one of the other children pointed at his hands that he realized he was still carrying the bow. The girl mimicked shooting it but Lais shook his head and pantomimed an arrow. The other boy pulled out a small knife and grabbed a willow branch. Lais knew it wasn't likely to do any good against the seasoned men attacking them, but a slim chance was better than none. He cleaned off the muck and mossy slime from the bowstring. When an arrow was ready Lais stood on the spongy ground and looked around the tree to see where their attackers were. Torchlight not ten meters away flickered through the mist. He loaded the makeshift arrow, half-expecting the bowstring to break or that he

would be unable to pull back the string.

When the figure into the swamp turned slightly, presenting him with a larger target, he pulled back easily on the string. He smelled something acrid and focused on the arrow, now emitting black smoke from its length. Startled, he let the arrow fly.

His aim was bad and the arrow started to climb. Then fire shot down from the arrow's path growing into columns of flame that danced on the swamps' surface. The wall of flame grew as fast as the arrow flew, allowing the brigands only enough time to shout a warning to one another before the fire was upon them. The fire continued to spread out in a bizarre straight line until the arrow finally came back to the watery earth. The two other escapees came out from behind the willow and stared, along with Lais, at the arcing wall of fire slowly dissipating before them. Several tree branches above were now aflame. The children slowly looked to one another, but when asked how he performed such a trick, Lais could only shake his head in wonder. It wasn't long before the children gathered more sticks for arrows.

Throughout the night the children collected more arrows and other children, setting the attackers ablaze whenever they met. Eventually the men abandoned their search, returning to the relative safety of the city. The children were never seen again but it is believed they used the bow to eke out life deep within the swamp, a tribe of younglings that never grew older and could call forth fire and heat from Lais's bow.

THE ICE NECKLACE OF THE NAMELESS ONE

Description

"And the Wintry Wind Goddess was born of his cool breath, and she stood before him with short ears, silver eyes, and luscious pale blue fur, wearing only a single strand of ice crystals around her neck. Lugos found her desirous and came to her as a lover." So begins the Words of Lugos, describing both the Nameless One and her necklace of ice gems. There are five large gems total, separated by thousands of ice crystals and the largest once sat like a pendant on her chest.

The necklace has also gone by the name "Sanya'wyrá," which translates to "Jewels of Ice-Woman," but Sanya could also have been the Lover's true name. The Nameless One used the powers of the necklace for many seasons to help her friend and peer Grun spread the winter snows across the Known World.

BODY: d20
SPIRIT: d20
NIMBUS: d8 x2

BELIEF: 20,000

Miracles

MULTIPLE REFLECTIONS: The necklace fractures the image of the wearer, making it appear as though there are up to 20 of the same person in an area, all no more than forty paces from the wearer.

Cost: 225 (*Grandiose Alteration of Transformation* (15), *Duration* +1, *Location* +2, *Scale* +2, *Total* 5)

INSTANT FREEZE: Holding the necklace the wearer reaches out and touches something, instantly freezing it in ice. The necklace can freeze an area 20 arm spans by 20 arm spans in diameter. Effective die is d100.

Cost: 750 (*Impossible Alteration of Transformation* (50), *Duration* +2, *Location* +2, *Scale* +1, *Total* 5)

FROZEN BREATH: Breath blown across the top of the center pendant held out in front of the wearer will cause a frigid blast of air. The temperature drops rapidly and any moisture in the air creates snow or ice. The cone extends out 30 paces where it is 30 paces wide.

Cost: 840 (*Mythical Innovation of Transformation* (14), *Duration* +2, *Location* +2, *Scale* +3, *Total* 7)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

When the Elder Gods chose sides and started their battles against one another, their followers also took up arms and attacked their new enemies. The air sprites of the ancient world found themselves under vicious attack from both the salamanders and sylphs. Their delicate natures and paper-thin wings made it nearly

impossible for them to attack with any real force. When captured, the sprite was often put through the horrendous torture of having its wings destroyed. The Nameless One helped protect as many sprites as she could, using the necklace to give escaping sprites the illusion of having twenty times as many tribe members, so the enemies were more likely to attack one of the reflections. Those sprites that survived the torture of having their wings ripped off she gathered together and hid, with the intent of restoring their fragile appendages once she herself was no longer being hunted. Alas, she was sent to the Abyss and her necklace was left behind.

A SYLPH'S RANTINGS

Erienne landed on the platform and squinted through the eye protectors. Snow, as far as the eyes could see. She shook her head in wonder. Her cousin, Garryl, was insane for coming here to the westernmost edge of Kybel, but she was starting to question her own mind for visiting him. Quickly she went to the aerie's door and let herself in.

Thankfully, Garryl's abode was warmer, but not by much. His little stove seemed to have burned down, leaving the room in shadows. His living quarters were sparse, consisting of nothing more than bedding and the stove.

"Garryl?" She called as she took off her outer clothing. "Garryl, it's your cousin, Erienne."

"...Erienne?"

The female sylph turned to the second room with concern. Quickly she threw her outer robes on a stool and lifted the heavy curtain to the treasure room. She gasped; sitting in the center of the chilled dim room surrounded by shelves of baubles and scrolls was her cousin, but she barely recognized him. His rich black fur was now streaked with gray and he was leaning on one arm staring at the floor.

"Garryl! What happened?" She knelt by his side and touched his shoulder, jerking her hand back the instant she touched him. "Lugos's Wings! You're freezing! Come on." She steeled herself and put his arm over her shoulder, even more concerned by his light weight. Quickly she pulled him into the living room and got him into the bed. She turned her attention to the stove,

resurrecting the fire until it blazed. As soon as she felt it was warm enough, she turned her attention to the bundled mass.

"Garryl, you need to tell me what happened here." She pulled the blankets away from the face of her cousin. "It was beautiful, Erienne. I wish you saw it."

"Saw what, Garryl? Garryl, what did you see?"

"Their bodies... beautiful... their hands held out in prayer. Their heads were thrown back and their mouths were open as though crying out..." His voice weakened and faded.

"Garryl," Erienne said sharply, grabbing his bony shoulder and giving it a light shake. "What are you talking about? What bodies? Where did you see these bodies?" "North. To the mountains north of Rhok-Drunnor. I found a cave, an ice cave, and there was a light from deep within. I followed it down, so deep. So cold." He spasmed.

Erienne was torn between wanting to get him food and water and wanting to hear what he found. "What did you see in the ice cave?" Her desire to know more won out.

"Blocks."

"Blocks?"

"Blocks of clear ice; the clearest I have ever seen, washing the bodies inside in a pale-blue glow." "Bodies? What bodies?"

"They were beautiful. Tall and impossibly thin, with long fingers and flowing white hair. You could see the torn edges of their wings. Their faces were contorted in pain and agony. And then I saw it." Garryl stirred and lifted up his head.

"What?" Erienne pressed, leaning forward to see his face. Her cousin's eyes suddenly opened and she recoiled, horrified. His large eyes glowed a uniform icy blue, the pupils missing. He stared blindly beyond her. "The Sanya'wra," he whispered fervently.



NEPHON'S RINGS

Description

Nephton was the sylph god of windstorms, the air currents that rotate, including tornadoes, hurricanes, and whirlwinds. His rings all had the power of twisting the wind as well as the mind. Nephton himself was a strange deity, always changing his mind and uncertain as to what he should do. Many times his hesitation left him at odds with the other gods. He was used as an example for many of the sylphs' anecdotes about self-confidence and indecisiveness.

Nephton's Rings consist of three thick finger bands with gold chains attaching each one to the next. The chains are long enough to take an individual ring off, but when all are off they hang as one longer chain, starting and ending at a ring. Some legends state that the Rings controlled each of three winds (side to side, forward and back, and up and down), and together they are used to create the spinning vortexes seen in dust devils and tornadoes.

BODY: d20+5
SPIRIT: d20+5
NIMBUS: d8

BELIEF: 30,000

Miracles

WHIRLWIND: The rings produce a vortex of air that can spin with the force of a dust devil (one ring), the force of a small tornado (two rings), or the force of a hurricane or giant tornado (all three rings). Although the force from one or two rings is controllable by the wearer by moving the rings up and down the fingers at different positions, three-ring usage (large tornado or hurricane force) is only controllable for about 30 seconds—enough time to aim the force and send it away; after that the cyclone will follow the path of least wind resistance.

Cost: 2550 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

CHANGE OF HEART: Each ring is capable of altering (subconsciously) the initial decision a person, spirit, or deity makes. The three rings can be used to control three entities or be used against one entity to overcome a firmer decision. The person who is affected will actively seek reasons behind his change of heart without prompting. Mind versus d100 to resist, two minds versus d30 each to resist, or three minds versus d30 each to resist.

Cost: 400 (per ring) (Impossible Alteration of Control (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 4)

STORM CONTROL: The Rings can take control of nearly any storm for some length of time. Even a hurricane or tornado can be influenced for roughly 30 seconds, mainly by changing direction or by having an opposing wind slow down its rotation. For smaller or one-direction storms, the Rings control the wind's direction and even cut a storm in half.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3, Total 6)

OPPOSING FORCES: Nephton's Rings can be used to force

someone to involuntarily move as the wearer wishes. It requires all three rings—one for each set of limbs and all for the head—and is very easily escapable by gods and powerful spirits. Even a mortal can actively oppose the rings enough to free himself. The rings work better on those who are tired or asleep, sick or injured, inebriated, or caught unaware or not paying attention. As long as the victim does not believe he or she is in control, the rings will continue to manipulate their limbs and words. If aware the rings are being used for this purpose, mind versus d12 to resist. If unaware, mind versus d30+15 to resist.

Cost: 135 (Grandiose Alteration of Control (15), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 4) (Grandiose Amplification Miracle +10, Cost 10) (Legendary Amplification Miracle +5, Cost 5)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS – LUGOS’S TEACHINGS

Nephton was the last of the sylph wind gods to come from Lugos, and he appeared as a young sylph, little more than a child. Despite being a god, he was very uncertain and spent his time wondering whether he should this way or that way, or whether to visit his followers or return to the celestial realm. He could never seem to make a final decision and was always changing his mind and turning in circles. Thus he was put in charge of the storm winds that always seemed to whip about from all directions. Lugos gifted him with the three rings to help him control the winds of storms.

When war came to the Elder Gods, he was pulled in several directions by his peers. At first he directed storms against Lugos’s enemies, including the salamanders and the undines. Then his brother, Nihir, asked him to come to the aid of their sister, [name obscured], and take her to the realm of Everwinter. Nihir asked him to use his rings to change the mind of Grun and have them fall in love. Nephton wanted to make the wind goddess happy, but he also knew that Lugos was unhappy and could not decide what to do. Then Lugos and Thuun came together and again Nephton was asked to intervene, this time by changing Gnorr’s mind about giving the younger gods the World-Splitter. Again Nephton could not decide what the best course was and the other young gods took matters into their own hand.

