**Species Profile: Dravaknyr**

### **Quick Reference**

**Species:** Dravaknyr  
**Average Height:** 6'8" to 7'8"  
**Average Weight:** 180–250 lbs  
**Lifespan:** 85–110 years  
**Anthropomorphic Reference:** Tall humanoid; elfin/post-human build; slight resemblance to mythical/extraterrestrial "tall whites" or Pleiadean archetypes, Norse Jötnar ice giants, or Hindu deities  
**Pigmentation:** Storm-gray to slate-blue skin due to blue-spectrum melanin. Hair ranges from oily midnight-blue to pale sky-blue, silver-white, and rarely lavender (symbolic, mostly female). Eyes feature bright blue or near-white irises with black-blue sclera, giving a glowing effect due to contrast (not luminescent).

**Noteworthy Traits:**

* Elongated, graceful humanoids with striking pigmentation and high contrast facial features.
* Innate physical elegance belies their considerable strength and inner resilience.
* A minority known as the Windvoiced can manipulate air and vibration through breath and tone, used for:
  + **Combat Applications:** Pushing and striking enemies with gusts, generating pressure bursts and kinetic force; synergizes with the Songsword to create slashing wind channels, defensive shields, or projectile attacks.
  + **Field Utility:** Creation of airy familiars and cloud shapes for reconnaissance or message relay; short-range wind-auditory recall to listen to recent conversations carried on the breeze.
  + **General Utility:** Manipulating air pressure and flow to move or lift objects, open pathways, or ventilate enclosed areas.
  + **Creative/Showy Expression:** Conjuring thunderclaps, echo bursts, or intimidating wind howls; forming animated cloud puppets or illusions for storytelling, ceremony, or morale.
* Famous for their Songswords: bifurcated blades resonant with harmonic wind-tone, used both as melee weapons and as ranged wind-channeling conduits.
* Possess a cultural legacy of justice, balance, and diplomatic stewardship rather than conquest.

**Summary:**The Dravaknyr are towering, blue-gray skinned humanoids of otherworldly grace and deeply principled culture. Once central to Halferth’s stability, their civilization in Nyrsk was marked by poetic justice, egalitarian alliance (especially with the Hillkin), and a reverence for lawful balance. Their Windvoiced minority were able to manipulate air and vibration through spoken breath, crafting illusions, sonic bursts, or scouting constructs. These abilities paired with their elegant, wind-tuned Songswords made them both haunting and iconic. Their downfall came with the catastrophic loss of Nyrsk, and a likely betrayal by the Twisting City. Within two generations, they vanished into myth, leaving behind only Blue Palm coins and echoes in the wind.

### **Cultural Exposition: The Dravaknyr**

The Dravaknyr were a humanoid, sapient species once dominant in Halferth, known primarily for their presence in the Spire Kingdom of Nyrsk, Capitol City of the Island of Hasdvarda. While they generally echoed the biology and structure of humanity—similar limbs and organs in similar places while living a similar lifetime—their physical features marked them unmistakably as other. They averaged seven feet tall or more, with long limbs and an imposing, rangy build. Despite their anatomical compatibility with human tools, environments, and architecture, their appearance left no doubt as to their otherness.

Their melanin, unlike the brown-spectrum pigment in humans, carried a blue tone, lending their skin a stormy slate-blue hue. Their sclera were dark blue, nearly black, and their irises ranged from bright sky-blue to near-white, often appearing to glow due to their contrast. Their hair, too, bore a range of blue-toned pigmentation—from oily black-blue to pale sky blue and cloud white. Rare individuals, almost entirely female, exhibited lavender-toned hair, often given symbolic or noble associations.

These features earned them the nickname “cloudskinned,” standing in poetic contrast to the “sunskinned” or “snowskinned” humans. Many Halferthians once speculated that the Dravaknyr and humans were sister-species—perhaps divergent branches from a shared ancestry, or evidence of a mingled origin. As the saying went: humans were born of the soil; the Dravaknyr, of the sky.

Culturally, the Dravaknyr were viewed as noble, honorable, and profoundly lawful. They were not conquerors, but guardians. Their guiding vision was one of freedom, balance, and cooperative autonomy. They sought not to rule, but to stabilize. Their presence often de-escalated conflicts before they erupted, and when war did arise, they positioned themselves as stewards of justice—ensuring tyrants could be opposed, minimizing harm, and seeking the best outcomes for all parties. Their methods were not without critics; to some, their insistence on neutrality felt like arrogance, or passive control. Yet for generations, they were a moral counterweight to Halferth’s more brutal ambitions.

The Dravaknyr lived in deep partnership with the Hillkin of Hasdvarda. The diminutive Hillkin, while not particularly inventive themselves, were dexterous and clever craftspeople. Their small size allowed them to work in tandem with the towering Dravaknyr, granting both species advantages the other lacked. The Dravaknyr engineered, designed, and envisioned the wonders of Nyrsk, while the Hillkin, with capable hands and keen eyes, brought those designs to life. Far from a caste divide, this arrangement was understood as mutually beneficial—Hillkin were not seen as subordinates but as integral components of Hasdvardan society. In turn, the Hillkin enjoyed access to modern tools, comforts, and safety. The Dravaknyr also served as protectors, deterring those who would prey upon the Hillkin for their ivory, dense hides, or rumored-harvestable longevity. Their boroughs stretched across Hasdvarda and culminated in cliffside dwellings along the island’s Lowward edge—settlements that perished alongside Nyrsk in the great collapse.

