



RuneQuest

S L A Y E R S

WarClans Book II: The Fair and the Shadow

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PLAYTESTING:

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
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Morgai

"That was too close," exclaimed Herdan, a little too loud for Travis' liking. He was probably still shaky from the run in with the Gracht "I almost died back there!"

"It's getting Dark, and a that mist is getting thicker, we should make camp here." Travis gestured to a clearing up ahead. Herdan quickly agreed, and they picked up the pace.

Travis saw it first, outlined against the moon. A black shape on a skull white horse was on the hill, mist swirling around it. The horse's eyes burned red through the mist as it reared. Travis stood terrified as the unholy thing rode towards him. Herdan heard the sound of hoofbeats and looked upwards, gaping at the sight.

The black rider stopped right in front of them, and drew a large black sword. "Herdan! You have cheated Death for the last time!" The rider swung the sword, and Herdan's head came clean from his body. Travis stood gibbering.

The rider turned to Travis; "Do not be afraid, it is not your time." And then rode off.

Legend has it that in ancient times, when the Fenoderee traveled across the gateways to the shadows, that one of them tried to trick Death herself. This Fenoderee's name was Morgan the Younger, and he sought to restore his fallen comrades to life. He called her out, charging that Death could not take him, as she had his brethren. While she searched for this mortal being who challenged her, he entered Death's empty castle, claiming the throne and all the rights associated with it. Death returned and the Morgan ordered her banished. Death laughed, and uttered a curse against the insolent Fenoderee. From that day until eternity, this Fenoderee, and all of his blood would serve Death. They became the agents of Death and War, forever involved in blood and death. They became the Morgai.

Some believe the legend is just that, a legend. The Morgai, however, think differently, and those who have seen their power believe them. They serve Death, wander-

ing the earth in search of conflicts, ensuring her will is done. Others search out and destroy those who have cheated Death. Most claim to follow the Winds of Death flowing from the shadow lands, but some say it is actually Death's Sister Fate who guides their hands. Either way, all look to complete their task and be set free of their earthly prisons, and to roam forever in the paradise beyond. This viewpoint leads itself to some Morgai thinking themselves as "Angels of Death."

Requirements

Only those born of the blood of that first of the Morgai may be a part of the WarClan. Indeed, to be of his blood means that you are a part of the WarClan, whether you like it or not. Most Morgai do not see this as a bad thing, as "Death is a kind Master." Most others do not believe them.

Ranks

The Morgai do not have any specific ranks. Those Morgai with more Glyphs are regarded as more experienced and are treated with respect. The entire clan defers to The Three for leadership.

The Three (10 Glyphs) -- Out of the few Morgai with this many glyphs, three rule the clan. The Three are said to reside within Death's Castle in the shadow lands. When one dies, a new member is chosen from amongst those with 10 glyphs by the two remaining of The Three.

Personality

The Morgai see themselves as agents of death and war, taking their role rather seriously. This does not, however, mean they do not have fun while completing their "appointed tasks." Most Morgai have dark, sardonic, senses of humor, oft times, tricking mortals into their fated

deaths, laughing all the way. They use folklore and superstition to complete their tasks, some even carrying scythes and wearing long robes. Some use their face-changing ability to make a horrid, mocking likeness of their intended victim, others use it to emulate their last victim, or even a corpse.

The Morgai tend to travel widely, following their “duties” and their curiosity. Seeing one is often regarded as an ill omen, even by other Fenoderee, and meeting one of the “Angels of Death” is considered unlucky at best.

Armor and Equipment

The Morgai tend towards wearing long cloaks and functional clothing, although intricate tooling and embossing are commonplace. Swords are the predominant weapons, and shields are often used. Most Morgai prefer to have all of their clothing black, grey, or earth-toned.

Glyphs

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Ancestry | 6. Equilibrium |
| 2. Curiosity | 7. Legends |
| 3. Deception | 8. Murder |
| 4. Duty | 9. Superstition |
| 5. Elusiveness | 10. Vengeance |

Morgai Runes



Call of War

The Morgai may sense conflict within a one mile radius with a successful Perception roll. This gives the general direction and intensity of the conflict, but no more.



Last Rites

The warrior may look into the eyes of a fresh corpse (not more than two days old) and receive a vision of the last moments of his life. No roll is needed. The Morgai who gain this power tend to follow in the footsteps of Niafa the Warrior, who sought retribution for the death of his family. This power is of no use if the subject was blind or had his eyes closed during his death.



Death's Chosen

As an Avatar of Death, the fear or the sight of death does not affect the Morgai. As such, the warrior may reroll a failed Terror or Revulsion Check.



Omens

The Fenoderee gets Omens of future conflicts and death. These are always symbolic, filled with imagery, and must be interpreted. A Difficult Intellect roll, once per session, will allow some insight. Runemasters should tailor the Omens to the Warrior and have multiple interpretations. The visions may not necessarily help the player, but they will be related to the current or upcoming plot.

Example: *Turon the Morgai rides into a village. As he looks around, his vision clouds, and he sees vultures in chainmail flying overhead. In a moment, his vision clears. The RuneMaster is hinting that there is corruption within the town's officials, the vultures signifying the officials' personality. This is not very clear, but as the adventure goes on, Turon will get more of these hopefully adding an ominous tone to the adventure.*



Death's Authority

The Morgai carries with him the look of Death. If the Morgai chooses, he cause a Terror check in any person he makes eye contact with. To do so, he must spend 1d6 Fatigue and make a Courage roll (Difficult if the foe's Courage is higher). If successful, the victim must make a basic Terror Check. The Fatigue is always expended, regardless of whether the roll succeeds.



Messenger of War

The Morgai can help provoke conflict wherever they roam. The Morgai may subtract 3 from any Combat Imminent, Intimidation, and First Impression charts for any meeting or situation he personally becomes involved in. This power may only be used once per day, and once per night.



Death's Gaze

The Morgai's eyes are those of Death, becoming black and raven-like. This grants the Morgai +2 Perception permanently, but all Reaction rolls other than *Intimidation* and *Combat Imminent* receive -2, due to the unnerving gaze.



Painless Passing

The Morgai may ease the death of a person, allowing them to pass quickly and painlessly. If used in combat, this requires excellent concentration (a successful Difficult Intellect roll before the combat begins), during which any 5 or 6 on the Death Die against his specified target will result in a clean, quick death.