After Lugos’s crater was formed, the air and wind gods believed that they would rule in the sylph god’s stead. Once more they asked Nephton to bring Grun to [name obscured], and again Nephton hesitated, uncertain as to what to do. Instead the other gods decided on a course and brought Grun and the wind goddess together. This was their final act of betrayal to the other gods and Fate stepped between them. She returned Lugos to his former glory and sent all the wind and air gods into the Abyss.

All except Nephton. Because he could not decide, he had not betrayed anyone. He was free to remain in the Known World. Lugos did not want the wind god around but he abruptly changed his mind soon after. Whether Nephton finally decided to act when his existence was in jeopardy, no one knows. His punishment for not making any decision, one way or the other, was severe. He spent many centuries as the servant of Lugos and was eventually forgotten. So by not doing anything, he became nothing.

WAR OF THE LEVIATHANS

Nephton was fading away and everyone knew it. The other gods avoided the young sylph that moved like an ancient, knowing that someday they too may end up like the wind god. He did not perform miracles, preserving what little power he had left. He never wept, but faced his inevitable demise with calm resolve. Nephton heard a commotion in Fate’s Courtyard. Curious, he approached and found most of the gods surrounding a strange group in chains—three of the most horrible creatures he had ever seen. The first was a cross between a giant boar and a giant lion, the second the product of a mating between a creature of the sea and one of air, and the third....

The third was an overly muscular sylph with dragon wings and it stared at Nephton with keen intelligence and bared teeth. No one was paying any attention to the three beasts as they argued. Then the sylphlike one lunged.

Its attack on Methussa, Gnome Goddess of Diamonds, was silent and swift. It had the smaller goddess on her back and savagely attacked her face. The other two monsters simultaneously leapt in opposite directions. The boar-cat opened its mouth and fire burst forth, singing Fate who stepped away. The other took to the

heaven's sky, vomiting black masses of tar-like substance onto buildings and terrified souls below. The tar dissolved bits of the scenery and entities, causing both to collapse.

Gnorr appeared and the smart sylph-monster turned and fled along with the other two. Fate stepped forward as Gnorr gathered his wife in his arms.

"You must destroy those creatures. They can and will tear apart the entire Celestial Realm and the Known World will follow. I must do everything I can to keep the spheres together."

Nephon started to follow the gods but Lugos stopped him. "No, my friend. You have not the strength. Fate severed connections with the Known World to ensure that these monsters cannot leave in deified form, and no more can come through. I ask that you hide yourself at Arablis."

"Take the Rings. You can still use them." Quickly he took them off his own clawed hand and gave them over. Lugos nodded his gratitude and left quickly. Nephon returned to Arablis but grew more concerned as time passed.

Suddenly he heard a horrendous sound and Lugos fell to his knees on top of the mountain. Nephon ran up to his side. Before Lugos told him anything a growling scream ripped through the air. Nephon jerked around and saw the flying whale-like creature winging in from above.

Lugos started to get up and stumbled, falling to one knee. Then the Sylph god looked up at Nephon and the wind god recognized that haunting visage, one he had seen many times before in the pools of the Garden. The gods were losing.

Nephon offered his hand. As soon as the sylph god lifted his hand, Nephon pulled off his Rings. He was flying before he had the Rings oriented. He heard Lugos call out but ignored it, enjoying the wind whistling in his ears once more as he angled towards the massive monster.

He spun in the air, using the Rings to badger the creature, buffeting it with crosswinds. Then he laughed, laughed at his whole existence, the indecisions he had faced, and the doom he was surely facing now. Was it all worth it? Over the dry desert he saw the dragons fighting against the other two creatures. He dove with the flying mon-

ster still on his tail. Quickly he maneuvered the rings again, this time taking control of the weaker monster and forcing it to overshoot its attack against one of the smaller dragon goddesses. He closed his wings and plowed into the side of the intelligent sylph-monster, rolling over its back. The flying monster hit the side of the other beast as well and both roared.

Nephon was on his feet and running. The leviathans screamed in anger as they chased him down, closing the distance. He didn't have far to go....

At the edge of the desert stood the gate to the Abyss. The Elder Gods called it the "Hole of Betrayal" and it was the last place he saw the other wind gods. Many times since then he stood at its edge, wondering whether he should just step through into oblivion.

He saw the archway and slowed down, allowing the monsters to catch up. Then he was hit from above. The shock drove him to his knees and he reach out and grabbed the wings with his free hand, using the forward momentum of the beast to lever himself on his feet again. He stood and faced the other two monster now only meters behind, his thumb on one of the rings. The smart sylph-leviathan started to hesitate, looking beyond Nephon at the looming black hole. The wind god used his thumb to manipulate two of the rings and the monster changed its mind, attacking him. The boar-cat followed immediately.

Nephon hugged the two creatures eating at his chest and shoulder and started walking, then running backwards. The smart leviathan realized his intention and struggled, flailing its clawed limbs out wildly. It grabbed the edge of the stone archway, stopping Nephon's backward momentum. For a moment, they did not move. Nephon weakly looked up and saw Lugos standing with the other gods, and Fate behind them.

Lugos shouted one more time, "You don't have to do this, Nephon! We can all defeat them, together!"

Nephon looked beyond his friend and saw Fate remove the hood from its head. Then the adolescent god grinned. "I made a decision, Lugos. It was all worth it." Nephon grabbed the leviathan's arm and yanked, tumbling backwards into nothingness, his last view of Fate's smiling face.

CHAPTER 5: LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF THE NYMPHS AND GIANTS

Nymphs

Unlike the other races, the Nymphs do not worship gods in the Celestial Spheres; they worship each other as gods. Each nymph tribe has a universal Artifact used by the entire group. It is hidden somewhere within the forest, and is usually a natural permanent object, such as a tree or a stone. While in most cases, the Artifact protects and empowers the entire tribe, there have been occasions when they were used against outsiders.

The Dark Wood Nymphs of the Haunted Forest of Baathun

THE POOL OF ELDERS

Description

Deep in Baathun, the Dark Nymphs gather every season for The Song of Destiny, a time when the Dark Nymphs remember who they are and their destiny. A vital component to this powerful ceremony is the Drinking of the Bones held at the Pool of Elders. It empowers the nymphs and symbolizes their Belief in the tribes being many parts of a single deity.

The Pool is located in a clearing at the heart of the forest, at the base of a large granite boulder. The still surface belies its origins; it is spring-fed through an underground opening somewhere beneath the boulder. Although the pool is quite narrow, it is twice as deep as it is wide. The only vegetation around the pool is the leafy tops of the Magic Root that all Dark Nymph Elders use in their ceremonies. Although the pool does not leach out the strongest chemicals from the hallucinogenic roots, their harmonious existence does provide the Pool with a mild inebriating quality that all nymphs enjoy.

BODY: d20
SPIRIT: d12
NIMBUS: d8

BELIEF: 10,000 (But during the seasonal Song of Destiny, the Pool can swell to nearly 30,000, and then the excess is redistributed throughout the tribal members)

Miracles

POWER OF THE DARK NYMPH: The ceremony focuses the power of all Dark Nymphs, including those that have died in a season, into one universal source of Belief. When the Dark Nymphs drink of the power, it spreads out among those living equally. Thus if more die over a season, the Dark Nymphs become stronger. Takes all Belief attained throughout season and distributes



evenly among those who drink.

Cost: 80 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +3, Total 4)

DESTINY'S STRENGTH: The black Pool's water sustains them and strengthens the Dark Wood Nymphs, leaving no weak members after the ceremony. The seasonal consumption allows even the Eldest Elders to run, fight, and carry themselves as if in their prime. Provides +6 to be divided up per body, mind, and soul for each Nymph.

Cost: 40 (Mythical Alteration of Creation (10), Duration +2, Location +0, Scale +1, Total 3)

POISON TO NON-NYMPHS: The things that sustain the Dark Nymphs will kill any other creature. On many occasions, the Dark Nymphs return to the pool to find a pile of dead bodies waiting for them. Although the hunt is a part of the ceremony, it never hurts to have extra food to go around. Effective die d12+6 poison to any that drink.

Cost: 112/42 (Mythical Innovation of Destruction (14), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +1, Total 4)

Legends

THE SONG OF DESTINY

Sata clasped the small wet leathery sack closer to her body as she followed the procession around the clearing. The sun was setting far to the west over the flatlands, casting the dimming forest in blood-red hues. She was the last of the adults in the line, having just returned from the Time of Blood two nights ago. The wound she received from her Elder across her collar bones was red and swollen, but she ignored the pain and walked among her tribesmen proudly.

The great boulder loomed above her at the end of the clearing, half of it already in darkness. She could feel the power humming all around her, a tickling vibration that rippled continuously over her back and in her ears. She was the last to make her offering, but she would be the first to drink. Her muscles trembled with anticipation.

It was her turn. She stood before the dark Pool surrounded by the Eldest Elders of the tribes. Sata held

out the open-ended bloody bag and took a breath. "I, Sata, of the West Shore tribe, do offer the bones of my twin sister, Lao, who did not survive her trial of the Time of Blood. Because she returned with the head of the Nassyx that attacked her, she was deemed an adult before she died. Therefore it is my right as sister to add her bones to the pool."

Sata heard murmurs of agreement all around the clearing and she overturned the skin—the only other part of her sister that still existed after the feast last night—and dumped the bloody bones into the pool. As they sank out of sight, her Elder stepped forward and took the skin from her hands, leaving Sata standing before the pool with drying blood over her arms and torso.

The Elders held their hands towards the pool and the Eldest Elder intoned, "The offering is complete; now we take back our destiny." The Elder gave a slight nod. Sata reached down and grabbed the rounded piece of upturned skull that was waiting. She dipped the cup into the red-tinged water and drank several swallows. She had tasted the water before, with a smell of blood and the deep bowels of the earth, but this was the first time she reveled in it.

She returned the cup to the side of the pool and walked back to her seat, savoring a feeling of strength and belonging. She felt an itch across her upper chest and glanced down to see her ritual cut fading into a dull scar that turned white as though aged. She realized she was a part of the whole, a whole that could never be destroyed.

The Guthenoth Forest Wood Nymphs

THE FRUIT OF IMMORTALITY

Description

Deep in the Gugenoth Forest is a small tree of beautiful fruit-like seedpods that is the tribes' sacred Artifact. However, the forest giants that lived here long ago felt that everything in the forest was theirs, and the angry nymphs cursed the tree, making it irresistible to the giants. The giants ate the seedpods and consequently became hosts to its seedlings. If the giants stopped moving, the roots buried into the ground and the giant lived forever within the tree. Melding with the giants,

these trees are gnarled and bent, with horrific expressions on woody faces. The original tree still stands, perfect and enticing, in the middle of ancient palace ruins. The nymphs no longer include the tree in their yearly ceremonies, but recognize it as a powerful symbol of their strength and power.

The tree stands tall with long drooping branches. Every branch is covered with a cascade of yellow pendulous fruit that smell sweeter than any flower. The bark is silvery white and the leaves are shiny and small. The tree is an evergreen, keeping its leaves throughout the winter. In the late spring the fruits fall off to be replaced with an overabundance of large red flowers with deep throats. The flowers drip their nectar, calling in droves of insects and other flying creatures for pollination. The flowers fall away to reveal the yellow ovaries, which swell into the next year's crop.