Some Dravaknyr—estimates suggest between one-tenth to one-fifth of their population—possessed an affinity for wind and air known as the Windvoice. The source of this power was never truly understood, even by the Dravaknyr themselves or the Keepers. Those gifted with the Windvoice could commune with the currents of air, manipulating them through breath and speech. Their control was an art of intonation: whispering winds, humming gales, storm-sung commands, and long, forceful exhalations that sent gusts hurtling forward like thrown spears.

Though often considered a dazzling spectacle more than a military asset, Windvoiced Dravaknyr could summon thunderclaps from above—though the timing of such calls was notoriously unpredictable. The most skilled among them could whisper stories to the sky, and have clouds swirl and animate in reflection. In subtler applications, they could embed intentions into breath, conjuring scents or sounds into existence. Some could shape airy familiars—fleeting, translucent beasts conjured from exhalation—to track, scout, or relay messages across great distances.

Most curiously, certain Windvoiced could coax the air into remembering. Through precise breathwork, they could retrieve faint echoes of conversations carried on recent breezes, replaying them as hollow, tinny soundscapes. Though imperfect and often fragmented, this auditory divination allowed the Windvoiced to “listen backward,” provided the air was still and the time window short.

Those who possessed the Windvoice were often steered into roles deemed most beneficial to Dravaknyr society. While a fortunate few might still pursue their personal callings—an artist permitted to conjure clouds instead of serve in war—many were duty-bound to professions that demanded their talent. Windvoiced Dravaknyr became diplomats, engineers, weather-sentries, strategists, and most commonly, warriors. Some viewed these assignments as a sacred responsibility, a mark of honor; others saw them as a quiet forfeiture of self. The Duty of the Windvoiced was one of the few internal tensions in an otherwise remarkably cohesive culture—debated not with rebellion, but with reflection.

Among those Windvoiced who served in military or guardian roles, none were more iconic than the wielders of the Songsword—a weapon as mythic as it was in life as it lives on in mythology. While functionally a sword, the Songsword also acted as a wind-rifle and tuning fork, designed to resonate with both its wielder’s voice and the air around them.

Its structure was as elegant as it was strange: the hilt and crossguard resembled the angular stock of a Twisting City longrifle, designed for dual-handed use or bracing against the shoulder in a firing posture. The strange angles of its hilt provided odd leverage with strikes at unusual angles. Some likened its silhouette to antlers curling upward from the shoulders of a Dravaknyr warrior. The blade itself was bifurcated—two finely honed edges separated by a narrow channel, forming a double-bladed tuning fork. The lower portion of the blade, nearest the hilt, was unsharpened and wrapped in leather, providing a stable grip like a rifle’s foregrip. The remaining length, forged from Sandsteel, was razor-sharp on both edges.

When swung properly, the Songsword emitted a haunting tonal whistle—both resonant and sharp, deep and piercing—a sound that seemed to vibrate with intention. This resonance was not merely for intimidation or spectacle; the bifurcated blade acted as a tuning fork, generating harmonic vibrations that amplified the sword’s cutting capabilities. A well-tuned Songsword, guided by the Windvoice, could shear through hardened materials with unnatural ease, the vibrating metal edge singing as it cleaved stone or parted bulkheads, and even be used as a shield, stationary gale-force winds absorbing or deflecting blows and projectiles. In battle, this sound of these weapons became known across Halferth as a signal of retribution, freedom, or doom. When deployed en masse, the synchronized hum of a thousand Songswords became a battle-hymn like no other—an orchestra of justice and death.

When braced and channeled like a rifle, the sword’s wind-funnel properties allowed its wielder to sing projectiles into existence—condensing gusts sung into focused bursts of force. A Songsword was not merely a weapon; it was a conduit—a sonic sculpture of war, harmony, and will.

Like their weapons, their kingdom, Nyrsk—the Sea-Claimed Kingdom—was a marvel of society and design. Then, without warning, it fell. The ground split, and the sea swallowed their towers. In a single cataclysm, the northern edge of Hasdvarda collapsed. The abyssal whirlpool that remains is ringed by jagged stone, and few Dravaknyr corpses were ever recovered. The Hillkin Boroughs nearby were similarly devastated, flooded in the same apocalyptic tide.

Those Dravaknyr who survived—being away from Nyrsk at the time—made pilgrimage to the Twisting City to beg sanctuary and seek alliance to rebuild. According to official records, their request turned to confrontation, and the City Marines (soon to become the Constabulary) slew them all, even the children. Rumors tell a different story: that the City extended the invitation intentionally, a calculated act of extermination to remove their most honorable political rival during a moment of weakness. It was easy to do, and no one dared stop it.

Whether this final blow was a diplomatic failure or premeditated betrayal, the result was silence. Any scattered survivors died in obscurity, many by choice, walking into the sea to join their kin. Within the next two human generations, the Dravaknyr became legend. Their name faded. Their image blurred. Only the Blue Palm coins remain—crafted from a rare, dark-blue alloy and engineered to float perfectly in water. These artifacts are almost never seen, and most are forgeries. Every coin found is tested. Most fail. A true Blue Palm is priceless and perilous to possess—valued not only for rarity, but for the dangerous mythos it invokes.

Today, the Dravaknyr exist only in the quiet corners of lore: in books unread, in whispers of the oldest Keepers, and in the stories told to children before they sleep, by those who remember when justice meant something more than law.