Death's Sight

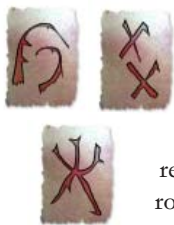
The Warrior may look into another's eyes, and see images of their fated death. This is from the subject's point of view, and as such may not be fully helpful or accurate. Morgai often use this to determine if someone has already cheated Fate or Death, and if so, the Morgai will often take matters into his own hands to rectify this problem. Particularly Devious Morgai may use this power to *lead* people to their fates.



Raven Form

The Warrior may change into the form of a large, intelligent Raven. The cost for this is 2d6 fatigue, plus another 2 fatigue every hour beyond the first. Fatigue may not be regained while in raven form. Use the statistics for a hawk (p.RQ202).





Hand of Death

With this power, the Morgai is appointed the Death's Hand, and her blows are swift and hard. All critical hits are resolved with 4d6, discarding the lowest die roll.



Pale Horse

The Morgai is granted a warhorse from the shadow lands to aid him in his duties. The horse is always bone-white, and has eyes like glowing coals. It has the same statistics as a warhorse (p.RQ203). However, the horse may be called from or dismissed to the shadow lands when not ridden (it takes 1d6 rounds for the horse to arrive or depart in a preternatural fog), and when ridden, it is always followed by a light, eerie mist. If killed, a new horse will attune itself to the Fenoderee in one month.



Death's Lover

The Warrior is supremely attuned with Death. She visits him frequently, only when others are not near, and as such will not pass away unless she wills it. When an opponent rolls a '6' on the Death or Fatigue Die against the Morgai, it is ignored, and the Fenoderee instead takes 1d6 Fatigue. Once out of Fatigue, the Morgai is vulnerable to Death's touch.



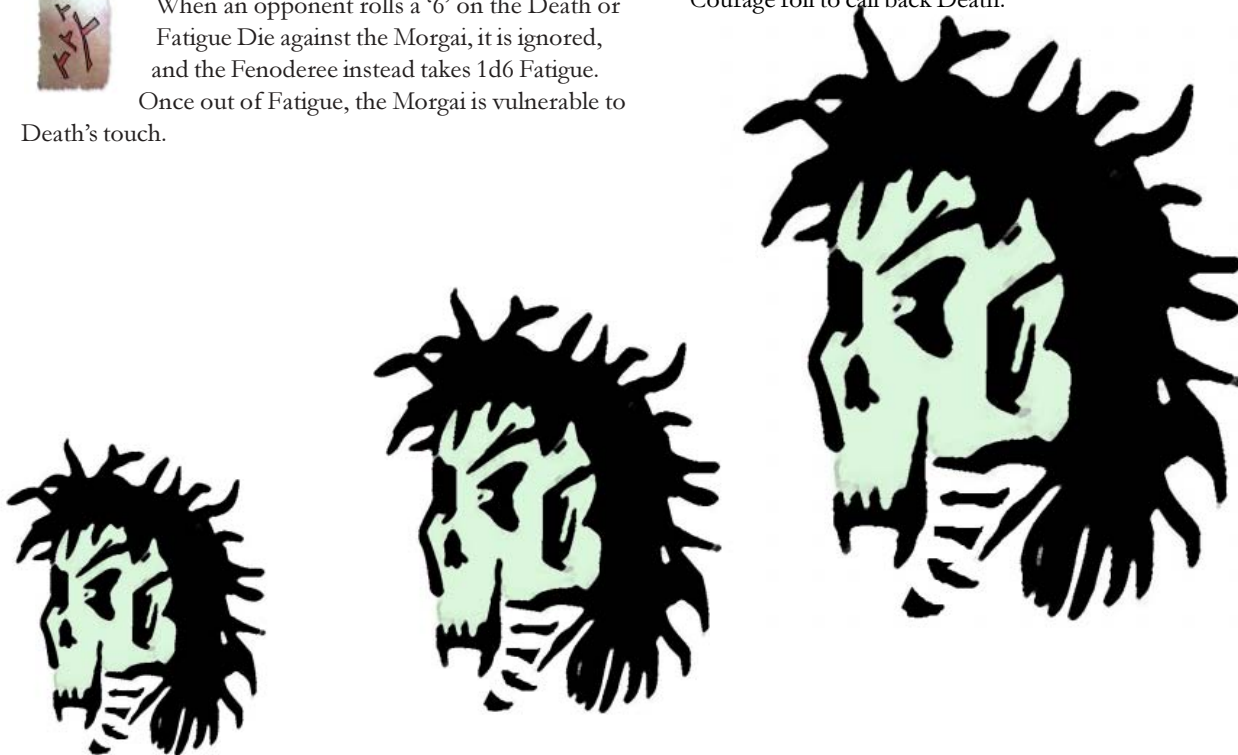
Longevity

The Morgai gains near immortality. The Warrior will still grow old, but not suffer any aging rolls until the age of 150. Thus a Morgai may look over old and wizened, but still be as effective as when they were young. All costs for raising Perception and Intellect from this point on are halved.



Touch of Death

Death herself is with the Morgai at all times. He hears her in his thoughts at all times, and his soul is one with her. The Morgai may bring any individual closer to Death by simply touching their bare skin (in combat, this usually requires a Vital Shot for armored or heavily clothed foes.) The person so touched will age at ten years for each one they live, though once a year the subject make attempt a Hopeless Courage roll to slow the aging process to five years. Elves who are affected by this curse must make aging tests once they reach the age of 200. Only the Morgai who cursed a mortal may repeal the Curse, and even that requires his own Hopeless Courage roll to call back Death.



Children of the Hunt

Garl looked at the tracks. "Large bear, injured" – indicating to Drade what he had discovered.

Drade looked at him. "A bear wouldn't attack like this... and it wouldn't remove just the hearts."

"The tracks say it was a bear... but you are right. We must kill whatever it is for the safety of the pack." Garl obviously did not like the situation, and looked uneasy.

The trail of broken trees led deep into the forest. It ended abruptly in a clearing. The soil in the clearing looked recently disturbed. Both of the Gulpi looked around frantically, sensing a trap, but no trap emerged. Garl signaled for Drade to hide in the trees and cover the clearing with his bow. Garl would search the area.

Garl's senses told him there was something here, but he could not find it. The trail ended here, of that much he was certain. The earth under him heaved, throwing him across the clearing. From the ground rose a large beast, resembling a nightmarish cross between a human and a bear. The beast's skin was rotting and sloughing off, and putrid flesh poked through tears in the pelt.