BODY: d20

SPIRIT: d20+5

NIMBUS: d20

BELIEF: 10,000

Miracles

IMMORTALITY: When eaten, the seed pods change the framework of the host, capturing the soul inside the now-changed body. It uses this spirit to create its new form. The soul cannot leave the body, therefore making the affected creature immortal. Body, mind, and spirit each d100 to resist. All three rolls must be met for victim to escape.

Cost: 750/400 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 5)

CHANGE COMPOSITION: The seed pods alter the very fabric of the body. When eaten, the substance spreads into the blood stream and binds with the muscle tissue, slowly converting the tissues of the body into a more vegetative—but still life-sustainable—material that hardens into an inflexible fertilizer when the host stops moving for longer than 12 hours. As long as the infected creature continues to move, it can keep the substance from hardening.

Cost: 1500/750 (Impossible Alteration of Transformation (50), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 6)

STRENGTHENER: The nectar from the flowers is what the nymphs used to keep their bodies strong and free of disease. The nectar is gathered from the first-opened flowers and drunk in a special ceremony that the entire tribe shares in. The potion removes all diseases from the body and restores all strength and energy lost throughout the season. Provides +6 to be divided up per body, mind, and soul for each Nymph.

Cost: 20 (Mythical Alteration of Creation (10), Duration +0, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 2)

Legends

ORAL TRADITION OF THE BEGINNING – THE WOOD NYMPHS OF GUGENOTH

When the world was still young, the forests separated from the mountains and grew green all over the land. We would not worship the mountain from which we came, and instead put our own among the stars. Then came a time of great darkness and fear, and many of the forest homes were destroyed. Those we worshipped were returned to the lands as nymphs to live out normal lives. We swore then to only worship those who live among us, for how could we know which ones among us were once gods?

The tribes split, each taking guardianship of one of the remaining dark forests. We were never to see or hear from one another again. But all nymphs worshipped one another and the seasons changed again and all was well.

We who are gods know that the Others have gods that they worship in the Forests Above and these gods are strong. Our tribe saw the need to create a special place for nymphs of our tribe to come and feel their birthright. The Eldest of Elders brought the clan together in what we now call the Old Sacred Grove. He was gifted with the magic of plants and he turned himself into the Tree of Immortality, trapping himself forever within the bonds of the Tree to take care of our tribe. Still he could speak and guided us even then.

When the giants came, the Tree Elder knew that to eat of his fruits would bring them strength and immortality. He bade the nymph tribe to go north and make a trade with the demon who lived by the shore: turn the tree's fruit

into a virulent plague-like seed and in return the demon could take the Eldest Elder's spirit. Thus the tribe brought the demon and turned the Tree into what it is today.

The Wood Nymphs of the Forest area of Feth

THE SWORD PILLAR

Description

The wood nymphs of Feth have to deal with outsiders far more often than other tribes in other forests. The salamanders of Sssnoth and Dark Nymphs from Baalun constantly attack the borders, hoping to steal land or supplies, and the humans of Croesus look to the nymphs for guidance. Ships consistently wreck on the eastern shore on their way to the city of Damarsun. Even the gnomes, who have a secret hole somewhere in the mountains to the west, come into the forest from time to time searching for something.

The nymphs know what these other races are looking for. The Sword Pillar is the Feth Nymphs' most prized possession, and they will not let it go. It stands two meters tall and is of the blackest metal that exists on the planet. Shaped vaguely like a flat cross, the edges are sharp and jagged. The Nymphs force annual vines to grow up its flat sides every year, to camouflage its shiny surface from aerial view. Only in the late winter to early spring, when the vegetation is sparse does the metal flash like a star, and it is then that the wood nymphs have their Family Assembly, not only to use the Artifact in their ceremonies, but to protect it against any curious passers-by.

BODY: d12+5
SPRIT: d8
NIMBUS: d10+5

BELIEF: 20,000

Miracles

TRANSFER OF ENERGY: The metal piece is magnetic in nature and has its own power source deep beneath the ground. A nymph holding his hand on the blade will feel some energy drain from him and then double the energy pours back into him (2x Belief). The Belief trickles back in throughout the rest of the year from the

care it receives from the nymphs. The energy returned is such that a spirit touching the Sword Pillar will dissipate, unable to house the energy that pours forth into them (d10 attack on spirits). Provides +6 to be divided up per body, mind, and soul for each Nymph.

Cost: 80/40 (Mythical Alteration of Creation (10), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +1, Total 4)

NYMPH CALL: If any mortal creature not of nymph kind or any spirit—even nymphs—comes within sight of the Sword Pillar, it pulses, getting a return response in all nymphs that have ever touched the metal still alive. This feeling is akin to an extra heartbeat filling the head and chest, and nymphs from nearby settlements will converge on the spot, ready to kill.

Cost: 112 (Mythical Innovation of Control (14), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +3, Total 4)

WISH GRANTING: During the Family Assembly, the nymph Elders each make a wish for their families/tribes. Generally these wishes are agreed upon ahead of time and are very general—good hunting, long lives to the Elders, protected borders, etc. Sometimes if a particular family is having trouble due to attackers, that family group will be granted a special wish.

Cost: 120 (Grandiose Innovation of Creation (20), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +2, Total 3)

Legends

FATE'S DECREE AFTER THE WAR OF THE ELEMENTS – ORAL TRADITION OF THE NYMPHS OF FETH

Fate turned to the Wood Nymph Gods, regarding them with a stern countenance. "You are unique among the deities of the Known World. You were not created for the mortals; you are mortals that have risen to the power of gods. Despite the results, your intentions for obtaining World-Splitter were good. Therefore you have a choice. You can join the exiled gods in the Abyss, or you can return as mortals to your people."

The Wood Nymph Gods immediately agreed to reincarnate.

Fate nodded. "That is not all. Your race will be divided, moved to specific areas on the Known World to protect certain objects or unstable places. Here you will make

your new homes.”

Fate separated them before revealing what it was they would guard. That way no tribe would know what the others protected. Then she returned them back to the Known World as mortals. To each tribe she gave a specific region and the scorched earth of these places erupted into thick forests for their people. Here is what she said to the nymphs of Feth.

“The Sword Pillar’s origins are not of this world; it is from an ancient ship of the Invaders from beyond the stars, blown up during the First War. This particular piece has its own power and must be guarded from other races that would use the metallic edifice with greed.”
Other Wood Nymph Tribes

There are also Wood Nymph tribes around the forests of Rhok-Kanmor and other woody areas, as well as small Dark Wood Nymph groups throughout Raanon. Typically each tribe or group of tribes will empower a permanent piece of the landscape with some Belief to make an Artifact that protects them all season. These Artifacts can be any strange or unique object or flora and generally it will have Miracles of some type of Protection, Defense, and Strength for the tribe similar to those above. Provides +6 to be divided up per body, mind, and soul for each Nymph.

Jurelian Giants

The Jurelian Giants revere several tribal ancestors; they worship but one god: Thuun, Lord of Destruction. The giants are similar to their god in demeanor and attitude, destroying everything that is not of the giants. They acknowledge that there were once two gods, but Grun was not a giant and betrayed great Thuun, therefore to worship him is taboo.

Thuun, Lord of Destruction and God of the Jurelian Giants

SPIRIT-BREAKER

Description:

Thuun is known for carrying tree trunks in his four arms when he incarnates on the Known World. Few giants know that the Spirit-Breaker was his first and most

powerful weapon. In the time of the War of the Invaders, he found the largest tree in existence and carved it into a giant reddish-brown club. It stands nearly as tall as Thuun himself and its head is as thick as Thuun’s waist, tapering down to a point.

It was a weapon that struck fear into all when Thuun carried it. Soon after the War of the Elements, he stopped carrying it with him, leaving it behind in his castle when he incarnates to oversee the ceremonies at the Grun Circle. When he sits brooding on his celestial throne, more often than not he stares at it with a frown, as though trying to remember something.

BODY: d100
SPIRIT: d100+5
NIMBUS: d20+10
BELIEF: 100,000

Miracles

STORM-POWER: A mighty swing from Spirit-Breaker is fatal enough on its own, but the giant club is also imbued with the power of a strike from a lighting storm, tripling its impact damage without the need for extra effort. Even a light blow from Spirit-Breaker would be fatal to the largest of giants. Effective die d100+50, up to 100 man-sized individuals per strike.

Cost: 250 (Impossible Alteration of Destruction (50), Duration +0, Location +1, Scale +2, Total 3) (Impossible Amplification Miracle +50 Cost 50)

ENERGY STEALER: Spirit-Breaker is daunting all on its own, striking awe and fear in those who see it. The massive club steals Belief, much like a Leviathan steals Terror, except that there is a limit: 10 percent of the other being’s total Belief. This affects all beings, including other Elder Gods, except Fate.

Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 5)

MIND MANIPULATION: The Spirit-Breaker clouds the mind, making those in its presence forgetful and dull-witted. This is a new Miracle that Fate set onto the massive club as a punishment. Currently, he is the only one

affected by this Miracle. Thuun's mind versus d100 to make any calm reasonable decision.

Cost: 400/200 (Impossible Innovation of Control (50), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +0, Total 4)

Legends

WAR OF THE ELEMENTS

Thuun and Grun were known to be a couple but Lugos forgot this when he learned his own lover desired Grun. Lugos first attacked Grun while Thuun was away, deep in Jurel. Thuun immediately knew something had happened, and returned to his castle to find Lugos landing a blow on the smaller man, the Dragon Gods standing like witnesses in a court. Thuun threw Lugos off his lover and continued pushing forward into the Dragon Gods and beyond until they were all in the snow on the mountain. They fought and fought until Lugos jerked out of the way and flew up into the sky. He announced it wasn't over and vanished.

Indeed it wasn't. Lugos commanded his followers to attack the giants, and Thuun was able to warn them and have them attack the sylph cities in return. Grun did not know what instigated the attack but begged Thuun not to leave him again. A siege formed against Thuun's abode, with Grun, the Wind Gods, and the Ice and Snow Gods caught inside. The dragons sided with Lugos and raged against the castle, but the stones held. Thuun looked at Spirit-Breaker often, but he remembered Fate's warning after he used it against the Invaders:

"This weapon of yours troubles me, Thuun. It steals power and grows stronger and more evil with each blow. Do not use it in battle again, or you may become lost in its power."

Thuun let it lay near the throne.

Then Lugos appeared inside the castle. He grabbed his goddess-lover and threw her at the feet of Grun. "Tell him," the sylph god growled.

Tears streaming the young sylph goddess whispered her love for Grun and the need to be near him. Thuun stared in shocked and glanced at his lover. The stunned god of Ice and Snow told his story—he never knew. Then the goddess reached for Grun in a desperate lunge

and caught him by the leg. Thuun saw the change in Lugos's face and started to get up from the throne. In a moment he had Lugos's arm caught in his muscled grip. Lugos then turned on him.