Drade swallowed hard and steadied his hand. The beast was almost on top of his brother. He aimed for the eye and loosed his arrow. It struck home, and the beast roared with anger.

Drade leapt down from his hiding spot and grabbed Garl. They ran. The beast should have been dead; instead, it was angry. Garl took over the lead, calling for Drade to follow. Their only chance was to lead the thing into one of the traps laid out around the camp. The beast lumbered after them.

The Gulpi leapt over a hidden pit, and the beast followed right after them, falling down onto rows of spikes. It thrashed about, making the damage worse. When it finally stopped thrashing, the body decomposed right before their eyes. A black mist slowly lifted from the pit, and dissipated.

Garl was not pleased. He had heard stories of things like this. "Tonight we move camp. The hunters will search out the foul Sorcerer responsible." He hoped they came back alive.

The Children of the Hunt are a WarClan as old as the Gulpi themselves. The Children are not large, but tend to be widespread. They are formed of family groups called packs, and normally patrol an area they have claimed as their territory.

Requirements

In order to become a Child of the Hunt, you must first be a Gulpi born into a Pack. All children of the Pack are initiated in the ways of the WarClan, and are expected to uphold these ways. Sex makes no real difference in who becomes a member, but can influence the role in the Pack. Adventuring Children often adopt their compatriots as Pack members while away from their own Pack.

Ranks

Cub (0 *glyphs*): All beginning Children of the hunt start as Cubs, and stay cubs until they prove themselves to be adults. As cubs, they are raised by the Pack, and taught their roles within the Pack and the skills they need to survive. Here they chose the weapons and roles they wish to fill as an adult.

Hound (2 *glyphs*): This is the mark of adulthood for the Children of the Hunt. Here they must choose whether to stay with the pack, or go out and adventure before starting another pack. Whichever path they choose, they consider it training for the eventual role of Elder. Hounds are the primary hunters and warriors within the Pack.

Elder (8 *glyphs*): Elders are the family leaders and primary decision-makers for the Pack. They don't often go out and hunt, but rather protect the families of the Pack. The best of the Elders is known as the Alpha, and he acts as King, Pack Leader, and father figure.

Armor and Equipment

Most of the equipment the Children use is very basic. They live somewhat nomadically, and as such tend to not accumulate extraneous items. While they are not averse to sleeping in the wild, they often use small tents. Dogs are used to help carry items and as helping hands on hunts, but “real hunters” don’t need them.

The Children of the hunt prefer simple weapons and armor. Shields, if used, are plain wood. Knives, Spears, Axes, Javelins and Bows make up most of the armament of the WarClan. Swords and Crossbows are almost unheard of and normally shunned. Most members dress in hides and leathers, avoiding anything metal due to weight and noise. Adventurers have been known to adapt to the views of the outside world, but still avoid Crossbows, as they do not make good hunting weapons.

Personality

The Children of the hunt tend to be a serious lot. They feel great loyalty towards their companions, and often think it is their duty to protect them. Pack order and well being come before the wants of the individual.

They greatly enjoy hunting, but because the act of hunting is a part of them, rather than “the thrill of the hunt.” The Children often look down upon human hunters. They see them as inferior because, in their opinion, the humans are wasteful, poor trackers, and noisy.

Sorcery and the supernatural put them on edge. They aren’t truly frightened by the supernatural. They see most Sorceries as unnatural, and wish to have as little to do with them as possible. Natural magics are far more acceptable to them. Children who have gone adventuring have been known to actively seek out and destroy Sorcerers.

Glyphs

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1) Duty | 6) Silence |
| 2) Elusiveness | 7) Practicality |
| 3) Stalking | 8) Haste |
| 4) Loyalty | 9) Mercilessness |
| 5) Endurance | 10) Persistence |



Children of the Hunt Runes

Sense Prey



The warrior can sense his prey within 50 yards. If the warrior is searching for a specific prey, such as “deer” or “the trespasser” a basic Perception roll must be made. This power does not grant an exact location, it only tells the warrior how close the prey is to the Gulpi.

Mark Territory



The Gulpi warrior may mark his territory with a boundary, by simply walking a circle around the area he wishes to attune to himself. He automatically knows if someone hostile enters this boundary, and will never get lost while inside that territory. The Gulpi may only attune himself to one area at a time.

Stamina of the Hound



The warrior gains the ability of the hound to run for long distances. All Fatigue costs for Running and Travelling are reduced to the absolute minimum, no matter the distance or how long the run takes. (The base Fatigue for Running is always 1, and Travelling is always 2.)

Clean Kill



The warrior has learned the art of the clean kill. Once per combat, the Warrior may turn any normal hit into a Vital Shot. He may choose between extra damage and a called shot at this time.

Preternatural Awareness



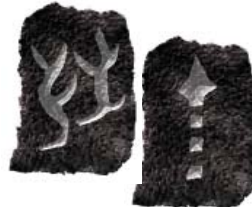
The Gulpi hunter becomes attuned to his surroundings. His opponents never get a Surprise Die against him, even when attacking at night.

Speed of the Hound



The warrior may run as fast as a warhound. This grants the Warrior +4 Speed permanently.

Vylpi the Marksman



This talent is named after a Gulpi Bowman who impaled a Gracht in the same eye with five successive shots. The warrior gains an additional Attack Die with bows and thrown weapons, though not crossbows.

Internal Compass



The Gulpi always knows what direction he is facing, as well as the rough time of day. This means the warrior will never get lost unless confused by unnatural means, in which case he still gets a Perception roll to find his way.

Perfect Snare



The Warrior may lay traps and snares that are almost impossible to detect. A Perception roll one level more difficult than normal must be made to detect a trap laid by a hunter with this ability. The trap also does +1 damage per die. See p.00 for some typical Gulpi traps.

Lick Wounds



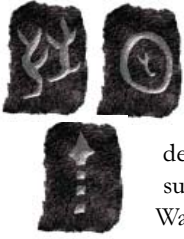
The Warrior has learned from the animals of the woods, and may treat himself without the aid of medicine. The Gulpi thus heals 1 additional point of damage per day – on top of any other damage healed from other sources.

Bloodhound



The Warrior gains the senses of a bloodhound, specifically its keen sense of smell. This allows the Gulpi to reroll any Perception test where such a sense of smell might help. Additionally, the warrior may follow any trail, no matter how faint or well-hidden, with a basic Perception roll.

Master of the Ambush



The Warrior understands terrain intuitively, and as such is not hindered by natural terrain in any way. With this understanding comes the ability to determine the best place for an ambush. A successful Perception roll will allow the Warrior to detect or set up an ambush in nearly any type of environment, which will result in surprising his foes. If the ambush party involves non-Gulpi, a Difficult Perception roll is required.