Thuun saw the other gods run for the door. Soon it was just Lugos and Thuun alone wrestling against one another, throwing each other into the sides of the castle. They fought for days, Thuun still unwilling to strike the final blow. He felt himself tire. Then, in one of those moments when Lugos was getting up from a particularly hard throw, Thuun noticed the throne room door was ajar. Keeping Lugos busy he thought he saw movement behind a curtain. Frightened that Grun returned, Thuun felt it was time.

Lugos landed a particularly hard punch to Thuun's jaw and the god of the giants staggered towards the throne. Within seconds he had the Spirit-Breaker in all four hands and he swung it around, calling upon its power. The club sang its glory and Lugos fell to his knees as the weapon drained him. Then Thuun lifted it up for a killing blow.

Lugos knelt at his feet, real fear in his eyes. "Wait!" For the first time in many seasons sanity seemed to return to Lugos's eyes. "You win. I should have thought. I must have gone mad."

Thuun hesitated and out of the corner of his eyes saw the little gods of wind, wood, and snow sneaking up behind Lugos with Gnor's World-Splitter in their hands. As they poised to strike, Thuun loosed his grip and brought the club down to his side.

AFTER THE WAR – THE WORDS OF LUGOS

After sanity returned to the celestial realms and the little gods had all gone, except poor Nephon, I gathered my Cloak and returned to Thuun's castle to apologize. When I arrived however, the god was not alone.

I remained hidden and watched as Fate walked to Thuun's throne where the god remained sullen and deep in thought. Then Fate spoke.

"You broke your promise."

"Yes."

“And you could have stopped them...prevented them from hitting Lugos.”

“Yes.”

“You could have warned him.”
Thuun said nothing.

Fate was silent for a moment and then commented, “Your ring is missing.”

“I buried it.”

Fate sighed as though giving up. “So be it. You are punished as well. From this day forward Spirit Breaker will own your mind, that weapon you saw fit to grant such power to. So that you do not dwell on your lost lover, I bind your thoughts of him to the weapon. Never again will you remember what he looked like or what happened here. When you hear the word ‘Grun’ all you will see is the blow you should have prevented. All you will remember is your anger. It will be so until you finally see your happiest moment. And then you will return to your senses.”

Fate waved its hand and Spirit-Breaker seemed to dance with light. I felt the power and realized Fate was more than just an entity of the Celestial Realms. Then the lights dimmed and I saw Thuun was alone once more, staring at the club by his feet with a puzzled frown. I turned and slipped back out of his castle. I realized my apology would do nothing at that point.

Grun of the Ice and Snow

GRUNRINGS

Description

The holiest place in all of Jurel is the Grun Circle, a place where, year after year, Thuun himself hosts a ceremony filled with bitterness and anger. The giants come to this ceremony to renew their hatred and feelings of contempt for everything that is not of their kind. They do so without knowing why this circle is more important than any other. The answer they will probably never see, since it lies deep below the surface directly under the ring of stones.

Buried deep in the ground are two rings, a smaller one

of silver and a larger one of gold. They were gifts to one another when Grun and Thuun lived as a couple in Everwinter. Thuun buried them here after Grun was banished from the Known World. It is likely that not even he remembers they are here, but he returns every year and feels rage at some emotion now lost.

BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+10
NIMBUS: d20+10

BELIEF: 5,000 Each

Miracles

LOVERS’ TOUCH: The two rings are connected and when one of the wearers thinks of the other he or she can see or hear what the other is doing at that moment.

Cost: 80/40 (Mythical Alteration of Control (10), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +0, Total 4)

LOVERS’ WHISPER: With a twist of the ring both lovers’ minds are open and they can speak to one another. Each lover also knows when the other is thinking about him.

Cost: 60/30 (Mythical Innovation of Control (15), Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +0, Total 3)

HEART’S MEMORY: When the smaller silver ring is fitted in the other the user will remember a time when he or she was most happy.

Cost: 80/40 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +0, Total 3)

SHARED POWER: When the two wearers of the Ring can perform Miracles, they can share powers and Belief as though they were one person.

Cost: 600/300 (Grandiose Innovation of Control (20), Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 6)

Legends

THE ROMANCE

Thuun looked at the mountain he created in Everwinter and smiled. It was stark but beautiful, rising above

the white crystalline landscape like a slumbering giant. At the top would be his castle, a place where he could look down at all of Everwinter.

"It's stunning."

Thuun turned and regarded the intruder with a frown. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Grun, God of Ice and Snow," Grun introduced himself jovially, ignoring the larger god's abruptness. "This will be my home, too, here in Everwinter."

Thuun looked at the younger god, with his snow-white beard and rich blue eyes. Then he shrugged, "where you make your home here makes no difference to me."

Thuun turned back to his work, pointedly ignoring the other god, until Grun walked away into the landscape.

Not more than another season passed when the Dragon Gods insisted Thuun come to the Courtyard for a special meeting. He sat in the background listening to the Dragons complain about the changes they saw in the pantheons. Thuun was surprised to see new gods among the Gnome Gods and even Lugos stood with three fresh faces. Grun was introduced as the son of the sea god and goddess. When the Dragon Gods started raging again and Plthunlos argued back, Grun looked directly at Thuun and purposely rolled his eyes. Thuun's lips twitched but he said nothing.

A year after the meeting, which ended with the Dragon Gods sullenly stalking off to their abodes, Thuun received a visitor in his domain. He warily watched young Grun walk through his hallway to where Thuun sat on the throne. "What are you doing here?"

"I need to ask a favor. The sea god and goddess would like to bring more minerals down out of the mountains near Ar-Feslynn so the undines can use them. I'd like to increase the snowfall coming out of southwestern Jurel to reach the river. I would like your permission to do so." Thuun said nothing for a moment, and Grun boldly continued, "If you'd like, you can come with me and I'll show you what I'd like to do. We'll make sure that it affects the giants positively as well." Then Grun smiled brightly.

Thuun finally sighed, "All right."

Grun continued to visit him and Thuun realized he looked forward to the visits. The friendly white-haired god went out of his way to get the black-haired one to smile and laugh. One night while trading quips and jokes in Thuun's castle, Grun sighed. "This has become more of a home to me than the sea. I never want to leave here."

Thuun stilled and the smile left his face. "Is that what you wish?"

Grun saw the solemn expression on the face of Thuun. He got up and came to Thuun's side with an equally serious expression. "Yes, that is what I wish."

Thuun stared up into the other god's face then pushed himself up off the chair to embrace the smaller god. "Then it is yours."

His cheek against the black fur of the god of giants, Grun smiled. "And I am yours."

Celundynn stared at her son. "You cannot be serious." "I am." Grun stood in front of the sea goddess in her palace, with Thuun waiting by the door.

"But this is impossible!" She sputtered. "You can't just go off with another god, of another race!" She looked over at Thuun then leaned toward Grun. "He has four arms."

"I assure you, Lady Mother; that is a good thing."

Celundynn glared at Thuun who started coughing uncontrollably.

The discussion went downhill from there.

"I made you something."

Thuun looked sleepily over at Grun, lying next to him with his head propped up under his arm. Grun reached behind him and pulled out single band of gold. Thuun frowned. "What's this?"

"It's a ring; it should fit you, you sleep like the dead and I fitted it on you last night."

Thuun rolled to his side and took the ring. Slowly he slid it onto the finger of his upper left arm. "This is... wonderful."

Grun sat up in his glee. "When you wear the ring I can think of you and you will know it."

Thuun looked into his lover's face and smiled. Then, he reached behind him. "It seems we are already of like minds." He held out a similar band, but in silver. "I made this for you. When you wear it, you will know where I am, even when apart."

Grun eagerly took the ring and slid in on his own hand. "It's beautiful; they match so well. We should make them work together, so they are stronger together than apart." The god tilted his head, "Like us."

Thuun chuckled. "So be it."

Thuun stood on the frozen landscape of Jurel. It felt as though his heat was bleeding out down around his feet. The wind howled around him singing his anguish for the giants to hear. Slowly he opened his left hand and looked down at the two shining circles within, one yellow and one white. They blurred and Thuun closed his eyes, remembering what happened previously that day. At the last minute he went to the Archway. He did not want to go but he suddenly felt Grun in his head pleading and could not stop himself. There were few left when he arrived but Grun was waiting, his face wet with spent tears. The moment Thuun was near, Grun broke into sobs and ran to the God of Giants, clasping him about his waist. "I'm sorry, so sorry, I don't know what happened. Please forgive me!" The voice turned unintelligent as Thuun stood stonily. For a moment, Thuun reached one arm around the smaller younger god and pressed him closer.

"You are forgiven."

Grun lifted his head and looked one last time into Thuun's face, but Thuun looked beyond him to the Archway. The young god turned and stumbled towards the inky blackness, but just before the gate put his hands together and turned. "Here!"

He threw something and Thuun caught it in reflex. Grun gave a small smile. "Remember me, please!" Then he jumped through the Archway into the Abyss.

Thuun started to turn but noticed Fate still waiting by the doorway into oblivion. She gave him a pointed stare and turned away to watch the rest of the younger gods go.

Thuun opened his eyes to the ice and snow of Jurel once more. He held up the rings in the palm of his hand. He wondered if he put one on if he would be able to sense Grun somewhere in the darkness. If he fitted the rings together would he see the happy moments when they were together?

He closed his fist. Nothing mattered. Lifting his arm he used all his strength to punch through the icy ground, welcoming the feeling of anger over the deep pain in his heart. He looked down at the two shining reminders at the bottom of the blackened hole one last moment and then he called stones from the sky. They came in a deluge, landing all around until the pile burying the rings was vaguely circular. With one last look at the makeshift grave he turned his eyes skyward. It was time to meet with Fate.

SPEAR OF WINTER

Description

The Spear of Winter was a gift from Celundynn and Plthunlos after they brought Grun forth from the glaciers and gave him control over the ice and snow. With its power, Grun controlled the glaciers of the northern seas, as well as the freezing and melting of the snows on the mountains. It was the gods' intention that Grun control the frozen water that increased or decreased the volumes of the sea.

The Spear's head is made entirely of super-hardened crystal shaped like a faceted thin teardrop. The haft is of white alabaster and stands one meter tall. The powers Plthunlos granted the Spear were much more violent, creating white-outs within minutes to produce snow without regard to the creatures and beings of the region. Fearing that his "father" could use the Spear, Grun modified the weapon to be less destructive.



BODY: d8
SPIRIT: d8+4
NIMBUS: none

BELIEF: 30,000

Miracles

FROZEN FROST: The Spear casts a cone of cold air that frosts all moisture to the horizon. Dew immediately freezes; pools and ponds ice over on the surface. Only surfaces frost over—most mortal creatures and flora survive.

Cost: 80 (Grandiose Innovation of Transformation (20), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 3)

SNOWSTORM: Snow immediately begins to fall in the vicinity. Heavier snowstorms occur in areas of higher humidity. The snow fall lasts for an hour and accumulations can range anywhere from just covering the ground to waist-deep on a human.