Anatomize Prey



The Warrior becomes able to analyze the tactics of his enemies, and better defend against them. If he makes a Perception roll before a battle, all enemies roll 1 less Attack Die (minimum 2) when attacking the Gulpi.

Pack Leader



The warrior has learned the art of pack tactics. The warrior names one enemy each round in combat. Up to five of the Warrior's friends may attack this enemy, including the Gulpi himself. Each warrior gains a bonus Attack Die against that foe for that round, and does an additional +1 damage.

Hunt Weapon of Lweg



"And Lweg ol' Hunter crafted that Spear of Power and it could split ol' Mighty Oak."

-The Song of Lweg

The legend of Lweg tells that the spear was called Cubohl, or "The Hound of Lightning," in reference to its great speed and power, and its ability to return to its owner's hands after a great throw.

The Gulpi warrior has followed Lweg's path and gains the ability to craft a hunting weapon with such old power. This crafting takes twice its normal time (and at least a full week), during which the warrior must not be interrupted. The weapon must always take the form of a great javelin, spear, or bow.

The Ideal Range of the weapon is increased by one level, the weapon ignores armor Toughness (though natural toughness still counts), and also does +2d6 damage. A spear or javelin will return to the warrior at the beginning of each combat round; bows will never run out of arrows.

If the weapon is ever lost or broken, the Warrior may craft a new one. Only one such weapon may be owned at a time. No one but the crafter will receive its arcane bonuses.

Ghosts of Shannondell

Alarithi crept through the ruined enclaves of Shannondell. She paused briefly to run her smooth hand over the head of a fallen statue, now buried in a frozen puddle. Who were you, she wondered to herself.

"Falerrian, Queen... of Mists..." came a ghostly response, echoing off the fallen marble columns.

Alarithi squeezed her eyes shut, letting the spirit come closer. She felt its tendrils pierce her armor, feel her skin, then penetrate her heart.

"I am not afraid, my Queen," she whispered.

"You are... my... daughter," she continued, though the words were not her own.

"I've missed you," whispered Alarithi.

"Of course... of course... I wept for so... long," the Elven girl said.

"I know. No one suspected the Wyrms was hiding in the enclave." Alarithi's body shuddered.

"When... I heard of your fall... tears streamed for you... daughter..."

Suddenly, Alarithi's body was lifted into the air. It hung there for a brief second, then fell unceremoniously to the ground.

Alarithi struggled to her feet, using the giant marble head as support. She took in a deep breath, and shook the dust from her lime hair.

The Ghosts had spoken through her! She was theirs now, and her second life was about to begin!

Along the eastern seaboard of the Glacier Rifts is the ruined, half-flooded city of Shannondell. While there is no doubt that this city was an Elven one, there are strange markings carved on the ruins that seem more ancient than the Elven inscriptions beside them.

The Green Elves hold this city particularly sacred. For over a thousand years, Green Elves who have ventured into the flooded ruins have told stories of the ghosts and spirits of Shannondell. Legend says that the spirits are ancient

Elves who were stripped of their bodies in a great solar conjunction thousands of years ago. Some Elven sorcerers believe that the ghosts are not, in fact, Elves, but members of some other long-gone faerie race.

Whatever their origin, all Elves see the ghosts. They are wispy, translucent spirits that silently fold in and out of the chilly waters like playful porpoises. It is an eerie sight, even to a race as magical as the Elves.

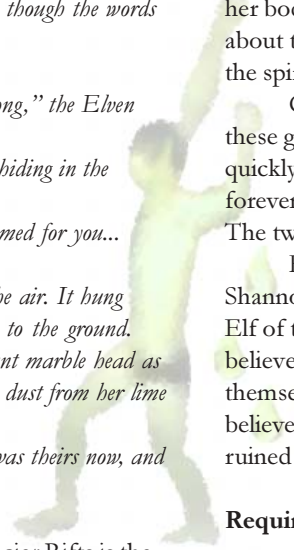
When an Elf of open mind and soul ventures into the ruins, the spirits quickly *possess* her. The spirit leaps into her body and speaks through her, often revealing a bit about the spirit's old life. Usually, after a moment or two, the spirit leaves the Elf and disappears into the waters.

Green Elves, however, have a special relationship with these ghosts. The spirit cannot leave a Green Elf -- it is quickly absorbed within her, becoming one with her, and forever changing the Green Elf's personality ever so slightly. The two souls merge into a new, unique being.

For this reason, most Green Elves stay far from Shannondell. Many think the ghosts are cursed, and rob an Elf of their own spirit. A rare few Green Elves, however, believe the spirit of the ghost is a unique gift. By allowing themselves to become one with the ghosts, these Elves believe they can unlock the deep, magical mysteries of that ruined city. These are the Ghosts of Shannondell.

Requirements

Only Green Elves may become a Ghost of Shannondell. If a Green Elf loyal to another WarClan enters Shannondell, she *will* become possessed, but will not gain any of the Ghost's glyphs or runic abilities.



Ranks

Grey Ghost (0 Glyphs) -- This rank is immediately attained once a spirit of Shannondell possesses the Elf.

Green Ghost (2 Glyphs) -- Most Ghosts do not achieve this rank; it is an honorary position given to a capable Elf by the Recordkeeper of Souls. Green Ghosts are charged with guarding the tome chamber that lies at the center of Shannondell. There are always thirteen Green Ghosts in service there, and each serve for thirteen years.

White Ghost (5 Glyphs) -- At this stage, the Elf begins to recall memories that are not her own, presumably from her old life. Her accent takes on a more archaic dialect, and she gains respect among the clan. She is charged with finding other Green Elves that may want to venture within Shannondell, as well as exploring that city herself.

Recordkeeper (7 Glyphs) -- When an Elf has gained enough experience, she is charged with writing down and recording the entirety of her knowledge of Shannondell in the vast tomes that lie in the center of the city. Once she has recorded her knowledge, she is blessed with this rank by the Recordkeeper of Souls.

Recordkeeper of Souls (10 Glyphs) -- Once every thirteen years a Ghost ventures into Shannondell and takes up residence in the top observatory room of the Chamber of Tomes. This Elf is called the Recordkeeper of Souls, and it is their duty to protect Shannondell, recruit and train the Green Ghosts, and guard the history of their ancestors. After the thirteen years is up, the Recordkeeper of Souls ventures out into the wild to find her replacement.

Personality

The Ghosts of Shannondell have dual personalities. They are, quite literally, a combination of two souls -- one from ages in the past, the other from the contemporary world.

While the exact history of Shannondell is unclear, it is apparent that the spirits who resided there were beings of forethought, prophecy, and logic. The stars were their gods, and they valued those who could accurately ascertain future events. As such, Ghosts have a penchant for guessing

outcomes, though their accuracy is rarely any better than any other mortal's. This trait has gained them a reputation as wise elders in some communities, and ignominious fools in others.

Armor and Equipment

The Ghosts of Shannondell typically wear an unusual style of dress that has been seen on the walls of the ancient city. Both men and women wear semi-circles of green or gray fabric, wrapped around them loosely. When preparing for battle, they prefer the banded leather armor that their ancestors wore, along with spears, harpoons, and shortswords.

Glyphs

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Pride | 6. Seeking |
| 2. Serenity | 7. Legends |
| 3. Persistence | 8. Ancestry |
| 4. Solitude | 9. Superstition |
| 5. Remorse | 10. Glory |

Ghosts of Shannondell Runes



Heartstone

The Green Elf's body becomes lithe, hardy, and super efficient. A strange quirk of this runic ability is that her blood glows... ever so slightly. She only takes +1d6 additional damage from successful Vital Shots.



Nightguard

The Ghost becomes a warrior of the night, the shadow, and the darkness. His skin turns an olive hew, and he is never penalized for fighting or using his abilities due to darkness.



Feathers of Anascari

The elven warrior has learned an ancient technique that let his ancestors drop down on prey from the tall trees. This runic ability turns the elf's hair silver.

The Ghost takes half damage from falls and gains Toughness +1 against smashing attacks.

Dell Guardian



The elven warrior has been chosen by his ancestors to defend his woodland home. Once per combat, and any time he is in a wooded or forested area, he may concentrate for one round and restore 10 Fatigue to himself. When he does this, his eyes glow a bright, fiery green.



Night Cloak

The Ghost is further unified with the ghosts of darkness and night. From the moment the sun sets, the Ghost gains +2 Toughness. This supernatural armor disappears once the sun rises again.



Insubstantiation

The Elf takes a step towards the Ghosts' ultimate goal – unification with the spirits of the night. The Ghost may make a Difficult Courage roll to allow a weapon that would normally injure him to preternaturally pass through, doing no damage. If the roll fails, the weapon does normal damage, and the ability is lost for that game session.



Spirit Shadow

Once per adventure session, the Ghost may attempt to summon a minor ancestral ghost. Summoning one requires a Difficult Courage roll; if the roll fails, the Shadow may not be

summoned that day.

The Spirit Shadow looks like a thin, translucent Elf, though its features are dulled and indistinct. It can only be seen by other Elves.

The Spirit Shadow will warn the Elf of any approaching enemies, whispering the word “Elf-foe” in ancient Elvish to its patron. It can also sacrifice itself by attacking an enemy. This attack does an automatic 1d6 damage from a supernatural green fire (armor Toughness does not protect; it has a 1 in 6 chance of turning the victim into an inferno. Nothing *other than the victim* can be caught on fire by this effect.) and causes the Shadow to vanish for the remainder of the session.



Epiphany of the Spectral

The Elven warrior grasps the old fighting ways of the Ghosts in a way only few can claim.

The Epiphany allows the Ghost to learn additional Weapon Maneuvers beyond that normally allowed for his Expertise. He may learn one additional maneuver for every 5 full points of Intellect.

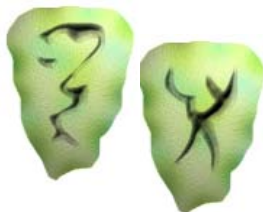
Example: *Suriel has an Intellect of 13. She may learn two additional maneuvers; as a Skilled swordswoman, she may learn three maneuvers rather than the normal two.*



Maiden Sleep

An elven maiden's spirit rises to guard the warrior when he sleeps. Not only will this girl-spirit wake the warrior when danger approaches (the warrior will never be Surprised when wakened), she will also wrap her spirit body around the warrior if he is attacked while sleeping. This gives the Ghost an additional Toughness 8 for 1d6 rounds after he awakens.

Ghost Prince



This ability allows the Green Elf to summon the spirit of an Elven warrior prince. The summoning requires a Difficult Courage roll. If it is failed, the prince may not be summoned that day.

The prince's spirit occupies the Ghost's weapon for one hour, imbuing it with a blue-green fire. The ghostly weapon will ignore 3 points of armor Toughness. If wielded by someone other than a Green Elf, the prince immediately fades away.

Soulcat



The walls of Shannondell are decorated with fae panther spirits, often depicted leaping through walls.

This ability allows a Ghost to leap through walls. A Basic Courage roll allows her to leap through a wall one-hand thick. A Difficult roll will allow her to leap through a solid wall one arm thick; a Hopeless roll will allow her to leap through a wall up to her maximum running leaping distance! If the roll falls, the Ghost takes 1d6 damage from colliding with the wall!

Prophet of the Mind



The Ghost receives visions from the past, visions that help him guess the unfolding of the present. In game terms, this lets her correctly choose between one or more tangible possibilities.

Once a day, she may present her choices to the Runemaster and then ask the question, "Which is the correct path for this Ghost?" The Runemaster must make a hidden Intellect roll for the Ghost (Difficult if he is presented with more than two choices). If successful, the Runemaster must reveal the better path to the Ghost.

Example: *Felwe is imprisoned in an old castle's dungeon. She asks the Runemaster, "I can try to trick and ambush the guard... or I can pry out the window. Which is the correct path for this Ghost?" If her Intellect roll is successful, the Runemaster must tell her the better choice.*

Prophet of the Body



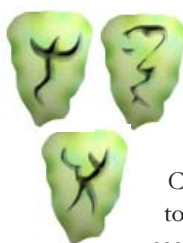
The Ghost's spirit can sense the foes that truly threaten her mortal life.

During a battle, the Ghost may ask the Runemaster, "Does this foe threaten this Ghost's life?"

The Runemaster rolls a hidden Death Die (1d6). If the result is a '6', the answer is "Yes." This is a grave answer indeed, for if that foe ever needs to roll a true Death Die against the Elf, *it is automatically successful, and will kill the Ghost!*

However, if the answer is "No," the Elf takes half damage from that foe (after armor Toughness), for it does not truly endanger her.