Cost: 1500 (Impossible Alteration of Creation (50), Duration +2, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 6)

ICY FREEZE: The Spear directs ice to form wherever it is pointed, creating bridges and twisting paths that are a meter squared in thickness. With some artistic skill, the Spear can create steps or beautiful art sculpture as well.

Cost: 1275 (Impossible Innovation of Creation (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +2, Total 5)

Legends

THE LAUGHTER OF GRUN

In the happier times before the rift between the gods, Grun was one of the most jovial deities besides Lugos and Brun. The three of them would play tricks on one another, much to the annoyance of the “more serious” gods. Two of the most popular tales of the “lost god of snow,” as he is known by most mortals today, involve The Spear in his practical jokes. In one, he made a beautiful mammoth-sized ice sculpture of Lugos on the Known World that caused all the sylphs to wonder about the physical proportions of their god’s anatomy. The other tale is of Grun besting the Gnome God of Gold. Brun was to lead a solemn ritual for the gnome mortals and provide a miracle for his followers. Just as the miracle was about to take place, Grun iced over every walkable surface of Rhok-Drunnor. The ritual quickly erupted in chaos as priests and acolytes slipped and slid during the entire procession, and Brun had to abandon the ceremony for a later date.

THE BROKEN SPEAR – HISTORICAL CHRONICLES OF THE CITY OF NEPHON, NOW KEPT IN THE PINNACLE OF SECRETS

The Scroll Gatherers researching in Jurel found a strange Artifact this past season: a long white piece of alabaster broken in two. A crystal spear-like head topped the strange object. It is unknown as to where this object came from, although the undines have records of an ancient god with a spear in hand. It is suspected that this may be the spear of one of the Lost Gods of Ice and Snow, although there are no records that this Spear was ever seen in combat. It makes sense, however; the sylphs who found it demonstrated that the crystal was able to produce large amount of snow quickly. The city of Nephon was buried within an hour. We are keeping this strange Artifact in storage until more research can be performed. [Note: The Spear was left behind when the Sylphs abandoned Nephon to the humans]

CHAPTER 6: MENACING AND TERRIFYING LEVIATHAN ARTIFACTS

Malevolent wills and raging souls created several horrifying weapons of fear and destruction. The Leviathans were once the spirits of Invaders, having escaped the Island of Kukulcan 350 years ago. Since that time of blinding rage and destruction, those Leviathans that survived are canny and far more dangerous. Other creatures have also fallen into darkness and become Leviathans, and many still have weapons from a former life.

MASK OF THE BOILING IDOL

Description

The leviathan known as the Boiling Idol sits in a buried underground chamber in Croesus with a giant mask placed over its makeshift coffin. The leviathan was drained of all its Terror hundreds of years ago and all that remains is black, tarry ooze filling a stone sarcophagus.

The mask is large and wooden, shaped like a large rectangular shield. It is painted as a grotesque face with triangular black eyes, a suggestion of a nose, and a simple black crescent mouth, all on a background of vivid reds, yellows, and oranges. The mask was stolen by the Boiling Idol from a human god it defeated in the area.

BODY: d12
SPIRIT: d12
NIMBUS: d12

TERROR: 6,000

Miracles

EXPRESSIVE FACE: The being controlling the Mask can manipulate the painted drawings and expressions at will to convey emotions, whether real or false.

Cost: 80/40 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +0, Total 4)

SPEW BOILING OIL: From the open mouth of the mask gushes forth boiling-hot oil. The gush can pour out at lighter pressure or spray out like through a nozzle. Effective die d100.

Cost: 680 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +2, Total 4)

THUNDEROUS VOICE: The creature controlling the mask can project a voice through the mouth of the mask at a significantly higher volume. It appears the mask is speaking at the time.

Cost: 150/80 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 5)



Legends

THE LAST DAYS OF EVIL

Lito stumbled across the hole-ridden flatland, glancing around quickly to see if anyone noticed. He did not have to worry; he was last in a meager line of eight children and the priests' attention lay elsewhere. All of them looked worried—the Burning God never required children to come and serve it before. The priests could do nothing but gather up their kin and hope for the best. They were the Burning God's "priests" only because they were the ones who swore to obey the Burning God. Everyone else in the village was dead.

Upon their arrival at the Burning God's shrine, two of the priests broke away to stand at either side of the opening. The temple, Lito realized, was nothing more than a stone cairn over a pit in the floor. The other two priests went inside the cairn and started ushering the children down the makeshift ladder into the space below. Just as Lito was about to step inside he felt a hand on his shoulder.

The prematurely aged man leaned in and Lito could see tears threatening in his eyes. "Stay quiet," the priest whispered furiously.

"Yes, Papa."

Lito took one more look in the eyes of his father, former shaman of the village, and went inside to start down the ladder. He had never before entered the Burning God's lair and immediately noticed the heat. At the bottom he turned and saw the room was much larger than he anticipated. The walls were made of smooth stone and decorated with many colorful symbols and designs. Fire torches glowed from several areas of the room.

Then his eyes saw the mask. The orange-and-red rectangle with its narrowed black eyes appeared to float above a stone case. The mask scared him more than anything, its visage angry but empty. He was not the only child that hesitated.

"Come closer."

Lito jumped. He had not expected to hear the God speak. As the voice rang out the mask's mouth changed shape and the geometric designs swirled into new patterns. He stepped forward behind the others. With his

eyes adjusting to the dimness of the room, Lito realized that the mask was on something—a black shiny substance writhed from the sarcophagus holding the mask in place somewhere on its face? Body? The amorphous blob continued to move.

"The last children of the village. It is good. Now I will eat of your flesh and souls until your screams are a part of me. Raise up the ladder."

It took Lito several seconds to realize what the Burning God just announced so casually and then his skin crawled. Several of the younger children were already crying.

"Raise up the ladder! I command you—what are you doing?"

The change in the monotone speech caused Lito to look behind him and he saw his father at the bottom of the ladder stepping off onto the dirt. The man turned and Lito saw the determination in his eyes. "I will not let you eat these children."

"Because one is your kin? Your son? If I promise not to eat him, would you bring me the others?"

Lito's father passed the children to approach the mask. "No. No children, no more." Lito noticed his father was motioning from behind his back, waving his hand furiously from side to side.

"You defy me?"

The mask looked even angrier and Lito started to move to stop his father. Strong hands stopped him and pulled him to one side of the room. He saw that the other two priests were moving the rest of the children.

His father stood tall and proud. "Yes."

The mask's eyes' sudden flared from black to red and the mouth opened to belch out a viscous black liquid. Lito's father brought up his hands and turned his face but caught the gout full on. He screamed as the boiling hot mass clung to his head and shoulders, steam rising up as his flesh seared. He fell to his knees and rolled out of the way.

The screams continued but it wasn't until he was given a hard shake that Lito realized the sounds came from himself.

"Bring his son to me now."

The hands propelled Lito forward, towards the dripping mask and the black blob moving behind it. He thought his heart would burst from his chest. He looked for his father's body to the left....

But it wasn't there.

Lito looked back up at the mask and beyond it he saw the ruined blackened face of his father as the former shaman stood from behind the sarcophagus. Lito's father lunged forward, falling into the black mass that was the Burning God, and his hands reached for the mask.

The mask suddenly expressed surprise, shock opening the eyes roundly and the mouth turning down at the corners. Lito saw human hands reach through the muck and grab the sides of the mask....

And he was thrown backwards, whether by force of the priest behind him or from the power of the mask he wasn't sure. The mask lifted and fell like on a string and the amorphous oily body of the god writhed and fought. The mask tilted sideways and whitened bone pushed through the tar abruptly to one side. The mask howled even as Lito felt the ladder pressing against his back. Then the torrent of tar slowed and fell back into the sarcophagus, the mask sliding lower and lower. The face turned peaceful.

"Goodbye, my son."

Slowly the eyes closed and the mask fell to the ground. Lito heard no noise save for his own bitter weeping.

THE MOURNING BELLS OF THE BELL-WITCH OF GAMATH

Description

Only the dark forest of Gamath on the northwestern tip of Raanon is devoid of wood nymphs. Here in the mist, the Bell-Witch wanders, torturing souls with glee.

The Bell-Witch was once a priestess of Plthunlos who worshipped the god of Ocean Depths, but did not want to let go of the light and rocky shores. She was cast out of the tribes of the Undines and came ashore at the forest of Gamath. She was mad with the grief of losing her place and came upon a demon newly escaped from the Reef who promised her a new life. She instinctively attacked when the demon had its grips in her soul and destroyed the spirit. Now her soul is askew from her body and this has caused imbalanced fits of rage, lust, and glee. She is ancient now, still dressed in the rags of her priestess robes.

The Witch carries eight small silver bells tied together on a string, which were once used to call the hours of a ceremony of Plthunlos. The sound as she walks is almost cheerful and welcoming. When the witch shakes the bells all at once, however, they cause teeth to clench to the point of cracking, loosen the bones from their sockets, cramp every muscle in the body, and cause internal bowel spasms and bleeding. When she jiggles them furiously, the entire mortal body can come completely undone, like jelly shaken inside a sack. Toothless, this is the Bell-Witch's preferred meal.

BODY: d8

SPIRIT: d8

NIMBUS: d12

TERROR: 10,000

Miracles

HYPNOTIC SOUND: The light tinkling of bells as the Witch walks is a welcome sound for those lost in the wood. As it gets more distant, the person who hears it is compelled to follow the noise. Mind vs d12+6 to resist.

Cost: 216 (Mythical Innovation of Control (14), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 5)(Mythical Amplification Miracle +6 Cost 6)

DISRUPTIVE VIBRATIONS: The bells create an irritating noise that forces the victim to clench his or her muscles, grinding teeth together and causing convulsions. This attack is survivable, although painful. Effective die d30.

Cost: 225 (Grandiose Alteration of Destruction (15), Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +3, Total 5)

LIQUEFY MUSCLE: When the Bell-Witch shakes the bells aggressively, the muscles tear themselves apart, liquefying from the vibrations. The internal organs rupture and the victim dies. Effective die d100.

Cost: 400 (Impossible Alteration of Destruction (50), Duration +1, Location +0, Scale +3, Total 4)

Legends

10,000 Lost

Xery'tka stood on the rocky shore staring into the waiting trees of the forest. More soldiers piled out of the galleons behind him, lining up in neat rows to await his signal. His second-in-command, Sskarn, stood next to him.

Xery'tka shouted out. "Right! Let's move. I want this forest cleared in a fortnight!"

The salamander units worked quickly and had a decent swath of trees cleared from the eastern shore before dusk began to fall.

"A good first day's work!" Xery'tka stood on the shore with his hands on his hips. "Send these first two ships back and break out the tents; we'll sleep here for the night."

That night, the commander woke to a choking sensation. Quickly he flipped off his cot looking around the pavilion. All he could make out was the dim glow of the brazier. He felt for the door and pushed aside the flap.