Flee the Spirit



The Ghost gains the ability to let her soul flee her body. This may let her escape death itself.

At any time, and by making a Difficult Courage roll, the Ghost may force her spirit to flee -- her body falls to the ground, seemingly dead. This may be tried after a mortal blow is had, but the roll is Hopeless.

In one hour's time, the spirit reenters the body. If the body is Dismembered, the spirit cannot reenter and fades away. During this hour, the Elf remembers nothing.

Instant Moment



"Yet but in an Instant Moment that would last three Lifespans the Spirits fled Shannondell"

This cryptic phrase has been found in Shannondell in thirty-five locations. It is known by every Ghost, who can recite it easily, even if she had never seen it before; once a spirit possesses an Elf, it comes to her as easily as breathing.

The Green Elf warrior may slow time around her. This gives her a total of 2d6 actions in a single round, which must be used!

However, this rite is dangerous, as it can reach out to dark creatures that can detect such powers. The Runemaster should roll 1d6 when the ability is used. On a '6,' a shadowy cat-like spirit attacks the Elf, doing 1d6-1 points of damage for each of her actions (armor Toughness does not protect)!



Dragonborne

The rain pounded down on the quickly emptying street. Bodies lay strewn across the cobblestones, forming a wake behind a hulking Fenoderee. He was laughing as he cleaved those in front of him, his supernatural strength causing the bodies to fly through the air. His face was contorted into a sickly evil grin. Even the guards were afraid to approach.

From the other end of the street, a voice called out. "Halt, honorless one!"

The monstrous Fenoderee turned to see a cloaked figure walking down the street. It was obvious he recognized who this was. "Please! Your adherence to the old ways sickens me brother... They were crushed under the weight of a thousand Orcs! Why do you not revel in your power? It is all we have left!"

The cloaked figure pulled back his hood, revealing a sad, bluish face. "You reject the old ways because you say we are doomed anyway. I say that your rejection of our ways is what will bring our doom. None of that, however, matters. You have harmed innocents, and I cannot allow that. In my dreams I saw this day must come, brother. Today you must die."

The brute's face turned into a scowl, as he charged towards his brother, greatsword raised for a mighty blow. The cloaked man stood absolutely still, his own claymore drawn, resting its tip on the ground. When his brother drew close, the air around the cloaked man erupted in flame. Great wings of fire wrapped themselves around the man, cradling him like a mother would cradle her baby.

He swung his flame-wreathed sword upwards, smashing the monster in the chest. The monster reeled backwards as his brother struck again. The hulking beast fell down, lifeless.

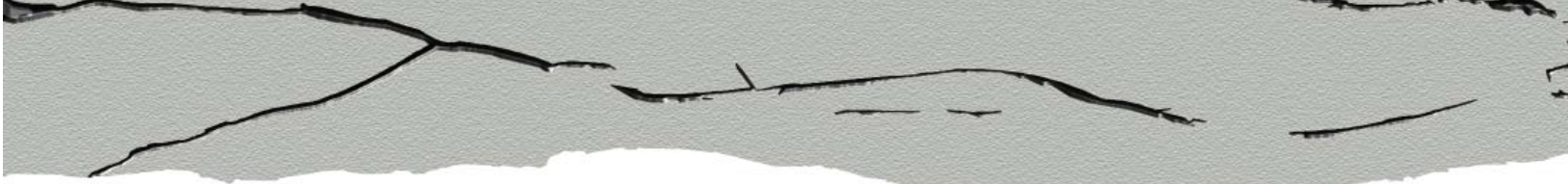
The flame receded away from the cloaked man as he turned towards the guards. "I cannot give you back the lives that were lost, but I hope I can ease the pain. This is for the families of the victims." He tossed a large bag of coins towards them, and walked off down the street, never to be seen again.

Ages ago, when the streams flowing from the shadow lands were full, a line of kings renowned for their wisdom and strength ruled the Fenoderee. They had a spiritual connection with the ancient Dragons; their souls intermingled through ancient rituals and rites. Their line ruled for eons, respecting the balance of spirit and material.

But not all were content with the rulership of these Kings. Some of the minor nobles wished more power, and thus turned to the worship of the Black Moon. Led by the immortal sorcerer Thgu-Amot, they corrupted those who they could. In time, they were able to trick a member of the King's family into revealing the connection between the royal line and the Dragons.

Thgu-Amot and his secret society conducted a massive ritual under the new moon, calling upon the dark magic to kill those with the soul of the Dragon. This spell was the beginning of the fall of the Fenoderee race. While the King's line was connected to the Dragons by blood and ritual, all Fenoderee had a bit of the Dragon within them. The Gods had long ago blessed them with the soul of the Dragons, allowing them to enter the shadow lands and work their shapechanging magics. The Orcs and Gracht felt the call of their Dark Master, and fell upon the Fenoderee. Only those who followed Thgu-Amot were safe, for they had given their souls to the Black Moon.

The king, Kodias, was not wholly taken by surprise. During the final days, he had a dream of the future. In this dream, he saw a member of his line, wielding a sword of great power, reuniting the Fenoderee and leading them against the forces of the Black Moon. He called upon his greatest smith, Mulcipur, to create the sword he saw in the dream. Kodias then called his closest family members and told them of this dream, asking them to run and hide, to keep the line alive. Once he had ensured the safety of his family, he walked forth, joining his



bodyguard, Morgan, at the forefront of the battle. He died that day, but managed to slow the tide of destruction.

As Fenoderee died, the streams and rivers flowing to the world of the shadows dried up or became corrupted. Magics that were once common became rare, and even good sorcerers became corrupted by their own spells. The Black Moon had destroyed the King of the Fenoderee, but in doing so betrayed themselves and the world.

Today, those who have taken up the banner of the ancient king, or are descended from him are called the Dragonborne. Some take the ancient tales very seriously. Some think the stories are bunk, and live only for themselves. Suffice it to say, the Dragonborne are not a unified clan, and their powers are nothing compared to those of the ancient Kings. Still, somewhere lies a sword, ready for the hero of prophecy to take up and fight back against those who wronged the Fenoderee. They are scattered, and while there are not many Fenoderee left, the Dragonborne are among the most numerous of their own WarClans.

Requirements

Originally, the clan was made up only of those directly descended from Kodias. Today, almost every Fenoderee can claim that, so a Fenoderee who shows great strength and spirit must simply apprentice himself to a Dragonborne willing to teach.