The world was shrouded in white. Behind him he heard the distant sound of the waves rolling again the beach. It oriented him in his blindness.

"Sir!"

Xery'tka jerked around with his hand on his sword. "Sskarn! I almost ran you through! Status report."

"It's a thick fog, sir; I can't see a thing."

"Right! Let's start collecting our people." After gathering lamps they slowly oriented northeast waking the

salamander troops and getting them into formation behind the commander. At the northernmost tip, they paused.

"We've obviously missed a few further in from the shore," Xery'tka murmured. "We'll turn around and cut straight south east from here."

"Do you hear something?" Sskarn asked.

The commander paused and heard a faint bell-like noise. He grinned. "Sounds like some of the troops found a way to let us know where they are. Come on." He angled due south towards the sound and kept it oriented in front of him, right until he nearly walked into a tree. "Halt, everyone halt!"

"Sir?"

"We shouldn't be at the tree line." The noise continued to sound, but suddenly Xery'tka was tense. "No, if they're in there, they'll have to wait until dawn. It's too dangerous." He heard murmurs of agreement as he moved through the troops to the back of the pack. Cautiously he moved forward but quickly found another large tree. He could not hear the shore at all anymore, only the damned tinkling of the bells. Gritting his teeth, he called out, "Evasive maneuver; everyone crowd in with weapons out!"

Quickly the salamanders set themselves shoulder to shoulder pushing inward until they were a compact mass in the darkness.

"Right. We'll stay here until dawn."

The agonizing sound circled them and Xery'tka thought he'd go mad. Then a voice called out, "My legs! My legs won't work anymore!"

"Steady him," Xery'tka commanded. "Everyone, start singing, yelling, screaming... anything you can!" As an example he lifted his head and started a war cry. The rest joined him and for a moment he thought it would work.

Suddenly he heard the bells over the cacophony, and it ripped into his skull and body. His cry turned into a hiss and his mind went blank.

He awoke to singing. For a moment Xery'tka could not remember where he was, but then the singing became a jingling sound.

The Bells.... His mouth convulsed and pain shot through his mouth. Tentatively he tried to feel the damage with his tongue....

Colors exploded again in his vision and everything seemed to tilt sideways. *What happened to my tongue?* He suddenly realized he could see, although dimly. Dawn had indeed come. His eyes hurt to move but he could and so he did, he had to know....

A horrifying visage suddenly stood over him and he realized immediately he was flat on his back. He stared at the monster, bald and wrinkled with pale-blue skin and hollow black eyes, dressed in tattered faded green robes. It was female and vaguely undine. The bells moved softly as she leaned over him and opened her mouth. The commander realized she was speaking, but could hear nothing but the sounds of the bells. Then she smiled and he saw black gobbets of flesh stuck in her teeth. She said something over and over with that maniacal grin and finally he was able to make out what she was mouthing.

“Right? Right? Right?”

THE CLAY POT OF THE GOLEM-MAKER

Description

The Golem-Maker was one of the rare leviathans that escaped Kukulcan before the War of the Leviathans. As a mortal, he was once a crafter but as a spirit he gained dominion over animation and cravings. The leviathan's form was always humanoid, and it passed for a gaunt black-skinned man during the War. He traveled extensively and along the way, it happened upon a village of humans and watched from afar a woman turning a clay pot. As a former artisan the Golem-Maker watched very carefully before killing the woman and trying it himself.

The pot appears as a dull round clay cauldron with a simple metal handle. The Golem-maker uses it to turn out horrible creatures cobbled together from whatever

is thrown into it. The pot increases in size as more pieces are added until the Golem-Maker turns the pot over, dumping out the simulacrum. The Golem-Maker terrorized the inhabitants of Samona for many years before finally being defeated in Hrace soon after its founding. The pot's whereabouts are unknown but tales of strange creatures are whispered in the neighborhoods of Hrace.

BODY: d12
SPIRIT: d12+6
NIMBUS: d10
TERROR: 5,000

Miracles

ANIMATE SIMULACRUM: Anything thrown in the pot (as long as some sort of blood or flesh is thrown in as well), comes together to form a golem. The golem is automatically carnivorous and sustains itself with blood or meat as it does as its master commands. The more flesh added, the more capable the simulacrum is of thought. Once the Golem-Maker is finished adding parts, he turns the bowl over and the pot releases the new hungry creature. Creature is Body d4/d8 Mind d4/d6 Spirit d4/d6 / Skills (+1 Body Combat).

Cost: 80 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation (10), Duration +2, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 4)

CHANGE SIZE: The pot can become large to accommodate more objects, or smaller, for carrying.

Cost: 225/120 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation (15), Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +1, Total 5)

PULLS FLESH: When the open end of the pot is “aimed” at a victim, a sucking sensation will try to pull the victim into the pot. The power can be so strong that it will pull flesh off an immobile body at arm's length. Body versus d100 to resist.

Cost: 680 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction (85), Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +1, Total 4)

Legends

LAST STAND

Shadows filled the lower streets of Hrace—only metal caught the flickering light from open windows as the small group passed silently along. Ahead, stood the Lone Ship, a wharf-side hole where their prey passed the time, hopefully unaware of their approach. The leader of the fighters, a grim-faced undine named Lussis, held his hand up, pausing at the corner of the tavern. The rest of the group, two undines and four humans, caught up to him and waited while he peered around to the front door.

The leader turned back and tried to give a reassuring smile to the youngest human, Dale, barely fourteen years of age. The undine knew his intentions failed when the youngling gripped his sword with white knuckles. He glanced at the rest—his own people, Korran and Nia, and the only slightly older adult humans, Tobi, Fared, and Soro. Lussis knew their fear and shared it. This was not a battle any of them expected to survive, but they all knew they did not need to survive to win.

Lussis nodded and slipped around the corner headed for the door. It was still early in the evening and the Lone Ship was quiet. A quick prayer to Celundynn and he readjusted his grip on the harpoon. Grabbing the door handle, Lussis slipped inside to find the monster before it saw them.

Lussis immediately spotted the creature—shiny tight black skin, tall, skeletal—seated at a table with three other hooded figures. Unfortunately, the creature called the Golem-Maker was looking straight at Lussis with mild surprise. Lussis threw his harpoon without warning. The nearest hooded figure jerked sideways and the harpoon impaled itself in its chest. It lurched to its feet and the other two followed.

They turned as one and the undine's chest tightened so fast he made a noise. The one he speared had a humanoid lower jaw and cheekbones, but the middle and upper portions of the head were of metal bands and fur. Standing, the golem was nearly two heads higher than their tallest human in the group. The other two golems were of similar height, flesh horribly united with metal and wood.

The golems lifted their arms as they advanced. One with a birdlike countenance had talons instead of hands, and

another's fists were nothing more than metal spikes. The one Lussis speared had hooves. Lussis backed up until he saw his comrades to his sides. He spared a quick glance for Dale and held his hand out. "Give me your sword, youngling, and run."

The hilt hit his palm and he grasped it blindly, already stepping forward to meet the monsters. He thrust the sword in a small arc, slicing at the hoof of the closest golem and burying the point into the side of the more dangerous spike-handed one. Then his vision narrowed, focused on dangerous lunges and dodges. Although large, the golems moved jerkily under their robes and their foresight was limited. The one with metal spikes and the harpooned one were already disabled when the screaming began to Lussis' left.

Lussis instinctively stepped back before turning. The Golem-Maker stood on the other side of the room holding in his arms a large cauldron on its side. Dale, not ten paces away, was gripping a beam and crying. A tankard slid across the table between them into the pot's maw. The Golem-Maker stepped closer to the boy before Lussis reacted.

Lussis grabbed the harpoon still sticking from the now feeble golem writhing on the floor and ran towards the Golem-Maker, years of habit allowing him to sightlessly unhook one end of the long coiled fishing chain inside the haft and wrap a length of it around his forearm. The Golem-Maker turned with the cauldron and Lussis cast the harpoon. The weapon punched through the gaunt creature's chest and continued until stopped by the chain. Lussis had a moment's satisfaction even as the suction caught him. The Golem-Maker dropped the cauldron but it already had a grip on its prey and Lussis felt the stabbing of thousands of barbs as his feet slid into the vortex. At Lussis' first shriek the monster's looked down at him with a triumphant glare.

"No," Lussis gritted out. He grabbed the chain with his free hand and started wrapping it around his arm and neck. "You will not win!"

The chain went taut and the Golem-Maker lurched forward to fall next to Lussis even as the slicing pain reached the undine's abdomen. The monster's face next to his reflected its recognition of its defeat and Lussis found the strength to cry out in victory. Then Lussis

lifted his head and propelled his torso forward into hoped-for oblivion.

He crashed into the floor and tried to orient himself past pain and strange sensations. His eye looked wildly around and he realized he was still in the tavern but not facing the same as before. Screaming... so much screaming; he tried to move his head and felt a pulling sensation at his temple. He rolled his eye down towards his torso....

A black hand twisted frantically from somewhere below his chin; he flexed a muscle and a second arm without fingers flopped weakly against the ground at the edge of his vision. He looked up and the boy stood above him, shrieking with his hands gripping his hair. He looked back down at his twisted, mutilated torso and stretched his neck to pull his mouth away from the folds of skin. "Kill me," he moaned hoarsely. "Kill me... quickly."

Although the boy never moved, a second eye watched impassively as the other fatigued and injured warriors gathered their weapons and came forward to finish him. From his position on the floor he stared across the tavern, noticing a small cauldron-shaped pot resting under a set of shelves in the corner. Then, thankfully, the world went dark.

SPEAR OF THE WRAITH WIND

Description

Forged in the death of a god, tempered in blood and fear, the Spear of Wraith Wind is a horrifying weapon able to affect even the most powerful of gods. From its dark shaft stained in blood to the sickly green spearhead made from some unholy metal its description is recognized by most scholars and priests throughout the Known World. During the War of the Leviathans this spear was used to kill, maim, and terrorize man, beast, and god. Many Dark legends and black whispers concerning this spear have spread throughout the land of Frinth into many territories. At one time over 100,000 souls were affected by its frightening Miracles of destruction.

The spear itself is a long-shafted spear, twice as tall as a man. The wooden part of the spear is made from the heart of an old tree in Guthenoth Forest. A hundred wood nymphs died upon its creation, their blood

staining the shaft to a dark, reddish brown hue. The spearhead is a wicked creation half as tall as a man, made from an unknown metal that glows and pulses with a sharp point and four sloping, curling blades coming down to barbed points at the bottom of the head. Trapped inside is a Leviathan named Kaaluk who was tricked into binding himself and his power inside. Whoever wields this spear is influenced by this object into acts of carnage and mayhem.

Currently the location of this unknown as it was lost during a battle between a small tribe and a salamander army.

BODY: d100+50

SPIRIT: d6 (Confused mind of the original Leviathan bound and held within the Artifact.)

NIMBUS: d30+1

TERROR: 100,000

Miracles

CALLING OF THE WRAITH WIND: A violent cold black wind rushes down upon a territory-sized area (1000) causing havoc and destruction lasting for one combat. This wind is icy cold and filled with black ice shards that can rip through wood and flesh. This wind will not kill as the shards are too small, but will make multiple cuts, eviscerating all objects in its path. Wooden buildings, trees, plants animals, and people must make a body roll vs. d10+5. If the body check fails the Miracle will bring the score down three die steps to a minimum of 1. This miracle is designed to cause terror. The Legendary Artifact rolls a d6 x 4 (Territory size) to determine the amount of terror it gains. This roll subtracts belief from all gods evenly throughout the territory.

Cost 215 (Major Innovation of Destruction 7, Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 6) (Legendary Amplification +5 Cost 5)

VENGEANCE OF THE WRAITH WIND: Larger black ice shards along with tornadoes mix in with the cold black wind. The miracle is designed to kill all life forms in a territory-sized area for one conflict. All populations must roll a body die vs. d20 +10 or be eliminated. This terror miracle enlarges the amount of terror generated.

For each additional ten people killed roll an extra d6 to the previous formula of $d6 \times 4$.

Cost 430 (Mythical Innovation of Destruction 14, Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 6) (Grandiose Amplification +10 Cost 10)

BINDING OF THE WRAITH WIND: An extremely large tornado rises up from the ground made of the same cold black wind. This tornado Miracle can bind a god, restricting his movement. This is a permanent miracle that relocates itself in a remote place over the Known World oceans, forever spinning with the god inside. Effective die for this miracle is $d100 + 50$.

Cost 1325/ 730 (Impossible Innovation of Destruction 85, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5) (Impossible Amplification +50 Cost 50)

Legends

BIRTH OF THE WRAITH WIND

Many academics know little about how a Leviathan Artifact is created except for this one. The original legend of How the Spear of the Wraith Wind Was Formed is recorded by Wood Nymphs on tree bark. It has since passed down to scholars and priests of all races as a warning to those who would ignore the threat of the Leviathans.

The following is part of the text:

Kaaluk knew his time was limited. His former kin hunted him down like a wild stag. So in desperation he decided to hide his power before he was defeated.

Once Kaaluk was a Forest Giant who lived with his kindred, sharing jokes among his kind. But the pain of the tree growth turned him insane. He died jumping off a cliff, only to become a wraith after his death.

Now after many years becoming a Leviathan, terrorizing his kinfolk and other races, he was out of power only able to perform the smallest of miracles.

Reaching into the heart of a great wood, Kaaluk ripped out the core creating a smooth shaft.

After this he ran into a Wood Nymph encampment and incarnated, killing others with his wooden staff. For a whole day he slaughtered them all, a hundred souls lost to his

blood rage. During this time his power grew, but he knew it was limited to this as no other races except his own kind lived in this part of the forest. He could not feed again as his kind did not fear him anymore.

Onward the Leviathan ran in physical form, loping along as a great mutated giant with six arms, six legs, and six eyes.

He came to a small shack hidden in tall grasslands on the border of his forest and Rothena.

A small, wizened sylph shaman hunched over and missing teeth greeted the great monstrosity.

"Greetings Kaaluk, you wish to continue this bargain do you not? I have the spear tip, are you ready to truly become immortal?"

The Leviathan nodded his head.

BATTLE OF TWO HILLS

Before the Wood Nymphs captured the spear it was used many times. Recorded in the archives of the Silver Scroll Gatherers is a small legend concerning this Artifact.

A human tribe chief named Xlon possessed the Artifact during the War of the Leviathans. For two years Xlon and The Spear of the Wraith Wind terrorized the land of Lashon, killing many tribes.

These tribes were small and only increased the appetite for more bloodshed.

Xlon marched with a small war band from his tribe further south into the lands of Ssthra. Here he met an army of one thousand salamanders fully armed with spears and shields.

After spotting Xlon and his band the salamanders moved to capture the humans as they would make good slaves for the upcoming campaign against the human tribes in Phatul.

Xlon used the spear, creating a large windstorm to bring down the black ice and death.

The tale ends here as no further evidence of Xlon, the Artifact, or the army of Salamanders can be found.

STAFF OF LEGION

Description

With the power of a thousand demons and the might of a hungry Leviathan the Staff of Legion wrecks havoc across Naalgrom. This Artifact ruined many armies during the War of the Leviathans. Whole villages were slaughtered underneath the influence of this potent staff. Even the mighty armies of the gnomes suffered horrendous losses from the destructive capabilities of this nefarious device. The Staff of Legion has yet to be destroyed or defeated.

Standing only waist-high to a man, the Staff of Legion radiates power despite its small stature. A midnight-blue shadow flows around the staff, preventing normal and god-sight from seeing the staff, its wielder, and those near it (Disguise Miracle). Carved into its surface are the faces of the demons it captured in many shrieking poses.

This staff has the unique ability to bind and force demons to do its bidding. This effect can also be applied to wraiths and normal spirits, but the staff prefers demons. Staff of Legion feeds off of Terror created by the acts it forces demons to execute. This includes haunting, possessions, and the welding of flesh into horrible creations.

No one has seen the staff in over two centuries but legends abound concerning this wicked Artifact.

BODY: d20+10
SPIRIT: d20+10
NIMBUS: d12 x2
TERROR: 20,000

Miracles

ATTRACT DEMONS: The staff attracts demons much like a magnet draws iron. This Miracle is cast by the Staff if the number of demons in its control is below five hundred. It merely sends an empathic message to demons within a territory to come forth and receive power. Demons must make a mind roll vs. d12+6 or else be drawn towards the Staff of Legion.



Cost 96 (Legendary Alteration of Control 6, Duration +1, Location +1, Scale +3 Total 5) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6)

BIND THE DEMONS: Once the demons are attracted within a visible line of sight distance, the staff will try and bind them to its will. The average binding miracle is set for one hundred souls; this can be altered in cost up to a thousand or down to one. The demon must make a mind roll vs. the Miracle's power of d12+6 or else be bound.

Cost 186 (Legendary Alteration of Control 6, Duration +3, Location +1, Scale +2 Total 6) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6)

COERCION OF THE DAMMED: Demons by nature will try and rid themselves of the binding. This spell counteracts their unruly, anarchy nature with empathetic whispers of power. Demons within the staffs control must make a mind roll vs. d12+6 or else be fully under the Artifact and the Artifact's owner's control.

Cost 186 (Legendary Alteration of Control 6, Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 6) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6)

SHROUD OF THE LEGION: A thick midnight-blue shadow envelops the staff and all those in proximity to it (up to 10,000 can be affected). This effect will hide all activities from everyone—even gods—who fail to penetrate this. It is a permanent effect of the staff. (Note: this is a costly disguise miracle with an effect of d20+10 vs. a Scrying. See **New Gods of Mankind the Celestial Gardens** Appendix A for more information.)

Cost 430/215 (Mythical Innovation of Creation 14, Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +3 Total 6) (Grandiose Amplification +10 Cost 10/ 5)

HAUNTING OF THE LEGION: A shadowy fog rolls forth from the staff to an area up to the size of a territory. Inside the fog are the bound, coerced demons that will do the bidding of the staff. The Staff of Legion's goal is to cause havoc and ruin. This can consist of playing mind tricks on unsuspecting villagers, damming rivers, or killing cattle by possessing the animals and turning them on one another. This effect will cause Terror and last for one conflict (See **New Gods of Mankind New God's Handbook Chapter 5**).

Cost 246 (Legendary Innovation of Destruction 8, Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 6) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6)

MASS POSSESSION: The shadowy fog of demons storms forth with a new intent—to possess all those within the territory. The intent is to possess a thousand living mortals who will be under the direct control of the staff. Victims must roll vs. a d12+6 or else be possessed. After this possession the mortals are marched toward the staff by their demon possessors to transform into Legion Hounds. (Note since this staff is not a god it must use a more costly miracle to possess. See **New Gods of Mankind the Celestial Gardens** Appendix A for more information.)

Possession Cost 756 (Legendary Alteration of Control 6, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 8) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6/3)

FORMING OF THE LEGION HOUNDS: An ill fate awaits those mortals possessed by the Staff of Legion. For every ten possessed mortals the staff transforms their flesh and bones into gigantic gristly hounds with wrinkled, smooth pink skin, and large oversized

fangs. The demons at this time release their control in order for the humans to experience true terror before their death. Terror is gained during this genocidal transformation. These Legion Hounds will fight on a household scale (ten) with stats as follows: Body d12+6 Mind d4 Spirit D12+6 (one demon spirit returns to the hound to possess it after the transformation). These abominations are used to spread fear across the land as their appearance causes Terror.

Cost 70/35 (Legendary Innovation of Creation 8, Duration +3, Location +0, Scale +1 Total 4) (Mythical Amplification +6 Cost 6/3)

Legends

SLAUGHTER AT THE GNOME MINES OF RHOK KANMOR

One particular legend dealing with the threat of the Staff of Legion involves a gnome mining colony located in the far western reaches of Rhok Kanmor. An engraver named Thohen hastily recorded this tale in stone for others to know of his doom.

Our work was going well. We found a new vein of iron for us to tap. Goven, Faath, and I were several thousand paces away from the main encampment when we heard the sounds. Strange shrieking sounds along with loud gnashing of fangs echoed through the tunnels. We hurried back along the newly carved tunnels until I heard an odd popping sound.

I turned around to find the sound when I saw Goven. His head hung limply off of his shoulders to the front as if a puppeteer dropped the string attached to his head. Horrified I ran to him "Goven! What happened to you?" I touched his shoulder to give him aid. He fell down in a heap; the puppeteer was through with him.

"Faath we need to pick him up and carry him back" I stated.

We made it to a cross tunnel when our friend awoke strangely.

"Now is the time for Damnation, friend!" Goven shouted. But it was not him. It could not have been him. The voice echoed in my head and Goven never moved his mouth. He only stared at me with foreign eyes, not bejeweled as a gnome but filled with a malevolent fire.

Faath and I dropped our friend in terror. Slowly we backed up as our comrade rose up from his disjointed pose on the floor.

Goven, now a stranger spoke "Feel that? It is the Staff of Legion! It comes for you to make you hounds in its service. You cannot escape. Just stand still and you will be overcome with joy."

I ran as hard as I could down the tunnels to a storage room. Something tried to enter my mind as I ran. But it fled as I raced to my safety.

Now I am here with no food and little water. Gnomes do not eat much but we still need something to sustain our bodies.

I write this now in hopes someone will find this.

Someone or something has found me. I can hear it clawing at my door. My doom is at hand.

Gnorr have mercy on my soul and all of my kin.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMIES OF HRACE

Brief mention is made among the human wise men of Hrace of an interloper during their war with the Gnomes. A scholar named Herodotus wrote in his journal about an unusual incident during the campaign.

I must note now of an abnormal event during this campaign as we marched forward to Rhok Galenth and the meeting of our foe.

A scouting party of over twenty men was sent forward to check the passes into the mountains. They never returned so we assumed they were either captured or killed.