Ranks

Ranks are not structured within the Dragonborne. What one member calls himself is quite often up to himself or his master. Those who follow the noble ideal often follow the idea of the master as a knight and the student as the squire, but this is merely a matter of semantics.

Personality

The Dragonborne have few common personality traits. Some are as wild as can be, while others are

restrained and withdrawn. Like all Fenoderee, the Dragonborne enjoy life, but how they go about it is entirely up to the individual. The one thing that most of the advanced Dragonborne have noted is that a balance within themselves is a necessity, whether they are rebels who disdain the prophecy, or those who believe sincerely. Without a balance, they lose focus, becoming easy prey for ancient enemies and common thugs.

Armor and Equipment

The style of what a Dragonborne's equipment is entirely up to the individual, although many avoid overly flashy items as it draws attention. Swords are often common weapons, as most of the elder Dragonborne prefer teaching their students the weapon of the nobility.

Glyphs

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Remorse | 6. Sanguinary |
| 2. Control | 7. Recrimination |
| 3. Compromise | 8. Abandon |
| 4. Mercilessness | 9. Confrontation |
| 5. Practicality | 10. Mercy |



Dragonborne Runes



Burning Heart

The Fenoderee's heart is filled with spiritual fire, warming him in the darkest of winters and enamouring him to the heat of the hottest summers. The Dragonborne is therefore immune to all effects of natural extremes of temperature, and will always remain comfortable. Heat from lava and any magical or runic heat or cold still affects the Dragonborne.



Brother of Scales

Like the Dragons of old, the Dragonborne's skin is hard to pierce. He gains +1 natural toughness over his entire body, though there is no visible indicator of its existence other than a faint hint of red scales when the Fenoderee is struck.



Dragon's Gaze

It is said that a Dragon could freeze a man in his steps by gazing upon him. Whether or not this legend is based on fact, the warrior has learned a similar ability. By gazing upon another, the Dragonborne may force the subject to make a Courage test. If this test is failed, the person is cowed and frozen in place, and may not speak or attack the Dragonborne; if the cowed person is attacked, however, the effect ends.



Lair of the Beast

Dragons always know if their lair had been disturbed. As such, if the warrior has kept the same home for a full month, he will always know immediately when someone enters or disturbs his home no matter where he is. If the warrior does not return to his home at least once every three months, this power no longer functions.



King of Beasts

As Dragons were the undisputed Kings of Beasts, this also applies to the royal Fenoderee. The warrior may make a basic Intellect check to command one domestic animal to do his bidding. The roll is Difficult if it is a wild animal, and Hopeless if it is a fantastic beast. Only one animal may be commanded at any given time, and an animal will not willingly do something against its nature or that would immediately cause its own death.



Voice of the Ancients

The Fenoderee's now rumbling voice is noble, authoritative, and clear. He gains a +2 on all reaction rolls when he can speak. This is in addition to any other modifiers.



Ancient Sorrow



The Dragonborne may draw upon the ancient wisdom of the Dragon Kings and see into the hearts and minds of those around him. Once per day, the Fenoderee may attempt to understand their motivations and emotions. The

Dragonborne simply must look the person in the eyes to accomplish this, but must pass a Courage test (Difficult if the subject has a higher Courage than he). If this test is failed, the Fenoderee is overwhelmed by sorrow, or another emotion as determined by the RuneMaster.



Dragonsight



The Dragonborne's spirit is so close to that of the ancient Dragons that he now sees as one. From now on, the Fenoderee sees perfectly well in pitch darkness.

However, daylight hurts the Dragonborne's eyes. To represent this, all vision related tests for the Fenoderee are increased in difficulty by one level during bright daylight (a cloudless day, for example).



Lore of Elders



The knowledge of the Dragon Kings is carried deep within the Fenoderee. Whenever he fails an Intellect roll, he may call on his racial memory and reroll the failed roll at one level more difficult than

the original difficulty.

Example: *Fadius the Dragonborne looks upon ancient writing scrawled onto a wall. He suspects it is an old poem of the Dragons. To decipher it, the Runemaster requires a Difficult Intellect roll. Fadius fails the roll, but calls on the memories of his ancestors to translate the poem for him. He must now make a Hopeless Intellect roll to decipher the writings.*

Timeless Dreams



Sages often pondered what the ancient Dragons dreamed of during their years of slumber. Fenoderee with this ability already know. In their dreams they are often granted images of both the past and the possible future. These images are

brief, chaotic, and are not necessarily in any order, but are often of relevance to the trials the Dragonborne is currently undergoing.

These images are crystal clear, but brief and harried, always progressing faster than the mortal Fenoderee's consciousness can truly comprehend. A Difficult Intellect roll, once per session, will allow some insight. Runemasters should tailor the dreams to the Warrior and have multiple interpretations. The visions may not necessarily help the player, but they will be related to the current or upcoming plot.

Dragonblood

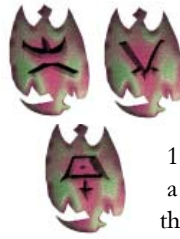


The power of the Dragon flows in the veins of the Fenoderee. Any time an opponent hurts the Dragonborne, the Dragonborne's blood strikes out at the opponent, almost as if it were alive. The opponent immediately takes 1d6 damage from the burning hot blood, though it will never do more damage than the Dragonborne took.

Hoard



Legends speak of Dragons having great hoards of wealth. Dragon Kings, too, original possessed these hoards, and some Dragonborne have retained the knowledge of where this wealth remains. Wherever he is, the character may make a Difficult Perception roll to somehow find one of the royal stashes (it will contain 1d10x100 silvers). If he makes a Hopeless Perception roll, he may find a true hoard (1d10x1,000 silvers). Only one such hoard may be found in a given area, as the Runemaster sees fit.



Cloak of Flames

The Dragonborne has tapped into the spiritual flame of the ancient Dragons, and may cloak himself in it. For a cost of 10 Fatigue, the Dragonborne may summon a cloak of flames. This almost always takes the form of a Dragon wrapping itself around the Fenoderee. The Dragonborne's weapons are also wreathed in flame, and cause an extra 2d6 damage. Anyone attacking the Fenoderee will take 1d6 damage from the flames. As well, the Fenoderee and his equipment is immune to all fire related damage. The fiery cloak lasts approximately five minutes.



Might of Kodias

The Dragonborne's body ripples with iron muscles, just as the last of the Fenoderee king's did before he was slain. He permanently gains +4 Might.

Dragonborne



It is from this ability that the Dragonborne take their name. At this point in his life, a Fenoderee has shown his strength, and the spirit of the Dragon that resides within him takes physical form. On the new moon after this runic ability is awarded, the Fenoderee stumbles upon a large egg, and in the morning a baby Dragon is born. This drake is roughly twice the size of a warhorse, and is forever the warrior's mount. As the Drake and the Dragonborne are one spirit, the Drake understands the Dragonborne's commands. If the Drake is ever killed, a new Drake will find the Fenoderee on the same day of the next year.

Drakes age very slowly, and as such will not grow much while the Fenoderee is alive. Once the Dragonborne dies, his spirit becomes one with the Drakes' and the drake will go off to grow up and become a full Dragon. The Dragonborne's personality influences the personality of the Dragon to be. If the Dragonborne was cruel and heartless, so will the Dragon be cruel and heartless. If the warrior was a kind and gentle, so too is this Dragon.

See p.00 for Drake statistics. For every 2 full points of Intellect the warrior has over 10, his drake receives +1 Intellect, representing its training.

New Rules

Traps and Snares

Some professions, notably Hunters, have the training and ability to set traps. Contrary to some beliefs, simple traps are far more effective than complicated ones. The classic pit trap (see p.RQ00) is an excellent example of a simple, highly effective trap.

Setting a trap is divided into three parts: building, hiding, and figuring its effect. While these actions take place at the same time in real life, these steps greatly simplify the work necessary for player and RuneMaster

Construction: The biggest obstacles when building a trap are time and equipment.

It usually takes anywhere from one to six hours to build a trap. The Runemaster should decide, or roll a die.

Typical tools include line, stakes, and simple tools (such a kit costs 30 silvers, and weighs 15 lbs).

Simple traps require a basic Intellect roll to build successfully; traps with more complex mechanisms are Difficult. With less time or no equipment, the difficulty will increase.

Hiding: Hiding a trap requires appropriate coverings or terrain, and a successful Perception roll to find an appropriate spot. Note the trapper's Perception -- if it is greater than the Perception of its target, the target requires a Difficult Perception roll to spot it.

Game Effects: The effects of the trap are left up the RuneMaster to determine based off of the description of the trap. For anything that uses falling or large movement, use the Falling rules, basing damage on the distance moved or fallen. Spikes normally add +1d6 of damage.

Sample Traps

Crushing Logs

When someone hits a trip wire, two spiked logs come flying down from either side to crush the hapless victim.

Equipment: Two strong men, machetes or other carving equipment, logs, large amounts of rope or vines, and somewhere to hang the logs.

Time: Six hours, or more if the logs need to be cut.

Construction: A difficult roll, due to the extra effort needed to lift the logs up.

Hiding: Easy to hide in a forest or similar area. Otherwise, the roll is Hopeless.

Damage: Depends on the size and distance of the falling logs, plus 1d6 for spikes. Typical damage is 4d6 to 7d6 per log.

Spiked Pit

Description: A covered pit with spikes in it.

Equipment: A shovel, wood spikes, and covering to hide the pit.

Time: Based on depth of pit. A typical pit 10 foot pit takes one man 12 hours to dig, assuming soft soil.

Construction: Digging a pit typically requires a Basic Intellect roll to prevent it from collapsing on itself.

Hiding: Typically a Basic Perception roll is required, unless the terrain is inhospitable to this sort of thing.

Damage: Distance of fall + 1d6 for the spikes. Most pit traps are 10 to 12 feet deep, doing 3d6 damage. Furthermore, escaping a pit (assuming nothing broke on the way down!) requires a Basic Agility roll to climb out.

Needle Trap:

Description: A trip wire throws poisoned darts out at the person who triggered it.

Equipment: Twine or rope, poison, and some method of firing darts.

Time: About an hour.

Construction: Dart traps are often difficult to rig; a Difficult Intellect roll is required to set one, due to the complexity of mechanisms.

Hiding: Dart traps are small and hard to spot. If the Perception roll is made to hide it, the roll to spot it is always one level more difficult than normal.

Damage: The needle itself does 1 point of damage to a random body part. If it penetrates armor, it does damage as per the poison.

Net Trap

Description: A covered net or snare hoists the victims into the air, hopefully entangling or capturing him.

Equipment: A large net, rope, and a spring mechanism (a bendable tree or a large weight is typical).

Time: Less than an hour for small game animals; three hours for man-sized targets.

Construction: A Difficult Intellect roll

Hiding: Requires only a Basic Perception roll to hide if there is suitable ground covering.

Damage: 1d-2 damage, and the victims are snared unless they succeed at a Difficult Agility roll, or have some way to cut themselves free.

Drakes

Might	50	Health	75
Courage	25	Reeling	56
Intellect	10		
Agility	12	Speed:	8/20 flying
Perception	14	Toughness:	9, 7 on wings, 5 on the underside of their neck

Attacks

Bite	Attack dice: 2	Damage: 2d6+1 carving
Claw	Attack dice: 2	Damage: 2d6+1 carving
Tail Whip	Attack Dice: 2	Damage: 3d6 smashing
Fire Breath	Attack Dice: 3	Damage 3d6 fire (Ideal Range: Point Blank)

Drakes are four legged reptilian creatures with large wings. They are normally a dark, ruddy, red color, and have a musk of lizard and fire that carries with them. Drakes vary in intelligence, and some are very cunning enemies. While it is true that drakes are “baby” Dragons, no one currently alive has seen one that has grown much beyond this stage, as they age extraordinarily slowly. Even so, the drake is about twice the size of a large warhorse. Dragons, if they still exist, must be massive.

Drakes attack by pouncing on their foes, biting and clawing. They attack with their claws and bite simulatenously, though they may breath fire if they do not bite. While attacking, they also thrash wildly with their tails, possibly hitting a foe behind them. While Drakes could buffet people with their wings, they do not normally do so, as it could damage the wings.

Drakes are particularly vulnerable on the underside of their long necks, and this area may be targeted with a Vital Shot.

Drakes, like most animals, have a fairly keen sense of smell, which the use to help track down prey. Their vision is perfect in pitch blackness, though bright sunlight hurts their eyes.

While it is rumored that dragons can speak like a man, Drakes do not have this ability. Drakes cannot be ridden by anybody other than a Dragonborne that has seen them hatch. Even so, riding a drake is extremely difficult. While a drake is attacking, a Difficult Agility roll is required each round not to get bucked off (and take 2d6 damage from the fall!). Because of it's size, a rider cannot attack from the back of a drake unless he is using a spear or other long weapon.