After a week of sending three more scores of scouts only to never return Commander Iclasius halted all troop movements except for the army as a whole.

After the day of this command we were attacked by those same men who vanished!

They felt no pain, their eyes glowed crimson, and they laughed a cackling discord that disturbed me. But this was not the last event to perturb me this night.

After this initial attack the men ran away as swiftly as they came.

Hours later the howling began lasting well into the night. No one slept.

The next day no one saw the traitorous men or found any evidence of what could make such a hideous howl.

We met the gnomish army that same day.

THE REAVER'S HELM

Description

In the lands of Raanon, several legends speak of an ordinary-looking bronze helm covered with a few dents and scratches, which holds the awesome horror of a powerful Leviathan named the Reaver. Honoxian soldiers tell horrendous tales of The Reaver's Helm around many campfires both to entertain and as a warning to all greenbacks. These "myths" speak of a tall gaunt beast with flaming crimson eyes, elongated body parts, and sharp wicked teeth that can rend a body in two. This beast possesses any fool who dares to put the helm on at the cost of his body and mind. The soul of the hapless victim is pushed into a small corner of the beast to be tortured every second the Reaver is alive. The Reaver is a fearsome foe, able to rip apart bodies in a single glance, tear minds apart, and shred souls from their mortal coils.

BODY: d20+10

SPIRIT: d20

NIMBUS: d12+6

TERROR: 5,000

Miracles

HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT: Disguised as an ordinary bronze helm, the Reaver seeks to gain a foothold in the world of mortals by an unwillingly fooled servant. Few gods can properly detect the Reaver as the miracle is very powerful. Effective disguise Miracle counts as a d30 and is permanent.

Cost 225 (Grandiose Alteration of Transformation 15, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5) (Legendary Amplification +5 Cost 5)



POSSESSION OF THE REAVER: When a victim decides to put on the poorly constructed helm, he is assaulted violently by the malevolent spirit within. This onslaught of the body is a fight between the spirit of the Leviathan and the mind of the fool who now wears the helm. Even if the fool succeeds in holding back the destructive force of the Reaver, it will continue its attacks every day until the wearer discards the item or the beast is triumphant. Effective die for the possession is d20 Spirit vs. the Mind of the victim.

Upon a successful possession, the Reaver transforms the victim to its specifications. The body is stretched out to odd proportions almost double in height with hands tripled in size. Bony claws replace the fingers while the teeth are grown to razor-sharp points. The helm is elongated along with the head that takes on the countenance of a very angry female goddess. Skin is turned dark gray and toughened.

This form will cause terror in all who see it.

Cost 150 (Mythical Alteration of Transformation 10, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5) (Legendary Amplification +5 Cost 5)

THUNDEROUS APPROACH: The Reaver will use a Miracle to cause Terror in its victims before arriving at a place. The Leviathan will shake the ground, pounding it with each step in an exaggerated form. The sound is much like thunder except there is no flash creating a booming effect before arriving on the scene of destruction. Up to 100 mortals nearby must make a roll vs. d20 +10 or else be terrorized by its approach.

Cost 430 (Mythical Innovation of Destruction 14, Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 6) (Grandiose Amplification +10 Cost 10)

REAVING OF THE FLESH: Upon entry into combat with mortals, the Reaver will claw and tear at anything within its line of sight. Razor-sharp bony fingers find their way to flesh and rip it off much like a knife cutting an apple. This Miracle will make it seem as if a hundred knives are being used at once on up to one hundred mortals. Sometimes the Reaver will use its teeth to get the job done as well in this frenzied display of power. This Miracle will cause Terror in all those who see it. Effective die is a d20+10 on a village scale vs. up to 100 mortals. If the mortals fail their Body score by rolling a 1 they die instantly.

Cost 430 (Mythical Innovation of Destruction 14, Duration +1, Location +2, Scale +3 Total 6) (Grandiose Amplification +10 Cost 10)

REAVING OF THE PSYCHE: Some opponents are mere spirits or demons without a mortal body, but still possessing mental facilities. The Reaver knows how to deal with such wandering spirits who get in its way. With a mere withering glance the Reaver can look at a spirit, demon, or even a mortal and scramble their memories, hurting them to the point where every thought is a chore and every memory is buried under flashes of searing pain and moments of fire. The effective die for this is a D20 vs. Mind of an opponent. If successful it will reduce the Mind die size of an opponent by 4 die sizes with a minimum of 1. This effect last for one full year.

Cost 90 (Legendary Alteration of Destruction 6, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5)

REAVING OF THE SOUL: Every so often the Reaver will face down a god or powerful spirit. In this instance the Reaver will use its most powerful Miracle to reave the

soul of the entity into a gibbering mash of conflicting emotions. An eviscerated soul is a soul torn apart by emotions with pain and sorrow mixing with joy and pleasure to the point of catatonia. All victims of this miracle must roll Spirit vs. a D30 +15 or else are stationary for one full year. This miracle counts as a binding.

Cost 315 (Grandiose Innovation of Destruction 20, Duration +3, Location +2, Scale +0 Total 5) (Grandiose Amplification +15 Cost 15)

Legends

ORIGINS OF THE REAVER'S HELM

As noted in *Defining the Raw Power of the Gods Chapter 4: Legends of Dark Power*.

Two hundred years ago before the rein of Morgis the Sun God, Honoxia was a land of many gods and tribes. One of these tribes—named the Jannelites after their goddess of the stars and moon, Jannel—lived by the ocean in peace with Morgis and his many tribes. But this changed after the First Crusade.

The Crusades of Morgis was a way for this god of Honoxia to gain power in the name of securing national borders and unity of the people. Thousands of soldiers marched forth under the yellow banner of the sun god. The First Crusade consolidated the center and northern beaches of Honoxia under the rule of Morgis, enslaving many tribes and dethroning several gods.

Jannel was an exception as her path was a far darker one.

During this First Crusade Jannel sent many messengers to her rival god for a meeting. She sought diplomacy with this tyrannical god. No messenger returned.

The armies of Morgis marched forward to her villages. With spear and torch they burned, killed, raped, and pillaged everything in sight according to their god's wishes. Salt was sown in the earth so nothing would grow there. Jannel tried to counter the armies' advances. Every miracle cast was thrown aside by the mighty nimbuses of Morgis. Morgis himself marched with the army, protecting it every step of the way.

The goddess empowered her champions and sent them

off to battle. Not one survived.

Women and children were captured and sent off into slavery. Every adult male was killed in the Jannelite tribe.

Jannel was furious! How could a god be so cold as to wipe out another tribe, let alone a human tribe, when there were so many enemies that were not human? In a last act of reprisal she gathered her Belief to cast a horrible miracle that would seal her fate. Seeing a discarded helm of a Morgis soldier, she summoned her powers and willingly bound herself inside the bronze helmet. With no followers and little Belief left, she turned to Terror to gain power. She became a Leviathan known in legend as The Reaver.

The day after the village was destroyed, the Reaver attacked.

The next morning, a soldier donning his helm lost his body, mind, and soul to this horrifying beast. After this transformation the Reaver strode around the encampment in a wide circle, stomping the ground with a furious beat. The army was frightened by the thunder; their voices magnified, causing even more fear within the ranks.

The Reaver grew in power.

Morgis came forth to see why his army was in fright. There he saw The Reaver, and recognized it for what it once was. The nimbuses protecting his army were destroyed, and his men died by the scores. This mighty Leviathan eviscerated every mortal in its path, leaving scattered remains.

So Morgis fought back.

With a powerful beam of light he struck out at the Reaver aiming for the chest. But the Reaver disappeared before the beam could hit.

Few survived that day, but those witnesses carried the story on.

Several days later the Reaver attacked again in a different place. The carnage was great. Morgis was slowly losing his army to the devastating attacks of The Reaver.

In a fit of rage Morgis flew to the village he destroyed only a few days prior. There he found the symbol of Jannel, a crescent moon with a star at its lower tip engraved on a bronze helm. Jannel's tribe had knowledge of the forge and crafted many helms for Morgis' people. From there he flew back to his men with a thought forming.

Incarnated as his powerful avatar, Morgis strode to his army, fully armed with spear and shield, his lion head attached to a human body. He spoke to his men, "Men of my own flesh and seed, it is time we stand up and cast aside this horrendous beast attacking our army as of late. I will tell you this Leviathan was once a goddess of this land, but she is no more. To fully banish her we must discard all armor and weapons made by her minions. Check your gear; look for her symbol—a crescent moon with a star at the bottom. If such a symbol exists on your gear cast it aside. Do not use such items or face my wrath!"

The following day no attacks were made by the Reaver. It was several years before another attack by the Reaver surfaced. This tale was passed down in many forms to all those who serve in the armies of Morgis. No soldier of Honoxia dares to go to war without checking his equipment for the dreaded symbol.

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Eric Lofgren was born and lives in Western Canada. The road to his present career as a commercial illustrator has been a long and varied one. While not formally trained he's had a long history of working in one graphic field or another. Beginning with two years working in a commercial sign shop and 10 years running his own sign business. Also one year as a digital photo-retoucher, a year full time as a landscape painter and two years as a tattoo artist. And now finally as of this writing, 8 years as a commercial illustrator. He can be reached by e-mail at elofgren@telus.net

Jeremy McHugh

Jeremy McHugh began his career as an illustrator in 2001 and has enjoyed every moment working on a wide variety of popular games. He hopes you enjoy his work on this fine book. You can learn more about the artist and his work at www.mchughstudios.com.

Alan Lathwell

Alan Lathwell lives and works in London and is a freelance illustrator who specialises in Fantasy Art. His work has been used in magazines, books, posters and RPGs in a wide range of subjects and styles. You can see more of his work at <http://alanlathwell.cgsociety.org/gallery> or contact him at alanlathwell@hotmail.co.uk.

Pat Loboyko

Pat Loboyko was born in 1974 in the suburbs of Chicago. He has been roleplaying in some fashion for over twenty years, and has been drawing since his parents gave him paper and a crayon to keep him docile during church. His first published RPG work was for the Seventh Seal roleplaying game, an opportunity he will forever be grateful for (thanks, Scott). He keeps rather odd hours and can usually be found working late into the night in the dimly lit confines of his charmingly bohemian hovel. He can be reached at patloboyko@sbcglobal.net.

Adam McIver

Adam McIver works as a graphic designer for a global branding company in the "real world". He owns projectGAME (www.projectGAME.net) and Masterworks Services (www.masterworkservices.net), does freelance design work for the music industry, and is working on countless other projects. He hopes one of these pursuits can one day replace his "real world" job.



LEGENDARY ARTIFACT

Name _____

Description _____

ILLUSTRATE ARTIFACT HERE

Body: _____

Spirit: _____

Nimbus: _____

Belief/Terror: _____

Miracle _____

DESCRIPTION _____

COST _____

Miracle _____

DESCRIPTION _____

COST _____

Miracle _____

DESCRIPTION _____

COST _____

Miracle _____

DESCRIPTION _____

COST _____

Legends _____

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